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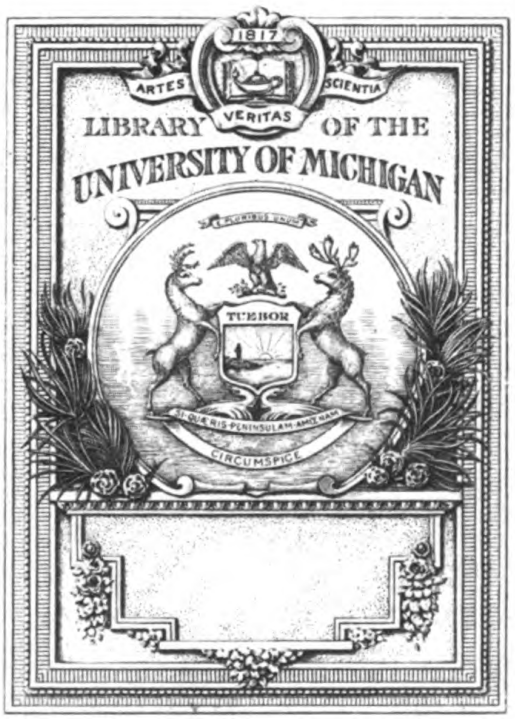
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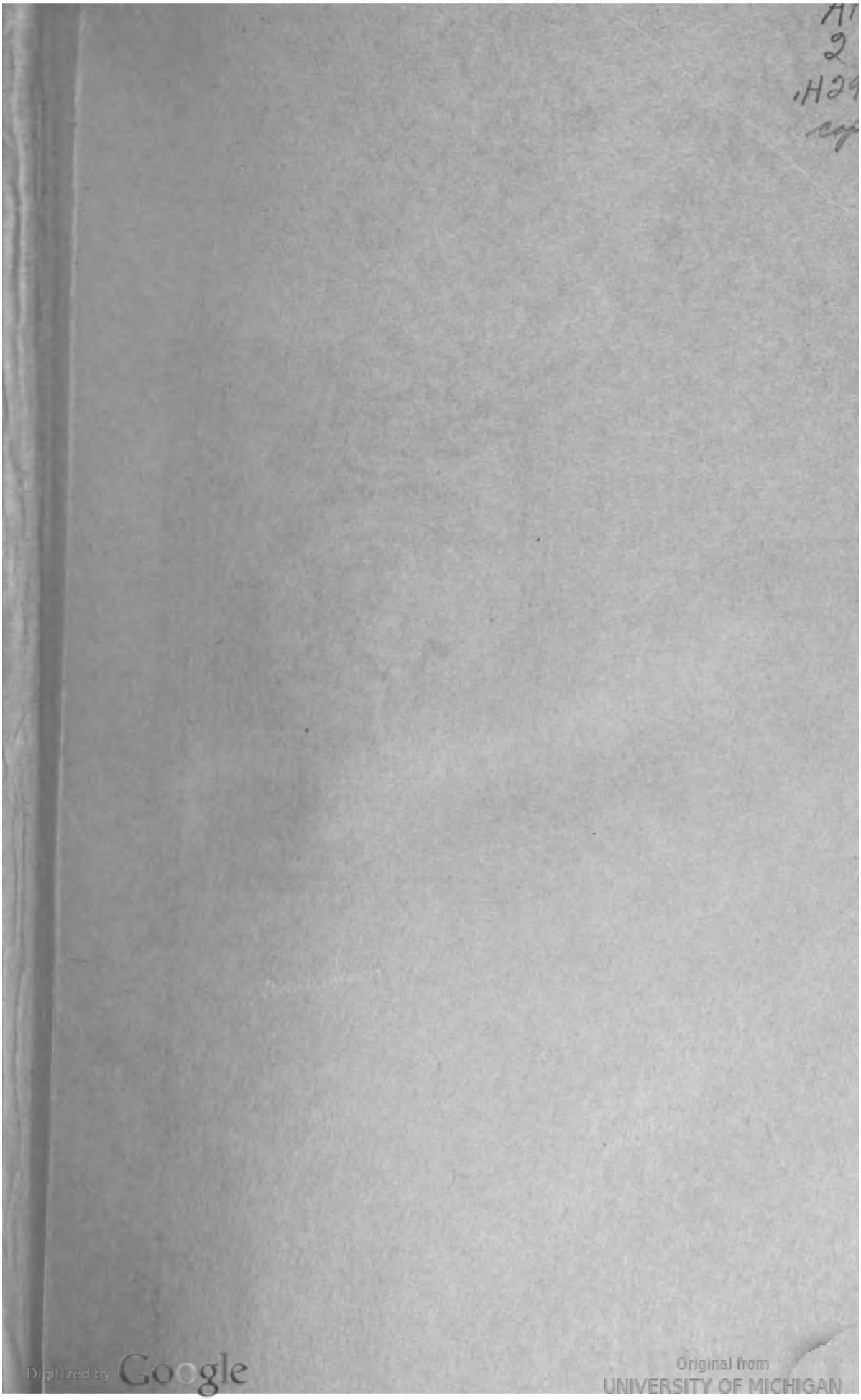
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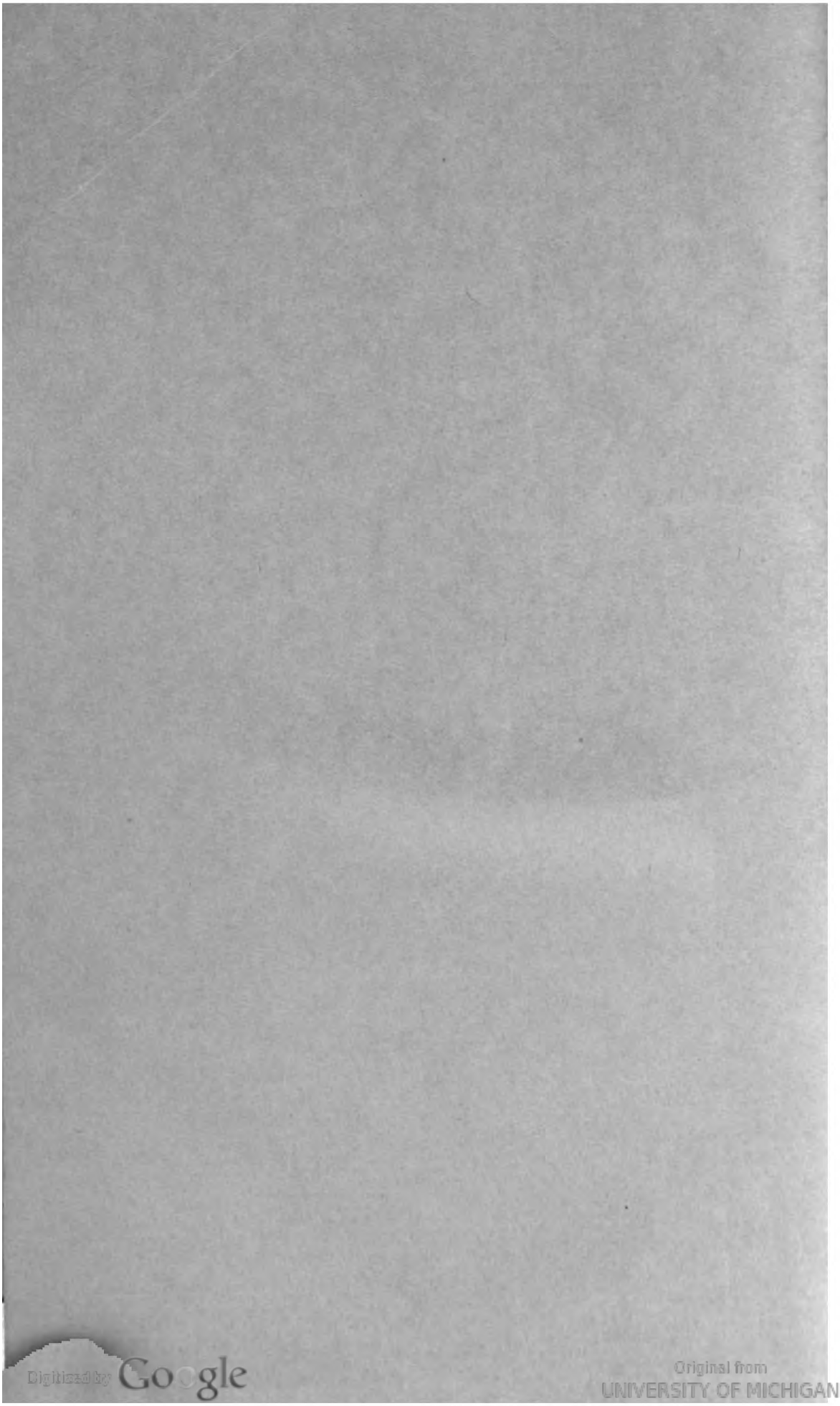
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THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF TOBACCO.

TO what extent active stimulants are necessary for the health of the body and the development of the intellect, affords a subject of speculation which, it seems, will never be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Speaking without referring to the experience of all ages, we would say that, beyond a sufficiency of wholesome food, nothing more was necessary to sustain the human body in its greatest perfection; yet it is notorious that, from the earliest ages and among all peoples, the custom has prevailed of using a thousand substances, evidently for no other purpose than to give unnatural acceleration to the system; and thus, through the body, add im-

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pulse to the workings of the immaterial and immortal principle.

Tobacco, if not a necessary of life, has become very essential to human happiness; for its use is seen among all nations, and includes every class of people, from the most savage to the most refined. Considering the comparatively short time that the plant has been known, its universality is past comprehension, and the mind is lost in the attempt to discern the elements of its propagation. In some countries, men, women, and even children, are its slaves. Witness the devotion to it among the Turks, the Persians, and other Eastern nations—we can not recall them to our minds without imagining the pipe. In the Burman Empire it is said that both sexes smoke incessantly. In China an indispensable article of a lady's dress is a pocket in which to carry a pipe and tobacco. In all South America the women as well as the men indulge in the weed; and in Lima the sex, in every condition of life, puff their *cigaritos* in the streets. In Mexico the ladies have their little cigar, and use it with a grace that goes far to reconcile one to the custom. The French, Spanish, and Italians also use tobacco, but less than all other nations are amenable to the charge of abusing it. The English consume an immense quantity, and take the lead in snuffing. Tobacco is every where to be met among the northern nations of Europe. The Germans smoke all the time, in all places, and often when asleep as well as when awake. Americans who have gone to their country apparently as smoke-hardened as a ham, have intimation that, by comparison, they were not capable of sustaining the reputation of being great consumers of the weed. In the United States more tobacco is raised and destroyed, in proportion to the population, than in any other country; but we waste, by our extravagance, quite as much as we consume.

What were the vegetable substances used by the ancients to produce "inspiration" is not known. We have information enough, however, to enlighten us as to their effects, in the descriptions of the celebrations of the Egyptian mysteries, of the strange infatuations of the Grecian oracles, and in the grosser entertainments of decaying Rome. In the East Indies there has been used from time immemorial an extract of hemp, which is said to be infinitely more pernicious than any other stimulant, and much more exhilarating. The "betel" is also universally used in Ceylon, and the women are more inveterate chewers than the men, as it is said that a lady never appears abroad without her little silver box of betel leaves and prepared lime. The habit is represented as most repulsive; and, as might be supposed, kissing is there unknown—a lover meeting his mistress applies his nose to her cheek much after the Laputan style of salutation. A traveler speaking of this matter, says: "So utterly abhorent do I hold this betel-chewing propensity, that if Venus, the laughter-loving goddess herself, decked with the most bewitching of her wreathed smiles, were to appear with betel-stained lips, I really doubt whether the most impassioned of her admirers would not experience some slight disgust." With such examples before us, we are forced to the conclusion that there is a leaven of evil in our natures which constantly demands what appears to be unnecessary for our health or existence; and, even while we may ourselves be arrayed in the panoply of the reformer, we often only dispense with one "bad habit" to yield ourselves to another. With the discovery of tobacco was rapidly abandoned nearly every other substance used for similar purposes; and the lightning-speed with which it spread over the world is one of the greatest miracles in the history of commerce and the coincident appetite of the human family.

How did the people of all time, up to 1500, manage without "the weed?" What was Cæsar's "way" when for the moment annoyed?—did he bite his fingers, pace his room, or rap his knuckles on his armor? Napoleon, under such circumstances, took snuff. It would seem that the portrait of Diogenes, housed in his tub, was never complete, because he had not a rude pipe sticking through the opening, while the blue smoke curled about his independent head. Yet this might have spoiled his best accredited saying, because his telling Alexander to "get out of his sunshine," is more sublime than saying that "he did not care a whiff of tobacco smoke for any king in pagandom," as is daily observed by kindred philosophers in these modern times.

Columbus and his companions were the first Europeans who discovered tobacco, and their surprise at witnessing the Indians ejecting smoke from their mouth and nostrils is warmly expressed. The first allusion to the subject is as follows: "Among other evil customs, they (the Indians) persist in one which is very pernicious, that of smoking, called by them tobacco, for the purpose of producing insensibility. This they effect by a certain herb, which, as far as I can learn, is of a poisonous quality. The chiefs, or principal men, have small hollow sticks, about a span long, made in a forked manner, the two ends of which are inserted into the nostrils, while the other extremity is applied to the burning leaves, which are rolled up in the manner of pastiles. They inhale the smoke till they fall down in a state of insensibility, in which they remain as if intoxicated." It has been generally believed, as by Cortez (who was led to examine the quality of the weed from its universal use among the tribes of Tabaca, in Yucatan), that the name Tobacco originated there; but Humboldt, with great apparent truth, asserts, that the familiar word is used in the Haytien language to designate the pipe, and that, by an error of the Spaniards, they transferred the name of the pipe to the plant itself.

Sacred as the Yucatan and other aboriginal tribes considered tobacco, it attracted very little attention from the immediate followers of

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THE GREAT SPIRIT.

Columbus, who looked upon its use with the same contempt that they did upon other offensive customs of the savages; and its first introduction into Spain, by Hernandez Toledo, in 1559, was only as a curiosity; it was principally noticed on account of its supposed medicinal qualities.

Gradually, as the Western World became more and more known, it was found that the North American Indians made the use of tobacco not only a matter of social and personal pleasure, but that every where the calumet was the emblem of peace, and, of course, the indication of their highest civilization.

Nearly half a century after the discovery of tobacco, Jean Nicot, Embassador of France to Portugal, became acquainted in that country with its uses, and was soon an enthusiastic admirer of it. On his return home, he appears to have taken a great deal of pride in urging its virtues upon the fashionable *habitués* of the court. As he was the teacher of a foreign fashion, no doubt he soon had many followers. Nicot's disciples, in accordance with the spirit of the age, and no doubt desirous of justifying their own conduct, gave currency to the exaggerated stories of the virtues of the weed, and it was by many looked upon as the most valuable product reaped from the discovery of the New World. Finally, attracting the attention of the great Catharine de Medicis, she ordered that, in honor of her sovereign self, the plant should be called *Herba Reginæ;* and thus endorsed, in the course of a few years its consumption became universal among a nation acknowledged to be the most polished in Europe. Meanwhile, a legate of the Pope, Santa Croce, who was distinguished for bringing a piece of the true cross from the Holy Land, added to his celebrity by also introducing tobacco into Italy. It was not, however, until after Sir Francis Drake returned from Virginia, in 1583, that the custom of using tobacco obtained any prominent place in England; but once introduced, it not only became popular, but there was created in its favor an enthusiasm unknown on the Continent. This, no doubt, arose from the fact that it was from the beginning patronized not only by persons distinguished for their position at court, but also for their wit and great learning. Tradition says that, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh used to sit at his door with Sir Hugh Middleton and smoke. The custom was thus sanctioned, through the public manner in which it was ex-

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hibited; and the passers-by inhaling the aromatic flavor, imitated the example.

Says a contemporary, speaking of its introduction into England, "Men used it every where; some for wantonness, some for health's sake; and with that insatiable greediness past understanding, they sucked the reeking, stenchy smoke thereof through an earthen pipe, which they presently blew out again through their nostrils; so that Englishmen's bodies were so delighted with the plant, that they seemed, as it were, degenerated into barbarians."

The French embassador at Elizabeth's court, in 1600, only seventeen years after Sir Francis Drake returned from America, and set the example of using tobacco, writes, in his dispatches to Paris, that the peers, while engaged in the trials of Essex and Southampton, deliberated upon their verdict with pipes in their mouths! The enemies of Raleigh charged upon him that he looked out of a window in the Tower and smoked while Essex was going to execution; it is certain that he went to his own, pipe in mouth.

How far this was a crime in Raleigh smokers must determine; the times were troublous when he gazed upon his fellow-courtier speeding to an untimely death, and the pipe may have been his only consolation—all that was left to him in his misfortunes. Raleigh, in the sad pageant before him, may have anticipated his own unhappy fate; and he, no doubt, in the philosophy of his thoughts, compared life to the fleeting cloud of his own creation, and thus prepared himself for his impending doom. To persons who habitually smoke, the soothing influence of the weed, and the firmness it adds to the nerves when presence of mind is needed, is proverbial. It was only recently that we read of a street fight "out West," where a gentleman was unexpectedly fired upon by several persons, and being without weapons, retreated a considerable distance, the bullets from revolvers and the shot from "double bar'ls" rattling past him; and, says the editor, in the enthusiasm of his description, "the gentleman was so cool throughout the attempted assassination, that he never once ceased to puff his cigar."

Popular as tobacco became, it was finally destined to meet with powerful opposition; yet it maintained itself in spite of the wrath of those who could, with ease, destroy principalities and powers. Governments made laws against its use. The terrible Turk, Amurath the Fourth, caused its votaries to be strangled. In Russia, its admirers had a pipe-stem run through the cartilage of their nose; and, for a second offense, were torn to pieces by the knout. In some parts of Switzerland the public authorities placed smoking among the sins forbidden by the Decalogue. The Popes of Rome issued their bulls against the evil habit, Urban VII. absolutely excommunicating all persons found indulging in the practice. Queen Elizabeth, before her death, showed a desire to discountenance tobacco; but it was not until her successor, James, ascended the throne, that royal edicts were, with any severity, brought to bear upon it in England. This monarch seems to have inherited as great a dread of tobacco as he had for a naked sword; and having disposed of his patronage, and become possessed of leisure, he commenced a systematic attack upon the fascinating plant, and, much to the edification of his admiring subjects, and the amusement of the antiquarians of the present day, he published his celebrated "Counterblast of Tobacco," in which he shows himself capable of calling hard names, and very proficient in abuse. It is possible that this weak-minded and weak-headed monarch essayed the use of the pipe, and, in his vanity, supposed his royal prerogative would have relieved him of the penalty of its first using; for no one who has not felt the deadly sickness could so vividly describe the sensation. Our very head swims as we read it. "The use of tobacco," says his Majesty, "is a custom loathsome to the eyes, baleful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black reeking fumes thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

But King James, amidst his denunciations, lets us into a bit of history which must surprise every one who remembers how recently the custom of smoking was introduced, and how difficult it was to obtain the weed. He says: "And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not great vanity and uselessness that at table, a place of respect, of cleanness, and of modesty, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing of tobacco-pipes, and puffing of the smoke one to another, making the filthy fumes thereof to exhale across the dishes, and infect the air, when very often men that abhor it are at their repast? . . . . But not only meal time, but no other time, nor action, is exempted from the public use of this uncivil trick. Is it not a great vanity that a man can not welcome his friend now, but straightway they must be in hand with tobacco? No, it has become, in place of a curse, a point of good-fellowship; and he that will refuse to take a pipe with his fellows is accounted peevish, and no good company; yea, the mistress can not in more mannerly kind entertain her servant than by giving him, out of her fair hand, a pipe of tobacco." Much as we are disposed to marvel at the universal use of the plant in our day, we find, with all of our abundance of means to gratify our appetites, no such abuses as spoken of by the "British Solomon." Gentlemen never intrude their smoke at tables where sit those who abhor it, nor would it be an act of courtesy to expect a friend to smoke who signified a distaste to do so; and, above all, so far are the mistresses of our hearts and homes from being expected to hand us the pipe, that their presence for the time being commands, as a mark of respect, that an end be put to the enjoyment of the fragrant Havana.

As might be expected, a plant of such universal favor has called forth many treatises; more than sixty-three in the English language

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have been given to the world, many of which possess rare literary excellence; some extravagantly extol its virtues, while others (which, by the way, are far the greater portion) as violently declaim against and deprecate its use. In addition to these, there have appeared many papers in the different languages of Europe. The titles of some of the fulminations that followed the "Counterblast" afford us a very good idea of their merits. Among the many, we have: "*A chew of Tobacco for Gentlemen in livery;*" also quite an extensive pamphlet entitled "*Tobacco battered, and the Pipes shattered (about their ears that idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or at leastwise overlove so loathsome a vanitie), by a volley of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon.*" A devotee gives the world "*A right pleasant and veritable discourse, touching divers choice, rare, and curious particulars concerning the historie of the 'Holy Herb.'*"

Charles the Second wrote to the University of Cambridge, forbidding its members to wear periwigs or smoke tobacco; yet the members of that ancient seat of learning have continued, even unto this day, to render their heads hideous by the masquerade of false hair, and to make themselves comfortable by the free use of the proscribed plant. Under the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the wish of the monarch was the law of the land—the breath and vitality of the courtiers. Catching his cue from the Vatican, Louis set his face against the use of snuff, and desired Fagon, the physician of the court, to deliver a philippic against its use. The learned doctor proceeded with due solemnity with his task, but astonished the multitude, amidst one of his grandest flights of eloquence, by producing his box and taking a lusty pinch; and then, evidently unconscious of his inconsistency, he resumed the thread of his denunciations with increased vigor.

Sir Walter Raleigh, before he became involved in political troubles, instituted stated meetings of the wits of his day, who met at the Mermaid, then a popular tavern in London. Around this social board assembled more genius and talent than the world ever witnessed before, or will probably see again. Among the constant attendants were Selden, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and Shakspeare. If the social and convivial conversation of these wonderful men could have been preserved as uttered, while thus unrestrainedly indulging in the feelings of friendship and the flow of wit, what book, uninspired, that we now possess, would equal in interest the records of this? Jonson was eminently a free liver, and no doubt the noisy one of the circle. There was a roystering character about old Ben that makes a fine contrast to the conduct of his companions. We can imagine him, with Shakspeare on one side and Raleigh on the other, giving forth one of his own songs, and putting particular emphasis upon the lines:

"But that which most doth take my purse and me,
Is a fine cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the 'Mermaid's' now, but shall be mine."

Then the Dame Quickly of the establishment would appear with the said "Canary," perhaps imported in one of Raleigh's own ships, while the philosophical and poetical navigator detailed to the members of the club the wonders he had witnessed in his many voyages, the strange sights he had encountered on the plantations of Virginia, and the probabilities of his realizing his day-dreams of finding El Dorado. Meanwhile pipes would be introduced, and after all were well filled and lighted, the prejudice of the king against the use of the weed would be discussed, the necessity of appearing to fall in with the humor of the court commended, when old Ben Jonson —laureate and office-holder as he was—would become excited, and, curling an extra whiff of smoke around his well-bronzed face, exclaim, "Tobacco, I do assert, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man!"

Among the amusing epigrams that have been preserved, written in praise of tobacco, the following is perhaps one of the very best:

"Much meat doth gluttony procure
To feed men fat as swine,
But he's a frugal man indeed
That on a *leaf* can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers' ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast meat in a *pipe*."

Writers have not been wanting, who have spent much time and ingenuity in the endeavor to prove that tobacco was centuries ago known to the Eastern nations; but nothing to make us give credence to such an idea has ever been eliminated. The use of pungent herbs in the form of snuff, however, is a very ancient custom; for ever since the time of Hippocrates sneezing powders, or sternutatories, are said to have been in vogue. It has been supposed that Shakspeare refers to this custom in his play of Henry the Fourth, when, in describing a fop of those early days, he says—

"He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose."

The Chinese, according to their accustomed vanity, pretend to have been acquainted many ages with tobacco. It is presumable that they first received the plant from India (to which country it was conveyed by the Portuguese), as no allusions to it are found in any authentic Oriental works written previous to the time of this introduction. The reader will also remember that the stories of the Arabian Nights, although illustrating the social habits and customs of a people now proverbially fond of tobacco, make not a single allusion to the custom of smoking. The Turks must have received the commodity from Europe about the same time that Persia received it from the East. Sandys—an Oriental traveler, who was in Constantinople in 1610—says, "that the Turks delight in tobacco; which they take through reeds, that have joined unto them great

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REVERIES OF THE CIGAR.

heads of wood to contain it, and learned the custom from the English." An enthusiastic son of the Emerald Isle became inspired with the idea of appropriating to his countrymen the honor of using the weed as early as the tenth century, and attempted to prove the fact by the alleged discovery of some antique pipes, which, it is contended, once belonged to the Danes. The whole story can be found in the "Anthologia Hibernica;" but as the author has neglected to show that "a hollow tube" could not be used to burn any thing else than tobacco, we are, of course, left in doubt, and must consider the whole theory as mere smoke.

The advocates of the use of the narcotic have the authority of great names. Milton solaced himself, upon going to bed, with a single pipe and a glass of water—a habit which displays his temperance and neatness. The gentle Sir Isaac Newton, in his palmiest days, was urged by his friends to choose a wife; but he made his intended spouse mortally offended by taking her hand and using the tapering forefinger to clear out his pipe. Old Isaac Walton was as fond of tobacco as he was of angling. The members of the famous Kit-kat club became celebrated for their consumption of the "Virginian weed." Dr. Willis, in his account of the great plague of London, says, "that during the whole sickness it was observed that no tobacconist's house was ever known to have been infected, or indeed those who smoked." The immortal Locke writes: "Bread or tobacco may be neglected; but reason at first recommends their trial, and custom makes them pleasant." Burton, author of the "Anatomie of Melancholie," pronounces the weed "a sovereign remedy to all diseases; a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used."

Tobacco grows well in almost every part of the world; and, so far from being a tropical plant,

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its best qualities are developed in temperate climates. European governments have found it profitable, in most cases, to prohibit its cultivation in their dominions except in limited quantities, preferring to receive it from abroad, and make it a source of revenue. It is raised in most of the southern and western parts of Russia. In Holland and Belgium it is only produced for the leaves used as the coverings of cigars. In Prussia, Austria, and France its cultivation is almost prohibited. Spain gets her supply from Cuba and Brazil. In England no tobacco is now allowed to be grown. Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into Ireland along with the potatoe, and produced both, side by side, upon his estate at Gongall. In Mexico it is a government monopoly, and her citizens are not allowed even to import it without incurring heavy penalties. It has been successfully cultivated in every State of our Union; but with Virginia is it more particularly associated in historic interest; for her name, in early times, was synonymous with the plant itself.

Previous to 1616 there seems to have been no systematic cultivation of tobacco in that State; but in that year Sir Francis Dale commenced planting on an extensive scale, and only seven years afterward a large quantity was exported to the mother country. In 1639, the Grand Assembly, in consideration of the excessive quantity of "late years" planted in the colony, passed an act that all tobacco raised in the present and two succeeding years be absolutely destroyed and burned, excepting and reserving so much, in equal proportion to each planter, as shall make, on the whole, the just quantity of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, stripped and smoothed. So prominent is the place that tobacco occupies in the early records of the middle Southern States, that its cultivation and commercial associations may be said to form the basis of their history. It was the direct source of their wealth, and became for a while the representative of gold and silver; the standard value of other merchantable products; and this "tradition" was further preserved by the stamping of a tobacco-leaf upon the old continental money used in the Revolution.

The wives of a number of the first colonists of Virginia, it will be remembered, were exported from England at the price of one hundred pounds of tobacco each; and as the "Governors of the Colony" selected young women "who were well recommended for their virtues, education, and demeanor," the demand increased, and higher prices still were gladly given for such agreeable "help mates." Among other things illustrative of the times, the minister's salary was paid in tobacco, and the claim had priority over all other debts; and whoever was absent from church without a valid excuse was fined a pound thereof; and if absent a month, fifty pounds; and for abusing the minister the penalty was a forfeiture of the whole crop!

There are more than forty known varieties of tobacco; but the differences are mainly the



TOBACCO PLANT.

result of climate and the mode of culture. The plant is an annual, and may be generally described as having a strong, erect stem, with luxuriantly flowing foliage. The leaves are of a rich green, and grow alternately on the stalk, at intervals of two or three inches; they are oblong and spear-shaped; those near the ground obtain the length of twenty inches, and they gracefully decrease in size to the top of the plant. The flowers are externally yellow, and red within, and crown the pyramidal foliage in rich clusters, which are succeeded by kidney-shaped capsules of a rich brown color, each one of which contains ten hundred most minute but perfect seeds—the united number of each plant averaging one hundred and fifty thousand!

"Of all known vegetable productions," says an enthusiastic writer, "tobacco is constituted and composed of the richest, strongest, most delicious, and delightful ingredients. The alcohol or spirit, the oil and opium, the sugar or saccharine matter, the mucilaginous wax or gums, the acids and nitre, with many other of the volatile salts, all harmoniously combined, constitute this the richest and most delicious compound ever engendered and generated in any one plant."

In the cultivation of tobacco the very best lands are required. Every one has noticed how large a proportion of a cigar is incombustible, at least one fourth or fifth of the whole weight of the dried leaf. Now, these ashes, so carelessly thrown away, are composed of the most important mineral matters necessary for vegetation; and their vast quantity, when considered relatively to the whole crop, exposes the reason

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TOBACCO PLANTATION.

why, of all vegetable productions, tobacco is most exhausting to the soil. To facilitate the advancement of the crop, the planter, in early spring, prepares a hot-bed for "plants," and thus anticipates the lagging season. The ground in which they are to be perfected is carefully plowed, pulverized, and drained. This having been done, parallel furrows with a small "seeding plow," are run two and a half feet apart, then crossed again at right angles, which divides the ground into exact squares. The laborers then commence with the hoes, and draw the earth in each square into a hill smoothed on the top, and *patted* by one blow of the hoe. Upon the first fine rain the plants are removed from the seed-beds, and are delicately placed in each hill. If the work has been properly performed, replanting is not necessary, and the "crop is in." Now commences the constant labor of cultivation. Every few days the weeds have to be cleared away and the soil broken up. As the young plant gains strength, plows are substituted in place of the hoe, and the grass growing near the roots of the plant is pulled out by the hand. Finally, the plants becoming too large to admit of horses between the rows, the hoes are resumed until the work is complete. The moment the "blossom" appears, after a few of the finest plants are selected "for seed," the remainder are "topped." From this time until the crop is safely housed, it is a source of constant anxiety to the planter. He is fearful of storms, of frost, of worms—his worst enemy; then the "suckers" are to be pulled off, and the "ground leaves" are to be saved.

The tobacco-worm, so voracious in its appetite, disgusting in its appearance, and so remarkable as being the only living creature, except man, that habitually eats tobacco, grows to the length of three inches and upward, has a black head, is of a greenish color, marked with rings. These destructive creatures come in what the planters term "gluts." The first one takes place when the plant is half grown, the second when it is ready for cutting. If they were not killed as fast as they appear, they would soon destroy the crop. Turkeys are called in to aid the negroes in the extermination, and their in-

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dustry and perseverance are quite animating. They eat thousands, but seem to enjoy the sport of killing for the amusement alone. Upon the appearance of the "second glut," the plant is too high to allow the enemy to come within reach of even the tallest gobblers; the labor, therefore, devolves exclusively upon "the gang," the members of which are constantly on the watch, destroying the eggs and the just-developed insect. No other business, for the time, is attended to, and the destroyer is generally conquered; and when the worm disappears the second time they are no longer a source of trouble to the growing crop.

When the plant is thoroughly ripe, and begins "to yellow," the stalk is cut off close to the ground, and taken to the drying-houses or sheds and hung up. Once dry and well "cured," the stem of the leaf being free from sap, it is stripped from the stalk and tied in bundles of a quarter of a pound weight. The leaves, as may be supposed, present different degrees of excellence, and they are duly assorted and known as "yellow," "bright," "dull," etc. After a variety of processes which they go through to be brought to their most perfect form, which require constant attention from the producer, the staple is finally prepared for market, and then packed in the hogsheads that are so familiar through the world.

It has been calculated, with great apparent truth, that about one-tenth of the whole population of the United States is occupied in the cultivation and manufacture of tobacco. The amount of the present production is about two hundred millions of pounds—twenty millions less than it was ten years ago. Meanwhile, the home consumption has increased, not only in proportion to the population, but also in the ratio per individual! The States engaged most largely in the staple at present, are Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, North Carolina, and Ohio. Singular as it may seem, Connecticut raises considerable tobacco, and much of it is of the very best quality known to the trade.

It is a curious fact in its history, that the exports from this country have varied but very little in the last fifty years; in 1790 our country, in round numbers, sent abroad one hundred and eighteen thousand hogsheads, in 1840 one hundred and nineteen thousand. This is one of the most curious facts developed in statistics, and may probably be directly traced to the fact that the population and wealth of European countries have not increased, and that the duties levied upon its introduction are as high as can possibly be borne.

No article of commerce pays a duty so enormous, compared with its home price, as American tobacco. From it is derived an important part of the revenue of almost every European Government. In Great Britain, the import duty is three shillings sterling (seventy-five cents) per pound—about twelve hundred per cent. upon the original cost—and two dollars per pound on manufactured tobacco, thus for what her people give us less than two millions of dollars, they pay to their own Government, for the privilege of using it, twenty-two millions of dollars, which is twice the sum realized by the American producer for all the tobacco exported to every part of the world! As might be supposed, the most stringent laws govern its introduction into that country, and a large fleet of ships and a heavy marine are supported to detect smugglers who alone traffic in this article. It is therefore not surprising that among all the wonders of London, and all the creations of that great Babylon dedicated to commerce, few are so remarkable as the government warehouses used for bonding or storing tobacco. Their interiors present such vast areas of ground that they become bewildering to the eye, and they never had any rivals in size until the erection of the Crystal Palace. Almost as far as the eye can reach are alleys of hogsheads, whose number is immense. In all convenient places are large scales for weighing, together with other apparatus connected with the operation of examining the staple. To accomplish this purpose, a hogshead having been selected, the head is knocked out, some of the staves loosened, and, by a dexterous movement, the wooden covering is taken completely off, so that the contents remain standing upright—a dense, impenetrable mass of tobacco leaves. Supposing that, upon examination, the "inspectors" find that the exterior, through the action of sea-water, bad packing, or any other cause, has become damaged, they call in laborers, who chop the defective parts away. This accomplished, the remainder is weighed, in order that the duty accruing to the Government may be determined upon; the hogshead is replaced, and the "purged contents" are ready for sale in the market, eventually to appear in the form of cigars or snuff.

The "damaged tobacco," which accumulates in vast quantities, and would be of immense value if thrown into the market, is all *burned up* within the walls of the warehouses, lest its sale should diminish the revenue of the kingdom. The kiln in which the destruction takes place is called the "Queen's tobacco-pipe." As the smoke might be deleterious, the stem of the vast pipe is carried to an immense height. The ashes that remain after the conflagration are sold to enrich the garden beds in the vicinity of all the great ports.

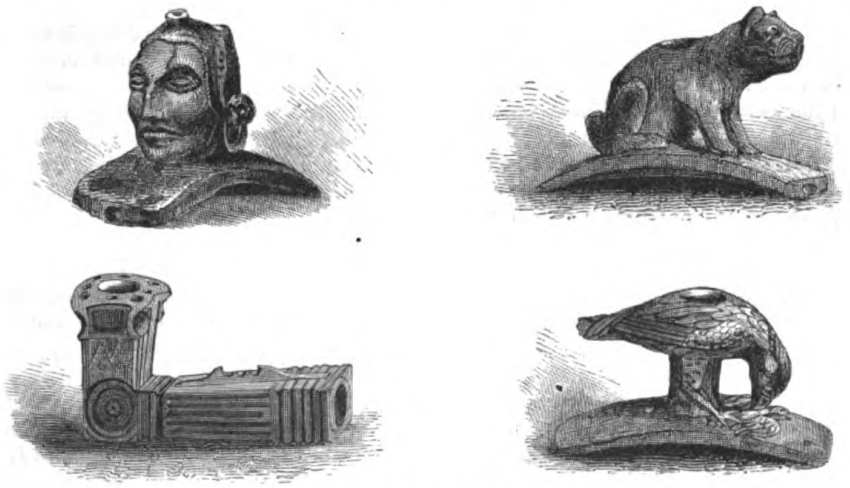
The adulteration of tobacco would form a novel history of itself. We know but comparatively little of the extent of this fraud in the United States, the staple being too abundant to make it an object of great importance. In England the artificial creations of tobacco are carried on with wonderful ingenuity and success. It is the exception to the rule to find a genuine article exposed in the shops of London. An extensive trader was on one occasion arrested upon the charge that he mingled foreign substances with his tobacco; but on the trial he was discharged, because he demonstrated that

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he did not adulterate tobacco, having never used the article at all in his manufacture. By many the delicate yellowish-brown spots that are peculiar to some tobacco leaves are considered a sign of superior quality; this idea very generally prevails, and it has been asserted that they never show themselves upon an inferior staple. A London dealer, before he was found out, amassed a great fortune by sprinkling his cigars with a distemper that closely imitated these admired freckles. Another merchant offered a large reward to a celebrated chemist, if he would produce an artificial but permanent imitation. Without experiment, the task appeared easy; but the most protracted exertions to accomplish it resulted in failure.

The most common way of using tobacco is in the form of smoke, to accomplish which many expedients have been resorted to. A tribe of Africans, known as the Bechuanas, have a way very characteristic of their general intelligence. They take a limber twig, and bending it in the form of a semicircle, bury it in the mud, after which, having pounded down the earth to sufficient hardness, they pull out the twig, and thus leave a hole that answers the purpose of a pipe-stem; a little tobacco is then set on fire at one end of this underground tube, and the savage, applying his mouth to the other, drinks up the smoke to his entire satisfaction. The Kirgeezes of the same continent, mix a little tobacco with other pungent herbs, and digging a large hole in the ground, put them in it and set them on fire. The savages then lie around the "sweet incense," head to head, and thus inhale the vapor. A tribe of Indians originally inhabited Panama whose chiefs and great men had their servants blow tobacco smoke in their faces, and indulged in the luxury in no other way. The Hawaiians habitually swallow the smoke, and a few whiffs are sufficient to cause complete inebriation. This is an economical mode; for a single pipe, before it is exhausted, by being passed from mouth to mouth in quick succession, will serve to gratify a number of people.

The North American Indians exhausted their highest skill on the production of the pipe; and of all their works that remain to us, none display an amount of labor and beauty comparable with this domestic ornament. In the old-



INDIAN PIPE-BOWLS.

est mounds in the Western valleys have been found the most beautifully sculptured pipes, generally of porphyry, and in the form of the human head, or of some bird or beast. Specimens produced by the more modern races of Indians are easily distinguished by the softer materials of which they are made, and they have also less delicacy and beauty of design.

The tubes of these pipes were of hollow wood, from twenty inches to three feet in length, and were tastefully ornamented with beads and the plumage of birds, and surpassed in beauty and picturesque effect all modern pipes except the hookah of the East.

From the appearance of these relics it is inferable that, among the "mound builders" as among all the tribes of North America, tobacco was known and used. With the whole race, and from the earliest times, the pipe was ever the grandest implement of diplomacy. In making war or concluding peace it performed an important part; their deliberations, public as well as private, had to be "smoked," and no treaty was duly signalized without the handing round of the calumet. The transfer of the pipe from the lips of one person to another was a token of friendship, a gage of honor among the chivalrous sons of the forest that was never dishonored; it was as sacred as is taking salt with the children of the desert. In all religious ceremonies it was produced with due solemnity, and its fragrant contents were cast toward heaven as grateful incense to the Great Spirit.

It is said that a monk, by the name of Roman Pine, who accompanied Columbus in his second voyage to America, purchased one of these novel toys from an Indian of San Domingo, and learned to use it. Returning to

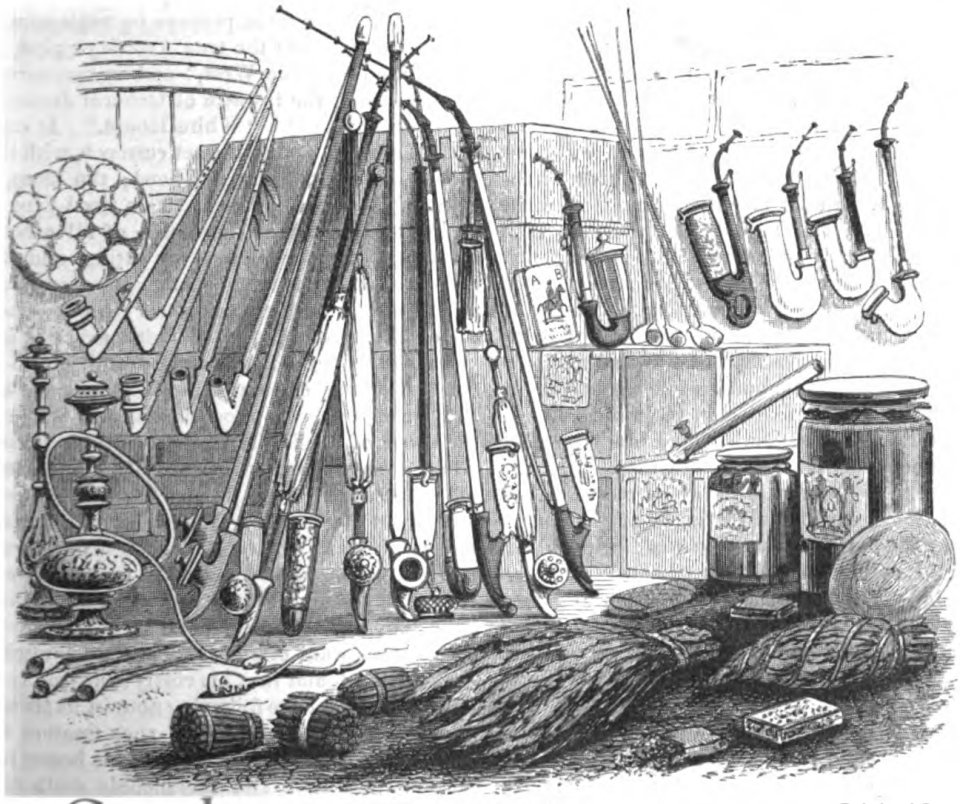
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Spain he induced many persons to manufacture imitations of the aboriginal pipe, and follow his example in smoking. The pipe was first made, however, in England, by one Ralph Lane, who was a follower of Sir Francis Drake; but the fashion of using it was not established until Raleigh set the example. The Queen, who was giddy-minded and fond of novelty, allowed Raleigh to smoke in her presence, and even went so far as to use a walnut shell and straw in taking an occasional puff herself. It was in these halcyon days of Raleigh's history that he is said to have laid a wager with her Majesty, that he would give the exact weight of all the smoke that came from her pipe. This he did by first weighing the tobacco and afterward the ashes, and deciding that the difference between the two was the weight of the smoke. The Queen, upon paying the wager, very characteristically remarked, "that although she had known many laborers who had turned gold into smoke, he was the first she had found who could turn smoke into gold."

For a long time the form of the Indian pipe carried to Europe was imitated, but gradually inventors sprang up who gave new shapes and finally added many improvements. The Persians, who seem to have been wanting in their true national characteristics until the introduction of tobacco, found the aboriginal manner of using it too gross for their enervated constitutions, and to supply their wants, produced what is now every where known as the Oriental Hookah. In this magnificent instrument the smoke is sublimated and cooled by passing through water. Thus relieved of every foreign substance, the Persian drinks it in as the breath of heaven. In many parts of the East it is the mark of signal hospitality to place the hookah in the centre of the apartment, and pass the long flexible tube from guest to guest, each one taking a whiff in turn. Sometimes the liquid contained in the bowl is rose water; in such case, the smoke not only loses its solid particles but also acquires additional fragrance. The ornamentation, in diamonds and other precious stones, on some of the hookahs belonging to princes, exceeds belief; in many instances even surpassing all the other crown jewels in value.

The Turkish Tchibouk holds a middle place between the hookah and meerschaum. Their tubes are generally from five to eight feet long, and are of cherry or jasmine wood. The bowls are made of earth found near Thebes, and are of handsome design and richly gilt. The mouthpiece is generally of amber; and the tubes are often adorned with precious stones. Among all the higher classes of Oriental life great neatness characterizes the use of tobacco.

The Germans have made the form of the pipe a subject of immense study, and the greatest possible variety is to be found among that sturdy people. The commonest, the most complicated, and the most philosophical consists of four pieces—the *Kopf* to hold the weed; the *Abguss* that serves to catch the pernicious oil which



PIPES OF ALL NATIONS.

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THE HOOKAH.

would otherwise injure the smoke; the *Rohr* or stem; and the *Mundstuck*, which is applied to the mouth. This truly scientific instrument was invented by an Austrian physician more than one hundred and fifty years ago, and has ever maintained its popularity.

The term Meerschaum, which is applied so generally to a particular class of pipes, is properly the name of the substance from which they are made. The Turks apply the name *keff-kil* (foam-earth) to the clay; while the same substance, when formed into pipe-bowls, obtains the name of meerschaum in Germany, and *écume de mer* in France, both of which signify sea froth. It was for a long time generally supposed that the substance was washed up by the sea; but it appears that the name originated in the fact that the clay, when dry, will float on the surface of water, and then appears like white foamy bubbles. The meerschaum, so far from being the child of the waves, is taken from beds in the solid earth. In its primitive state it is white and soft, and can be cut like cheese. It is found abundantly in Turkey, Russia, Hungary, and in Asia Minor. Upon the manufacture of the meerschaum great labor is expended, and they are costly, not only on account of being frequently ornamented with silver and gold, but also because great numbers are destroyed by some hidden imperfection in the material.

These celebrated bowls, when new, resemble ivory; in their using they gradually change into a variety of mellow browns, or tortoise-shell hues, arising from the essential oil of the tobacco being liberated in the process of burning. In fact, this coloring of the meerschaum is considered quite an art among the millions who devote their time to such matters; and the approved style, though possessing no intrinsic merit, is as much desired to be gratified as other demands made by the relentless spirit of fashion.

Every one is familiar with the Holland pipe, so perfectly identified with the old Knickerbockers. It is the cheapest and best pipe, according to our notions, ever used. These are made of fine clay, and have always been preferred to any other of similar material the world over. Gouda, the seat of their manufacture, is one of the handsomest towns in the Netherlands, and soon after the introduction of tobacco into Europe its inhabitants commenced making these pipes, and eventually ereated a trade that, in 1720, demanded sixty millions of pipes, and employed many thousand operatives. Debreczin, in Hungary, has long been famous for its manufacture of pipes from red clay, their sale being principally confined to the Danube. Ulm, in Bavaria, is noted for its wooden bowls; and the Thuringian forests of Middle Germany for their porcelain pipes, which are pressed into every possible shape, and ornamented with every known color. In England the pipe-makers are found in Purbeck, in Dorsetshire, where is to be found a fine-grained white plastic clay, eminently suited to the purpose. As the facilities of obtaining tobacco have increased, cigars have made great innovations upon the use of pipes, and their production of late years has rapidly decreased. We should perhaps be neglectful if we did not speak of the true American pipe, so much used in "the West," and immortalized from its being the favorite of General Jackson, while occupying the "White House." It consists of a piece of dried sweet corn cob, with the pith removed, to form the bowl; the stem, a joint of the cane, or reed. This rural pipe is undoubtedly the most agreeable of all others, for a new one is used at every sitting, and the cob, from its dryness and sponginess, draws out, in the process of combustion, all the pernicious oil of the tobacco, and the pith actually increases the fragrance of the tobacco itself.

Snuff-taking originated with the people of France, and was the most fashionable folly of the court of Louis the Grand. Under Queen Anne it arrived at its height in England; and the "Spectator" utters its best wit to throw ridicule upon the custom. When snuff-taking was at its height in France, to refuse a pinch was considered an affront; hence many carried boxes for fashion's sake. A gentleman of this kind, upon going into a public place, was noticed for his want of sincerity, and upon reaching home he found that his costly snuff-box had disappeared, and the following note in its place: "As you made no real use of your treasure, it has been appropriated by one who is honest in his admiration!" The melancholy death of Sauteuil, at the time of its occurrence, caused

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universal sorrow. This celebrated poet, with a number of his companions, were dining at the Prince of Condé's table, when all became heated with wine. One of the party, by way of a practical joke, unperceived, dropped a pinch of snuff into Santeuil's glass. A few moments after he had taken the powder he was seized with sickness, and expired at the end of two days, after exhibiting unparalleled suffering.

The time consumed by a ceremonious snuff-taker varies from one-tenth to a quarter of his whole existence. We knew one of those happy individuals, who occupied five minutes and twenty seconds in going through the entire operation. This included the taking out of the box, the tapping on one side, the opening, the handing around, the pinch seized and placed, the box returned, the handkerchief produced, flourished, and then returned to the pocket. An ingenious American, residing in Paris, while dining at his hotel, looked out of the window, and observed a mason employed at work on an opposite building. Noticing that the man was in the act of taking a pinch of snuff, he promptly bet that he would drink a bottle of Champagne before the mason was through the ceremony. It is hardly necessary to say that he won the wager, and "had time to spare."

The Earl of Stanhope made the following curious calculation. He said that "every inveterate and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch every ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable concomitants, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. Deducting a minute and a half out of every ten, and allowing sixteen hours to every snuff-taker's day, it amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every day, or one day out of ten, and thirty-six and a half days in a year"—more than one-twelfth of a person's whole life.

Ever since snuff became a fashion, the box used to hold it has been made by Royalty the evidence of esteem. If a crowned head desires to acknowledge an obligation to an individual, it is generally done by the presentation of a gold snuff-box set with diamonds. No Government has been more liberal with such presents than that of Great Britain. Following the battle of Waterloo, the rewards bestowed upon *diplomats* and soldiers engaged in the events consummated on that field of blood, the House of Commons, in one year, appropriated twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds for snuff-boxes alone, intended for complimentary presents. Napoleon very characteristically complained of the time wasted in opening them, so he placed his snuff, without covering, in his vest-pocket. Frederick the Great, who was an inordinate snuff-taker, had his "*Westentasche*" lined with tin, and he strewed the powder over his person and face with a most profuse hand. While General Jackson was President, he received from England the present of a porcelain box, of which he seemed to be very proud. Inside of the toy was a paper, stating that it was offered as a grateful memorial from a British soldier for the kind treatment he had received while he was the General's prisoner. The old campaigner stated that he had given up the business of arms, and was then profitably employed in the business of making boxes to carry snuff. The tobacco-box of Sir Walter Raleigh is still in existence, and is of no ordinary dimensions, being seven inches in diameter and thirteen in height. More than two centuries ago, a citizen of Westminster, England, left a tobacco-box of little value to the "Post Overseers' Society," on condition that every senior officer in succession should produce it at all parochial entertainments, and upon retiring from office should add some embellishment to it or be subjected to a heavy fine. The consequence has been that, in the course of two centuries, the box has increased ten times its dimensions, being encompassed in numerous silver cases, on which are engraven curious emblematic devices; making the whole thing perfectly unique.

In this connection it is perhaps proper to notice a most scandalous report, circulated by some ill-natured persons to the prejudice of the ladies, the point of which is, that they use snuff as a dentifrice. To imagine that a device so shallow should be resorted to for the purpose of concealing the use of tobacco in its worst form, seems impossible; yet honest men have been led astray; for we find this mutilated paragraph going the rounds of our most respectable journals: "Of all the detestable, obnoxious, offensive, unnecessary, and abominable imitations which dear woman is guilty of inheriting from fallen, depraved, corrupt, and wicked man, that of snuff-dipping stands pre-eminent. How the second edition of angels—the *ne plus ultra* of heaven's best workmanship—the idol of man, the diamond of song—the gem of prose, and the crowning glory of humanity, can concentrate a table spoonful of pulverized poison, that would kill a rattlesnake, and prove certain death to every living creature except the tobacco-worm, is to us totally at variance with all philosophy, reason, scripture, taste, and refinement, and utterly incomprehensible. We wish it were a dream—we wish it were a romance—we wish it were not so; but sad reality presents the picture of an angel of beauty, with a heavenly smile, a rosy cheek, the eye of a gazelle, standing erect in all her majesty, dazzling in her robes of silk and precious stones, her form reflected in a costly mirror, holding between her delicate fingers a rattan stick feathered at the end which is constantly introduced into a box of snuff and—" The remainder is torn off, and the extract must therefore ever present an imperfect, but still a vivid, idea of what malice will do when it attempts to malign the sex.

The Duke of Marlborough was the first distinguished man who rendered chewing tobacco famous—the next celebrity of historic interest was a goat belonging to the crew of Decatur's flag-ship. This animal took his quid as regu-

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MEXICAN BALCONY.

larly as any of the "old salts," and, being possessed of a long gray beard, his "cud-chewing" moved it from side to side, and caused constant amusement among all who witnessed it. One of our "later Presidents" made the "plug" somewhat conspicuous by sitting in his audience-room with it in his hand, and, while engaged in conversation, nervously tearing off bits of the compressed leaves and placing them in his mouth. Eating tobacco is essentially an American custom, and was no doubt derived from the example of the worm that lives upon the growing plant. It is particularly a favorite habit with leading politicians, and seems to be a vital qualification for a foreign minister.

Dealers in tobacco in early times were distinguished for their ingenious devices to attract custom. Not only costly divans were invented by them, but also signs of significancy were originated, many of which retain their popularity unto this day. Hone mentions a man residing on Tower Hill, London, Farr by name, who greatly increased his fortune by placing conspicuously over his door the following announcement: "The best tobacco by Farr." The popular emblem is what is supposed to represent an Indian. The original one was no doubt carved out of wood, in accordance with the imagination of some cockney, and, by a singular love which the human mind has for precedents, all tobacco-shop Indians are made after the same unnatural pattern, whether carved in this country or in Europe. A Scotchman, in his kilts and top-heavy with ostrich-feathers, and holding a ram's-horn snuff-box, is sometimes adopted. A Turk, in flowing robes, black beard, green mustache, and goggle-eyes, has his admirers. We once saw one of these singular, but, we dare say, very correct specimens of Oriental life, under which was printed: "Let the infidel work his will, I'll trust in my pipe." The most touching appeal ever made, however, was by a dealer in Vienna, who established his business by suspending from his shop ceiling a huge bowl, with a score of long tubes attached, in which ten pounds of tobacco were fired at once. One crowd followed another in the enjoyment of this leviathan pipe; the reputation of its originator became established, and, as a consequence, his fortune was made.

The feelings that overwhelm a person long addicted to the use of tobacco when deprived of it, are more painful than its positive effects when first taken into the system. We have known soldiers punished for disobedience, who would hold out against the severest discipline, and never succumb until deprived of their tobacco. In a memorable mutiny on board of one of our

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RISING GENERATION.

national vessels, the misguided leader, while under sentence of death, was bold and defiant until his favorite weed was taken from him; he then became despondent, and his nervous system gave way—the same effect would have followed had he been innocent of all misdeeds—he was sinking under the want of a stimulant long indulged in, and not from the remorse that is supposed to follow crime. It is common for persons suddenly immured in prison to stipulate for their tobacco, but never for their food. An anecdote is related of a poor German, who attracted attention by continually walking to and fro between a baker's shop and a tobacco store, holding a few pence in his hand. He finally solved the mystery of his movements by exclaiming: "I would like to have some bread, but I would not miss it after all as much as I would my tobacco."

We once had two acquaintances who were remarkable for their abuse of the weed. To such an extent did they use it, that their constitutions were seriously impaired, and they determined to abandon the habit, to escape from a premature grave. It so happened that they made their pledges of abstinence at night, and the following morning they were some miles in the country on a fishing excursion. After the excitement of arranging their tackle and throwing their hooks into the water had subsided, there came the quiet anticipatory of "a bite." "Presently," said one of the gentlemen, who afterward related the incident, "the log on which I sat commenced whirling round, the just rising sun grew dark in the heavens, and all nature dissolved in a death-like tremor, that seemed to divide my soul from my body, and I fell headlong into the lake. Fortunately the cold bath brought me to consciousness, and, reaching the shore, I found my friend pale and insensible on the grass. Rousing him from his stupor, we jumped into our buggy, leaving our rods, reels, and lunch disregarded on the ground, and galloping like mad down the road, never stopped until we reached a country store, and seized, with the avidity of starving men, upon some tobacco, but it was a long time before our systems were restored to quietness, and we were capable of coherently explaining the causes of our, for the time-being, apparently insane conduct."

Dr. Nott, in his deed of trust, conveying the enormous sum of money made over by him for the endowment of Union College, makes it a condition that every professor is to avoid the use of tobacco in any of its forms; yet in all future time this clause will probably be a tale that is told, and the drowsy professor, who makes his living through the industry and thrift of Dr. Nott, will, amidst the clouds of smoke of his well-filled pipe, wonder why such an impracticable matter was introduced into the last will and testament of a great and good man. We believe this, because the most despotic laws, the most signal punishments—even the dictates of the tyrant fashion itself—have never been able to arrest the habit of using tobacco in those who had formed it. Nothing will do this but that high moral courage which says, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more flesh while the world standeth." Rare examples of such resolutions are recorded, but they indicate a bravery that the soldier who faces the cannon's mouth can not imagine, and only the soul capable of being a martyr can illustrate.

Some persons are so constituted that their systems can never overcome a nervous tremor brought on by the scent of tobacco—the slightest indication of its presence, even upon the open

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air, making them faint. A gentleman widely known in the fashionable circles of English society, was absolutely driven into obscurity by this peculiar physical sensitiveness. He had to abandon all mixed company, and all public places, and confine his associations to individuals who, he could be assured, would not offend him by using the weed, or carrying it concealed about their persons. We knew a gentleman, to whom tobacco was but little less obnoxious, that was awakened at midnight by a sense of oppression, a difficulty in breathing. Supposing that some of the inmates of his household had offended by indulging in a smoke, he instituted inquiry, but found no one guilty. The cause of all his trouble was finally traced to a "short-legged pipe," that some one had dropped in front of his residence. This removed, the air was restored to its wonted purity, and the gentleman to his comfortable nap.

Dr. Aldrich, a celebrated scholar and divine in his day, was proverbial for his excessive fondness for the pipe. It was so notorious among the students under his charge, that on one occasion a wager was laid between two or three that, although very early in the morning, the Dean, who was at that time in his room, would be found smoking. On their being admitted to the Doctor's presence, and announcing the object of their visit, the Dean, with perfect good-humor, replied, "You see, Sir," addressing the party who gave the challenge, "you have lost your wager, for I am not now smoking, but only filling my pipe."

As one of the divisions of our army, under Scott, was proceeding on toward the city of Mexico, filling the "national road" for miles with a serpentine train, a number of monks, residing in a monastery situated on a neighboring eminence, in picturesque procession descended to the road-side, chanting hymns, the leader bearing before him a silver box, on the top of which was a lamp burning before a cross, and an aperture to receive contributions from the charitably-disposed. As our soldiers passed along, many of "foreign birth" "contributed of their pay," and received a blessing from the awaiting monks. Finally a tall Yankee, belonging to one of the New England Regiments, upon whose clothes still rested the fragrant perfume of the Aristook pine, stopped before the contribution-box, dropped his musket to the ground, and commenced searching in his pockets. It was evident that he would give something. Having completed his explorations, he unhitched a short-stemmed tobacco-pipe from the string that served as a band to his slouched hat, and filling the bowl with the tobacco that had taken him so long to find, quietly lighted it at the *holy fire*, then, perfectly unconscious of having committed an improper, much less a sacrilegious, deed, he wended his way onward toward the fabled halls of the Montezumas. The eyes of the old friars, who witnessed this profanation, fairly rolled out of their sockets with surprise and horror, and they felt an additional dread of the barbarous North Americans, who were, according to their estimation, not only giants in strength and eagles in courage, but also heathens and heretics of the most formidable degree and the most irreclaimable kind.



LOND OF SYMPATHY.

It is related of a Dutch sailor, that while sitting on the gallows he asked for "a last smoke," which being granted, he was soon absorbed in the luxury, thinking nothing of the future, only of the present. When told that the fated moment had arrived, he carefully laid aside his pipe, and prepared for the "terrible leap." Most unexpectedly, his pardon was read, which being concluded, with tears of gratitude in his eyes he seized his still warm pipe, and said, "I was sure thou would'st not be out so fast."

Toward the close of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth of France, a Turkish embassador residing in Paris, insisted upon smoking while attending the theatres. So sacred was his person considered that the police dared not prevent him, although the whole audience was annoyed, and constantly expressed disapprobation. Discovering the cause of the frequent interruptions of the play, he pronounced the authors of it "a mob," and with increased zeal puffed his tchibouk.

We well remember an old Irishwoman, who used to sit at night, to display her apples, beneath the radiance of one of the gas-lamps near the City Hall. She was an old crone—the very personification of a virago. For hours she would watch the passers-by, repeating to herself innumerable prayers and maledictions, and although a merchant in fruit, never good-natured, even amidst the excitement "of a sale." One evening, as we passed, we found her enjoying the pleasures of a short pipe. Here face rested upon her hand—her eyes were seeing visions—

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COMFORT OF SMOKE.

her mouth was wreathed in a smile. What did she care for the sordid gains of commerce? Poverty, and its accompanying horrors, had melted into joyous inspiration—her soul was wrapped in Elysium. Meanwhile the rude boys had discovered her forgetfulness, and when she awoke from her reverie, it was to find that her property had been filched, and that her trip to dream-land was enjoyment acquired at the expense of comfort in this.

Among all the practical evidences of sympathy which the women of France displayed for their suffering kindred in the Crimea, none so deeply excited a universal sentiment of admiration as when the ladies of Bordeaux solicited subscriptions for the specific purpose of purchasing tobacco and pipes for the use of the heroes of Alma and Inkermann. There seemed to be a universal feeling that this was more genial, more thoughtful, more touching than the sending of even food and raiment; and when the venerable Archbishop seconded the labors of his flock, by collecting money with which to purchase wine for the sick, enthusiasm rose to its highest pitch.

Some years ago, an American gentleman, who was spending some time in Havana, noticed, one evening, in an obscure street, a person approaching him enveloped in a cloak, his face concealed, yet persistently smoking a cigar. The fragrant perfume, as it spread itself on the evening air, suggested the enjoyment of the same luxury, and, pulling out his case, he asked the mysterious perambulator for "a light." The desire was granted, and the American for an instant lit up his features by the ignition of his cigar. The stranger started back with surprise, exclaiming, "Had I not seen your face, I should have assassinated you for another person!"

Frederick William of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great—unlike King James—had a royal liking for tobacco; and a picture, representing his "smoking room" and its inmates, is still preserved in Berlin. His Majesty, in plain clothes, is sitting in the midst of his company, while the Queen is lighting his pipe; on his right hand and left are his Ministers and Generals, also with pipes. The learned Gundling, evidently in a very loud voice, is reading a newspaper. There is no expensive furniture in the apartment; the table is without a spread, and the seats are merely wooden benches. It was in the smoking room that the irascible and more than half-crazy monarch enjoyed his only pleasant hours; for he often entered gloomy and peevish, but never left except in excellent humor. At these social parties every one was permitted to speak his mind frankly, comment upon the Government freely, and even criticise the conduct of the King: thus he had an opportunity of learning many things which would otherwise have been concealed from his knowledge. Fortunate, indeed, would it be, if smoking rooms were common among all the rulers of mankind, that they might occasionally hear the language of truth instead of the ever-fulsome strain of interested flattery.

Fanny Kemble used to relate, with great gusto, a cigar adventure she met with while traveling in Georgia. It appears that the day was hot, the roads rough, and she an invalid—the passengers in the stage, herself and a gentleman. As the heavy vehicle rumbled along, there mingled, with the dust that constantly penetrated its interior, the fumes of a most execrable cigar. Every blast of the "Stygian fume" sent a tremor of deadly sickness through Fanny's heart; the gentleman, her traveling companion, remonstrated with the driver, explained the mischief he was doing, and promised the independent Jehu, at the end of the journey, the reward of twenty-five choice Havanas if he would throw away his vile weed. The driver's reply was, "Yes, yes, in a minute;" but the evil complained of continued until finally it became insufferable. Then it was that Fanny leaned out of the coach-window, and said, "Sir, I appeal to your generosity to throw away that cigar; and I know, from the proverbial politeness of the Americans, that my request will be granted." "Yes, yes," said the driver, with some trepidation, "I intended to do it; but I wanted first to smoke it short enough to put in my hat!"

In conclusion we would say that a curious and instructive work could be written upon the influence of tobacco upon the intellectual character of nations. It makes the French more gay, the Spaniards more grave. It has con-

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firmed the Germans in their speculative philosophies, and made fatalism the constitution, instead of a belief of the Moslem, and weakened the animal activity of all. What was heretofore action is now smoke. The Turks, who, before the discovery of tobacco, were the terror of Christendom, have sunk under its enervating influence into second childhood.

The Hollanders—whose ancestors wrested a country from the waves of the ocean, and once swept the seas with a broom, emblematical of their naval prowess—now live upon the exploits of the past, and smoke undismayed amidst all the confusion of the present and the threatenings of the future. But in spite of these sad examples of national lethargy before us, we must confess that we sometimes envy the refreshing calmness of their stagnation, particularly when contrasted with the death-inviting activity of the American character.

The use of tobacco upon our own people is exhibiting its effects by increasing the mental activity at the expense of the physical frame. It is stripping our men of all corporeal weight, and leaving them, like over-trained steeds, to fly across, not travel, the field of life. Of course the career is brilliant, but necessarily somewhat short. The rising generation is attenuated, but the brain is large—the jaws are shrinking up and crowding the teeth, but the imagination is expanded, and self-confidence knows no bounds. What the future will develop, no one can determine; but if our disregard of natural laws is persisted in—if we cultivate only the intellectual, and forever neglect the well-being of the earthly temple—we must eventually resemble those ambitious steamers whose engines, being too large for the hulls, as a consequence shake themselves rapidly to pieces by the very power that sends them ahead. While contemplating the evils of such a result, we can not but regret that we are not as a nation possessed of a slight infusion of that refreshing slowness so peculiar to the Turks and Hollanders—that our immense consumption of tobacco should not calm *our nerves*—that its smoke should not encourage *us* in the occasional practice of quiet aspirations. If this were the case, then tobacco, "well-qualified" and "opportunely taken," would indeed be a "virtuous herb," and its enemies become as silent as are the ashes that fell from Uncle Toby's pipe.

CALIFORNIA THROUGH ENGLISH EYES.*

IN April, 1850—for aught we know it was on the first day of the month—the good steamer *Cherokee* landed Mr. FRANK MARRYATT, an English gentleman of fortune, together with half a thousand "free and independent" American citizens in red and blue woolen shirts, at the fever-haunted town of Chagres. Our friend was on his way to California, having in view two very laudable objects: he wished to see life and to add a few thousands to his worldly estate. In the first of these objects he succeeded to his heart's content; in the second he failed quite decidedly. His loss is, however, our gain; for to the ill-success of his agricultural, architectural, and mining speculations we owe a very fresh, racy, and good-humored book.

Besides his own person, our traveler had in charge a number of rifles of various calibers, three blood-hounds, and his "man Barnes," a lusty, good-natured fellow, who commenced life as a poacher, then became a game-keeper, and as our author leaves him in California, we may trust that he is by this time a thriving citizen. At all events he proved himself worthy of being such, instead of remaining the personal attendant of any man.

Thus accompanied, Mr. Marryatt became an object of decided interest to his fellow-passengers across the Isthmus, who showed themselves specially anxious to obtain full particulars respecting his birth-place, his destination, and the nativity of the blood-hounds aforesaid. Becoming weary of imparting information upon these interesting subjects, he proceeded to naturalize himself by a process not recognized in our courts, and assumed the full dignity of a citizen of the "Model Republic" in general, and of the Old Dominion in particular, bound for California or elsewhere, and thus evaded further questioning.

We must pass over our traveler's passage across the Isthmus, letting a single illustration do duty for a page of letter-press. The imagination of our readers may picture the paddling up the river, the floundering through the jungle—the doleful night at the "Washington Hotel," midway between Chagres and Panama—the musquitoes—the ants—and all the tragico-comic events that marked the transit across this narrow strip of land five years ago. We have changed all that, now that the iron horse whirls the passenger smoothly over the smooth rails.

The voyage from Panama to San Francisco was made in a bark with very limited accommodations and a very large passenger list. Of the hundred and seventy-five souls on board, a hundred and sixty are set down as "noisy, quarrelsome, discontented, and dirty." When they happened to be in tolerable humor, their chief amusement consisted in picking their teeth with their knives, and flooding the deck with an extract of tobacco manufactured on the spot. When, as was more frequently the case, they were in bad-humor, they spent the time in swearing at the provisions and grumbling at the scanty allowance of water. As, however, there was no liquor on board, the quarreling stopped short of bloodshed. When the excitement threatened to pass all bounds, the wily skipper would place a small keg of sugar on the deck, and knocking in the head, would extend a general invitation to "fall to." At the courteous summons the grumblers gathered like flies around

* *Mountains and Molehills; or, Recollections of a Burnt Journal.* By FRANK MARRYATT. With numerous Illustrations by the Author. 12mo. Harper and Brothers. Just Published.

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CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.

the luscious treat, and the contents of the cask were soon, by the aid of their knives, transferred to their mouths.

One Sunday they were favored with religious services, conducted by a personage who claimed to be a minister of some out of the way sect or other. His ministrations were fervent enough, and he possessed a wonderful faculty of shedding tears. But the effect of his pathetic exhortations was somewhat neutralized by the reminiscence on the part of his hearers of a quarrel in which he had not long before taken a part, in the course of which he had expressed the amiable intention of "ripping up the guts" of the vessel's cook.

Mr. Marryatt reached San Francisco in June, just after one of the great conflagrations that have devastated that combustible city. Nobody, however, seemed to take his losses very deeply to heart; but every one seemed bent on repairing them as soon as possible. Mr. Smith, who was superintending the erection of a temporary warehouse to supply the place of one which had been burned, consoles Mr. Jones, who acknowledges to being not only burnt out, but "burst up as flat as a pancake," by the cheering assurance that "this is a great country;" to which the philosophic Jones emphatically responds, "Nothin' shorter." Both are in a few days established in their new quarters, and are apparently once more on the road to fortune. As those principally concerned seemed to take the matter so calmly, our author saw no reason why a stranger, who had lost nothing by the calamity, should allow himself to be plunged into melancholy reflections.

The first thing that impressed our author upon his arrival at San Francisco, was the feverish excitement that was every where apparent. At that period, life in California was at its wildest. The boldest, most eager, and adventurous spirits from every quarter of the world had congregated there. Men of every grade of society and of every degree of culture were flung pell-mell together. The old forms and moralities of life had disappeared, and new ones had not yet risen to replace them. Under the rough hunting-shirt, slouched hat, and heavy boots of the miner might be concealed either the honest man or the desperado, the gambler or the gentleman. All mingled together upon terms of perfect equality, for there had not yet been time for them to classify themselves according to their natural affinities. Hence there was no limit to the introductions with which a stranger was favored. If you strolled into a gambling-saloon, the chance was that some casual acquaintance of both would "make you acquainted" with the dealer at the *monte* table. Upon one occasion our author found that he

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had just had the honor of shaking hands with a man who had not long before committed a murder, and had escaped hanging only by bribing judge, jury, and witnesses.

Clubs, reading-rooms, and female society were things yet to be; hence the places of universal resort were the Drinking Saloon and Gambling House, which were in most cases united in one establishment. With a keen eye to profit, the proprietors of these establishments had fitted them up with a splendor irresistibly captivating to men who for months had seen no dwelling more attractive than a rude hut or tent. Pillars, apparently of crystal, supported the gilded roofs. The walls were a-blaze with huge mirrors, alternating with pictures of the worst French school, of the most brilliant coloring and the most questionable designs. Nothing could be more motley than the aspect of the crowd there assembled. Miners in ragged woolen or greasy buckskin, with long hair and ferocious mustaches; Mexicans in gay serapes and slouched hats; Chinamen with long tails and basin-like hats; negroes, hodmen, merchants, mechanics, all in what costume pleased fortune—thronged around the liquor bars and the *monte* tables.

It is said that the Arabs have a thousand names to designate the lion. Scarcely less multitudinous was the California drinking vocabulary. "From the time the habitual drinker takes his morning cock-tail," says our author, "to stimulate an appetite for breakfast, he supplies himself with an indefinite number of racy little compounds that have the effect of keeping him always more or less primed. And where saloons line the streets, and you can not meet a friend, or make a new acquaintance, or strike a bargain without an invitation to drink, which amounts to a command—and where the days are hot, and you see men issuing from the saloons licking their lips after their iced mint-ju-



DRINKING SALOON.

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leps—and where Brown, who has a party with him, meets you as you enter the saloon, and says 'Join us'—and where it is the fashion to accept such invitations, and rude to refuse them—what can a thirsty man do? One reason," he continues, "for so many drinks being consumed is the fact that there is ever some liberal soul who is not content till he has ranged some twenty of his acquaintances at the bar; and when each one is supplied with a 'drink,' he says, 'My respects to you, gentlemen;' when the twenty heads are simultaneously thrown back, and down go 'Straight brandies,' 'Queen Charlottes,' 'Stone fences,' and so on through the whole score."

Where there are so many ready to treat, there can of course be no lack of those willing to avail themselves of any chance of coming in for a share of the general order for "drinks for the crowd." There is a story told of a waggish old Judge who was wont to find some sport in taking advantage of the propensity of these hangers-on to indulge their bibulous propensities at the expense of others. "Come, let us all take a drink," he would exclaim to the thirsty group in waiting for such a summons. The bar is forthwith lined with the motley crowd, each ordering his favorite tipple. At the word of command from the Judge the potations are simultaneously disposed of. "And now," the proposer would say, drawing a long breath of satisfaction, "now let's all pay for our drinks," which each would sorrowfully proceed to do.

Our author had the perspicacity to perceive that this was but a temporary state of affairs; and that this outward show of ceaseless dissipation would soon give place, among so strenuous and eager a people, to a better state of things.

Before embarking in the serious business of money-making, our Englishman resolved to enjoy himself by a year of hunting and adventure, at the same time keeping an eye open for any promising scheme of profit. His immediate purpose was to camp out in some snug valley among the mountains, and there to live upon the produce of his gun and dogs, eked out, of course, by sundry luxuries which a well-filled purse can manage to secure even among the Sierra Nevadas.

So one bright July morning he set out from San Francisco for the Russian River region. The party consisted of Mr. Marryatt himself, his "man Barnes," and a young Englishman, Thomas by name, who had come out to enter the service of a great mercantile house, which unluckily happened to "burst up" just before his arrival. Besides the bipeds there were at the start three dogs, but one of these, a mighty blood-hound, ran mad shortly after their departure, and was shot, after narrowly missing a snap or two at his master.

The party pitched their tent for a day or two at Benicia, a flourishing town upon paper, with sites for numerous public buildings carefully laid down. In fact, it wanted only buildings and inhabitants to constitute it a considerable city. Upon examining the map, they found that they were encamped precisely in the centre of the "Public Botanical Gardens." While they were trying to engage mules to carry them on their way, our author became acquainted with a certain Don Raymond Castillo, a dashing native Californian, who owned a *ranche* some forty miles in the interior, from whom he received an invitation to pay him a visit, and remain until the necessary animals for their further advance could be procured.

At the ranche of Don Raymond our friend had a specimen of the old-time life of a Californian gentleman, as it was before the advent of *los Americanos*. The mansion was a long, low *adobe* house, with a court-yard in front, partly sheltered by a porch. Here the *vaccaros*, or herdsmen, of the ranche passed their time when, as was usually the case, they had nothing special to do, lounging about, smoking, playing the guitar, or indolently twisting a lasso out of raw hide or horse-hair. It was very like the court of a baron of the feudal times. A dozen or more of the small wiry horses of the country always stood saddled in the court-yard, in readiness for any emergency. The scene would now and then be varied by the arrival of a miserable Indian, bringing in some trifling article of game. Some time in the course of the day a vaccaro would rise slowly up, as though the idea had just oc-



VACCARO AND INDIAN.

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curred to him that there might possibly be something for him to do. Slowly he saunters up to his horse, uncoils his lasso, and fastens it securely to the saddle-bow. One and another follow his example, until at last the whole group, looking more asleep than awake, are seated in their saddles. In an instant the scene changes. The fellows, looking so sleepy while on foot, are transformed into new beings when once their feet are fairly in the stirrups. One thrust of the long rowels of their spurs into the side of their beasts, who await no second hint, and away dash the whole troop, waving their lassos in the air, shouting at the top of their voices, plashing through the river, scouring across the plain beyond, and sending up a cloud of dust that marks their course long after they themselves are out of sight.

These native Californians are superb riders—and well they need to be, considering the animals they bestride. When the ranchero finds that his herd of riding horses needs replenishing, he dispatches a troop of vaccaros to the mountains, who return driving before them a band of wild, lean, vicious-looking colts. They are driven into the corral, where the best-looking are selected for use, and the herdsmen enter, lasso in hand, to capture the chosen beasts. The maddened herd fly wildly around the enclosure, but all in vain, a cast of the unerring lasso arrests one of them, who is blindfolded and dragged, half-strangled, to the gate. Before he has time to recover from his stupefaction a bridle, with a bit so formed that the least pressure upon the rein forces a sharp prong up into the roof of the mouth, is thrust into his jaws, and a saddle is firmly girt upon his back. A vaccaro leaps into the saddle, while a comrade removes the blind from the horse's eyes, usually getting a bite on the shoulder for his pains. Now comes the contest between horse and rider. Back jumps and forward jumps, side jumps and buck jumps, stiff-legged jumps and compound jumps—every form and combination of jump, kick, and twist of which the supple limbs of a wild horse are capable, are put in almost simultaneous requisition. But the rider keeps his seat like a Centaur, answering every effort of the horse by a fierce dig of his long sharp spurs. For a moment the horse stands still, as though meditating, then gives a series of mad plunges in the air, and flinging himself suddenly down upon his side, tries to roll over. Here the Californian saddle—at which the uninitiated are apt to sneer—manifests its advantages. The massy stirrups protect the rider's legs, while a stout bar lashed crosswise frustrates the rotary designs of the horse. When he rises, his tormentor is still on his back. He bounds away in terror, urged on by the sharp thrusts of the spur goring his sides, and disappears in the distance. In a few hours he is brought back, panting, and sobbing, and exhausted. A bucket or two of cold water is dashed over him, the thick blind is again put over his eyes, and he is left in darkness to meditate over his luckless fortune—a most perplexed horse. The lesson is repeated two or three times, with continually decreasing resistance. In three days his education is pronounced complete, and he is denominated a *manzo*, or tamed horse:—though, as may readily be imagined, his taming, like the civilization of the Russians, is not more than skin deep.

Our Englishmen spent a few days hunting with these rough riders. Having been long trained to the saddle, they managed to acquit themselves to their own satisfaction, and to the unbounded admiration of their Californian acquaintances. They, however, suggested to their host that they would prefer to hunt on foot, stalking the deer in the Highland fashion. But their ardor was not a little damped when it was hinted to them that rattlesnakes abounded in the long grass. In spite of this ominous warning they made some attempts at hunting in their own fashion; but our author confesses, with laudable candor, that they were too much occupied with looking out for these pleasant reptiles to pay due attention to their game.

The pleasure of their visit to Don Raymond was much marred by the hostility of a neighboring *caballero*, who being a suitor for the favor of the sister of their host, took it into his head that



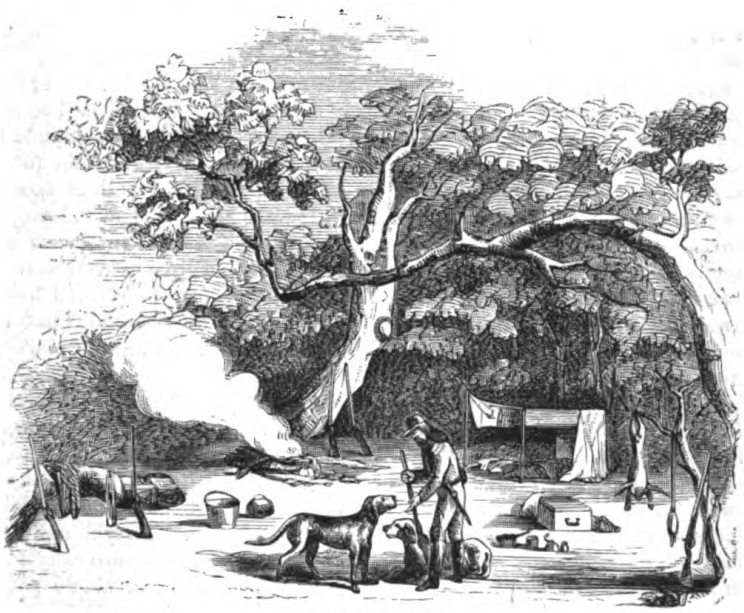
QUILP.

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the dashing new-comers were disposed to rival him in the affections of his lady-love. Upon this worthy, who was a short, stout, greasy little fellow, they bestowed the suggestive nickname of "Quilp." He had a way, after having exhausted himself by his vigorous style of dancing, of taking his seat upon a bench by the door, and singing in a dolorous tone some love-song to his inamorata or hymn to the Blessed Virgin, accompanying himself with a villainous twanging upon an old guitar. There was a special hostility between him and Barnes, and our author had the greatest difficulty in keeping the wrath of his henchman within due bounds.

They therefore resolved to protract their stay only till "branding time." This is one of the great events at a California ranche. For a week the mountains have been scoured to collect the herds of neat stock, in order that they may be branded with the "marks" of their owners. The ranchero now keeps open house, and all the neighboring vaccaros, in their holiday bravery, flock together, partly to assist in the labor, and get a share of the good cheer, and partly to see to it that none of their own cattle are intermingled with those of their neighbor. The beasts are driven into the *corral*, near which a brisk fire is lighted to heat the branding irons. A vaccaro flings his lasso over the horns of some beast and drags him to the gate. No sooner has he passed this than another lasso is flung over a hind leg, and the cords being drawn tight, the animal falls on his side as suddenly as though he had been shot. While thus helpless, the hot iron is applied to the quivering flesh; when it is burnt in deeply enough, the lassos are disengaged by a dexterous shake, and the beast, maddened with pain and wild with affright, after staring stupidly for a moment at the bystanders darts away again to the hills. As the work goes on, the excitement rises higher. Infuriated bulls charge madly upon the vaccaros. A bull-fight is tame in comparison. The shouts of the men who are plied with liquor, the bellowing of the cattle, the hiss of the hot irons, and the smell of burning hair and flesh make up a scene of intense excitement. Now and then a beast fiercer than the rest, instead of betaking himself to the hills when released, makes a dash at the crowd. But the quick eye of a vaccaro has anticipated his movement, and his advance is stopped by a lasso caught around his leg. Down he falls, and is punished till he makes up his mind that the better part of valor is discretion, and he contents himself with stalking sullenly away to the hills, where he tries to revenge himself upon the world in general by fruitless attempts to gore the largest oak he can find. What with brandy and hard work the operators become so thoroughly exhausted by nightfall, that even the fandango has no charms for them. The performance generally ends with a quarrel or two, about the speed of some favorite horse, usually accompanied by some attempts at using the knife—a pleasant little habit among all the descendants of the old Castilian stock.

Having been furnished by Don Raymond with mules and a horse, our hunters took leave of their host, and started across the plains toward Russian River. They encamped upon the bank of this river one night in great contentment. But when they awoke in the morning their animals were missing; they had been stolen during the night. Probably some prowling "Greasers" had been on their track. There was nothing for them to do but to wade the broad shallow stream, carrying their "plunder" piecemeal upon their heads.



CAMPING OUT.

On the further side, apparently beyond the limits of civilization, they found the hut of a "squatter." Its owner was a tall, sinewy Missourian named March. But not only was he the owner of a hut, but he was the proprietor of a saw-mill also, which he had built with the assistance of a couple of comrades, far beyond the limits of settlement. It was all complete, with huge wheel and massive dam, and wanted only the saw, which was on its way from San Francisco, to begin converting the giant redwood trees which grew around into deals and planks, in readiness for the tide of population

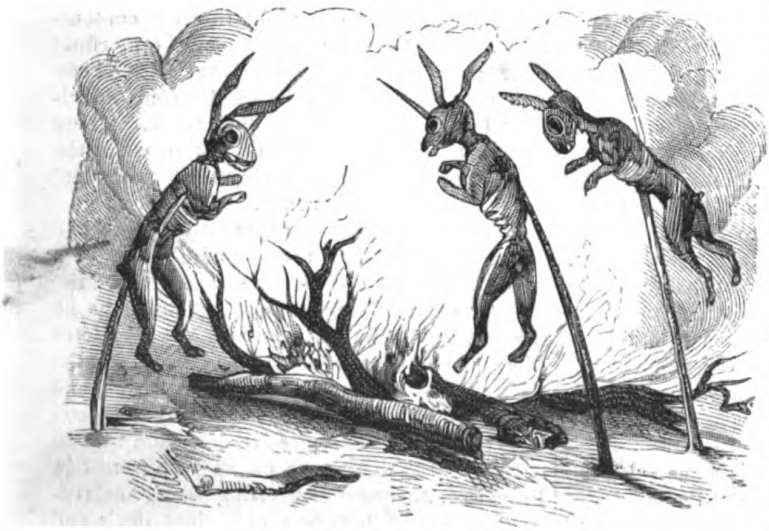
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which its proprietor foresaw would before long come thronging into these solitudes. "This saw-mill," writes Mr. Marryatt, "erected in the forest and of the forest, raising its long beams from the midst of the romantic scenery that surrounded it, was a glorious instance of what energy will accomplish, and of the rapidity with which each man in an American colony contributes to the development of the resources of the new country. Even the uneducated backwoodsman devotes his time and energy to preparing for wants to come, buoyed up by an admirable confidence in the rapid growth and prosperity of his country—which confidence is a part of his education, and one great secret of his success. If the Americans go ahead, it is because they look ahead."

The loss of their animals compelled our adventurers to look about for some suitable place in which to pitch their camp. The owner of the saw-mill described to them a lovely valley a few miles distant, shut in among huge volcanic hills, as the best place in which they could "squat." Following his directions, they soon reached the secluded valley. It was of barely twenty acres in extent, bordered with gigantic redwood trees, and having at one side a fine stream. The valley itself was bare of trees, excepting a single clump in the centre. It was unclaimed by mortal man. A paper was thereupon fixed conspicuously upon one of these trees, requiring that all men should take due "notice that F. M. claims, under the laws of pre-emption one hundred and fifty acres of land, measured from this spot, intending to defend his right by force of arms." Thus our John Bull was for the time transformed into a Yankee squatter.

On their way over the hills they had shot three hares, which were soon impaled on three sticks over the fire—looking not unlike three martyrs, undergoing the agreeable process of an *auto da fe;* and a quantity of straw gathered from the adjacent fields of wild oats, furnished them with a bed for their first night. In due course of time a hut was constructed under the trees, with thatched roof and boarded floor. Sundry conveniences were added as experience taught their necessity. Tools, ammunition, a few of the articles which habit has made matter of necessity—including a small selection of those grand old classics in our language which will bear reading over and over again—were added, and they fairly embarked upon the hunter's life. The respective duties of the members of the party were arranged. Barnes was to be woodchopper, and was to transmute the redwoods into rails for inclosing "the farm," as they began to call their little valley; our author undertook to see to it that venison was never lacking in their larder; while Thomas was installed as superintendent of domestic arrangements. This latter office was by no means the sinecure that one would at first thought be apt to suppose; for it was found absolutely necessary to take every thing out of the hut each day, in order to keep free from the vermin who endeavored to "squat" in the deer skins, which soon began to accumulate; and to see to it that there was no scorpion or centipede lodged in some quiet corner. Our author found also that hunting was work as well as sport. Every animal that he killed he had to bring home on his back at once, if he was to secure any part of his prey from the coyotes who were lurking around.

Mr. Marryatt's hunting-experience in California is rather tame to one who has read Gordon Cumming's marvelous lion-hunts in Africa, or Baker's elephant-chases in Ceylon. There was little or no material for excitement. Deer-hunting has not danger enough to prevent its palling in time; and California is singularly destitute of animals of prey, and the few that exist there did not deign to make their appearance. They found plenty of "signs" of wolves, but never once caught sight of the animals themselves. A single panther was the only specimen of the "Californian lion" that came in their way; and even the bears perversely kept at a wary distance; so that when our hunter returned to the hut at night he had no marvelous adventures to relate. The time was therefore quite as profitably spent in reading aloud for mutual edification the books with which they had wisely provided themselves, and in speculations as to the best means of securing a due share of the golden treasures of California. Barnes had never been endowed with that gift of reading and writing which, according to Dogberry, comes by nature, and his companions spent part of their even-



THE THREE MARTYRS.

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THE HUNTING LODGE.

ings in imparting to him this accomplishment.

Barnes became a very expert ax-man, and made terrible havoc among the mighty redwood trees. But he was not the only being at work upon their gigantic trunks. "The bark of the redwood," says Mr. Marryatt, "is perforated in every direction, and with great regularity, by a kind of starling, called, from this peculiarity, *carpentaro*, or carpenter. These birds form cells in the tree with great assiduity, and deposit therein acorns, which fit very tightly. They are very quaint and noisy, and employ themselves continually, when not fighting, in depositing acorns in the redwoods. You may see a dozen of them clinging to the bark of one tree in the most uncomfortable positions, pecking away, each at a hole. But the carpentaros work for the more lazy portion of creation, and one of their enemies is the beautiful gray squirrel which abounds here. I have often watched a gray squirrel ascend a redwood; for the birds work in the upper part of the tree. He is immediately surrounded by carpentaros, who, knowing him of old, are at no loss to divine his object; but the open day-robber, nothing daunted, at once extracts an acorn, and popping it in his mouth, he turns his head from side to side in the quaintest manner possible, as if to say to the birds that chatter around him, 'Pray go on, don't mind my feelings.' Then down he comes, whisking his beautiful silvery tail. Then the carpentaros assemble round the pillaged hole, and scream over the matter so much that you may imagine them to be abusing the squirrel in their choicest slang; and presently up comes gray squirrel again for another acorn, having found the first so good; and then, fresh carpentaros having arrived, the noise becomes so intolerable that the most enthusiastic of naturalists would walk off with his fingers in his ears. The grizzly bear also takes advantage of the exposed condition of the carpentaro's winter provision, and climbs the redwood in much the same fashion as the gray squirrel, though less gracefully; so they say: I never saw a bear in this position, and if unarmed I should not wait to study his habits, if I did; for although naturalists tell us that the bear is graminivorous, there is no doubt that the grizzly would sacrifice all the acorns that grow for a juicy piece of the calf of one's leg. The carpentaro has a more destructive enemy than even the squirrel or the bear, and a greater beast than either—the Digger Indian. These miserable specimens of humanity will light a fire at the root of a well-stocked redwood tree until it falls; they then extract the carpentaro's acorns and fill many baskets' full, which they carry away. 'Eat as much as you like, but pocket none,' the justly indignant carpentaros might say."

On one occasion a bear-hunt was got up by the proprietor of the saw-mill for the amusement of his English neighbors. He came over to the valley, accompanied by two backwoodsmen named Sheldon and Carter. The whole party of six then set out in search of a bear. In the afternoon they came upon Bruin's tracks, which they followed into a thicket of underwood, into which they pursued him. March got the first shot at the animal, but failed to hit a vital part. Soon the remainder came in sight of him. "I was astonished," says Mr. Marryatt, "at his size: standing on his hind legs, with his mouth open like a thirsty dog, and working himself up and down, he indicated that he felt the inconvenience of the pellet that March had intended for his heart, but which had lodged in his alimentary canal. However in an instant, and as if by a sudden impulse, he again assumed the position of a quadruped, and bounded toward March and Sheldon, clearing as much ground at each stride as would have done credit to the winner of the Liverpool steeple-chase. A shot from the right altered his course in that direction, for the grizzly bear will turn to the last assailant. A momentary uncertainty on his part gave me an opportunity of troubling him with one of my ounce-and-a-half balls. But this only elicited a grunt, and a rush in my direction." An ineffectual shot from Sheldon brought the bear upon him, and

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in a moment the poor fellow was struck down by a single blow from the huge paw of the beast. The flesh was all torn from one side of his face, and his jaw-bone was fractured in a frightful manner. The bear made off in the confusion, and they saw him no more. The wounded man recovered from his wound, but was much disfigured, and entirely lost one eye.

Still Bruin is not a bad-natured fellow, when let alone. His mate, however, is something of a shrew, particularly when put out of temper by the maternal care of her cubs; and perhaps, conjectures our author, "this accounts for the fact that the male bear is seldom seen in her company. To her he leaves the education and support of their progeny while he seeks amusement elsewhere—I might say at his club; for it is the habit of bears to congregate in threes and fours under a tree for hours, and dance on their hams in a very ludicrous manner, with no ostensible object but that of passing the time, and getting away from their wives."

In case of encountering one of these irascible ursine dames discretion is the better part of valor, unless one is well-armed. Of course a tree is the best refuge when a suitable one can be found; but such a tree is not always attainable. It must be just too small for the animal to climb up after you, and just too large for her to pull down; and it is no easy point to hit this golden mean. In default of such a tree, the next best recourse is to run around the side of a steep hill; since the inequality of the ground produces the same practical effect as though the bear had the legs shorter on one side than on the other, which materially interferes with her powers of locomotion.

During their whole stay in the valley they never saw a single Indian. But once, while they chanced to be absent, a party of Diggers came upon their huts, and stole every article they could carry with them, including their entire stock of candles, and all the clothing belonging to the party except what they happened to have on their backs at the time. This robbery was quite too much for our Englishman's philanthropy, and he writes, with a coolness worthy an American backwoodsman that, if after this, one of the Indians had come within rifle-range, he would have shot him down like a coyote; "for," he adds, "once let an Indian think he can rob or steal with impunity, and he will soon attempt to murder you for the clothes upon your back."

They "prospected" among the hills in hope of finding gold, but without success. In the meanwhile Barnes had exercised his woodcraft with so much skill, that their "farm" was securely fenced in, and the question arose as to the peculiar agricultural product to which it should be devoted. It happened at about this time that onions commanded fabulous prices at San Francisco, and a thriving plot of this odorous esculent was a "placer" richer than any gold mine in the diggings. It was easy to make a fortune upon paper by their cultivation: So many plants to the acre—so many bulbs to the bushel—so many dollars to be received for a bushel, as per San Francisco Prices Current—multiply this by the number of acres in the farm, and the total presented a most imposing array of figures. So onions were fixed upon as the staple crop, and our adventurer made a special journey to San Francisco to procure the seed. This was sown, and in due course of time the green shoots made their appearance above the surface of the ground.

So passed the winter, and spring came. Before the result of the onion speculation was decided, business matters called Mr. Marryatt back to San Francisco. After narrowly escaping drowning in crossing the Russian River, and making a still more narrow escape at Sonora, where he was attacked by a gang of fellows who had taken offense at something he had said, and beaten him until he was left for dead in the streets, he reached San Francisco.

It was in April, 1851, a year after his first landing at Chagres. During his absence the city had assumed a new aspect, so that he hardly knew it. The town had advanced out into the bay, and the spot where he had landed was far inshore. Society had begun to assume a settled form. The outre costumes of the previous year had in a great measure disappeared, and men had begun to cut their hair and trim their whiskers like those of their neighbors. Drinking and gambling, as he had foreseen, had ceased to be the sole amusements. Clubs were



OUT PROSPECTING.

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set up and reading-rooms established; and in the "Dramatic Museum" an approximation to a theatre was attempted. Finding time hang heavily upon his hands while waiting for the arrival of a ship from England, on board of which he had sundry consignments, he joined the Thespians, under an assumed name, and played the leading parts, receiving more favor than—himself being judge—he deserved. "I became at last," he says, "so accustomed to seeing my 'last appearance but one' displayed upon the advertising posters, that I began to associate myself with the profession altogether, and to believe that my name was Warren."

Matters thus went on swimmingly until the fatal third of May, when the great conflagration of 1851 occurred, by which many lives were lost, a thousand houses were consumed, and property of the estimated value of ten or twelve millions was destroyed. Among these great losses, was the small one of the destruction of the Dramatic Museum; and "Mr. Warren's" occupation, like that of Othello, was gone.

Two events happened about this time which, taken together, seemed to give an opportunity for the realizing of a California fortune, which should fling into the shade even that depending upon the pending onion adventure. The lusty young State had been for a considerable while in search of a site for its future capital; and, like other young ladies with plenty of gold, she was slow in making her selection. She coquetted and flirted with Sacramento, and Vallejo, and Benicia, in a shocking manner, and gave each of them in turn the fairest hope of being the favored suitor. The choice at last fell upon a few scrubby-looking hills that formed a portion of the ample estates of General Vallejo, and the new city was to bear the name of that valiant commander. Of course there would be an immediate demand for houses far beyond the possibility of supply, and the man who should be the first to supply this want, might command his own terms.

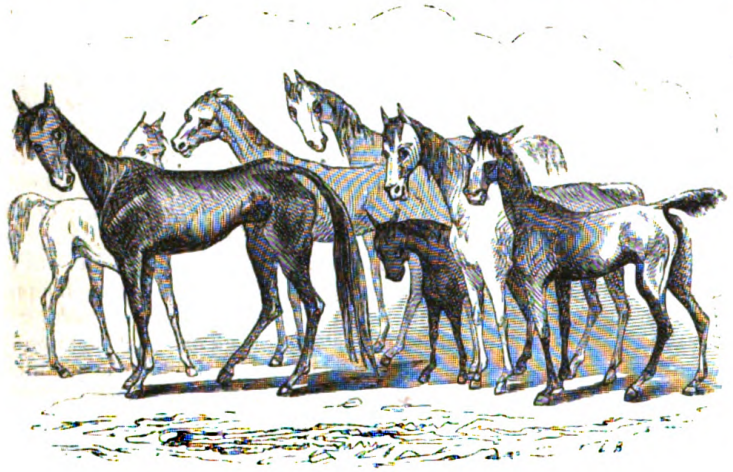
Not very long before, a vessel laden with ready-made iron houses had sank at her moorings during a heavy gale. When at length she was raised, her cargo was found to be in a pitiable plight—what with mud, clay, and land-crabs, the iron houses would not do for San Francisco, where people would be satisfied only with the best of every thing. But the bright idea occurred to our friend that they would be just the thing for a hotel at Vallejo. So he bought the whole lot, and removed it to the site of the new capital, where, by the aid of a preparatory washing and plenty of paint and furniture, it was transformed, in the space of a few months, into a showy-looking hotel, and its proprietor gazed with no small delectation upon the brilliant butterfly which he had hatched out of the dirty-looking grub that he had found in the sunken old hulk.

It was now time to look after the onions, and our author once more turned his face toward Russian River. March's sawmill was in busy operation, for settlers had already begun to flock in that direction. His speculation, at all events, had been a lucky one. But Mr. Marryatt's had not prospered so well. The onions had indeed come up beautifully, but the ground-squirrels had set up a pre-emption claim, and had made it good by devouring every plant. The thronging settlers, moreover, from whom March was reaping so rich a harvest, had scared away the game, and it required a long day's walk to get a single shot at a deer. And still worse, our author had inadvertently forgotten his extempore naturalization, and allowed it to transpire that not only was he not an American citizen, but had not the remotest intention of becoming one. He was thereupon informed that the elaborate "Notice" posted up on the redwood trees of his farm was not worth as much as the paper upon which it was written, and that the valley belonged to the first citizen who should take a fancy to claim it. The failure of his onion speculation, and the brilliant prospects of his iron hotel at Vallejo, had put him out of conceit with his valley, and he gave up his pre-emption claim with a good grace, making a present of the "improvements" to a backwoodsman with whom he had become acquainted. Thus ended Speculation Number One.

Returning to Vallejo, he tried to find by hunting a little relaxation from the serious cares of money-making. "But," adds he, pathetically, "we had very little sport at Vallejo." Game was scarce and shy; the few wild fowl that hung about the marshes had an obstinate prejudice against being shot, that it was impossible to overcome; and besides, the sun was awfully hot, and the reflection from the naked hills was absolutely blinding. While thus hard up for amusement, he picked up a new acquaintance in the person of Mr. Rowe, an English engineer of a speculative turn of mind, who was just then surveying and laying out the capital. The map which adorned the walls of his office must have been a sumptuous affair. The sites of the Botanical Gardens, Orphan Asylums, Schools for the Blind, and other philanthropical institutions were all duly laid down. Rowe had at one time or another come into possession of a dozen or so of Indian horses of a breed whose peculiarity is that no amount of feeding will ever put any flesh on their bones. He kept one of these always saddled at his door, while the others were turned out to graze on the wild oats which grow plentifully on the adjacent hills. Almost every day he would turn out, equipped in California style, in search of his herd, and would return at night, driving them into the enclosure, from which they were to be released the next morning. To Mr. Marryatt they seemed hardly worth all this trouble. But his new friend soon enlightened him on the subject, by informing him that their pasturage cost him nothing, and that he merely kept them for the pleasure of hunting them with the lasso. He invited our author to assist in the sport, and capital sport it was. No sooner did the wild herd catch a glimpse of the

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pair coming after them, than they collected in a group, watching their pursuers out of the corners of their eyes. Before they could come within striking distance, they would set up a scamper over the hills and down the gulches in capital style. After two or three hours they would capitulate, and suffer themselves to be caught, and take their way very demurely to the corral. The best of the sport was that it seemed to be equally agreeable to both parties, the hunted apparently enjoying it quite as much as the hunters.



ROWE'S HORSES.

Meanwhile the erection of the iron hotel had been going on; but just as it was fairly completed, the fickle State had altered her mind; and after jilting Vallejo, had given ear to the seductive promises of Benicia, who was in turn thrown overboard for Sacramento. "The city made to order," writes our disappointed adventurer, "was then pulled down and sold for old materials, to the great delight, as may be imagined, of myself and the other speculators who had worked so assiduously to raise it, and who had received no compensation. It was quite like the story of the Enchanted City, that was up one day and down the next. But somehow," he adds in a philosophical vein, "I don't find so much pleasure in recalling the history of Vallejo, as I did in reading the fairy tale." Thus ended Speculation Number Two.

While all this was going on, our author made one or two excursions to the mining districts, and even tried his hand, with but indifferent success, at working a claim or two. Here, at all events, he learned something of the ways of the miners; and he hits off very happily the prominent characteristics of the various classes of miners. The Mexicans, or, to use the California synonym, the "Greasers," are the least successful of any. They will work all night and during the early morning in their claims, and spend the day in sleeping and gambling, making an occasional horse-stealing excursion for the sake of variety. The French will work very quietly and steadily, if nothing unusual happens to disturb them. But let a compatriot make his appearance, or a stray copy of the *Moniteur* fall in their way, and pick, and cradle, and shovel are laid aside, and all hands will devote themselves to an eager discussion of the affairs of their own country. But "John Chinaman" presents the oddest figure. He works away with a grave, elongated face, no laugh ever proceeding from his leathern jaws. His whole being seems absorbed in gathering the shining metal. Gambler as he is by nature, even avarice can not induce him to risk the golden store which he accumulates; he limits his stakes to the small copper coin of his country. It is a



JOHN CHINAMAN.

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comical sight to see a couple of Chinamen disputing over a contested claim. The noise and gesticulation are frightful. Their lean arms are extended in every direction; hooked fingers are protruded in indication of numbers and dates. All the friends of the parties take a share in the dispute, which becomes intelligible only when the breath of the disputants is thoroughly exhausted. They are, however, very wary in coming to blows—a terrible tumult being the sum of the harm done in their vociferous altercations.

Many of the Chinese at the mines have abandoned their national tails, given over shaving their heads, and suffer their hair to grow in its natural manner. A more villainous-looking object than such an Americanized Chinaman can not be imagined. Their straight hair grows low down upon the forehead, taking away the look of calm benevolence which seems to beam from the broad expanse exposed by shaving, and bringing strongly out the cunning expression of their little pig-shaped eyes. Dress out one of these unshaven Chinamen in European costume of the latest fashion, and mount him on a stubborn hack, and you have the fellow in the full perfection of absurdity. They are very fond of riding on horseback on their national fête days. They have but one mode of equitation, and this is to ride at full gallop, shouting and screaming at the top of their cracked voices; ending the performance by an involuntary tumble into the sand or mud.



CHINESE HORSEMANSHIP.

About this time every body had gone wild about quartz mining, and all that numerous class who are on the look-out for something to "turn up" were off to the mountains in search of gold rock. Our author fell into the hands of one J. Bellow, a glib-tongued Yankee auctioneer, who persuaded him to pay a visit to a mineral district upon whose auriferous riches he descanted in glowing terms. Not content with verbal description, he carried about him, by way of specimen brick, a portion of the gold-laden rock. Seeing is believing. There was the rock, and there was the gold—all that was required was to extract it from its stony matrix.

This mine was somewhere in the neighborhood of Sonora; and thither our friend accompanied the eloquent auctioneer. From San Francisco to Stockton the passage was made in the *Jenny Lind*, a dirty little steamer, which, we are told, became finally purified in the only possible way, by being blown up. Thence to Sonora the transit was made by stage, at the "reduced rate" of an ounce of gold for the fare. Under the guidance of a capital whip, who was a colonel to boot, they bowled along in capital style as long as the road passed over the plains. When they reached the hill country, their Jehu proved himself fully capable of managing his vehicle among the rocks and gulches. When they came to an unusually steep pitch, the colonel would apply his foot to the break, giving the word to the passengers inside to "hard up" to the right or left, as the coach was threatened with overturn on one side or the other. Whereupon the passengers would extend their bodies as far as possible on the side indicated, and thus manage to keep the stage on its wheels. On board was an Irishman who contrived to make himself especially disagreeable to the remaining passengers, until at last he was quieted by a significant hint from a brawny miner, that if he did not "dry up," he would "chuck him out of the stage." This worthy subsequently managed to make the acquaintance of one Judge Lynch, a noted gentleman in those parts, for passing "bogus" money, or some transaction of a like questionable character.

Our author reached Sonora at nightfall, and made the best of his way to a "Hotel" to which he had been recommended. The lower floor was a gambling room, and the upper floor, which consisted of a single apartment, was a sleeping room. Upon payment of a dollar, his name was registered upon a slate, and he was informed that No. 80 was destined for his individual use, and he was requested to ascend the stairs and find his bed for himself. Winding his way through long files of canvas-covered wooden stretchers, furnished each with a dark-blue blanket, and a bag of hay, which was to do duty for a pillow, he at length discovered one that bore the desired number. The bag of hay was there, but the blanket had been appropriated by some neighbor, who was not content with his regular allowance of a single one. Taking the hint, our friend, like an old campaigner as he was, proceeded to strip three neighboring beds of their coverings, and wrapping himself snugly up in his spoils, addressed himself to sleep. Toward daylight he awoke, chilled to his bones, and found that the law of reprisal had been put in force against him while he slept, some dexterous

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THE SONORA STAGE.

marauder having stripped him of all his ill-gotten spoils. He, however, comforted himself with the reflection that the new possessor of the blankets had taken away also the fleas that harbored in them; and as these creatures commence deliberately feeding about daylight, our author congratulates himself that he had the best of it, after all.

The Mexicans predominated at that time in Sonora, and as horse-stealing is a national weakness, and as when a man has come into the ownership of a bit of horse-flesh by this questionable means, he is naturally disposed to "realize" as soon as possible, horse auctions were a prominent characteristic of the place. And as, furthermore, thieves as well as beggars are not apt to be choosers, the animals offered for sale were not always of the most attractive description. The pencil can do more complete justice than the pen to the Horse Market of Sonora.

The mines which had given occasion to the eloquent descriptions of Mr. Bellow were at a village a few miles distant, which bore the euphonious designation of Tuttletown. Thither our author, in company with the auctioneer and an engineer, took their way. A careful inspection of the rock showed beyond question that gold was there, and the engineer reported—as engineers will report—that there could be no doubt of the profits of working it.

We have called Tuttletown a village; it certainly deserved the name, if Vallejo had a right to be called a city, since the former place, at the time of the advent of our friend and his party, actually possessed three buildings. In the course of a fortnight this number was increased by a couple of canvas houses, with fireplaces of stones and mud, surmounted by an empty barrel for a chimney pot, in the prevalent style of mining architecture.

Mr. Marryatt resolved that, this time at least, his enterprise should not be rashly undertaken. No very great outlay should be made until there was a certainty that it would prove remunerative. The whole thing should be thoroughly tested. Two English miners, and some half score of Mexicans were accordingly set to work digging and blasting, while our author and his associates, Rowe and Thomas, superintended the operations, and tested the ore. The time passed happily amidst pestles and mortars, windlasses and buckets, retorts and quicksilver. The joys of the happy valley and the prospective onion crop faded before the pleasures of mining in Tuttletown; for they were buoyed up by the confident belief that they were now on the high road to fortune.

Nor were the long-bearded Tuttletonian miners altogether devoid of sentiment, as was once comically evinced by one of them producing from some cherished receptacle a lady's boot of the tiniest size and most delicate workmanship. "See here, boys!" exclaimed the fortunate possessor to the admiring group who had gathered around, "the chunk ain't found that can buy this boot; 'tain't for sale nohow!" Who can say of how much hoarded affection and noble sentiment that boot was the visible symbol? A lady's glove has been from time immemorial a pledge of love and fealty. Why should the covering of the foot be less symbolical than that of the hand? The foot, we are told by anatomists, is a more marvelous piece of workmanship than the hand, of whose manifold adaptations Sir Charles Bell has discoursed so eloquently in his famous Bridgwater Treatise.

In the course of three months two or three hundred tons of quartz had been dug out, and as all the tests applied had proved satisfactory, and as the engineer still whispered words of good cheer, Mr. Marryatt resolved to undergo the expense of the steam power and machinery requisite to crush the rock and extract the golden treasure embedded in it. Long and

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THE HORSE MARKET AT SONORA.

careful was his examination of the various crushers, rollers, grinders, and triturators offered for his selection. At last he made choice of a newly-invented machine, which had never indeed been tried, but which promised to do more than machine had done, and all that machine could do. With this, and an eight-horse power steam engine to drive it, he returned from San Francisco to Tuttletown.



AN INVALUABLE POSSESSION.

It was no trifling task to convey the boiler over the mountains, for the rainy season had set in, and the mud was terribly deep. At length, by the united strength of sixteen yoke of oxen, and much hard scolding, and very likely no little swearing, it was dragged through, and safely planted in Tuttletown. The arrival of the engine was a great day in the annals of the village, the population of which rapidly increased in consequence. A baker and a butcher establish.

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ed themselves there forthwith, and a special election was held, at which a justice of the peace and constable were duly elected. Rowe, the speculative surveyor of Vallejo, was chosen for the executive office, while the judicial post was conferred upon a worthy carpenter named Brown. And an admirable officer he made too — his decisions, unlike many given by judges of greater pretensions, never being reversed by the higher courts. And whatever decision Judge Brown pronounced, Constable Rowe, revolver in hand, was prompt to carry into execution.



JUDGE BROWN'S COURT.

What with thievish Mexicans and the reckless desperadoes who had begun to flock to these diggings, the new functionaries had ample opportunity to exercise their powers. The court was organized with little formality. The Constable brought the culprit to whatever spot the Judge happened to be using his chisel or saw. The Judge seated himself on his tool-chest, by way of "bench," and, with a bit of board held on his knees for a desk, made out the necessary papers, and the matter was ended. The Lord Chancellor in wig and gown could not have done better.

It was by no means universal that so worthy a judge as the honest carpenter was found. In the early days of mining there was a very large proportion of lawyers of the disreputable class; and as it was taken for granted that they must know more of law than their lay neighbors, the justices were usually selected from their number.

A couple of Greasers, who had been lucky in digging, disputed the possession of an old mule scarcely worth her keeping. The case was brought before one of these magistrates, who, for the sake of precision, may be designated as Judge Muggins. Before he would listen to the case, he decided that each claimant must pay three ounces, as "expenses of the court." Each in turn was then suffered to state his case in his own language, of which the judge did not understand a word. This done, his honor informed them, through an interpreter, that the case must be decided by a jury. A couple of ounces more having been paid to meet this expense, a jury was summoned. The jury listened to the evidence, and decided that the testimony was so conflicting that they could not award the mule to either; but that the parties must draw straws for the possession of the beast, and that the costs should be equally divided. The costs, amounting to twenty ounces, besides three ounces for liquor bill, were paid, and the claimants were about to decide the ownership of the mule in the manner directed by the court, when it was announced that they might spare themselves the trouble; for while the court was in session another Greaser had stolen the mule, and had left for parts unknown.

By Christmas the machinery was all in its place ready for trial. The engineer was a man of energy, and he determined to make the steam-engine work. At the very outset he put on about twice as much steam as the boiler was intended to carry; and upon being remonstrated with, asked with an air of surprise, "of what use an eight-horse engine was, if you couldn't make her work up to twelve?" So the machinery was set a-going, the quartz was flung in, and all interested awaited the result. They were not long in suspense, for in a few minutes the crusher broke down beyond all remedy. It was one satisfaction, however, that the engine, in the language of the engineer, "was bound to go;" and our author set off for San Francisco to secure machinery strong enough to give employment to the extra four-horse power of which the engine had proved itself capable. In due course of time Tuttletown was gladdened by its presence. It was certainly strong enough to

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bear any thing. Success was certain — the quartz must now give up its golden spoils. But, alas for the vanity of human wishes! one point, and that an essential one, had been overlooked: the crusher had been made of iron instead of the hardest steel, and as the engine, worked to the utmost of its power, whirled the roller around, instead of the mill grinding the quartz, the quartz ground the mill; and the net result was iron-filings instead of gold dust. It was all over: Speculation Number Three had failed.

And yet it had wanted little of success. The steam-engine was sold to some more lucky adventurers, who took it to a gulch, and set it to work, and they made money by it. But our author had no time to adventure further just then. Letters from home rendered a return to England necessary. So he sold his dogs and horses, made over his tools and canvas houses to his late associates, discharged his Mexican miners, presenting them with certain articles of household gear, and bade adieu to Tuttletown; the worthy carpenter Judge and stout engineer Constable accompanying him for thirty miles on his way.

The ill success of all his adventures did not check the buoyant spirit in which Mr. Marryatt narrates them, nor prevent him from taking a hopeful view of the future of the Golden State. He even strikes a balance between the good and the evil of his own California experience, with a more favorable result than could be anticipated. "Agriculturally, architecturally, and mineralogically," he says, "I had been sported with by fate. The plow in the north, the steam-engine in the south, and the hotel in the middle, had been accompanied by pecuniary loss. Yet the days I had passed had been very happy; and Philosophy said: 'You have had health and contentment, and warm friendship; and if these were purchasable, many would buy them of you for twenty times what you have lost in money.'"

Among the passengers on board the steamer from San Francisco to Panama was an English "city gent," who had got himself up in the most exquisite manner. A waiter, not being duly impressed with the dignity of Mr. Bobbins, was somewhat remiss in his attentions. "Aw!" said he, in a supercilious manner, "do you take me for a returned Californian?" Nothing was said just then by the bearded gold-diggers who heard the offensive remark. But there was trouble brewing, nevertheless.

"There was a man on board who had brought with him from the mines two young grizzly bear cubs, who were just getting large enough to be dangerous, and that evening, as Mr. Bobbins was dreamily enjoying a cigar on deck, he was aroused from the contemplation of his patent leather boots by moonlight with, 'Sir, allow me to introduce to you two returned Californians.' Ursa major, thereupon, being held up, scratched Bobbins's face; while ursa minor attacked the patent leathers, which he forcibly removed, together with a toe-nail or so, with his teeth. While one miner held a screeching, biting, ring-tailed monkey over Mr. Bobbins's head, another produced a savage bull-terrier, who, having done his duty at the mines dogfully, seemed very anxious indeed to make the acquaintance of Mr. Bobbins's throat. It was some time before the 'returned Californians' could tear themselves away from their new acquaintance, and when they did, they tore away more of his cross-barred trowsers and cut-away coat than any tailor could repair. The next day we arrived at Havana, and Mr. Bobbins was wise enough to leave the ship and await a passage in another vessel, and I only wish that every traveling 'gent' who, puffed out with conceit, causes his countrymen to blush for his ignorance and vulgarity, may get as durable a lesson as that which Mr. Bobbins received from the four-footed 'returned Californians.'"



MR. BOBBINS AND THE RETURNED CALIFORNIANS.

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SKETCHES IN BRAZIL.

BY THOMAS EWBANK.

THE MIZERACORDIA.

THE Mizeracordia, or Public Hospital, is a specimen of genuine Catholicity—untrammeled and unstained with qualifying adjectives. It is as noble an institution of the kind as any people can boast of. Its blessings, like those descending from above, are showered alike on every age, sex, creed, and condition; on bond and free, foreigners and natives. Wealthy individuals often bequeath their property to it.

It is also an asylum for foundlings. The boys are provided for in a building located on Botofogo Bay, and at a certain age are put out to trades. The girls reside in the city establishment, and are taught to read, write, sew, cook, etc. At each anniversary the marriageable are placed in ranks, and bachelors in want of wives often find here partners for life. When two agree to be united, the managers inquire into the character and prospects of the man—if all is satisfactory, the marriage takes place, and a dowry of 400 milreis is given him from the funds of the institution. Rich old men have here sought wives to nurse them, and to whom they have left large fortunes.

Having heard much about the daily exposure of infants, and facilities afforded those who drop them to escape unobserved, I concluded to walk over to the place of reception. This, till recently, was at the Hospital, but is now in a thinly-occupied street, to the scandal of the Holy Mother of Nuns, after whom it is named. The device for receiving the infants is an upright, hollow cylinder about three feet high and as many in diameter—the dimensions of a hogshead—revolving on pivots in the centre of its ends. One-third of the side is removed to give access to the inside, and the bottom is covered with a mattress. As the width of the opening is less than the thickness of the wall, it is impossible for those on one side to see through into the other. This is the same contrivance by which occupants of nunneries communicate with people outside of the walls who furnish provisions, etc.



RECEPTACLE FOR FOUNDLINGS.

I walked the entire length of Rua Santa Tereza without perceiving any thing of the kind; but on returning, a board, only a few inches square, over the closed door of an ordinary-looking building, caught my attention. The inscription was decisive: "*Expostos da Miz^a^, No.* 30." While reading it, corroborative sounds came forth. The only window in front of the house was near the door, and was, in fact, the receptacle. What I had taken, on first passing, for a green inside shutter, I now saw was slightly curved. I touched it, found it turned readily, and the opening came in view; when—confusion!—a bell connected to it within sounded violently! For a moment I hesitated; but when the inmates of a house opposite raised their windows to see who was dropping a foundling in the daytime, I beat a quick retreat.

SAINT ISABEL.

I had intended to devote the 2d of July to the Public Library; but it was a high Church-festival, and the anniversary of the Mizeracordia, when an interesting public interview takes place between two Church ladies. "Who is Isabel!" repeated E——, at breakfast, in replying to my inquiry. "Why, she is the mother of Saint John and cousin of Our Lady. She is the protectress of Hospitals. To-day is *The Visitation.* Our Lady will leave her home in the Carmo Church to visit her cousin; but Isabel will meet her half-way in Dereita Street; and after embracing each other, they will proceed together to the Mizeracordia. The apartments of the female foundlings will be opened to the public. Young men attend to select wives for themselves; the Emperor and court will be present. You had better go." I thought I had; and if the reader be of the same opinion he will accompany me.

The procession is advertised for half past nine A.M. It is near that time. Allowing half an hour for the walk, we can reach the place by ten. And here, at the House of Mercy, we are. The Largo in front is covered with mango leaves; a regiment of the line is drawn up and its fine band playing; but the preparations are not finished, for workmen are busy hanging tapestries from the upper windows. The door and that of the chapel adjoining are trimmed with scarlet

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damask. The troops are of all colors—an assemblage of the three marked varieties of our race—black, red, and white skins—with every shade from Indian-ink to chocolate, and from cinnamon to chalk. One of the officers is very pale and wan. Spectators begin to assemble; among them are ladies with their heads dressed as for fancy balls, and no covering on their bosoms but amulets and jewelry. The majority are short and plump as partridges, and so also are their husbands. Here are little boys dressed like old gentlemen, flourishing shoe-buckles and walking-canes, and small misses decked like elderly ladies.

The *Carmo* is one-fourth of a mile off; suppose, instead of standing here, we turn in that direction, and see what the friends of Our Lady are doing. We go, and meet her as she issues from her sanctuary. The procession is headed by three men abreast, the middle one bearing on a stave a small cross, and each of his companions an artificial bouquet surmounted with a burning candle. The Carmelite Brotherhood, in cream-colored copes, follow with lighted tapers. Priests, monks, and chanting functionaries, a goodly number, come next; some in white and some in black *sutains*—several wear scarlet stockings, and not a few have cambric tippets.* The next official is a "*Thuriferario*," swinging a smoking censer. Behind him, and last of all, comes "*The Lady*," leaning on the arm of a Bishop, whose conical mitre is decked with rubies, or stones resembling them. Two dignitaries bear the train or lappets of his outer robe.

There, they're past. But how's this? Not fifty spectators following, and hardly a dozen decent-looking persons among them! Of a truth, the street part of the pageant is mean enough. Business people are obviously getting tired of such things, and often, as in this case, pay no more attention to them than we do to militia companies returning from shooting-matches. I hesitated about joining the shabby escort; but a wish to view the affair minutely, induced me to raise my hat and fall in immediately behind the Lady.

After passing the distance of a couple of blocks, I would have given a dollar to have got decently out of the business. We were all brought to a dead stand by the Bishop. Stopping as deliberately as if he had been in his private chamber, he handed the Lady to one of his associates, slowly drew forth a handkerchief, and blew his nose *secundum artem*. Full half a minute elapsed ere he resumed his sacred charge, and we moved on again. It was about the coolest thing I ever witnessed.

Continuing along the street, music at length was heard, and presently a banner, a cross, and a crowd were seen approaching—Isabel and her servants. She had heard of her cousin being on the way, and came thus far to meet her. (I quote popular language on the subject.) There she is, and see! Both Ladies fly into each other's arms, and remain locked together for nearly a minute. Now they draw back, gaze a moment on each other's faces, and Isabel once more throws herself on her kinswoman's neck, Our Lady meekly receiving the caresses. But the patroness of the Hospital recovers herself, goes to the left of her guest, and a little in advance, with open hands invites her onward. Thus they proceeded, Isabel turning every few yards to repeat the graceful welcome. As soon as we arrived at the Largo, the troops presented arms to the cousins, the band struck up a lively tune, and the clapper of the chapel bell rattled away most lustily. People thronged to salute the Saints until they got inside.

After resting a little, Isabel is to conduct Our Lady through the wards of the sick and con-



THE MEETING OF OUR LADY AND ISABEL.

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valescent, and introduce her to the Foundlings. While they are thus engaged we can minute down their appearance. One thing must have struck every stranger like myself, viz., the contrast of their dresses with those of their attendants. Their gowns were neither new nor newly washed. Originally straw-colored, age had dyed them brown; scattered specks of gold flitted about the skirts—relics of rich flounces—and made matters worse. It seemed unaccountable, where public reverence was to be excited, how the managers could allow them to appear in drapery so unbecoming. The feeling elicited (I speak for myself) was exceedingly disagreeable, and even rendered still more so by their soiled—decidedly soiled—arms, necks, and faces. The crown on Our Lady's head, and the halo of rays on that of Isabel, served to heighten the unfavorable effect.

Had they been ragged street-girls, picked up for the emergency, less attention could not have been expended on their persons and attire. To be sure they were low in stature, and little folks are apt to be neglected, especially when dumb. Neither exceeded twenty-five inches. The Bishop bore Our Lady, reclining on his arm as an image-boy carries a plaster statue in our streets. When she was about to meet her cousin, he raised her upright, and held her with both hands by the ankles in that position till Isabel came up. Both were then inclined till their faces met, and they had taken a long embrace. While they were in contact their bearers brought their own faces nearly to touch, and speaking for the wooden Ladies in an undertone, exchanged salutations for them. I was within two feet of both at the time. The Bishop spoke first: he stammered and smiled; and when he got through, the other, a hard-featured man with no ornament on his head but his tonsure, replied in behalf of Isabel, and finished by causing her to make a low obeisance to her visitor.

I now entered the Chapel between a couple of guards with fixed bayonets. Large as some churches, it has four subsidiary shrines, besides the chief one facing the entrance. After trying in vain to recognize the presiding deities, I turned to go out, as the place was too warm and crowded to be comfortable. But lo! all exit was prevented by transverse rows, deep and wide, of kneeling ladies, a phalanx there was no breaking through. I therefore squeezed, with others, into the Vestry. Here were halberdiers waiting for the Emperor, who shortly made his appearance, passed through, and took his seat in a pew prepared for him near the High Altar.

He was in plain dress, except a blue coat with epaulets large enough for Goliah's shoulders. The Empress, in black, sat by him, and her ladies behind them. Their entrance caused no stir. One of the managers of the hospital read the annual Report. When he ended Mass began, at which the young ruler was perfectly at home—anticipating every kneeling and rising movement, crossing himself with amazing rapidity, he was through the operation before members of the cabinet near him were half through. This act, the reader knows, consists of upward of twenty distinct motions of the right hand and arm, and these motions he ran over with miraculous velocity.

Twice an assistant priest came from the altar with the missal for him and his spouse to kiss: they buried for a moment their faces in its leaves. At another part of the ceremony a gilt case, five inches by three—like a thin book with embossed covers—was passed to them for the same purpose, and then carried up and down a double row of senators and ministers of State, whose lips the priest touched with it; not, however, till their lips had received a preparatory purification. A *thuriferario* preceded the bearer of the case, and, coming in front of each senator, bowed to him, raised the perforated vase, threw a couple of scented clouds over his breast and features, made another obeisance which the recipient returned, passed to the next, and so on through the whole.

After Mass there was a sermon. The service became exceedingly tedious, and the air noxious. Every one was weary. Pedro and his wife rose to depart. A few boys and women snatched their hands to kiss—at which they were not a little annoyed, and with reason, for the Empress appeared haggard and ready to faint. Nothing like a smile crossed Pedro's stolid German face, from his coming in to his leaving. It seemed as if he had been taught to suppress every motion of the kind as derogatory to his station. He entered his carriage at the door and drove off in silence; there was not a buzz of applause nor a *viva*.

Before Mass began the two Lady Saints of the procession were brought in, when a small accident happened to Isabel. Her bearer was prevented by the crowd in front from placing her steadily on her shrine, and she fell, knocked over a couple of sacred candlesticks, and would have tumbled to the ground had not a gentleman immediately in front of me fortunately caught her.

I now re-entered the Vestry, and met my friend Señor R——o, who had been looking for me to accompany him through the Foundling apartments. Upward of one hundred girls, plainly but neatly dressed, were ranged along the four sides of a large room through which visitors passed. The greater part were under ten or eleven years—a few might be twenty—three or four were over thirty. None are ever sent away against their wishes. Their sleeping-rooms were every thing that could be wished: four single beds in each. None were married to-day. Applicants for wives must leave their names and address, that their characters and circumstances may be ascertained. In the school-room were very creditable specimens of writing. From the dining-room we went to the *Cozinha*, where the large brick *Fogao* stood in the middle of the floor, as they appear to have often stood in Pompeian kitchens.

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The reader need not be told that Isabel is the modern representative of the goddess *Misericordia*, to whom Greeks and Romans dedicated Houses of Mercy for the miserable and unfortunate. In the early adoption of heathen deities and customs under Christian appellations, the attributes and functions of that popular deity were assigned to Elizabeth, the mother of the Baptist.

One word on the performances in the Chapel and Church services generally. I may be prejudiced—most of us are when out of the circle of influences in which our habits and opinions have been formed; but this manual, labial, tibial—this sprinkling, smoking, painted, pantomimic, histrionic worship of the Creator—this system of externalage and gilded similitudes that sensible mortals would sicken to be complimented with, does seem out of character with the present times. In some respects it surpasses in grossness the grossest idolatry. The communion of North American Indians with the "Great Spirit" appears to me more consistent and refined. True, it was practiced by our ancestors; but that was when they were little better informed than are modern barbarians. The images are better carved and more neatly dressed than those of Feticism; but the principle involved in the introduction is the same in both.

Can not the human mind in civilized society dispense with images when savages can? If religion be a living principle in the soul, it can have no more attraction for, or need of such things, than of bricks and mortar, or any other form of inanimate substance, no matter how men, to magnify themselves, may attempt to ally them with worship. With just as much propriety might heaven be confined, by ecclesiastical monopolizers, to persons of particular trades as to those of religious professions—to carpenters and shoemakers for example—for Christian virtue has quite as much affinity for wood and leather, as for creeds and ceremonies and these strange paraphernalia.

However well intentioned the unknown authors of the physical worship of gods and dead men by means of images and their endless accessories may have been, and however expedient or justifiable (if either term be admissable) its application to Christianity in darker times, it surely is not necessary now. But national and minor hierarchies never purged themselves. Enlightened only from without, they have ever been the last to yield to conviction. Still, the world in religious matters is advancing; it can not do otherwise where science is cultivated and Galileos left free to pursue it. And what is true science but a manifestation of the Creator in his works? And what are they but "Revealed Truths," given us to study, and which no one can study aright without becoming wiser and better, without feeling his nature rising into higher phases of existence, and his affections throbbing with gratitude to the Parent of the universe for the ceaseless wonders of his beneficence here displayed.

CEMETERIES—BURIALS.

In Rio, as every where else, life is a medley. Tragedy and comedy, death and diversions, farces and funerals, are mixed up together. No matter how popular the amusements, innocent the sports, or universal the joys, the Great Intruder can neither be softened nor cajoled, and to him monasteries are as attractive as masquerades.

In the midst of the Intrudo-revels the Friar Barboza, Secretary of the Historical and Geographical Institute, expired. His demise is deemed a loss to the country, he having been considered the most devoted man in it to literature and science. I attended his obsequies at the Paula Church, and there witnessed the transition from childish gambols to the solemnities of a funeral; from the heyday of life to contemplate its extinction. Variable in his nature, man alternates between grief and joy—the poles of his existence—toward one or the other of which he is ever veering.

A friend of the deceased and I went early, and had time to look about before the ceremonies began. The church stands at the head of Ouvidor Street, flush with the pavement, and is relieved by poor-looking dwellings on either hand. It is of the prevailing style. Two square towers support the central part, whose peaked pediment is surmounted with a huge bronze cross. The towers run up a story higher, each finished with a dome, resembling a boy's inverted top, and the peg set off with a brazen chanticleer —the symbol of Peter and of vigilance.

The interior is a long, high, and airy saloon; the floor clear of encumbrances; no aisles, columns, pews, nor aught else to intercept the view or interrupt one's movements. Light is admitted at the sides, near the arched and richly carved roof, through semicircular windows, through the three street doors, which as usual constitute the entrances, and also at three windows over them. The further end is wholly taken up with the High Altar, a rich affair with numerous candles burning. Above them stands the Saint, carved, draped, and painted to monkish life. Against the side walls are six more shrines, three on each side, with their images of natural dimensions, so that in this place are seven altars, where seven distinct saints can be invoked, and where all or nearly all of them are consulted daily.

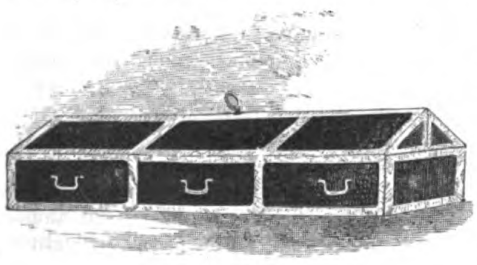
This temple honors ignorance as well as superstition in the person of its patron, Francis Martotile, a Calabrian monk, who burying himself in a cell, acquired, as Fakirs acquire, notoriety by disgusting mortifications. He renounced fish, wine, meat, stockings, shoes, beds, soap, and razors, besides rigorously cultivating mental destitution. The usual result followed; he, like other dirty gentlemen who lived and died in the odor of sanctity and filth, wrought miracles. His fame induced that old tiger Louis XI. to drop on his knees before him, and implore his intercession with the Saints for a prolongation of the monarch's days—a miracle too great for the monk and too good for the

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penitent. What he can do for people here of whose country he never heard, it is not hard to tell.

The only sign of a funeral was a kind of sarcophagus-looking stand in the middle of the floor, similar to the article furnished by undertakers. Four feet from it on either side, stood a row of nine gilt candlesticks of classic patterns, five feet high, with candles to correspond. A negro mason was at work, cutting a door-way into the left wall, some fifteen feet above the floor and near the altar, for an entrance to a new pendent or swallow-nest pulpit, about to be put up to correspond with one opposite. About a dozen persons were in, and all moving and looking about as if on change, except an elderly female, who came in and seated herself upon the matted floor within the balustrade. She crossed herself, and gazed awhile intensely on one of the side images. Three colored women, also in black vails, appeared and seated themselves beside her. These were the only females present. As I leaned on the rails close by them, a well-dressed man of fifty came up, and kneeling near me, touched with his right thumb his head, eyes, nose, cheeks, chin, mouth, shoulders, and breast. Then, without rising, he gazed round, looked at the negro working in the wall, nodded to me, and kept twisting himself about to see what was going on behind him.

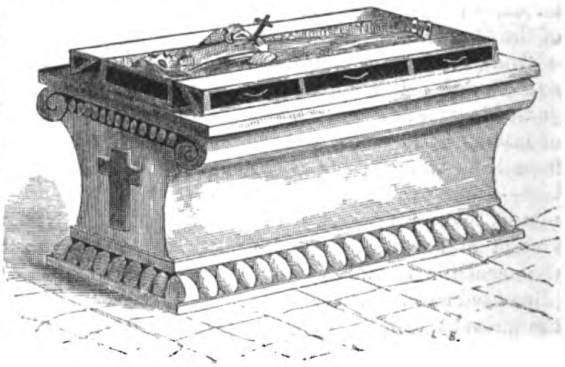
Negroes brought in huge trays of mammoth candles, and piled them near the door. A number of gentlemen soon after entered, and, with those already in, ranged themselves three deep on either hand, forming a living passage from the door toward the altar; and presently we all held lighted tapers, resting one end on the floor, and inclining the upper one forward to prevent the swealing material from descending on one's hands. Two hundred of us thus stood, like soldiers at drill with muskets, in the same position. As currents caused the melted wax to accumulate beneath the flame, it was unceremoniously thrown on the floor by bringing the tapers for a moment to a horizontal position. The officiating priest next entered, followed by others bearing the coffin, which they quickly placed upon the stand.



COFFIN.

Coffins here are not like ours, being of the same width and depth throughout, and so shallow that the face, folded hands, and feet of the corpse appear above the edge. The covers are peaked like the roofs of houses, consisting of two boards meeting in the middle at an angle. Hinged at both sides, they open along the ridge so that either one half or both may be thrown back. When finally closed the only fastening is a small padlock.

When placed on the stand the folding lids were laid back, and the deceased secretary, from where I stood, appeared as in the sketch. While the priests walked round the coffin, chanting, swinging censers, and sprinkling the corpse, the black mason above, resting on his crow-bar, was a conspicuous beholder of the ceremony.



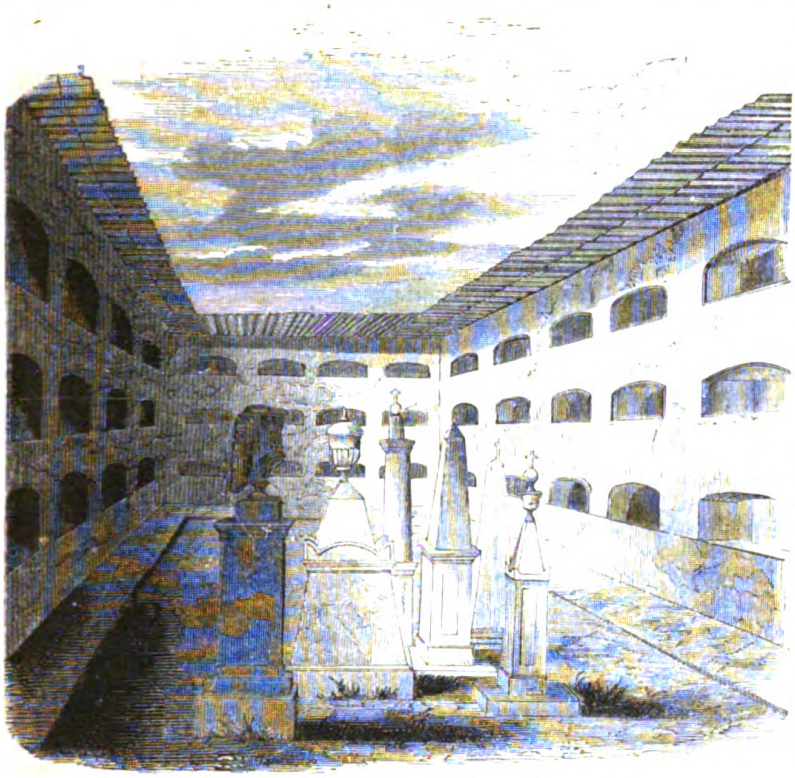
COFFIN OPENED.

We now were about to witness the mode of burial; one of classical antiquity, and which to my mind commends itself as far superior to ours. The cemeteries of Rio adjoin the rear or sides of their respective churches. They are not seen from any street, nor opening directly into any. At first I wondered where they were; and when I found them, I wondered more at their limited dimensions. The dead are not interred in graves, nor concealed below the surface; instead of extensive burial grounds or subterraneous excavations, room for four thick walls, of which the side of a church commonly answers for one, is found sufficient. As these places are on one plan, a description of this of St. Francisco de Paula will give a general idea of all.

Passing out through a side door we entered a quadrangular area bounded by four high walls, with a continuous shed or roof projecting inward, leaving a central space open to the sky, occupied by a few marble tomb-stones. The niches for the dead, wrought in the walls, were a little over six feet by two and a half, eighteen inches high at the ends, and two feet at the middle, the roof forming a low arch. All are plastered and whitewashed. In hot weather they would be no bad resting-places for the living. I was no longer surprised that people here are mostly buried without coffins, and especially as all are entombed in their clothes.

Here were three tiers of niches, each continued round the place. Those that were occupied have the fronts bricked up and plastered over. All are numbered; no other mark or lettering. Their tenants occupy them too

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CEMETERY OF THE PAULA CHURCH.

short a time for inscriptions or eulogies to remain.

The coffin was now placed on a temporary platform close to a niche in the middle tier, into which it was slid with the covers open. A handkerchief was spread over the face of the deceased by one of his friends; then, in succession, priests and friends stepped up, one at a time, and with a silver sprinkler handed by the sacristan, threw holy-water on the body, and emptied a small scoop of powdered quick-lime, which an attendant held ready, upon it. A bushel or more of lime was thus disposed, until it entirely concealed the body, and was heaped over the trunk. A priest used the silver sprinkler once more, poured something out of a small perforated box, and the church ceremonies were over. We now put out our candles, leaned them against the walls, whence black attendants removed them.

A gentleman now drew a paper from his bosom, and for half an hour read a eulogy on the dead. A second, third, and even a fourth oration was thus delivered; at the close of which the President of the Institute closed the coffin lids, locked them, and handed the minute key to a relative of the defunct. Thus closed the interesting rites. Several officers of State, of the military, and members of the Senate, etc., were present.

In half an hour the front of the niche was bricked up, and covered with a coat of white plaster.

In this mode of inhumation nothing like corruption takes place. The lime consumes the flesh, and in two years the bones are taken out, and placed in a rose-wood or marble vase, or burnt, and the ashes preserved. The niche will then be white-washed, and ready for another tenant.

The cemeteries of Rio are literal copies, on a smaller scale, of the sepulchral structures of the Greeks and Romans.* The form of the coffins here is also of remote antiquity. Originally of stone, and placed in the open air, their roofs were formed after those of houses, and with the same view—to allow rain to run off. Stone sarcophagi of this description are counted among the oldest of ecclesiastic monuments in Europe.

Two of the orations were published. The style is too figurative for colder latitudes, but is characteristic of the genius of Brazil. The deceased had been ambitious of political, as well as of scientific and monastic fame. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, took an active part in the revolution, and urged Pedro to assume the title of "Emperor," as one more imposing than that of "King."—An extract from the best of the panegyrics is added:

"Almost a quarter of a century after the consummation of the famed fact—the creation of a new empire on the earth—Death has come and snatched away a chief actor in the great drama, of which the principal actor was the son of kings, the beloved Prince of Liberty in the Old World and the New.†

"He is dead who, in that epoch of enthusiasm, proposed to the new sovereign the title of Emperor, and who, undaunted, raised his voice in the midst of bayonets, to anathematize an oppressive policy, designed to reconquer in America the irreparable past, to suspend chains in the throne where kings had been seated, and

* See Moses' collection of vases, tripods, altars, etc. Plate 114 represents one discovered in Rome in 1746. It has six rows of niches. Plate 113 exhibits another belonging to the Livia Family—all above the surface of the ground.

† This was Pedro I., whom the Brazilians expelled for his tyranny.

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from which flowed facts that rendered a regress to slavery impossible.*

"The New World was not shaped to be measured by the hands of a pigmy. The mouths of the Amazon, Madeira, Xingu, and Guayba, were designed by Providence for a people of giants; and for a prince who, from the summit of his throne, must one day have conference with the universe, and mark the track of his high destiny! The conception of this grand idea was not sufficient for the genius of the man who now rests in the bed of death, but day and night, with his ardent and creative soul, he worked to complete it.

"Twenty-six honorary titles adorn his memory, and in eighteen illustrious societies was his name proclaimed that of a sage.

"Brazil must shed tears for the loss of the Canon Januario da Cunha Barboza."

"BLACK BENEDICT," THE NEGRO SAINT.



H—— having, according to appointment, joined me in Dereita Street, we turned up an old and narrow lane, named after the Praying Abacus, Rua do Rozario. At the head of it stands the ancient metropolitan temple, now a negro church, and the only one conceded to the colored population. Here are saints not met with in other churches, and to them our visit was intended.

At the door were three alms-boxes; on one the African's own patron, curly-headed "San Benedicto," was painted; on the second Luzia, with a pair of eye-balls in her hand, appealed to us; and on the third stood "Our Lady of the Head"—N. S. da Cabeça—holding a human head suspended by a twine or lock of hair; reminding one of Judith bearing off that of Holofernes.

Entering, we found the place a picture of desolation; nothing visible but bare walls, ceilings, and decayed floors. The principal image, and those of the six side shrines we had come to see, had vanished. The saints had left their niches, viz., Nossa Senhora do Rozario, N. S. da Conceicão, N. S. da Cabeça, N. S. do Bom Fim, Santa Anna, San Antonio, and San Benedicto.

The sacristan appeared, and led us into the vestry, a large room, on one side of which an altar and apparatus were fitted up. Every thing looked old, mean, and worn-out, for want of soap and paint. Being asked where the saints were, he said four were put away in the garret till the church is re-edified, and the other three are there—pointing to the altar. We drew near, and contemplated the Lady of the Rosary, or "Do Terço," as she is sometimes named, of the natural size. On one palm a naked infant sits, and from the other a string of beads—her emblem—hangs. Near her stands the popular Goddess da Conceicão, five and a half feet high. Her child is in a frock and sash, which once were white and red, but now are neither. From her arm is suspended by a ribbon a fresh wax votive head—a female's, and differing from any yet seen. Its ear lappets reminded one of an Egyptian head-dress. In front of these ladies is Benedict himself, black as jet, and rather low in stature; the baby in his arms being any thing but a white one.

Here are by far the best-shaped wax votos to be found in Rio. Of seventeen heads not one had blunted or inexpressive features. Five had been taken from a bust of Demosthenes; part of the females were also from classic models, and two, judging from their bull necks, were Neros or gladiators. There were three breasts, several abdomens, and a couple of hands. Inquiring why there were no legs, arms, eyes, and feet, our informant said there had been many, but they fell and were crushed.

While making memoranda in front of the altar, I was startled by a groan at my elbow. I turned, and lo! a white man, of forty-five or fifty, on his knees almost in contact with me. He had come in "on woolen feet." One arm was bandaged and in a sling. He was cadav-

* That is, to make Brazil revert to the condition of a province after the return of John VI. to Lisbon.

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erous and evidently very sick. His languid eyes were fastened on one of the images, to which he began to pour out his sorrows in a suppressed voice. I withdrew, and joining H—— pointed to the supplicant. "Yes," said H——, with a shrug, "he told me yesterday he was coming to see if Nossa Senhora do Rozario would stop the running sore in his arm." "But why come to a black church?" I asked. "Because during the last eighteen months he has been to every white one without being able to interest a single Saint in his behalf. The Lady he is now consulting has her shrine in this place, and saints, like physicians, must be called on at their residences. Many whites come here for assistance, and some make vows even to that Blackamoor."

Our presence and talking, and the noise made by two romping colored boys, disturbed not in the least the poor man's devotions. In seven or eight minutes he crossed himself, rose, bowed to the Lady, dipped a finger in the lustral basin, and went noiselessly away, giving H—— a sign of recognition as he passed.

We were about to follow, when an extremely old and infirm female came tottering in barefooted with the aid of a staff. She was nearly blind, had lost her teeth, and was the oldest slave I ever saw. She stood awhile to disengage from her skirts a rosary composed of beans. A few coppers were put into her hands; she rolled her yellow eye-balls, gasped and gurgled her thanks, approached the altar, and knelt close to the patron and kinsman of her race. We left her communing with him—probably the only consolation left her.

The cemetery of this church is large. The niches for the dead are four deep, and all tenanted except two.

"Black Benedict" is generally considered an imaginary Saint, got up by the Portuguese with the view of more effectually keeping slaves in subjection. I have interrogated several priests on the subject, including Father Tilbury, an English monk, but not one could say who he was, where he dwelt, nor how and when he became canonized.

The portrait of him is a fac-simile of his "blessed picture" given out to his devotees, and worn in their bosoms. As a specimen of art, it is a fair sample of those of other Saints. In some few churches lithographs have been introduced for those who contribute bills instead of coppers. At one Saint's feast I noticed three qualities of the portraits given out.

SAINT ANTONY AND HIS MONASTERY.

We spent the best part of two days in St. Antony's monastery, an irregular pile of three-story buildings, located on one side of a hill, dedicated to and owned by the most popular of Brazilian minor divinities. The ascent, wide and paved, winds up at the rear of the Carioco Fountain. Here and there a slave was asleep, reclining against the dead wall on either hand, while almost every where were revolting nuisances committed by them.

There are several Antony's in the calendar, and one is often mistaken for the other. He who had such amusing personal conflicts with Satan was of Egypt, and not a few of his acts and powers have been ascribed to his namesakes. It was he who, centuries after his death, began to cure people of a disease not heard of while he lived—one that, from his success in treating, still bears his name. He only should be pictured with fire and a pig—not, as the wicked might surmise, to indicate a favorite monastic dish. The early appearance of erysipelas in Europe—association of the Saint and pigs with it, etc., will be found accounted for in the subjoined extract from Gabriel d'Emilliane's History of the Monastical Orders, 1693:

"In the year 1089, a contagious sickness, called the Sacred Fire, a kind of very dangerous leprosie, having spread itself into several parts of Europe, those of the Province of Vienna, in France, had, at last, recourse to the Relicks of St. Antony the Egyptian. They say that whoever did call upon him was delivered from the Sacred Fire; and contrariwise those who blasphemed or took the name of St. Antony in vain were immediately, by the Saint's unmerciful vengeance, delivered up to it. This gave occasion to Gaston Frank, in company with some other persons, to institute, in the year 1095, the Religion [Order] of St. Antony, whose principal care it was to serve those who were tormented with the Sacred Fire. They represent St. Antony with a fire kindled at his side to signifie that he delivers people from the Sacred Fire. They paint a hog near him as a sign that he cures beasts of all diseases: and to honor him in several places a hog is kept at common charges and called St. Antony's Hog, for which they [the people] have great veneration. Many will have St. Antony's picture on the walls of their houses, hoping by that to be preserved from the Plague. And the Italians, who did not know the true signification of the fire painted at his side, thought that he preserved houses also from being burnt, and they call upon him on such occasions. As for the Fryars, they know so well how to make use of the power of their St. Antony, that, when they go a-begging, if one does refuse what they ask for, they threaten immediately to make the Sacred Fire to fall upon him; therefore the poor country people, to avoid the menaces and witchcrafts of these monks, present them every year with a good fat hog apiece. Some Cardinals and Prelates endeavored to persuade Pope Paul III. to abolish these wretched Begging Fryars, but they could not compass their good design; and these Monks do subsist yet to this day in several places, though the sickness of St. Antony's Fire be now very rare."

This old establishment contains good specimens of carving; and the chapel, without a tithe of the gilt that glistens in others, is a gallery of paintings, which, if not miracles of art, are exemplifications of the miraculous. They may not equal the best productions of Raphael or of

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Annibal Carracci of Bologna, but they are attested copies of the works of an individual deemed vastly more gifted than either—viz., Antony of Padua.

The plan of the chapel is two parallelograms of unequal width (the smaller one the chancel) joined end to end. The entrance is at the wide part, only half of which is appropriated to the audience. We are standing at the door, and see! yonder at the opposite extremity is Antony over the High Altar and facing us. Two minor shrines are near the junction of the chancel with the chapel. One is occupied by a female, and opposite to her the original image of "Black Benedict" stands. Large as life, good-looking, his crisp hair shorn *à la tonsure*, he bends over the prone baby in his arms and is hushing it to sleep.



ST. ANTONY OF PADUA.

For half an hour we were alone. No person entered except a slave belonging to the Monastery, and he merely peeped in. I endeavored to take a full-length portrait of the patron of the place—a stout-built gentleman, rising five feet, and draped in a black gown, braced round his waist by a tasseled cord. No other article of his proper dress is visible, but he is loaded with accessories. Curving outward his left arm, he grasps with the hand a closed book, the cover of which constitutes a pedestal for his baby—without which he is never seen. It is a pretty thing, resting with one foot on the volume, the other in the air. Its stature is fifteen inches. It wears pantalets, a white silk frock with sash, and gold-laced tucks. Tiny frills go round its neck, a crown is on its head. A ball in one hand, and in the other an artificial nosegay. Between Antony's right arm and breast a cross-headed staff shoots upward, and with it a bouquet. Thus far there is nothing very remarkable. But in his right hand is (what I first took for a walking-cane) a marshal's baton, over his shoulders a broad red military sash, on his breast the star or cross of some militant order, and, as if to mark still more emphatically the hero, his brows are encircled with a wreath, in the manner of a Roman conqueror.

"What does that mean?" I exclaimed.—"Mean," replied H——, "why, that he is a Knight Commander of the Military Order of Portugal and Brazil, belongs to the regular army, is commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel, and receives his pay monthly the same as every other officer."

"Come," said I, "no poetry. Antony a soldier and commander of a living regiment! It won't—" At this moment a monk came in suddenly through a side door close to where we stood. Making a reverence to the saint, by bringing one knee nearly to the floor, he turned inquiringly to us. Under thirty, fat, rather short, but of a handsome mien—a fair specimen of a Brazilian—my companion spoke and told him I was a stranger, desirous of going over the saint's establishment. With a dubious glance at the memorandum book and pencil in my hand and then at myself, he asked, "Is he pious?" The answer was satisfactory; and, sure enough, what H—— had said of the martial offices, dignities, and salary of the saint was all true. The monk spoke of him in the character of a "general," and I asked, why give him that title if he is but a colonel? The answer was ready: according to Brazilian etiquette every Knight of the Grand Cross is entitled to the insignia and honors of the highest rank: hence, in common with his brother knights, Lieutenant-Colonel Antony, though wearing neither stockings nor shoes, is complimented with the badges and dignities of a general.

We now turned to the paintings. While gazing on one rather intently, I risked my reputation with the monk by inadvertently turning my back on the general, a piece of forgetfulness deemed incompatible with true devotion. I ought to have been on my guard, inasmuch as at another church I had been reproved for a similar offense.

The subjects are incidents from the life and deeds of Antony. I shall notice a few only.

1. At the mouth of a well, over which a chain and pulley are suspended, stands an enraptured monk. He has just raised the bucket, and with it a small image of the saint. The story is this: The brother of a monastery whose duty it was to draw water, lost the bucket from the chain. Distressed and not knowing what to do, for the well was very deep, the saint at length inspired him. Drawing from his bosom an image of the general, he sent it down. On reaching the water it caught hold of the floating bucket, properly hooked it to the chain, and rose with it, to the delight of the lay brother and the edification of the brotherhood.

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2. The saint in propria persona, acting the part of a surgeon *extraordinaire*, is fixing the foot of a living person to the limb from which it had been severed. A young man, said our cicerone, once kicked his mother. He went out and met a stranger, who startled him by saying, "He that kicks his mother should lose his foot." Conviction seized the culprit; he returned home and chopped off the offending member. His injured mother came in, began to cry, and before he bled to death picked up the foot and took her son with her in search of the stranger. He was close by, and recognized as St. Antony. Seeing the youth repentant he immediately healed him. The foot, in drawing nigh to its proper place, sprung out of the saint's hands, like the keeper to a magnet, and the line of separation was not visible.

3. Meeting some Turks, they reviled him. One more violently wicked than the rest, was strangely punished. Both his eyes flew out of their sockets into Antony's hands. The saint is painted with one between each finger and thumb, and the screaming sinner kneeling before him. This was evidence too awful for Mohammedans to resist. They were converted, and the saint returned the balls to their gaping voids, where all became right again.

4. "What of those horses kneeling before the saint, and Turks standing near?" I asked. One day St. Antony was raising the Host as Mohammedans were passing. They derided and refused to kneel. To convince them of their error, he told them to bring their cattle near. They complied, and, to their amazement, the brutes set them an example of devotion by bowing down before the good man and the wafer. It was observed to our expounder that this miracle had been explained, by saying some grain had been put into a cavity, which the hungry beasts could not reach without kneeling. "That," said he, "is a lie."

5. Two of the largest paintings are devoted to the greatest of his miracles: Preaching in Pavia, he stopped suddenly in his sermon, and, agreeably to ancient practice, requested his congregation to repeat a short oration or prayer. In the mean time he leaned down in the act of meditation. So he appeared to his audience, but in reality he had left the church. Our Lady had made known to him that his father had been arrested in Portugal for murder, and was at that moment on his way to the gallows. By her aid he arrived before the rope was passed round his parent's neck, and, as the pictures show him, stopped the posse, consisting of the judge, sheriff, hangman, and crowd. The murdered man was in his coffin close by, and on him the saint called. The corpse obeyed the mandate, threw off the cover of the shell, sat up in it, and proclaimed aloud the innocence of the accused. Antony saluted his father and returned instantly to Pavia; arriving as the congregation finished the brief prayer, he raised his head and concluded his discourse without his absence having been suspected.

Our reverend commentator was in his element. He dwelt with pleasing unction on a dozen or two more. Several had an irresistible influence over the muscles of our mouths; and the negro, who had come in again, exposed every molar and incisor in his head, nor could the Father himself always keep his own eye-teeth out of sight. With charming naïveté he said to H——, "These stories can do no harm. If all are not true, most of them are."

The Vestry is a splendid room, paved with red and white mosaics. The ceiling is paneled and covered with rich paintings by an old *negro slave*. The walls, for four or five feet up, are cased with painted blue and white tiles, illustrating the life of the saint, and the rest with paintings on the same fruitful subject. The carvings of bureaus and round the doors, in high relief, are very superior. The Lavatory occupies an adjoining room. In the centre is a marble basin, shell-shaped, eight feet over, and from it rises a column, at whose angles inverted dolphins deliver the water; the whole surmounted by a draped female statue of "Puritas," some twelve feet from the floor.

Having obtained permission to show us the library, our cicerone led us up stairs to a large room overlooking a great part of the city and the bay. When the door was unlocked and thrown open, what a blast of damp and mildew came out! Pausing till fresh air could stream in, we spent an hour or two among the books and admiring the ancient furniture. Here are between five and six thousand volumes. Heavy tomes on Canon Law, Monastic Orders, Miracles of Saints, History of Byzantium, Works of the Fathers, etc. The only English book was a life of Milton. With the exception of a work on magic, I did not see a volume of special interest; nor did I open one whose leaves were not glued together by damp, and of which large portions had not been devoured by ants. In a few years the whole will have perished.

The Saint as a Soldier.—When the Royal family arrived from Portugal in 1808, Antony was only Captain of Infantry—the same office held by him in Lisbon; but before returning to Europe, John VI. raised him to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy on the staff, to the great displeasure of older officers, who bitterly complained of the promotion as a violation of all military rule. Besides his salary of 960 milreis as Lieutenant-Colonel, he appears in other grades in the army list, and receives pay and rations accordingly for services in other provinces. I extracted the following from the National Budget for the present year, from the Pension List:

		Milreis.
San Antonio de Goyas	Granted Nov. 18, 1750,	192
" do Minas, by royal mand.	Feb. 26, 1799,	480
" do Mouraria . .	Granted Sept. 5, 1800,	120
" da Parahiba . .	" Dec. 13, 1809,	75

Besides these, I am told that he figures in other characters as a creditor on the public ledgers. As the whole affair was strange to me, I inquired how the money was paid, to whom, and how disposed of. The answer was, that here,

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in Rio, the abbot of his monastery receives it, and expends it on the Saint's person, on his clothes, washing, and ornaments, wages for his servants, and other expenses of his establishment. To silence my scruples, I was furnished with a copy of his receipt for his last month's salary, signed three days ago. A literal translation is subjoined:

Pay this, LIEUT.-COLONEL.
BASTOS. No. 363.

Received from the illustrious Lieut.-Colonel Manoel José Alvas da Fonseca, Treasurer and Paymaster-General of the troops of this Capital, the sum of Eighty milreis, being the amount of Pay due for the month of May last to the Glorious Saint Antony, as Lieut.-Colonel in the army.

To manifest the same, I sign this receipt.

Noted Folio 6, Father Miguel de Santa Rita,
LIRA. Superior.
Rio de Janeiro, June 15, 1846.

Paid, João Caetano d'Almeida França,
ALVES. Ex Syndic Procurator.

Antony as a Saint.—To impress me with his manifold virtues in this character, a pious lady loaned me a small volume, "Compendio de Oracões." Lisbon, 1814. In the "Week of Love to St. Antony," the form of address on Mondays is "Oh, my Saint Antony! Wonder of wonders! Credit to Omnipotence! Model of humility! Mystic Doctor! I offer thee two Ave-Marias, and supplicate thee to ask the baby Jesus in thy arms, the virtue of humility." On other days, devotees use the following: "Oh, St. Antony! Treasurer of Italy! Precious Stone of Poverty! Human Angel! Prince of Heaven! Sun of the World! Atlantes of Virtue! Star of Spain and Portugal! Wonder of Nature! Brilliant Sun of Padua! Doctor of Truth! Trumpet of Heaven! Hammerer of Heretics! Abyss of Sanctity! Rule of Perfection! Column of the Catholic Church! Honor of the Seraphic Religion, and most Beloved of Glory! I offer thee thirty-six Ave-Marias in honor of the thirty-six years during which thou practiced so many miracles!"

Again: "Do we look for miracles? St. Antony makes death, sin, sorrow, errors, and devils flee away. He is a prompt medicine for every disease. He takes us out of prison, delivers us from pains, and *all lost things he finds.* Perils he banishes, and to every one gives succor. Padua confesses all this. Pray for us, Good Antony!"

Another passage—if the reader is not out of breath—explains why he is represented with a child. "Oh, glorious St. Antony! who merited to receive from the hands of the Mother of God her only baby into thine arms!" This was the highest of honors. No other saint received such a mark of favor. It is, moreover, said there was much trouble to get the infant from him, so unwilling he was to give it up: hence it is the common practice of his worshipers here, when they get out of patience with him for delaying to comply with their wishes, to threaten to take the baby from him. Nothing, a devout lady says, is more effectual than such a threat.

Intimating that Nossa Senhora, at the time Antony lived, had no baby to put into his arms, I was told she, by miracle, made one for the purpose!

As the restorer of lost things, Antony is constantly appealed to in the cases of runaway slaves, stray horses, mules, and stolen furniture of every description. Senhora P—— has great devotion for him. She carries his picture in her bosom, and, like thousands here, keeps an image of him in her house. Not a day passes without her addressing him. I took the liberty to ask what she wanted him to do for her now? She had lost a silver spoon! To convince me that he was "a very miraculous saint," she mentioned that he had sent one of her mother's slaves back after a long absence, and how a valuable one of her own had ran off, and been forced to return. This last confessed that the tortured image of the Saint used to appear and tell him he must return.

The treatment of Antony is peculiar to him. When other saints do not comply with requests preferred to them, resignation is a duty; while in such cases he is scourged, bruised, abused, and tormented in every imaginable manner; and, what is strange, this is said to be agreeable to him! The measures adopted by Senhora P—— were such as her mother had recourse to. She took Antony—a figure, about the length of one's hand, of pottery, but more commonly of plaster of Paris—placed a lighted candle before him, and besought him to send the fugitive home, and to mind and give him no rest till he returned. A week elapsed, and he came not; another and another passed away, and still no tidings of him. She then took the Saint, laid him, with his face downward, on the floor behind the door, and put a heavy stone upon him, that there might be no intermission, as in flagellations, of *his* pains. I asked, "Why treat him so severely?" Then came the stereotyped story: "St. Antony wished to be a martyr, but as Our Lady did not permit him to have that honor, he loves to be afflicted in his representatives, and very often will not listen to his friends until they are tormented." As soon as the fugitive was recovered, the load was removed from the back of the little sufferer; he was washed, put on a covered table, two candles lit before him, and the best thanks of the lady presented with a courtesy.

It is common with some to put the uncomplying Saint into ovens, and throw him into ash-pits, and never to take him out except to thank him, or to chastise him; but the most general punishment is consignment to a dark and wet prison. Every house in Rio has a shallow well or cistern in the yard of brackish water rising within a few feet of the surface. In these the Saint is immured. So common is it "*to put St. Antony into the well,*" that the expression is proverbial for having lost something. H—— says he had a slave who ran off, and was caught and returned in a few weeks. On communicating the news of the recovery of the fugitive to his family, his wife led him to the small well in the yard, and opening the cover, showed him An-

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tony suspended by a cord just over the water. She had placed him there soon after the slave was missing. Of course he was drawn up, like Jeremiah out of the pit, and complimented with thanks, and a couple of candles, and the slave reminded how useless were attempts to escape the vigilance of this heavenly negro-catcher. There is no doubt whatever that many slaves are recovered by means of the Saint, singular as the remark may appear. The tortured image, like one of their native idols, haunts their imaginations, and constant dread of some terrible evil befalling them, compels, especially those recently imported, to return.

Great numbers of six and seven-inch Antony's are destroyed by angry devotees. I heard of disappointed lottery speculators hewing them, like Agag, in pieces; others throwing them into the fire during the prevalence of rage; so that if the Saint did not seal the truth with his blood as he desired, scarcely one of his representatives escapes being martyred.

A few days ago an advertisement of a lost ass appeared in the "Journal," a daily paper. The animal had been taken from a garden belonging to the monastery of Saint Antony, and a reward was offered for its recovery; so that it would seem while he recovers other people's lost cattle, he can not find his own—at all events, that his friars have more faith in newspapers than in him.

Both the monks and the institution are unpopular. Of several recent law-suits they have not succeeded in one. A house is being erected by a private individual on ground claimed by them. They have protested against the intrusion, but that is all. Some time ago, a similar outrage induced the abbot to appeal to the Government. Carneiro Leon, an enlightened statesman, was Secretary of State. After hearing the complainant he replied, "Well, we don't want monks, and the Government itself wants the convent grounds." The frighted father fled—perhaps to appeal to Antony? "No, no," said a native friend, "friars know better; they tell simpletons to do that."

Besides real estate, their means are swelled by bequests, proceeds of "blessed" prints, scapularies, medals, money for masses, and for consecrated habits for those who desire to be buried in them—a superstition quite common. Men, women, children, and youths, being frequently entombed in the garbs of monks and nuns—the wealthy paying high prices for them.

Underneath the little pictures of Antony distributed to his devotees, is engraved the following: "His Excellency the most reverend Bishop of Rio, and Grand Chaplain to the Emperor, Don Manoel do Monte Rodriques d'Araujo, on visiting the church, whose patron saint is represented by this image, grants to all those who repeat, before this image, one Pater Noster and one Ave Maria, forty days of indulgences. 1842."

AJUDA NUNNERY AND NUNS.

On reaching the foot of the hill we observed, on the opposite side of the street, one of the heavy doors of the Ajuda Convent open, and stepped into a paved area around which the dark walls arise. Of the two tiers of windows the lowest is fifteen feet from the ground, and all inclosed with massive gratings that remind one of the condemned cells of Newgate. At the side furthest from the street is the apparatus by which persons without communicate with the interior. I had read of the ancient device. A rectangular opening, about four feet high and two and a half wide, is cut through the thick wall, the upright edges being worked concave. A strong wooden cylinder or drum is made to revolve vertically in the opening, and to occupy it wholly. Suppose the staves of the cylinder be removed for one-third of its circumference, you have then a revolving cupboard, into which any article put in at one side of the wall is instantly received at the other on simply pushing round the opening, and without either sender or receiver having a chance to get a glimpse of each other. The sides of the drum enter the concave sides of the wall, and its bottom and top extend within the stone work. The width of the opening into the drum is only half the thickness of the wall; so that in no position of the drum can a spectator see any one within.

While we stood by a negro brought a parcel, put it in the closet, clapped his hands as a signal, and turned the dumb waiter half-way round. Thus money, letters, food, and all articles required are passed within. If sweetmeats have been ordered by friends or visitors, the price is put on the shelf and the next moment the bonbons come out.

We strolled to the further extremity of the same side of the Square, where there was a similar machine, and near it a strong door with a small brass plate, full of minute holes, through which the invisible abbess, or her deputies, can see who stands without. Casually touching this door it yielded to slight pressure. Here was a temptation to step into a nunnery; for none but our two selves were within the spacious area. To have some color for pushing the hinged valve back, one of us gently knocked. No one answered, but some object behind moderately opposed its being opened. By little and little the opening was enlarged, and our courage with it. We squeezed in, when my companion, in a whisper, said, "This is the office of the portress. She has left for a moment, and, not dreaming of intruders, placed her old, high-backed chair against the door. She'll return anon, and will give the alarm if she find us here!"

But the way into the interior was not so clear as we imagined; still, we got a view of the machinery adopted in such places to prevent intrusion and desertion. The small apartment opened into a large, long, and, verily, a strong one. A paved floor, high whitewashed walls with nothing to break their monotony, or let in light, that we could see, save a single opening, eight feet square, and level with the ground. This communicated with a wide and dim pas-

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sage into which we could not get; for there was no entering the large opening in front of which we stood. The stone wall through which it is cut is four feet thick, and on *each side* hangs a gauze curtain whose threads are inch bars of iron: those forming the woof pass through loops in the warp, and the ends of all are buried in the granite blocks. The interstitial spaces are between three and four inches. A rather larger aperture is at the bottom, and through it small things are passed across on the blade of a wooden shovel, as appeared from one lying ready for the purpose.

If, as is said, nuns are happy in their cells, for what purpose then, in lands where law prevails, are these massive walls, gratings, bolts, locks, and other devices? Even shackles, it is admitted, are not wanting in this place. No felon-prison can have a better system of securities. What alliance can there be between the gentle, willing spirit of the Gospel and so much iron? Penal statutes suffice to prevent people from breaking in; what need of such devices, if not designed to keep those confined from breaking out? These thoughts I addressed to my companion, who said I might stay till the doorkeeper returned and ask her. In two minutes more we were in the street. Through what passage she had disappeared, after blocking her door, we could not imagine.

This was the first and last time I got into a nunnery. Into the chapel fronting the street I often stepped.

There is no entering ecclesiastical institutions here without being reminded of their heathen originals, and of the little change they have undergone. Every popular phase of ancient worship was early adopted. Rituals of the temples, and the temples themselves; the different orders of priests, and their imposing costumes; the entire system of symbolism; of praying through the medium of images and other physical representations; praying for the dead, and to the dead. The various religious orders, too, including mendicant and monastic, are of pagan parentage, with all their peculiarities of dress and discipline—their shaven crowns, knotted cords, relics, rosaries, and squalor.

The institution of Vestals was reverenced at Rome. Numa, the Consuls, and the Emperors patronized them; the rich made presents; the pious bequeathed legacies; and the superstitious sought admission for their daughters. Commanding general respect, they were introduced, under Christian appellations, into the Church. Substituting the Virgin for Vesta, the old rules, penalties, peculiarities, etc., seem to have been received without material revision, and also the plans, arrangements, securities, general economy, and management of the nunneries.

The cloistered virgins of the Ajuda pass their lives in much the same way as their sisters of antiquity—separated from the world, from parental and family influence, dedicated to a goddess "Nossa Senhora da Ajuda," donning a particular habit, their initiation accompanied by cutting off their hair, vowing chastity, and subject to death for its violation, strictly secluded, extraordinary means employed to prevent their communicating without the walls that inclose them, under the surveillance of a matron and a system of espionage that sifts out their very thoughts, subject to the control and punishment of the bishop, no male persons allowed to visit them except those interested in retaining them, and permitted to hold free converse with none else.

The Pontifex Maximus chastised pagan nuns for offenses, and his modern representative does the same thing. If Christian nuns are not now put to death for violating their vows, they once were; and but for the increasing intelligence of the age, would undoutedly be again.

The inmates of nunneries, it is asserted, "*are* happy"—"even those who enter reluctantly become reconciled and content." Here are a few Rio facts in illustration.

1. H—— told me he was acquainted with four sisters, all of whom were forced by one or both parents, into the Tereza Convent. Years elapsed, and the father died, when three, all that were alive, by appealing to the Pope, eventually got out.

2. A merchant, whom he also knew well, took an only daughter out one day a-visiting. The carriage stopped at the Ajuda Convent. The young lady tripped up the three or four outer steps without observing the place, the doors closed on her, and her parent drove off. She had refused a husband selected for her, and was immured two years before she yielded her consent and was let out.

3. A poor woman, with a slight peculiarity of manner, is occasionally seen in the Cattete. She passed the window twice yesterday. "Sister Paula" and her melancholy history are known to many families in the Gloria parish.

Of respectable lineage, she was born and brought up in the country. Amiable and intelligent, she unfortunately became rich in her own right on the death of her mother. Her father and brothers coveted her wealth, and found means to gain over the abbess of the Ajuda. A chest, perforated to admit air, was provided by the unnatural villains, and in it the poor victim was hurried from her residence (some leagues distant from Rio) to the convent. She resisted all attempts made to force her to take the vail, and in a long course of years managed to escape three times, but implored in vain, with a heart bursting with anguish, for mercy from her kindred. The last time it was her brothers who drove her back, the father being dead. Nature at length gave way. The punishments to which on these occasions she was subjected—chastisement, want of food, shackles, and other tortures, known only to the fiends that inflicted them—broke her down. Reason fled, and she became irrevocably insane. Her persecutors took undisturbed possession of her property; and some, it is said, still enjoy it—if, indeed, they can enjoy it or

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any thing else. Of her, they know nothing. A nun has neither worldly relations nor wealth. Every thing, even her name, is taken from her, and all natural ties are forever sundered.

The abbess permitted her—imprudently, as many think—to go at large. She is over fifty. Her disease is of a mild type. For several years she has made out, by charity and her needle, to hire a room and buy the little food she wants. She constructs wax and feather flowers, makes "baby saints," and assists in dressing images for the festivals. Dwelling near the Lapa Church, she is employed every Christmas to fit up in it "the Cradle and the Baby God." All churches have, at that season, an exhibition of this kind. Most have *new* bed-clothes and dresses; but some have the old ones furbished up and used again. Sister Paula sometimes quarrels with the brotherhood, and loses an order "to dress Our Lady and her Son." At lucid intervals she will speak with a few confidential friends of the inhuman treatment of her brothers and the abbess. At other times she says an evil spirit possesses her—"one too strong for the friars of St. Antony to drive out." Poor lady! she is right. Hers is a wounded spirit, which requires a higher power than that of any dead or living saint to heal.

4. Senhor L——a, of the Larangeiras, Ex-Councilor of State, has an aged relative in the Ajuda Convent—a first cousin to his mother. She has at present charge of the garden, which is as much concealed from the public as the interior of the building. Having been abbess, she is known as *Mother* Anna Tereza. This venerable lady was in her youth one of the handsomest girls of Rio. She formed an attachment which her father did not approve of, although her lover was every way worthy of her. By the influence of her parents he was shipped off to India, and she carried directly to an endless imprisonment in the awful Ajuda. Distracted beyond endurance, for months horror and despair preyed on her: she was tempted to end her miseries by suicide. A year passed over—another, and others, till her soul, crushed by griefs, yielded to her fate. Urged to take the vail, she consented; but ere the ceremonies were quite over she awoke as from a lethargy artificially produced, and burst into such a torrent of abuse of her parents and family, who were witnessing the rite, the abbess, convent, and the whole system of ecclesiastical fraud and tyranny, that for a moment all stood aghast! And but for a moment! It was evident she was possessed! Under this belief she was gagged, borne off to her cell, confined by cords, and punished no one living knows how but herself!

Time, that subdues all things, at last tamed her. Forever excluded from the world, and without a friend, relative, or acquaintance in it—to her all was lost—she consented to live and adapt herself to her hard lot. She became a favorite, and was twice selected abbess, which office she has filled for eight years (an election takes place every four years). Let us hope that the victims sent in under her administration were differently treated than she had been.

It must not be supposed that the law could interfere. No civil officer could (nor can) enter a convent to serve process there; and under the old régime a father had unlimited power over his daughters. The only redress was: 1. Through the bishop; but while the abbess was in collusion with parents, the victim might wear her fingers to the bone in writing petitions before one could reach him. Not a scrap can enter or pass out without her consent. 2. The bishop had to appeal to Lisbon; and, 3. Through the ecclesiastical authorities there, the Court at Rome had to be consulted.

In the second volume of "Transactions of the Geographical and Historical Institute of Brazil," is a notice of Don Francisco de San Jeronimo, the founder of this convent. A holy man, he wrought miracles; two are cited: When coming over from Lisbon the ship took fire; he prayed to God and Our Lady, and instantly the flames went out. A favorite servant became diseased in his legs, and, after trying several methods of cure, the doctors proposed amputation. On hearing this, the Saint prayed over the sickly members, and they became sound ere he rose from his knees.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER LVIII.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

THE Fates did not ordain that the plan should succeed which Lord Highgate's friends had devised for Lady Clara's rescue or respite. He was bent upon one more interview with the unfortunate lady; and in that meeting the future destiny of their luckless lives was decided. On the morning of his return home, Barnes Newcome had information that Lord Highgate, under a feigned name, had been staying in the neighborhood of his house; and had repeatedly been seen in the company of Lady Clara. She may have gone out to meet him but for one hour more. She had taken no leave of her children on the day when she left her home, and, far from making preparations for her own departure, had been engaged in getting the house ready for the reception of members of the family, whose arrival her husband announced as speedily to follow his own. Ethel and Lady Ann and some of the children were coming. Lord Farintosh's mother and sisters were to follow. It was to be a réunion previous to the marriage which was closer to unite the two families. Lady Clara said Yes to her husband's orders; rose mechanically to obey his wishes and arrange for the reception of the guests; and spoke tremblingly to the housekeeper as her husband gibed at her. The little ones had been consigned to bed early and before Sir Barnes's arrival. He did not think fit to see

* Continued from the May Number.

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them in their sleep; nor did their mother. She did not know, as the poor little creatures left her room in charge of their nurses, that she looked on them for the last time. Perhaps, had she gone to their bedsides that evening, had the wretched panic-stricken soul been allowed leisure to pause, and to think, and to pray, the fate of the morrow might have been otherwise, and the trembling balance of the scale have inclined to right's side. But the pause was not allowed her. Her husband came and saluted her with his accustomed greetings of scorn, and sarcasm, and brutal insult. On a future day he never dared to call a servant of his household to testify to his treatment of her; though twenty were in attendance to prove his cruelty and her terror. On that very last night, Lady Clara's maid, a country girl from her father's house at Chanticlere, told Sir Barnes in the midst of a conjugal dispute, that her lady might bear his conduct but she could not, and that she would no longer live under the roof of such a brute. The girl's interference was not likely to benefit her mistress much: the wretched Lady Clara passed the last night under the roof of her husband and children, unattended save by this poor domestic who was about to leave her, in tears and hysterical outcries, and then in moaning stupor. Lady Clara put to sleep with laudanum, her maid carried down the story of her wrongs to the servants' quarters; and half a dozen of them took in their resignation to Sir Barnes as he sat over his breakfast the next morning—in his ancestral hall—surrounded by the portraits of his august forefathers—in his happy home.

Their mutiny of course did not add to their master's good-humor; and his letters brought him news which increased Barnes's fury. A messenger brought him a letter from his man of business at Newcome, upon the receipt of which he started up with such an execration as frightened the servant waiting on him, and letter in hand he ran to Lady Clara's sitting-room. Her ladyship was up. Sir Barnes breakfasted rather late on the first morning after an arrival at Newcome. He had to look over the bailiff's books, and to look about him round the park and grounds; to curse the gardeners; to damn the stable and kennel grooms; to yell at the woodman for clearing not enough or too much; to rail at the poor old work-people brooming away the fallen leaves, etc. So Lady Clara was up and dressed when her husband went to her room, which lay at the end of the house as we have said, the last of a suite of ancestral halls.

The mutinous servant heard high voice and curses within; then Lady Clara's screams; then Sir Barnes Newcome burst out of the room, locking the door and taking the key with him, and saluting with more curses James, the mutineer, over whom his master ran.

"Curse your wife, and don't curse *me*, Sir Barnes Newcome!" said James, the mutineer, and knocked down a hand which the infuriated Baronet raised against him with an arm that was thrice as strong as Barnes's own. This man and maid followed their mistress in that sad journey upon which she was bent. They treated her with unalterable respect. They never could be got to see that her conduct was wrong. When Barnes's counsel subsequently tried to impugn their testimony, they dared him; and hurt the plaintiff's case very much. For the balance had weighed over; and it was Barnes himself who caused what now ensued; and what we learned in a very few hours afterward from Newcome, where it was the talk of the whole neighborhood.

Florac and I, as yet ignorant of all that was occurring, met Barnes near his own lodge-gate riding in the direction of Newcome, as we were ourselves returning to Rosebury. The Prince de Moncontour, who was driving, affably saluted the Baronet, who gave us a scowling recognition, and rode on, his groom behind him. "The figure of this garçon," says Florac, as our acquaintance passed, "is not agreeable. Of pale, he has become livid. I hope these two men will not meet, or evil will come!" Evil to Barnes there might be, Florac's companion thought, who knew the previous little affairs between Barnes and his uncle and cousin; and that Lord Highgate was quite able to take care of himself.

In half an hour after Florac spoke, that meeting between Barnes and Highgate actually had taken place—in the open square of Newcome, within four doors of the King's Arms Inn, close to which lives Sir Barnes Newcome's man of business; and before which, Mr. Harris, as he was called, was walking, and waiting till a car-

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riage, which he had ordered, came round from the inn yard. As Sir Barnes Newcome rode into the place many people touched their hats to him, however little they loved him. He was bowing and smirking to one of these, when he suddenly saw Belsize.

He started back, causing his horse to back with him on to the pavement, and it may have been rage and fury, or accident and nervousness merely, but at this instant Barnes Newcome, looking toward Lord Highgate, shook his whip.

"You cowardly villain!" said the other, springing forward. "I was going to your house."

"How dare you, Sir," cries Sir Barnes, still holding up that unlucky cane, "how dare you to—to—"

"Dare, you scoundrel!" said Belsize. "Is that the cane you strike your wife with, you ruffian!" Belsize seized and tore him out of the saddle, flinging him screaming down on the pavement. The horse, rearing and making way for himself, galloped down the clattering street; a hundred people were round Sir Barnes in a moment.

The carriage which Belsize had ordered came round at this very juncture. Amidst the crowd, shrinking, bustling, expostulating, threatening, who pressed about him, he shouldered his way. Mr. Taplow, aghast, was one of the hundred spectators of the scene.

"I am Lord Highgate," said Barnes's adversary. "If Sir Barnes Newcome wants me, tell him I will send him word where he may hear of me." And getting into the carriage, he told the driver to go "to the usual place."

Imagine the hubbub in the town, the conclaves at the inns, the talks in the counting-

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houses, the commotion among the factory people, the paragraphs in the Newcome papers, the bustle of surgeons and lawyers, after this event. Crowds gathered at the King's Arms, and waited round Mr. Speers, the lawyer's house, into which Sir Barnes was carried. In vain policemen told them to move on; fresh groups gathered after the seceders. On the next day, when Barnes Newcome, who was not much hurt, had a fly to go home, a factory man shook his fist in at the carriage window, and, with a curse, said, "Serve you right, you villain." It was the man whose sweetheart this Don Juan had seduced and deserted years before; whose wrongs were well known among his mates, a leader in the chorus of hatred which growled round Barnes Newcome.

Barnes's mother and sister Ethel had reached Newcome an hour before the return of the master of the house. The people there were in disturbance. Lady Ann and Miss Newcome came out with pallid looks to greet him. He laughed and re-assured them about his accident: indeed his hurt had been trifling; he had been bled by the surgeon, a little jarred by the fall from his horse; but there was no sort of danger. Still their pale and doubtful looks continued. What caused them? In the open day, with a servant attending her, Lady Clara Newcome had left her husband's house; and a letter was forwarded to him that same evening from my Lord Highgate, informing Sir Barnes Newcome that Lady Clara Pulleyn could bear his tyranny no longer, and had left his roof; that Lord Highgate proposed to leave England almost immediately, but would remain long enough to afford Sir Barnes Newcome the opportunity for an interview, in case he should be disposed to demand one: and a friend (of Lord Highgate's late regiment) was named who would receive letters and act in any way necessary for his lordship.

The debates of the House of Lords must tell what followed afterward in the dreary history of Lady Clara Pulleyn. The proceedings in the Newcome Divorce Bill filled the usual number of columns in the papers—especially the Sunday papers. The witnesses were examined by learned peers whose business—nay, pleasure—it seems to be to enter into such matters; and, for the ends of justice and morality, doubtless, the whole story of Barnes Newcome's household was told to the British public. In the previous trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, how grandly Sergeant Rowland stood up for the rights of British husbands! with what pathos he depicted the conjugal paradise, the innocent children prattling round their happy parents, the serpent, the destroyer, entering into that Belgravian Eden; the wretched and deserted husband alone by his desecrated hearth, and calling for redress on his country! Rowland wept freely during his noble harangue. At not a shilling under twenty thousand pounds would he estimate the cost of his client's injuries. The jury was very much affected: the evening papers gave Rowland's address, *in extenso*, with some pretty sharp raps at the aristocracy in general. The "Day," the principal morning journal of that period, came out with a leading article the next morning, in which every party concerned and every institution was knocked about. The disgrace of the peerage, the ruin of the monarchy (with a retrospective view of the well-known case of Gyges and Candaules), the monstrosity of the crime, and the absurdity of the tribunal and the punishment, were all set forth in the terrible leading article of the "Day."

But when, on the next day, Sergeant Rowland was requested to call witnesses to prove that connubial happiness which he had depicted so pathetically, he had none at hand.

Oliver, Q. C., now had his innings. A man, a husband, and a father, Mr. Oliver could not attempt to defend the conduct of his unfortunate client; but if there could be any excuse for such conduct, that excuse he was free to confess the plaintiff had afforded, whose cruelty and neglect twenty witnesses in court were ready to prove—neglect so outrageous, cruelty so systematic, that he wondered the plaintiff had not been better advised than to bring this trial with all its degrading particulars to a public issue. On the very day when the ill-omened marriage took place, another victim of cruelty had interposed as vainly—as vainly as Sergeant Rowland himself interposed in Court to prevent this case being made known—and with piteous outcries, in the name of outraged neglected woman, of castaway children pleading in vain for bread, had besought the bride to pause, and the bridegroom to look upon the wretched beings who owed him life. Why had not Lady Clara Pulleyn's friends listened to that appeal? And so on, and so on, between Rowland and Oliver the battle waged fiercely that day. Many witnesses were mauled and slain. Out of that combat scarce any body came well, except the two principal champions, Rowland, Sergeant, and Oliver, Q. C. The whole country looked on and heard the wretched story, not only of Barnes's fault and Highgate's fault, but of the private piccadilloes of their suborned footmen and conspiring housemaids. Mr. Justice C. Sawyer charged the jury at great length—those men were respectable men and fathers of families themselves—of course they dealt full measure to Lord Highgate for his delinquencies; consoled the injured husband with immense damages, and left him free to pursue the farther steps for releasing himself altogether from the tie, which had been bound with affecting Episcopal benediction at St. George's, Hanover Square.

So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to what a rescue? The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deplores her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. All the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad she feels the sneer of

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the world as she goes through it; and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People, as criminal but undiscovered, make room for her, as if her touch were pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man whom she loves best; that his friends who see her, treat her with but a doubtful respect; and the domestics who attend her, with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the county town, neighbors look aside as the carriage passes in which she sits splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband's come to her table; he is driven perforce to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort; his equals, at least in his own home, will not live with him. She would be kind, perhaps, and charitable to the cottagers round about her, but she fears to visit them lest they too should scorn her. The clergyman who distributes her charities, blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of his children. Shall they go to the Continent, and set up a grand house at Paris or at Florence? There they can get society, but of what a sort! Our acquaintances of Baden—Madame Schlangenbad, and Madame de Cruchecassée, and Madame d'Ivry, and Messrs. Loder, and Punter, and Blackball, and Deuceace will come, and dance, and flirt, and quarrel, and gamble, and feast round about her; but what in common with such wild people has this poor, timid, shrinking soul? Even these scorn her. The leers and laughter on those painted faces are quite unlike her own sad countenance. She has no reply to their wit. Their infernal gayety scares her more than the solitude at home. No wonder that her husband does not like home, except for a short while in the hunting season. No wonder that he is away all day; how can he like a home which she has made so wretched? In the midst of her sorrow, and doubt, and misery, a child comes to her: how she clings to it! how her whole being, and hope, and passion centres itself on this feeble infant! . . . but she no more belongs to our story: with the new name she has taken, the poor lady passes out of the history of the Newcomes.

If Barnes Newcome's children meet yonder solitary lady, do they know her? If her once-husband thinks upon the unhappy young creature whom his cruelty drove from him, does his conscience affect his sleep at night? Why should Sir Barnes Newcome's conscience be more squeamish than his country's, which has put money in his pocket for having trampled on the poor weak young thing, and scorned her, and driven her to ruin? When the whole of the accounts of that wretched bankruptcy are brought up for final audit, which of the unhappy partners shall be shown to be most guilty? Does the Right Reverend Prelate who did the benedictory business for Barnes and Clara his wife repent in secret? Do the parents who pressed the marriage, and the fine folks who signed the book, and ate the breakfast, and applauded the bridegroom's speech, feel a little ashamed? O Hymen Hymenæe! The bishops, beadles, clergy, pew-openers, and other officers of the temple dedicated to Heaven under the invocation of St. George, will officiate in the same place at scores and scores more of such marriages: and St. George of England may behold virgin after virgin offered up to the devouring monster, Mammon (with many most respectable female dragons looking on)—may see virgin after virgin given away, just as in the Soldan of Babylon's time, but with never a champion to come to the rescue!



CHAPTER LIX.

IN WHICH ACHILLES LOSES BRISEIS.

ALTHOUGH the years of the Marquis of Farintosh were few, he had spent most of them in the habit of command; and, from his childhood upward, had been obeyed by all persons round about him. As an infant he had but to roar, and his mother and nurses were as much frightened as though he had been a Libyan lion. What he willed and ordered was law among his clan and family. When he thought fit, in the fullness of time and the blooming pride of manhood, to select a spouse, and to elevate a marchioness to his throne, no one dared gainsay him. When he called upon his mother and sisters, and their ladyships' hangers-on and attendants; upon his own particular kinsmen, led captains, and toadies, to bow the knee and do homage to the woman whom he delighted to honor, those duteous subjects trembled and obeyed; in fact, he thought that the position of a Marchioness of Farintosh was, under heaven and before men, so splendid, that, had he elevated a beggar-maid to that sublime rank, the inferior world was bound to worship her.

So my lord's lady-mother, and my lord's sisters, and his captains, and his players of billiards, and the toadies of his august person, all performed obeisance to his bride elect, and never questioned the will of the young chieftain. What were the private comments of the ladies of the family we had no means of knowing; but it may naturally be supposed that his lordship's gentlemen in waiting, Captain Henchman, Jack Todhunter, and the rest, had many mis-

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givings of their own respecting their patron's change in life, and could not view without anxiety the advent of a mistress who might reign over him and them, who might possibly not like their company, and might exert her influence over her husband to oust these honest fellows from places in which they were very comfortable. The jovial rogues had the run of my lord's kitchen, stables, cellars, and cigar-boxes. A new marchioness might hate hunting, smoking, jolly parties, and toad-eaters in general, or might bring into the house favorites of her own. I am sure any kind-hearted man of the world must feel for the position of these faithful, doubtful, disconsolate vassals, and have a sympathy for their rueful looks and demeanor as they eye the splendid preparations for the ensuing marriage, the grand furnitures sent to my lord's castles and houses, the magnificent plate provided for his tables—tables at which they may never have a knife and fork; castles and houses of which the poor rogues may never be allowed to pass the doors.

When, then, "the elopement in High Life," which has been described in the previous pages, burst upon the town in the morning papers, I can fancy the agitation which the news occasioned in the faithful bosoms of the generous Todhunter and the attached Henchman. My lord was not in his own house as yet. He and his friends still lingered on in the little house in May Fair, the dear little bachelor's quarters, where they had enjoyed such good dinners, such good suppers, such rare doings, such a jolly time. I fancy Hench coming down to breakfast and reading the "Morning Post." I imagine Tod dropping in from his bedroom over the way, and Hench handing the paper over to Tod, and the conversation which ensued between those worthy men. Elopement in high life—excitement in N—come, and flight of Lady Cl—— N—come, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of D—rking, with Lord H—gate; personal rencontre between Lord H—gate and Sir B—nes N—come. Extraordinary disclosures. I say I can fancy Hench and Tod over this awful piece of news.

"Pretty news, ain't it, Toddy?" says Henchman, looking up from a Perigord pie, which the faithful creature is discussing.

"Always expected it," remarks the other. "Any body who saw them together last season must have known it. The chief himself spoke of it to me."

"It'll cut him up awfully when he reads it. Is it in the 'Morning Post?' He has the 'Post' in his bedroom. I know he has rung his bell: I heard it. Bowman, has his lordship read his paper yet?"

Bowman, the valet, said, "I believe you, he *have* read his paper. When he read it, he jumped out of bed and swore most awful. I cut as soon as I could," continued Mr. Bowman, who was on familiar, nay, contemptuous, terms with the other two gentlemen.

"Enough to make any man swear," says Tod-dy to Henchman; and both were alarmed in their noble souls, reflecting that their chieftain was now actually getting up and dressing himself; that he would speedily, and in the course of nature, come down stairs; and then, most probably, would begin swearing at *them*.

The most noble Mungo Malcolm Angus was in an awful state of mind when, at length, he appeared in the breakfast-room. "Why the dash do you make a tap-room of this?" he cries. The trembling Henchman, who has begun to smoke—as he has done a hundred times before in this bachelor's hall—flings his cigar into the fire.

"There you go—nothing like it! Why don't you fling some more in? You can get 'em at Hudson's for five guineas a pound!" bursts out the youthful peer.

"I understand why you are out of sorts, old boy," says Henchman, stretching out his manly hand. A tear of compassion twinkled in his eyelid and coursed down his mottled cheek. "Cut away at old Frank, Farintosh—a fellow who has been attached to you since before you could speak. It's not when a fellow's down, and cut up, and riled—naturally riled—as you are—I know you are, Marquis; it's not then that I'm going to be angry with you. Pitch into old Frank Henchman—hit away, my young one." And Frank put himself into an attitude as of one prepared to receive a pugilistic assault. He bared his breast, as it were, and showed his scars, and said, "Strike!" Frank Henchman was a florid toady. My uncle, Major Pendennis, has often laughed with me about the fellow's pompous flatteries and ebullient fidelity.

"You have read this confounded paragraph?" says the Marquis.

"We *have* read it: and were deucedly cut up, too," says Henchman, "for your sake, my dear boy."

"I remembered what you said last year, Marquis," cries Todhunter (not unadroitly). "You, yourself, pointed out, in this very room, I recollect, at this very table—that night Coralie and the little Spanish dancer, and her mother supped here, and there was a talk about Highgate—you, yourself, pointed out what was likely to happen. I doubted it; for I have dined at the Newcomes', and seen Highgate and her together in society often. But though you are a younger bird, you have better eyes than I have—and you saw the thing at once—at once, don't you remember? and Coralie said how glad she was, because Sir Barnes ill-treated her friend. What was the name of Coralie's friend, Hench?"

"How should *I* know her confounded name?" Henchman briskly answers. "What do I care for Sir Barnes Newcome and his private affairs? He is no friend of mine. I never said he was a friend of mine. I never said I liked him. Out of respect for the Chief here, I held my tongue about him, and shall hold my tongue. Have some of this pâté, Chief? No! Poor old boy. I know you haven't got an appetite. I know this news cuts you up. I say nothing,

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and make no pretense of condolence; though I feel for you—and you know you can count on old Frank Henchman—don't you, Malcolm?" And again he turns away to conceal his gallant sensibility and generous emotion.

"What does it matter to me?" bursts out the Marquis, garnishing his conversation with the usual expletives which adorned his eloquence when he was strongly moved. "What do I care for Barnes Newcome, and his confounded affairs and family? I never want to see him again, but in the light of a banker, when I go to the City, where he keeps my account. I say, I have nothing to do with him, or all the Newcomes under the sun. Why, one of them is a painter, and will paint my dog, Ratcatcher, by Jove! or my horse, or my groom, if I give him the order. Do you think I care for any one of the pack? It's not the fault of the Marchioness of Farintosh that her family is not equal to mine. Besides two others in England and Scotland, I should like to know what family is? I tell you what, Hench. I bet you five to two, that before an hour is over, my mother will be here, and down on her knees to me, begging me to break off this engagement."

"And what will you do, Farintosh?" asks Henchman, slowly. "Will you break it off?"

"No!" shouts the Marquis. "Why shall I break off with the finest girl in England—and the best-plucked one, and the cleverest and wittiest, and the most beautiful creature, by Jove! that ever stepped, for no fault of hers, and because her sister-in-law leaves her brother, who I know treated her infernally? We have talked this matter over at home before. I wouldn't dine with the fellow; though he was always asking me; nor meet, except just out of civility, any of his confounded family. Lady Ann is different. She is a lady, she is. She is a good woman: and Kew is a most respectable man, though he is only a peer of George III.'s creation, and you should hear how *he* speaks of Miss Newcome, though she refused him. I should like to know who is to prevent me marrying Lady Ann Newcome's daughter?"

"By Jove! you are a good-plucked fellow, Farintosh—give me your hand, old boy," says Henchman.

"Heh! am I? You would have said, 'Give me your hand, old boy,' whichever way I determined, Hench! I tell you, I ain't intellectual, and that sort of thing. But I know my rank, and I know my place; and when a man of my station gives his word, he sticks to it, Sir; and my lady, and my sisters, may go on their knees all round; and, by Jove! I won't flinch."

The justice of Lord Farintosh's views was speedily proved by the appearance of his lordship's mother, Lady Glenlivat, whose arrival put a stop to a conversation which Captain Francis Henchman has often subsequently narrated. She besought to see her son in terms so urgent, that the young nobleman could not be denied to his parent; and, no doubt, a long and interesting interview took place, in which Lord Farintosh's mother passionately implored him to break off a match upon which he was as resolutely bent.

Was it a sense of honor, a longing desire to possess this young beauty, and call her his own, or a fierce and profound dislike to being balked in any object of his wishes, which actuated the young lord? Certainly he had borne, very philosophically, delay after delay, which had taken place in the devised union; and being quite sure of his mistress, had not cared to press on the marriage, but lingered over the dregs of his bachelor cup complacently still. We all know in what an affecting farewell he took leave of the associates of his *vie de garçon:* the speeches made (in both languages), the presents distributed, the tears and hysterics of some of the guests assembled; the cigar-boxes given over to this friend, the *écrin* of diamonds to that, et cætera, et cætera, et cætera. Don't we know? If we don't it is not Henchman's fault, who has told the story of Farintosh's betrothals a thousand and one times at his clubs, at the houses where he is asked to dine, on account of his intimacy with the nobility, among the young men of fashion, or no fashion, whom this two-bottle Mentor, and burly admirer of youth, has since taken upon himself to form. The farewell at Greenwich was so affecting that all "traversed the cart," and took another farewell at Richmond, where there was crying too, but it was Eucharis cried because fair Calypso wanted to tear her eyes out; and where not only Telemachus (as was natural to his age), but Mentor likewise, quaffed the wine-cup too freely. You are virtuous, oh, reader! but there are still cakes and ale. Ask Henchman if there be not. You will find him in the Park any afternoon; he will dine with you if no better man ask him in the interval. He will tell you story upon story regarding young Lord Farintosh, and his marriage, and what happened before his marriage, and afterward; and he will sigh, weep almost at some moments, as he narrates their subsequent quarrel, and Farintosh's unworthy conduct, and tells you how he formed that young man. My uncle and Captain Henchman disliked each other very much, I am sorry to say—sorry to add that it was very amusing to hear either one of them speak of the other.

Lady Glenlivat, according to the Captain, then, had no success in the interview with her son; who, unmoved by the maternal tears, commands, and entreaties, swore he would marry Miss Newcome, and that no power on earth should prevent him. "As if trying to thwart that man *could* ever prevent his having his way!" ejaculated his quondam friend.

But on the next day, after ten thousand men in clubs and coteries had talked the news over; after the evening had repeated and improved the delightful theme of our "morning contemporaries;" after Calypso and Eucharis driving together in the Park, and reconciled now, had kissed their hands to Lord Farintosh, and made him their compliments—after a night of natural

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doubt, disturbance, defiance, fury—as men whispered to each other at the club where his lordship dined, and at the theatre where he took his recreation—after an awful time at breakfast, in which Messrs. Bowman, valet, and Todhunter and Henchman, captains of the Farintosh bodyguard, all got their share of kicks and growling—behold Lady Glenlivat came back to the charge again; and this time with such force that poor Lord Farintosh was shaken indeed.

Her ladyship's ally was no other than Miss Newcome herself; from whom Lord Farintosh's mother received, by that day's post, a letter, which she was commissioned to read to her son:

"DEAR MADAM (wrote the young lady in her firmest handwriting), Mamma is at this moment in a state of such *grief and dismay* at the *cruel* misfortune and *humiliation* which has just befallen our family, that she is really not able to write to you as she *ought*, and this task, painful as it is, must be *mine*. Dear Lady Glenlivat, the kindness and confidence which I have ever received from you and *yours*, merit truth, and most grateful respect and regard from *me*. And I feel after the late fatal occurrence, what I have often and often owned to myself though I did not *dare* to acknowledge it, that I ought to release Lord F. *at once and forever*, from an engagement *which he could never think* of maintaining with a family *so unfortunate as ours*. I thank him with all my heart for his goodness in bearing with my humors so long; if I have given him pain, as I *know* I have sometimes, I beg his pardon, and would do so *on my knees*. I hope and pray he may be happy, as I feared he never could be with me. He has many good and noble qualities; and, in bidding him farewell, I trust I may retain his friendship, and that he will believe in the esteem and gratitude of your most sincere ETHEL NEWCOME."

A copy of this farewell letter was seen by a lady who happened to be a neighbor of Miss Newcome's when the family misfortune occurred, and to whom, in her natural dismay and grief, the young lady fled for comfort and consolation. "Dearest Mrs. Pendennis," wrote Miss Ethel to my wife, "I hear you are at Rosebury; do, do come to your affectionate E. N." The next day, it was: "Dearest Laura. If you can, pray, pray come to Newcome this morning. I want very much to speak to you about the poor children, to consult you about something most *important*." Madame de Moncontour's pony-carriage was trotting constantly between Rosebury and Newcome in these days of calamity.

And my wife, as in duty bound, gave me full reports of all that happened in that house of mourning. On the day after the flight, Lady Ann, her daughter, and some others of her family arrived at Newcome. The deserted little girl, Barnes's eldest child, ran, with tears and cries of joy, to her aunt Ethel, whom she had always loved better than her mother; and clung to her and embraced her; and, in her artless little words, told her that mamma had gone away, and that Ethel should be her mamma now. Very strongly moved by the misfortune, as by the caresses and affection of the poor orphaned creature, Ethel took the little girl to her heart, and promised to be a mother to her, and that she would not leave her; in which pious resolve I scarcely need say Laura strengthened her, when, at her young friend's urgent summons, my wife came to her.

The household at Newcome was in a state of disorganization after the catastrophe. Two of Lady Clara's servants, it has been stated already, went away with her. The luckless master of the house was lying wounded in the neighboring town. Lady Ann Newcome, his mother, was terribly agitated by the news, which was abruptly broken to her, of the flight of her daughter-in-law and her son's danger. Now she thought of flying to Newcome to nurse him; and then feared lest she should be ill received by the invalid—indeed, ordered by Sir Barnes to go home, and not to bother him. So at home Lady Ann remained, where the thoughts of the sufferings she had already undergone in that house, of Sir Barnes's cruel behavior to her at her last visit, which he had abruptly requested her to shorten, of the happy days which she had passed as mistress of that house and wife of the defunct Sir Brian, the sight of that departed angel's picture in the dining-room and wheel-chair in the gallery; the recollection of little Barnes as a cherub of a child in that very gallery, and pulled out of the fire by a nurse in the second year of his age, when he was all that a fond mother could wish—these incidents and reminiscences so agitated Lady Ann Newcome, that she, for her part, went off in a series of hysterical fits, and acted as one distraught: her second daughter screamed in sympathy with her: and Miss Newcome had to take the command of the whole of this demented household, hysterical mamma and sister, mutineering servants, and shrieking abandoned nursery, and bring young people and old to peace and quiet.

On the morrow after his little concussion Sir Barnes Newcome came home, not much hurt in body, but woefully afflicted in temper, and venting his wrath upon every body round about him in that strong language which he employed when displeased; and under which his valet, his housekeeper, his butler, his farm bailiff, his lawyer, his doctor, his disheveled mother herself—who rose from her couch and her sal-volatile to fling herself round her dear boy's knees—all had to suffer. Ethel Newcome, the Baronet's sister, was the only person in his house to whom Sir Barnes did not utter oaths or proffer rude speeches. He was afraid of offending her or encountering that resolute spirit, and lapsed into a surly silence in her presence. Indistinct maledictory expressions growled about his chair when he beheld my wife's pony-carriage drive up; and he asked what brought *her* here? But Ethel sternly told her brother that Mrs. Pendennis came at her particular request, and asked him whether he supposed any body

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could come into that house for pleasure now, or for any other motive but kindness? Upon which, Sir Barnes fairly burst out into tears, intermingled with execrations against his enemies and his own fate, and assertions that he was the most miserable beggar alive. He would not see his children; but with more tears he would implore Ethel never to leave them, and, anon, would ask what he should do when she married, and he was left alone in that infernal house?

T. Potts, Esq., of the "Newcome Independent," used to say afterward that the Baronet was in the direst terror of another meeting with Lord Highgate, and kept a policeman at the lodge-gate, and a second in the kitchen, to interpose in event of a collision. But Mr. Potts made this statement in after days when the quarrel between his party and paper and Sir Barnes Newcome was flagrant. Five or six days after the meeting of the two rivals in Newcome market-place, Sir Barnes received a letter from the friend of Lord Highgate, informing him that his lordship, having waited for him according to promise, had now left England, and presumed that the differences between them were to be settled by their respective lawyers—infamous behavior on a par with the rest of Lord Highgate's villainy, the Baronet said. "When the scoundrel knew I could lift my pistol arm," Barnes said, "Lord Highgate fled the country"—thus hinting that death, and not damages, were what he intended to seek from his enemy.

After that interview in which Ethel communicated to Laura her farewell letter to Lord Farintosh, my wife returned to Rosebury with an extraordinary brightness and gayety in her face and her demeanor. She pressed Madame de Moncontour's hands with such warmth, she blushed and looked so handsome, she sang and talked so gayly, that our host was struck by her behavior, and paid her husband more compliments regarding her beauty, amiability, and other good qualities, than need be set down here. It may be that I like Paul de Florac so much, in spite of certain undeniable faults of character, because of his admiration for my wife. She was in such a hurry to talk to me that night, that Paul's game and nicotian amusements were cut short by her visit to the billiard-room; and when we were alone by the cozy dressing-room fire, she told me what had happened during the day. Why should Ethel's refusal of Lord Farintosh have so much elated my wife?

"Ah!" cries Mrs. Pendennis, "she has a generous nature, and the world has not had time to spoil it. Do you know there are many points that she never has thought of—I would say problems that she has to work out for herself, only you, Pen, do not like us poor ignorant women to use such a learned word as problems. Life and experience force things upon her mind which others learn from their parents or those who educate them, but for which she has never had any teachers. Nobody has ever told her, Arthur, that it was wrong to marry without love, or pronounce lightly those awful vows which we utter before God at the altar. I believe, if she knew that her life was futile, it is but of late she has thought it could be otherwise, and that she might mend it. I have read (besides that poem of Goethe of which you are so fond) in books of Indian travels of Bayaderes, dancing girls brought up by troops round about the temples, whose calling is to dance, and wear jewels, and look beautiful; I believe they are quite respected in—in Pagoda-land. They perform before the priests in the pagodas, and the Bramins and the Indian princes marry them. Can we cry out against these poor creatures, or against the custom of their country? It seems to me that young women in our world are bred up in a way not very different. What they do they scarcely know to be wrong. They are educated for the world, and taught to display: their mothers will give them to the richest suitor, as they themselves were given before. How can these think seriously, Arthur, of souls to be saved, weak hearts to be kept out of temptation, prayers to be uttered, and a better world to be held always in view, when the vanities of this one are all their thought and scheme? Ethel's simple talk made me smile sometimes, do you know, and her *strenuous* way of imparting her discoveries. I thought of the shepherd boy who made a watch, and found on taking it into the town how very many watches there were, and how much better than his. But the poor child has had to make hers for herself, such as it is; and, indeed, is employed now in working on it. She told me very artlessly her little history, Arthur; it affected me to hear her simple talk, and—and I blessed God for our mother, my dear, and that my early days had had a better guide.

"You know that for a long time it was settled that she was to marry her cousin, Lord Kew. She was bred to that notion from her earliest youth; about which she spoke as we all can about our early days. They were spent, she said, in the nursery and school-room, for the most part. She was allowed to come to her mother's dressing-room, and sometimes to see more of her during the winter at Newcome. She describes her mother as always the kindest of the kind: but from very early times the daughter must have felt her own superiority, I think, though she does not speak of it. You should see her at home now in their dreadful calamity. She seems the only person of the house who keeps her head.

"She told very nicely and modestly how it was Lord Kew who parted from her, not she who had dismissed him, as you know the Newcomes used to say. I have heard that—oh—that *man* Sir Barnes say so myself. She says humbly that her cousin Kew was a great deal too good for her; and so is every one almost, she adds, poor thing!"

"Poor every one! Did you ask about him, Laura?" said Mr. Pendennis.

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"No; I did not venture. She looked at me out of her downright eyes, and went on with her little tale. 'I was scarcely more than a child then,' she continued, 'and though I liked Kew very much—who would not like such a generous, honest creature?—I felt somehow that I was *taller* than my cousin, and as if I ought not to marry him, or should make him unhappy if I did. When poor papa used to talk, we children remarked that mamma hardly listened to him; and so we did not respect him as we should, and Barnes was especially scoffing and odious with him. Why, when he was a boy, he used to sneer at papa openly before us younger ones. Now Harriet admires every thing that Kew says, and that makes her a great deal happier at being with him.' And then," added Mrs. Pendennis, "Ethel said, 'I hope you respect *your* husband, Laura: depend on it you will be happier if you do.' Was not that a fine discovery of Ethel's, Mr. Pen?

"'Clara's terror of Barnes frightened me when I staid in the house,' Ethel went on. 'I am sure *I* would not tremble before any man in the world as she did. I saw early that she used to deceive him, and tell him lies, Laura. I do not mean lies of words alone, but lies of looks and actions. Oh! I do not wonder at her flying from him. He was dreadful to be with: cruel, and selfish, and cold. He was made worse by marrying a woman he did not love, as she was by that unfortunate union with him. Suppose he had found a clever woman, who could have controlled him, and amused him, and whom he and his friends could have admired, instead of poor Clara, who made his home wearisome, and trembled when he entered it? Suppose she could have married that unhappy man to whom she was attached early? I was frightened, Laura, to think how ill this worldly marriage had prospered.

"'My poor grandmother, whenever I spoke upon such a subject, would break out into a thousand jibes and sarcasms, and point to many of our friends who had made love-matches, and were quarreling now as fiercely as though they had never loved each other. You remember that dreadful case in France of the Duc de ——, who murdered his duchess? That was a love-match, and I can remember the sort of screech with which Lady Kew used to speak about it; and of the journal which the poor duchess kept, and in which she noted down all her husband's ill behavior.'"

"Hush, Laura! Do you remember where we are? If the princess were to put down all Florac's culpabilities in an album, what a ledger it would be—as big as Dr. Portman's Chrysostom!" But this was parenthetical, and after a smile, and a little respite, the young woman proceeded in her narration of her friend's history.

"'I was willing enough to listen,' Ethel said, 'to grandmamma then: for we are glad of an excuse to do what we like; and I liked admiration, and rank, and great wealth, Laura; and Lord Farintosh offered me these. I liked to surpass my companions, and I saw *them* so eager in pursuing him! You can not think, Laura, what meannesses women in the world will commit—mothers and daughters too, in the pursuit of a person of his great rank. Those Miss Burrs, you should have seen them at the country houses where we visited together, and how they followed him; how they would meet him in the parks and shrubberies; how they liked smoking, though I knew it made them ill; how they were always finding pretexts for getting near him! Oh! it was odious.*

"'Wherever we went, however, it was easy to see, I think I may say so without vanity, who was the object of Lord Farintosh's attention. He followed us every where, and we could not go upon any visit in England or Scotland but he was in the same house. Grandmamma's whole heart was bent upon that marriage, and when he proposed for me I do not disown that I was very pleased and vain.

"'It is in these last months that I have heard about him more, and learned to know him better—him and myself too, Laura. Some one—some one you know, and whom I shall always love as a brother—reproached me in former days for a worldliness about which you talk too sometimes. But it is not worldly to give yourself up for your family, is it? One can not help the rank in which one is born, and surely it is but natural and proper to marry in it—not' (here Miss Ethel laughed)—'not that Lord Farintosh thinks me or any one of his rank. He is the Sultan, and we—every unmarried girl in society—is his humblest slave. His Majesty's opinions upon this subject did not suit me, I can assure you: I have no notion of such pride!

"'But I do not disguise from you, dear Laura, that after accepting him, as I came to know him better, and heard him, and heard of him, and talked with him daily, and understood Lord Farintosh's character, I looked forward with more and more doubt to the day when I was to become his wife. I have not learned to respect him in these months that I have known him, and during which there has been mourning in our families. I will not talk to you about him; I have no right, have I? to hear him speak out his heart, and tell it to any friend. He said he liked me because I did not flatter him. Poor Malcolm! they all do. What was my acceptance of him, Laura, but flattery? Yes, flattery, and servility to rank, and a desire to possess it. Would I have accepted plain Malcolm Roy? I sent away a better than him, Laura.

"'These things have been brooding in my mind for some months past. I must have been but an ill companion for him, and indeed he bore with my waywardness much more kindly

* In order not to interrupt the narrative, let the reporter be allowed here to state that at this point of Miss Newcome's story, which my wife gave with a very pretty imitation of the girl's manner, we both burst out laughing so loud that little Madame de Moncontour put her head into the drawing-room, and asked what we was a-laughing at.

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than I ever thought possible; and when, four days since, we came to this sad house, where he was to have joined us, and I found only dismay and wretchedness, and these poor children deprived of a mother, whom I pity, God help her! for she has been made so miserable—and is now and must be to the end of her days—as I lay awake, thinking of my own future life, and that I was going to marry, as poor Clara had married, but for an establishment and a position in life; I, my own mistress, and not obedient by nature, or a slave to others, as that poor creature was—I thought to myself, why shall I do this? Now Clara has left us, and is, as it were, dead to us who made her so unhappy, let me be the mother to her orphans. I love the little girl, and she has always loved me, and came crying to me that day when we arrived, and put her dear little arms round my neck, and said, "*You* won't go away, will you, aunt Ethel?" in her sweet voice. And I will stay with her; and will try and learn myself, that I may teach her; and learn to be good too—better than I have been. Will praying help me, Laura? I did. I am sure I was right, and that it is my duty to stay here.'"

Laura was greatly moved as she told her friend's confession; and when the next day at church the clergyman read the opening words of the service, I thought a peculiar radiance and happiness beamed from her bright face.

Some subsequent occurrences in the history of this branch of the Newcome family I am enabled to report from the testimony of the same informant who has just given us an account of her own feelings and life. Miss Ethel and my wife were now in daily communication, and "my-dearesting" each other with that female fervor which, cold men of the world as we are—not only chary of warm expressions of friendship, but averse to entertaining warm feelings at all—we surely must admire in persons of the inferior sex, whose loves grow up and reach the skies in a night; who kiss, embrace, console, call each other by Christian names, in that sweet, kindly sisterhood of Misfortune and Compassion who are always entering into partnership here in life. I say the world is full of Miss Nightingales; and we, sick and wounded in our private Scutaris, have countless nurse-tenders. I did not see my wife ministering to the afflicted family at Newcome Park; but I can fancy her there among the women and children, her prudent counsel, her thousand gentle offices, her apt pity and cheerfulness, the love and truth glowing in her face, and inspiring her words, movements, demeanor. Mrs. Pendennis's husband, for his part, did not attempt to console Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Baronet. I never professed to have a halfpennyworth of pity at that gentleman's command. Florac, who owed Barnes his principality and his present comforts in life, did make some futile efforts at condolence, but was received by the Baronet with such fierceness, and evident ill-humor, that he did not care to repeat his visits, and allowed him to vent his curses and peevishness on his own immediate dependents. We used to ask Laura on her return to Rosebury from her charity visits to Newcome about the poor suffering master of the house. She faltered and stammered in describing him, and what she heard of him; she smiled, I grieve to say, for this unfortunate lady can not help having a sense of humor; and we could not help laughing outright sometimes at the idea of that discomfited wretch, that overbearing creature, overborne in his turn—which laughter Mrs. Laura used to chide as very naughty and unfeeling. When we went into Newcome the landlord of the King's Arms looked knowing and quizzical: Tom Potts grinned at me and rubbed his hands. "This business serves the paper better than Mr. Warrington's articles," says Mr. Potts. "We have sold no end of Independents; and if you polled the whole borough, I bet that five to one would say Sir Screwcome Screwcome was served right. By the way, what's up about the Marquis of Farintosh, Mr. Pendennis? He arrived at the Arms last night; went over to the Park this morning, and is gone back to town by the afternoon train."

What had happened between the Marquis of Farintosh and Miss Newcome I am enabled to know from the report of Miss Newcome's confidante. On the receipt of that letter of *congé* which has been mentioned in a former chapter, his lordship must have been very much excited, for he left town straightway by that evening's mail, and on the next morning, after a few hours of rest at his inn, was at Newcome lodge-gate demanding to see the Baronet.

On that morning it chanced that Sir Barnes had left home with Mr. Speers, his legal adviser; and hereupon the Marquis asked to see Miss Newcome; nor could the lodge-keeper venture to exclude so distinguished a person from the park. His lordship drove up to the house, and his name was taken to Miss Ethel. She turned very pale when she heard it; and my wife divined at once who was her visitor. Lady Ann had not left her room as yet. Laura Pendennis remained in command of the little conclave of children, with whom the two ladies were sitting when Lord Farintosh arrived. Little Clara wanted to go with her aunt as she rose to leave the room—the child could scarcely be got to part from her now.

At the end of an hour the carriage was seen driving away, and Ethel returned looking as pale as before, and red about the eyes. Miss Clara's mutton chop for dinner coming in at the same time, the child was not so presently eager for her aunt's company. Aunt Ethel cut up the mutton chop very neatly, and then having seen the child comfortably seated at her meal, went with her friend into a neighboring apartment (of course, with some pretext of showing Laura a picture, or a piece of china, or a new child's frock, or with some other hypocritical pretense by which the ingenuous female attendants pretended to be utterly blinded), and there, I have no doubt, before beginning her

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story, dearest Laura embraced dearest Ethel, and *vice versâ*.

"He is gone!" at length gasps dearest Ethel.

"*Pour toujours?* poor young man!" sighs dearest Laura. "Was he very unhappy, Ethel?"

"He was more angry," Ethel answers. "He had a right to be hurt, but not to speak as he did. He lost his temper quite at last, and broke out in the most frantic reproaches. He forgot all respect and even gentlemanlike behavior. Do you know he used words—words such as Barnes uses sometimes when he is angry! and dared this language to me! I was sorry till then, very sorry, and very much moved; but I know more than ever now, that I was right in refusing Lord Farintosh."

Dearest Laura now pressed for an account of all that had happened, which may be briefly told as follows: Feeling very deeply upon the subject which brought him to Miss Newcome, it was no wonder that Lord Farintosh spoke at first in a way which moved her. He said he thought her letter to his mother was very rightly written under the circumstances, and thanked her for her generosity in offering to release him from his engagement. But the affair—the painful circumstance of Highgate, and that—which had happened in the Newcome family, was no fault of Miss Newcome's, and Lord Farintosh could not think of holding her accountable. His friends had long urged him to marry, and it was by his mother's own wish that the engagement was formed, which he was determined to maintain. In his course through the world (of which he was getting very tired), he had never seen a woman, a lady who was so—you understand, Ethel—whom he admired so much, who was likely to make so good a wife for him as you are. "You allude," he continued, "to differences we have had—and we *have* had them—but many of them, I own, have been from my fault. I have been bred up in a way different to most young men. I can not help it if I have had temptations to which other men are not exposed; and have been placed by—by Providence—in a high rank of life; I am sure if you share it with me you will adorn it, and be in every way worthy of it, and make me much better than I have been. If you knew what a night of agony I passed after my mother read that letter to me—I know you'd pity me, Ethel—I know you would. The idea of losing you makes me wild. My mother was dreadfully alarmed when she saw the state I was in; so was the Doctor—I assure you he was. And I had no rest at all, and no peace of mind, until I determined to come down to you; and say that I adored you, and you only; and that I would hold to my engagement in spite of everything—and prove to you that—that no man in the world could love you more sincerely than I do." Here the young gentleman was so overcome that he paused in his speech, and gave way to an emotion, for which, surely no man who has been in the same condition with Lord Farintosh will blame him.

Miss Newcome was also much touched by this exhibition of natural feeling; and, I dare say, it was at this time that her eyes showed the first symptoms of that malady of which the traces were visible an hour after.

"You are very generous and kind to me, Lord Farintosh," she said. "Your constancy honors me very much, and proves how good and loyal you are; but—but do not think hardly of me for saying that the more I have thought of what has happened here—of the wretched consequences of interested marriages; the long union growing each day so miserable, that at last it becomes intolerable, and is burst asunder, as in poor Clara's case; the more I am resolved not to commit that first fatal step of entering into a marriage without—without the degree of affection which people who take that vow ought to feel for one another."

"Affection! Can you doubt it? Gracious heavens, I adore you! Isn't my being here a proof that I do?" cries the young lady's lover.

"But I?" answered the girl. "I have asked my own heart that question before this. I have thought to myself—if he comes after all—if his affection for me survives this disgrace of our family, as it has, and every one of us should be thankful to you—ought I not to show at least gratitude for so much kindness and honor, and devote myself to one who makes such sacrifices for me? But, before all things I owe you the truth, Lord Farintosh. I never could make you happy; I know I could not: nor obey you as you are accustomed to be obeyed; nor give you such a devotion as you have a right to expect from your wife. I thought I might once. I can't now! I know that I took you because you were rich, and had a great name; not because you were honest and attached to me, as you show yourself to be. I ask your pardon for the deceit I practiced on you. Look at Clara, poor child, and her misery! My pride, I know, would never have let me fall as far as she has done; but, oh! I am humiliated to think that I could have been made to say I would take the first step in that awful career."

"What career, in God's name?" cries the astonished suitor. "Humiliated, Ethel! Who's going to humiliate you? I suppose there is no woman in England who need be humiliated by becoming my wife. I should like to see the one that I can't pretend to—or to royal blood if I like: it's not better than mine. Humiliated, indeed! That *is* news. Ha! ha! You don't suppose that your pedigree, which I know all about, and the Newcome family, with your barber-surgeon to Edward the Confessor, are equal to—"

"To yours? No. It is not very long that I have learned to disbelieve in that story altogether. I fancy it was an odd whim of my poor father's, and that our family were quite poor people."

"I knew it," said Lord Farintosh. "Do you suppose there was not plenty of women to tell it me?"

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"It was not because we were poor that I was humiliated," Ethel went on. "That can not be our fault, though some of us seem to think it is, as they hide the truth so. One of my uncles used to tell me that my grandfather's father was a laborer in Newcome: but I was a child then, and liked to believe the prettiest story best."

"As if it matters!" cries Lord Farintosh.

"As if it matters in your wife? *n'est-ce pas?* I never thought that it would. I should have told you, as it was my duty to tell you all. It was not my ancestors you cared for; and it is you yourself that your wife must swear before heaven to love."

"Of course it's me," answers the young man, not quite understanding the train of ideas in his companion's mind.

"But if I found it was your birth, and your name, and your wealth that I coveted, and had nearly taken, ought I not to feel humiliated, and ask pardon of you and of God? Oh, what perjuries poor Clara was made to speak—and see what has befallen her! We stood by and heard her without being shocked. We applauded even. And to what shame and misery we brought her! Why did her parents and mine consign her to such ruin? She might have lived pure and happy but for us. With her example before me—not her flight, poor child!—I am not afraid of *that* happening to me—but her long solitude, the misery of her wasted years—my brother's own wretchedness and faults aggravated a hundredfold by his unhappy union with her—I must pause while it is yet time, and recall a promise which I know I should make you unhappy if I fulfilled. I ask your pardon that I deceived you, Lord Farintosh, and feel ashamed and humiliated for myself that I could have consented to do it."

"Do you mean," cried the young Marquis, "that after my conduct to you—after my loving

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you, so that even this—this disgrace in your family don't prevent my going on—after my mother has been down on her knees to me to break off, and I wouldn't—no, I wouldn't—after all White's sneering at me and laughing at me, and all my friends, friends of my family, who would go to—go any where for me, advising me, and saying, 'Farintosh, what a fool you are; break off this match'—and I wouldn't back out, because I loved you so, by Heaven! and because, as a man and a gentleman, when I give my word I keep it—do you mean that *you* throw me over? It's a shame—it's a shame!" And again there were tears of rage and anguish in Farintosh's eyes.

"What I did was a shame, my lord," Ethel said, humbly; "and again I ask your pardon for it. What I do now is only to tell you the truth, and to grieve with all my soul for the falsehood—yes, the falsehood—which I told you, and which has given your kind heart such cruel pain."

"Yes, it *was* a falsehood!" the poor lad cried out. "You follow a fellow, and you make a fool of him, and you make him frantic in love with you, and then you fling him over! I wonder you can look me in the face after such an infernal treason. You've done it to twenty fellows before—I know you have. Every body said so, and warned me. You draw them on, and get them to be in love, and then you fling them away. Am I to go back to London, and be made the laughing-stock of the whole town—I, who might marry any woman in Europe, and who am at the head of the nobility of England?"

"Upon my word, if you will believe me after deceiving you once," Ethel interposed, still very humbly, "I will never say that it was I who withdrew from you, and that it was not you who refused me. What has happened here fully authorizes you. Let the rupture of the engagement come from you, my lord. Indeed, indeed, I would spare you all the pain I can. I have done you wrong enough already, Lord Farintosh."

And now the Marquis broke out with tears and imprecations, wild cries of anger, love, and disappointment, so fierce and incoherent that the lady to whom they were addressed did not repeat them to her confidante. Only she generously charged Laura to remember, if ever she heard the matter talked of in the world, that it was Lord Farintosh's family which broke off the marriage; but that his lordship had acted most kindly and generously throughout the whole affair.

He went back to London in such a state of fury, and raved so wildly among his friends against the whole Newcome family, that many men knew what the case really was. But all women averred that that intriguing worldly Ethel Newcome, the apt pupil of her wicked old grandmother, had met with a deserved rebuff; that after doing every thing in her power to catch the great *parti*, Lord Farintosh, who had long been tired of her, flung her over, not liking the connection; and that she was living out of the world now at Newcome, under the pretense of taking care of that unfortunate Lady Clara's children, but really because she was pining away for Lord Farintosh, who, as we all know, married six months afterward.



CHAPTER LX.

IN WHICH WE WRITE TO THE COLONEL.

Deeming that her brother Barnes had cares enough of his own presently on hand, Ethel did not think fit to confide to him the particulars of her interview with Lord Farintosh; nor even was poor Lady Ann informed that she had lost a noble son-in-law. The news would come to both of them soon enough, Ethel thought; and indeed, before many hours were over, it reached Sir Barnes Newcome in a very abrupt and unpleasant way. He had dismal occasion now to see his lawyers every day; and on the day after Lord Farintosh's abrupt visit and departure, Sir Barnes, going into Newcome upon his own unfortunate affairs, was told by his attorney, Mr. Speers, how the Marquis of Farintosh had slept for a few hours at the King's Arms, and returned to town the same evening by the train. We may add, that his lordship had occupied the very room in which Lord Highgate had previously slept; and Mr. Taplow recommends the bed accordingly, and shows it with pride to this very day.

Much disturbed by this intelligence, Sir Barnes was making his way to his cheerless home in the evening, when near his own gate he overtook another messenger. This was the railway porter, who daily brought telegraphic messages from his uncle and the bank in London. The message of that day was, "Consols, so-and-so. French Rentes, so much. *Highgate's and Farintosh's accounts withdrawn.*" The wretched keeper of the lodge owned, with trembling, in reply to the curses and queries of his employer, that a gentleman calling himself the Marquis of Farintosh had gone up to the house the day before, and come away an hour afterward—did not like to speak to Sir Barnes when he came home, Sir Barnes looked so bad like.

Now, of course, there could be no conceal-

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ment from her brother, and Ethel and Barnes had a conversation, in which the latter expressed himself with that freedom of language which characterized the head of the house of Newcome. Madame de Moncontour's pony-chaise was in waiting at the hall door when the owner of the house entered it, and my wife was just taking leave of Ethel and her little people when Sir Barnes Newcome entered the lady's sitting-room.

The livid scowl with which Barnes greeted my wife surprised that lady, though it did not induce her to prolong her visit to her friend. As Laura took leave, she heard Sir Barnes screaming to the nurses to "take those little beggars away;" and she rightly conjectured that some more unpleasantries had occurred to disturb this luckless gentleman's temper.

On the morrow, dearest Ethel's usual courier, one of the boys from the lodge, trotted over on his donkey to dearest Laura at Rosebury with one of those missives which were daily passing between the ladies. This letter said:

"Barnes m'a fait une scène terrible hier. I was obliged to tell him every thing about Lord F., and *to use the plainest language*. At first, he forbade you the house. He thinks that you have been the cause of F.'s dismissal, and charged me, *most unjustly*, with a desire to bring back poor C. N. I replied *as became me*, and told him fairly I would leave the house if *odious insulting charges* were made against me, if my friends were not received. He stormed, he cried, he employed *his usual language*—he was in a dreadful state. He relented, and asked pardon. He goes to town to-night by the mail train. *Of course* you come as usual, dear, dear Laura. I am miserable without you; and you know I can not leave poor mamma. Clarykin sends a *thousand kisses* to little Arty; and I am *his mother's* always affectionate—E. N.

"Will the gentlemen like to shoot our pheasants? Please ask the Prince to let Warren know when. I sent a brace to poor dear old Mrs. Mason, and had such a nice letter from her!"

"And who is poor dear Mrs. Mason?" asks Mr. Pendennis, as yet but imperfectly acquainted with the history of the Newcomes.

And Laura told me—perhaps I had heard before, and forgotten—that Mrs. Mason was an old nurse and pensioner of the Colonel's, and how he had been to see her for the sake of old times, and how she was a great favorite with Ethel; and Laura kissed her little son, and was exceedingly bright, cheerful, and hilarious that evening, in spite of the affliction under which her dear friends at Newcome were laboring.

People in country houses should be exceedingly careful about their blotting-paper. They should bring their own portfolios with them. If any kind readers will bear this simple little hint in mind, how much mischief may they save themselves—nay, enjoy possibly, by looking at the pages of the next portfolio in the next friend's bedroom in which they sleep. From such a book I once cut out, in Charles Slyboots' well-known and perfectly clear handwriting, the words "Miss Emily Hartington, James Street, Buckingham Gate, London," and produced as legibly on the blotting-paper as on the envelope which the postman delivered. After showing the paper round to the company, I inclosed it in a note and sent it to Mr. Slyboots, who married Miss Hartington three months afterward. In such a book at the club I read, as plainly as you may read this page, a holograph page of the Right Honorable the Earl of Bareacres, which informed the whole club of a painful and private circumstance, and said, "My dear Green,—I am truly sorry that I shall not be able to take up the bill for eight hundred and fifty-six pounds, which becomes due next Tu . . . .;" and upon such a book, going to write a note in Madame de Moncontour's drawing-room at Rosebury, what should I find but proofs that my own wife was engaged in a clandestine correspondence with a gentleman residing abroad!

"Colonel Newcome, C. B., Montagne de la Cour, Brussels," I read, in this young woman's handwriting; and asked, turning round upon Laura, who entered the room just as I discovered her guilt, "What *have* you been writing to Colonel Newcome about, Miss?"

"I wanted him to get me some lace," she said.

"To lace some nightcaps for me, didn't you, my dear? He is such a fine judge of lace! If I had known you had been writing, I would have asked you to send him a message. I want something from Brussels. Is the letter—ahem—gone?" (In this artful way, you see, I just hinted that I should like to *see* the letter.)

"The letter is—ahem—gone," says Laura. "What do you want from Brussels, Pen?"

"I want some Brussels sprouts, my love—they are so fine in their native country."

"Shall I write to him to send the letter back?" palpitates poor little Laura; for she thought her husband was offended, by using the ironic method.

"No, you dear little woman! You need not send for the letter back, and you need not tell me what was in it: and I will bet you a hundred yards of lace to a cotton nightcap—and you know whether *I*, Madam, am a man *à bonnet-de-coton*—I will bet you that I know what you have been writing about, under pretense of a message about lace, to our Colonel."

"He promised to send it me. He really did. Lady Rockminster gave me twenty pounds—" gasps Laura.

"Under pretense of lace, you have been sending over a love-message. You want to see whether Clive is still of his old mind. You think the coast is now clear, and that dearest Ethel may like him. You think Mrs. Mason is growing very old and infirm, and the sight of her dear boy would—"

"Pen! Pen! *did you open my letter?*" cries Laura; and a laugh which could afford to be

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good-humored (followed by yet another expression of the lips) ended this colloquy. No; Mr. Pendennis did not see the letter, but he knew the writer; flattered himself that he knew women in general.

"Where did you get your experience of them, Sir?" asks Mrs. Laura. Question answered in the same manner as the previous demand.

"Well, my dear, and why should not the poor boy be made happy?" Laura continues, standing very close up to her husband. "It is evident to me that Ethel is fond of him. I would rather see her married to a good young man whom she loves, than the mistress of a thousand palaces and coronets. Suppose—suppose you had married Miss Amory, Sir, what a wretched worldly creature you would have been by this time; whereas now—"

"Now that I am the humble slave of a good woman, there is some chance for me," cries this model of husbands. "And all good women are match-makers, as we know very well; and you have had this match in your heart ever since you saw the two young people together. Now, Madam, since I did not see your letter to the Colonel—though I have guessed part of it—tell me, what have you said in it? Have you by any chance told the Colonel that the Farintosh alliance was broken off?"

Laura owned that she had hinted as much.

"You have not ventured to say that Ethel is well inclined to Clive?"

"Oh no—oh *dear*, no!" But after much cross-examining, and a little blushing on Laura's part, she is brought to confess that she has asked the Colonel whether he will not come and see Mrs. Mason, who is pining to see him, and is growing very old. And I find out that she has been to see this Mrs. Mason; that she and Miss Newcome visited the old lady the day before yesterday; and Laura thought, from the manner in which Ethel looked at Clive's picture hanging up in the parlor of his father's old friend, that she really *was* very much, etc., etc. So, the letter being gone, Mrs. Pendennis is most eager about the answer to it; and day after day examines the bag, and is provoked that it brings no letter bearing the Brussels post-mark.

Madame de Moncontour seems perfectly well to know what Mrs. Laura has been doing and is hoping. "What, no letters again to-day? Ain't it provoking?" she cries. She is in the conspiracy too, and presently Florac is one of the initiated. "These women wish to *bâcler* a marriage between the belle Miss and le petit Claive," Florac announces to me. He pays the highest compliments to Miss Newcome's person as he speaks regarding the marriage. "I continue to adore your Anglaises," he is pleased to say. "What of freshness, what of beauty, what roses! And then, they are so adorably good. Go, Pendennis, thou art a happy *coquin!*" Mr. Pendennis does not say No. He has won the twenty thousand pound prize; and we know there are worse than blanks in that lottery.



CHAPTER LXI.

IN WHICH WE ARE INTRODUCED TO A NEW NEWCOME.

No answer came to Mrs. Pendennis's letter to Colonel Newcome at Brussels, for the Colonel was absent from that city, and at the time when Laura wrote was actually in London, whither affairs of his own had called him. A note from George Warrington acquainted me with this circumstance; he mentioned that he and the Colonel had dined together at Bays's on the day previous. This news put Laura in a sad perplexity. Should she write and tell him to get his letters from Brussels? She would in five minutes have found some other pretext for writing to Colonel Newcome, had not her husband sternly cautioned the young woman to leave the matter alone.

The more readily perhaps because he had quarreled with his nephew Sir Barnes, Thomas Newcome went to visit his brother Hobson and his sister-in-law; bent on showing that there was no division between him and this branch of his family. And you may suppose that the admirable woman just named had a fine occasion for her virtuous conversational powers in discoursing upon the painful event which had just happened to Sir Barnes. When we fall, how our friends cry out for us! Mrs. Hobson's homilies must have been awful. How that outraged virtue must have groaned and lamented, gathered its children about its knees, wept over them and washed them; gone into sackcloth and ashes, and tied up the knocker; confabulated with its spiritual adviser; uttered commonplaces to its husband; and bored the whole house! The punishment of worldliness and vanity, the evil of marrying out of one's station, how these points must have been explained and enlarged on! Surely the "Peerage" was taken off the drawing-room table and removed to papa's study, where it could not open, as it used naturally once, to Highgate, Baron, or Farintosh, Marquis of, being shut behind wires, and closely jammed in on an upper shelf between Blackstone's Commentaries and the Farmer's Magazine! The breaking of the engagement with the Marquis of Farintosh was known in Bryanstone Square; and you may be sure interpreted by Mrs. Hobson in the light the most disadvantageous to Ethel Newcome. A young nobleman—with grief and pain Ethel's aunt must own the fact—a young man of notoriously

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dissipated habits but of great wealth and rank, had been pursued by the unhappy Lady Kew—Mrs. Hobson would *not* say by her *niece*, that were *too* dreadful—had been pursued, and followed, and hunted down in the most notorious manner, and finally made to propose! Let Ethel's *conduct* and *punishment* be a warning to my dearest girls, and let them bless *Heaven* that they have parents who are not worldly! After all the trouble and pains, Mrs. Hobson did not say *disgrace*, the Marquis takes *the very first pretext* to break off the match, and leaves the unfortunate girl forever!

And now we have to tell of the hardest blow which fell upon poor Ethel, and this was that her good uncle Thomas Newcome believed the charges against her. He was willing enough to listen now to any thing which was said against that branch of the family. With such a traitor, double-dealer, dastard as Barnes at its head, what could the rest of the race be? When the Colonel offered to endow Ethel and Clive with every shilling he had in the world, had not Barnes, the arch-traitor, temporized and told him falsehoods, and hesitated about throwing him off until the Marquis had declared himself? Yes. The girl he and poor Clive loved so was ruined by her artful relatives, was unworthy of his affection and his boy's, was to be banished, like her worthless brother, out of his regard forever. And the man she had chosen in preference to his Clive!—a roué, a libertine, whose extravagances and dissipations were the talk of every club, who had no wit, nor talents, not even constancy (for had he not taken the first opportunity to throw her off?) to recommend him—only a great title and a fortune wherewith to bribe her! For shame, for shame! Her engagement to this man was a blot upon her—the rupture only a just punishment and humiliation. Poor unhappy girl! let her take care of her wretched brother's abandoned children, give up the world, and amend her life.

This was the sentence Thomas Newcome delivered: a righteous and tender-hearted man, as we know, but judging in this case wrongly, and bearing much too hardly, as we who know her better must think, upon one who had her faults certainly, but whose errors were not all of her own making. Who set her on the path she walked in? It was her parents' hands which led her, and her parents' voices which commanded her to accept the temptation set before her. What did she know of the character of the man selected to be her husband? Those who should have known better brought him to her, and vouched for him. Noble, unhappy young creature! are you the first of your sisterhood who has been bidden to traffic your beauty, to crush and slay your honest natural affections, to sell your truth and your life for rank and title? But the Judge who sees not the outward acts merely, but their causes, and views not the wrong alone, but the temptations, struggles, ignorance of erring creatures, we know has a different code to ours—to ours, who fall upon the fallen, who fawn upon the prosperous so, who administer our praises and punishments so prematurely, who now strike so hard, and, anon, spare so shamelessly.

Our stay with our hospitable friends at Rosebury was perforce coming to a close, for indeed weeks after weeks had passed since we had been under their pleasant roof; and in spite of dearest Ethel's remonstrances, it was clear that dearest Laura must take her farewell. In these last days, besides the visits which daily took place between one and other, the young messenger was put in ceaseless requisition, and his donkey must have been worn off his little legs with trotting to and fro between the two houses. Laura was quite anxious and hurt at not hearing from the Colonel: it was a shame that he did not have over his letters from Belgium and answer that one which she had honored him by writing. By some information, received who knows how? our host was aware of the intrigue which Mrs. Pendennis was carrying on; and his little wife almost as much interested in it as my own. Barnes meanwhile remained absent in London, attending to his banking duties there, and pursuing the dismal inquiries which ended, in the ensuing Michaelmas term, in the famous suit of Newcome *v.* Lord Highgate. Ethel, pursuing the plan which she had laid down for herself from the first, took entire charge of his children and house: Lady Ann returned to her own family: never indeed having been of much use in her son's dismal household. My wife talked to me, of course, about her pursuits and amusements at Newcome, in the ancestral-hall which we have mentioned. The children played and ate their dinner (mine often partook of his infantine mutton, in company with little Clara and the poor young heir of Newcome) in the room which had been called my Lady's own, and in which her husband had locked her, forgetting that the conservatories were open, through which the hapless woman had fled. Next to this was the baronial library, a side of which was fitted with the gloomy books from Clapham, which old Mrs. Newcome had amassed; rows of tracts, and missionary magazines, and dingy quarto volumes of worldly travel and history which that lady had admitted into her collection.

Almost on the last day of our stay at Rosebury, the two young ladies bethought them of paying a visit to the neighboring town of Newcome, to that old Mrs. Mason who has been mentioned in a foregoing page in some yet earlier chapter of our history. She was very old now, very faithful to the recollections of her own early time, and oblivious of yesterday. Thanks to Colonel Newcome's bounty, she had lived in comfort for many a long year past; and he was as much her boy now as in those early days of which we have given but an outline. There were Clive's pictures of himself and his father over her little mantlepiece, near which she sat in comfort and warmth by the winter fire which his bounty supplied.

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Mrs. Mason remembered Miss Newcome, prompted thereto by the hints of her little maid, who was much younger, and had a more faithful memory than her mistress. Why Sarah Mason would have forgotten the pheasants whose very tails decorated the chimney-glass, had not Keziah, the maid, reminded her that the young lady was the donor. Then she recollected her benefactor, and asked after her father, the Baronet; and wondered, for her part, why *her* boy, the Colonel, was not made baronet, and why his brother had the property? Her father was a very good man; though Mrs. Mason had heard he was not much liked in those parts. "Dead and gone, was he, poor man?" (This came in reply to a hint from Keziah, the attendant, bawled in the old lady's ears, who was very deaf.) "Well, well, we must all go; and if we were all good, like the Colonel, what was the use of staying? I hope his wife will be good. I am sure such a good man deserves one," added Mrs. Mason.

The ladies thought the old woman doting, led thereto by the remark of Keziah, the maid, that Mrs. Mason have a lost her memory. And she asked who the other bonny lady was, and Ethel told her that Mrs. Pendennis was a friend of the Colonel's and Clive's.

"Oh, Clive's friend! Well, she was a pretty lady, and he was a dear pretty boy. He drew those pictures; and he took off me in my cap, with my old cat and all—my poor old cat that's buried this ever so long ago."

"She has had a letter from the Colonel, Miss," cries out Keziah. "Haven't you had a letter from the Colonel, mum? It came only yesterday." And Keziah takes out the letter and shows it to the ladies. They read as follows:

"London, February 12, 184—.

"My dear old Mason—I have just heard from a friend of mine who has been staying in your neighborhood, that you are well and happy, and that you have been making inquiries after *your young scapegrace*, Tom Newcome, who is well and happy too.

"The letter which was written to me about you was sent to me *in Belgium*, at Brussels, where I have been living—a town near the place where the famous *Battle of Waterloo* was fought; and as I had run away from Waterloo, it *followed me to England.*

"I can not come to Newcome just now to shake my dear old friend and nurse *by the hand.* I have business in London; and there are those of my name *living in Newcome* who would not be very happy to see me and mine.

"But I promise you a visit before very long, and Clive will come with me; and when we come I shall introduce a new friend to you, a very pretty little *daughter-in-law*, whom you must promise to love very much. She is a *Scotch lassie*, niece of my oldest friend, James Binnie, Esquire, of the Bengal Civil Service, who will give her a *pretty bit of siller*, and her present name is Miss Rosa Mackenzie.

"We shall send you a *wedding cake* soon, and a new gown for Keziah (to whom remember me), and when I am gone, my grandchildren after me will hear what a dear friend you were to your affectionate Thomas Newcome."

Keziah must have thought that there was something between Clive and my wife, for when Laura had read the letter she laid it down on the table, and sitting down by it, and, hiding her face in her hands, burst into tears.

Ethel looked steadily at the two pictures of Clive and his father. Then she put her hand on her friend's shoulder. "Come, my dear," she said, "it is growing late, and I must go back to my children." And she saluted Mrs. Mason and her maid in a very stately manner, and left them, leading my wife away, who was still exceedingly overcome.

We could not stay long at Rosebury after that. When Madame de Moncontour heard the news, the good lady cried too. Mrs. Pendennis's emotion was renewed as we passed the gates of Newcome Park on our way to the railroad.

THE SISTERS: A PARSON'S STORY. A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

I.

SHE was gasping when I came in. Her sickness had been sudden and severe, and before we were prepared for the terrible event, we knew that death was at the door.

The house in which Mrs. Bell had lived for twenty years, and was now dying, was an old-fashioned mansion on the hill overlooking the village and the bay, and a wide expanse of meadow that stretched away to the water's edge. On the side toward the sea was a long piazza, a favorite resort of the family in summer, when the weather was pleasant. I was walking on it, and now and then looking off upon the world below, but with my thoughts more turned upon the scenes that were passing within.

I had been sent for, a few hours before, and to my consternation and grief had found Mrs. Bell already given up by her physicians, and her life rapidly rushing to its close. Her disease was inflammatory. Its progress had defied all human skill, and two days had brought her to this! It was hard to believe it. But why should I be so distressed with the result, when others were suffering anguish which even my sympathies could not reach to relieve? Exhausted with my vain but earnest efforts to soothe the heart-rending grief of those who clung to the dying, I had left the chamber.

Mrs. Bell was a member of my church. Mr. Bell was not. He was reputed to be a man of means, and was known to be living easily, doing but little business, and apparently caring for nothing in the future. No one suspected that this indifference had resulted in the gradual wasting away of the property he had inherited;

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mortgages covering all the landed estates he was known to possess, till even the homestead was in danger.

But the pride of my parish was in this family. Two daughters, with only the difference of a year in their ages, and now just coming up into womanhood, were the only children of Mr. and Mrs. Bell. Sarah was the oldest, and her blue eyes and yellow hair were like her mother's, and the younger, Mary, had inherited from her father a radiant black eye, and locks of the raven hue. They were sisters in heart, soul, and mind, though a stranger would not have taken them to be the children of the same mother. Such love as bound them was wonderful to me, who, as the pastor of the family, was often there, and knew them well. I had watched its growth for ten years, and frequently had remarked that it exceeded in tenderness and devotion any thing of the kind that had ever fallen under my notice. Mrs. Bell had a thousand-fold more opportunities of putting it to the test, and of seeing it tried in the daily and hourly intercourse of the family, and she had told me that she had never known a moment of failure in the season of childhood and of youth, when the temper is often tried, and children are called on to make sacrifices for one another in little things, far greater tests of love than the struggles of after-life. She had observed, and had mentioned to me, a mysterious sympathy between them even from very early years. Their minds were turned at one and the same moment toward the same subject, when there appeared to be nothing suggestive of the train of thought engaging them both. A secret thread seemed to connect their souls, so that what was passing in one's mind was often at work in the other's. Instead of provoking dissension, as such a coincidence would naturally produce, it was rather a bond of union, leading them to love the same pleasures, and to study and labor to promote each other's joys. This was the more remarkable as their natural temperaments were unlike. The eldest was sanguine and cheerful, a sunbeam always shining in the house, glad and making glad—the brightest, happiest, gleefulest girl in my parish. Mary was sedate. Like her father, she was not inclined to action. Even in her childhood a tinge of melancholy gave a coloring to her life. She was fond of reading and retirement. When alone, her thoughts were her own. Her love for Sarah, and her filial love, made her faithful as a sister and a child; but there was a trait of character in which her sister, with all their sympathy, did not share. It was requisite, this contrast, to make them two. There was individuality, notwithstanding the kin-tie of spirit binding them as one, in a deep, earnest, true-hearted love that knew no break or change. But I am dwelling on these features of the children while the mother is dying. I was walking up and down the piazza, thinking of the awful work death was making in this house; of the wondrous love that bound mother and daughters, now to be no barrier in the way of this fell destroyer, half wishing I had the power to stay his arm, and drive him out of the paradise he was about to blast with his breath, when a servant summoned me to the chamber.

She was gasping as I entered. The fever raging in her veins had suffused her cheeks with crimson: the rich hair, which, according to the custom of the times—for this was many, many years ago—she had worn in a mass sustained by a comb on the back of her head, now hung in great ringlets on her shoulders, and the eye, sparkling with the last light of life, was fixed on her daughters kneeling at the bedside, giving vent to their bitter grief in floods of tears, and sobs they strove in vain to suppress.

Yet she knew me. She raised her hand as I came in, and said to me as I approached, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Before I could find words, she added: "My children—the poor girls—be kind to them—be a friend to my dear husband." It was her last effort. While I had been out of the room she had taken leave of those dearest in life, and was now breathing away her spirit calmly, for she was not afraid to die, peacefully, for the pains of death were past.

It was all over. The stricken daughters were borne from the room by kind friends. The husband, betraying less emotion than we thought he would show in the midst of such a scene, retired, and I was for a moment alone with the dead. Wondrous the change that an instant had wrought! Out on an unknown sea the soul had drifted, and left this wreck upon the shore—a dissolving hulk—a heap of clay that would soon be loathsome to those who an hour ago were hanging over it with intensest love, covering it with kisses, and folding it in their arms. They call this awful work by the name of death! But this is not the last of Mrs. Bell, the lovely, living Mrs. Bell. She is not dead. This is not the wife, the mother, the friend. She is not here. And as she is not here, we can do nothing more for her.

A few days afterward we laid her in the grave. She was a great favorite among our people, and they were all present at her burial. The grief of the daughters was for the present inconsolable; it was kindness to let them weep freely, and have their own way in the first gush of their great sorrow. Perhaps time would do something for them. Religion would shed a soothing influence over their crushed and bleeding hearts, but now it was better to let the streams of affection flow along in these gushing tears, for there is a medicine in weeping that is the first remedy of grief.

II.

Mr. Bell died in less than a year. He was seized with a fit of apoplexy, while sitting on the piazza after dinner, and died without a word.

The daughters were not at home, but were sent for in all haste, and arrived just as I did, being called again to the house where so recently

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I had seen the fairest and fondest of mothers expire. The body of Mr. Bell, dressed as he died, was lying on the same bed which I had last seen, when the corpse of his wife was there. It seemed but the day before. Not a change had been made. The same Bible lay on the same stand, near the bed, and I had heard that he read it oftener since the death of his wife. The same bureau with drawers and covered with a white cloth, a few choice books standing on it, was on the other side of the room, and a large easy-chair stuffed and clothed with dimity, and a few simple but very convenient articles completed the furniture of the apartment. But instead of the pale form of my gentle friend, Mrs. Bell, lovely even in death, there was lying on that white counterpane the large and now blackened corpse of her husband. The physician, who had been early on the ground, had found him dead. The case was a plain one. Indeed he had been often warned of such an event, but his habitual fondness of putting things off, had led him to neglect all means of improving or preserving his health, and he had been cut down in the midst of his days.

But the daughters. They are orphans now. They clung to me as to the friend on whom they might lean, and who would not forget the dying request of their sainted mother. They had loved their father with all the earnestness of their nature, and all the more since the death of their mother had made him dependent on them for a thousand nameless acts and arts of kindness which he had ever received from his faithful wife. And the loneliness that now lay before them was so appalling that they feared to look into the future. They had no brother, no relative to whom they might turn. It was not strange that such thoughts pressed on them, even at the side of their dead father, and that in the midst of their anguish under this sudden and overwhelming blow, they should every now and then cry out, "What shall we do?" And who could answer the question?

If it was a sad and fearful inquiry while as yet we believed that Mr. Bell had left behind him a large and handsome property, it was more distressing still, when a few weeks after his death it was discovered that he was hopelessly involved in debt, and after the claims of his creditors were but partially satisfied, it would leave nothing, not a cent, not the homestead, not the house, not even the furniture to his daughters. He was a bankrupt, and had been for a long time past, but he had no energy to meet the calamity, and death came on him just as his affairs were reaching a crisis that put further concealment of the state of his affairs out of the question. Perhaps the coming disclosure hastened the blow that killed him. But the facts could no longer be hid even from those whom they must crush. Poor girls! In every sense that makes that word *poor* a term of pity, these girls were now poor indeed. Had it been possible for me in my circumstances to have assumed the burden, I would gladly have taken them to my own home, and made them sharers with my children in the weal or woe in store for us all. This I could not in justice do. But something must be done, and that with no delay. The estate was administered upon in a few weeks, and as there were no funds to meet the debts, the law took its course, and the orphans were homeless.

Their education had been domestic. Mrs. Bell had been their teacher. They were well read girls, but not fitted to teach others. So that door was not open to them. Sarah particularly, with a fine imagination and a decidedly poetical turn of mind, was familiar with the literature of her own language, which she was accustomed to read with her mother. Many of her letters are now in my possession, and they are clothed in language at once graceful and rich, and some of them are beautiful in style and thought. Mary had less taste for reading, yet she thought more and felt deeper than her sister. In the retirement of that home circle the mother and daughters, with an industry more common perhaps in those days than it is in the present, had made needle-work their chief employment, and it was natural that the girls should turn to that in which they were the most expert, as the means on which they must rely for their main support, now that they were thrown upon their own resources, or upon the charity of the world. They had too much self-reliance and too much confidence in God, to trust themselves to the kindness of friends who, in the impulse of sudden sympathy, might offer to do for them what would soon prove to be a task and a burden. No; they would meet the emergency with the energy of faith and hope, knowing that God helps those who help themselves. They gave themselves scant time for mourning. They left the home of their infancy and childhood—the third great sorrow of their lives. But now that father and mother were both gone, even the honeysuckle that climbed up the piazza, and the beds of flowers they had planted and tended with their own hands, and the fruit that hung in rich abundance in the garden, lost half their value—they served rather to remind them of days when in happy youth they had enjoyed them all with the parents they had lost, and it was almost a relief to turn their backs upon the home they had loved, and seek a humble lodging in the village.

III.

For they are sewing-girls now. It was nothing that they were young and pretty and well-bred. They must have food and raiment and shelter, and they could earn all by the labor of their hands. They were not the girls to shrink from the contest with pride and custom, and the thousand and one mortifications to which this new and trying life would lead. Sarah led and Mary followed. They had no words about it. Sarah proposed it, and Mary had been thinking of the same plan. It was the only one before them. And it was not so hopeless as it might be. They had many friends. They would find

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work, plenty of it, and it would be sweeter to live on the bread of honest industry than to ask the charity of any one, or to receive it without asking. It was a noble resolution. They consulted me before coming to a decision, and I could not oppose their scheme, though I had no heart to counsel them to go on with it. The future would be so unlike the past. These sensitive natures—these children as they were to me, who had known them so long as children only—to be exposed to the rough-and-tumble of the life of orphans, was bad enough under almost any aspect of the case. But to be harassed by the daily vexations, and wearied by the daily toils of the life of a *seamstress*, was more than I could think of without tears; and I admired the fortitude with which they addressed themselves to the work they had assumed.

Mrs. Benson was a friend indeed. She was of one of the most influential families in my flock, and had been the bosom friend of Mrs. Bell while she was yet with us. Mrs. Benson offered the girls a home, and when they declined her generous proposal, she insisted on their looking to her as to a mother in the future, whatever might be the issue of the new and untried experiment they were about to make. We shall, however, overrate the heroism of the girls if we measure it by the sacrifice of feeling which such a mode of life would require at the present time. In our rural village of a thousand inhabitants, the girls would not be the less esteemed by any of the better sort of people for their new employment. On the contrary, the door of every house would be open to them, and every voice would be one of kindness to greet them when they came.

"I shall die, I know I shall," said Mary, as they were alone in the snug parlor of the old homestead for the last time. "I feel it here"—as she laid her hand on her side, and pressed her beating heart. "I can never leave it, and feel that it is to be no home of ours again."

"But, Mary dear," said her more hopeful sister, "we could not be at home if we staid here. It is all gloomy now, and what there is to love will be as much ours hereafter as it ever was. These walks will be here, and these trees and flowers, and we will often come and look on them; for whoever lives here will never deny us the privilege. And we are to do for ourselves now. It is too soon to be discouraged. God will help us, and that right early."

"Yes, Sister Sarah, I know all that, and more, but I am afraid. It is dreadful, this going out into the world alone. It looks so dark. My head aches when I think of it. A great black cloud seems to be hanging over us; and sometimes I think I am growing blind, every thing is so dark before me—tell me now, truly, have you had no such fears?"

"But I will not give them room in my thoughts for a moment. They do come to me, as to you, and sometimes they frighten me, but I drive them away, and look to God for strength. Fearful thoughts never come from him. He is our father now, more than ever, and has promised that he will never leave nor forsake us."

Mary was silenced, but not satisfied. Sarah could thus reason her into resignation, but it was still very dark and trying; and, to her desponding nature, there was something in store for them more terrible than they had yet experienced. The presentiment was dim and might be idle, but it was deep-seated and absorbing. She said it was in her heart, but it was in her brain. She often pressed her hand hard on her forehead, and then thrust her head into Sarah's bosom, not weeping, but asking her sister to hide her from the terrible fate that gathered about her, and threatened to blast them both in the morning of their grief.

IV.

"What will George say?" had been a question often on Sarah's mind when coming to this decision that she must be a seamstress. George had never told her that he loved her, but he had been kind and attentive, and a thousand nameless acts had given her the assurance that he was more to her than a friend. She was not insensible. Sarah would have loved him had he sought her love. Happily for her own peace, he had made no advances, and when he learned that she and her sister were not only orphans but poor, he discovered that he had no particular regard for either of them, and with no words, left them to their fate. Perhaps this blow to Sarah's hopes, for she had hopes, was necessary to complete the misery of her portion. A noble, faithful friend to stand by her in such an hour, would have been like life to the dead. There was no such stay for her now. And the two sisters, finding that few friends are born for adversity, prepared to go forth hand-in-hand, and trusting only in God, to do what they could for themselves.

Mrs. Benson was always ready for them with plenty of work, when they had nothing to do elsewhere. She made it for them, not that she had need of their aid, and so cheated them into the belief that they were indispensable for her comfort, while she was only ministering to theirs.

V.

Mrs. Flint was the housekeeper of Mrs. Benson. She had now held this situation for many years, never gaining the confidence of the lady whose domestic affairs she had superintended with so much zeal and discretion, as to render herself indispensable to the house. But she was very far from securing the affections of any of its inmates. A married daughter of hers in the village was even less a favorite than she, in the family of Mrs. Benson. Perhaps the evident partiality which Mrs. Benson had exhibited for the young ladies, who were now her *protégées*, and her failure to interest Mrs. Benson in her daughter, may have been the occasion of a feeling of enmity which she had cherished toward these girls ever since they had become the occasional members of the family. Yet it is needless to speculate upon the causes

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which led to the indulgence of such feelings. A bad heart affords the only explanation of the phenomenon; for such it certainly appears to any who came to the knowledge of the fact that a woman could cherish in her heart a desire to injure two unprotected orphans, whose helpless situation and exceeding innocence of character won for them the universal love and confidence of the community. Without stopping, therefore, to speculate upon the causes of her enmity, it is enough to say that she conceived and carried into execution a plan for the destruction of their character. She accused them to Mrs. Benson of having purloined many articles of clothing; and when the declaration was made, and was received by Mrs. Benson with indignant exclamations of incredulity, she demanded that the basket which they had brought with them should be searched, and expressed her willingness to abide by the result of the examination. She declared that she had seen one of them coming from the wardrobe in the morning, and under circumstances that left no doubt upon her own mind that she had been there for no proper purpose.

More for the sake of convincing her housekeeper of the innocence of those whom she had so recklessly accused than with any idea of making a discovery that should even awaken suspicion in her own mind, Mrs. Benson consented to the search; and while the girls were engaged upon their work below, Mrs. Benson and the housekeeper proceeded to the apartment which had been occupied by the girls, where Mrs. Flint immediately produced from the bottom of the basket the articles, of no great value, to be sure, but enough to fix upon them the guilt which Mrs. Flint had already imputed to them. Still Mrs. Benson was not satisfied. The confidence of years was not to be dashed, even by such a disclosure as this. But what could she say? Mrs. Flint, with vehemence, insisted upon calling up the girls, setting before them the evidence of their shame, and compelling them, with the proof before their own eyes, to confess their guilt.

Bewildered by the painful circumstances for which she was utterly unable to account, and hoping that they would be able to make some explanation of the unpleasant facts, Mrs. Benson consented to summon them to the chamber, and to hear from their own lips such explanation as they might be able to offer. At her call, they came bounding into the room, with conscious innocence in their faces, and wondering at the occasion of being summoned at such an hour to meet Mrs. Benson in their own room. She held up before them what would appear to be indisputable evidence that they had been seeking to rob their best friend; and with trembling voice and tearful eyes, she begged them to tell her by what means these evidences of their wrong had thus been secreted. To her astonishment, they both received her inquiries and disclosures with a ringing laugh. This could mean only utter unconsciousness of evil, if it were not the evidence of a hardened depravity inconsistent with their previous history.

When they came, however, to view the subject in a more serious light, and to perceive the necessity of giving some account of the circumstances in which they were involved, they could do nothing more than to declare their utter ignorance of the way and manner by which they had so suddenly come into possession; and looking at Mrs. Flint, whose eyes fell to the floor when they attempted to catch her attention, they united in the declaration that some evil-disposed person must have secreted the articles among their things for the purpose of fastening upon them the suspicion of theft. Mrs. Flint declared that no one excepting herself and Mrs. Benson had been in the house, or had any access whatever to their apartments, and it was quite impossible to suppose that these things could be found there without hands; and if not without hands, whose could they have been, unless those of the young ladies in whose possession these things had been so *providentially* discovered?

"But how came they to be discovered?" demanded the girls.

This was a question for which Mrs. Flint was unprepared; but recovering herself, she said that, for some time past, her suspicions had been excited by having missed various articles, which she had never mentioned to Mrs. Benson, and which she was resolved not to mention until she should be able to account for their disappearance; that, accordingly, she had kept her eye upon the girls since they came into the house, and having noticed one of them this morning under circumstances that led her to suspect all was not right, she had taken the liberty, in their absence from the room, of examining the apartment, and this was the result!

Roused by a sense of the great injustice which had been done them, yet scarcely able to believe that so much malice could be in the human heart, unable to imagine a reason that could prompt any human being to devise and execute such a plan of mischief against them, they, nevertheless, in conscious innocence, united in charging upon Mrs. Flint, with courage which injured virtue always summons to its own defense, with having contrived this detestable scheme for their ruin; and throwing themselves upon the mercy and upon the neck of Mrs. Benson, they begged her, for the sake of their mother, now in heaven, for their own sakes—helpless and friendless as they were in the world—not to believe this terrible charge, of which they declared themselves to be as guiltless as the spirit of her who bore them.

Mrs. Benson believed them. With all the confidence of a mother, trusting in the purity of daughters whose every word and action she had known and loved from infancy, she took them to her heart, and assured them that, however dark the circumstances might appear, however difficult it might be to explain them, she would believe that God would yet make it plain,

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and that whatever others might think, she for one would cherish no suspicion.

This was a dark chapter in the history of the orphans. Hitherto misfortune had followed fast upon the heel of misfortune. The "clouds had returned after the rain;" but the sorrows which they had experienced had been such as left them in the enjoyment of that priceless treasure—a character above reproach or suspicion. Now, the cloud that hung over them was darker than any which had ever yet obscured their path. For they began to feel how vain would be all their own efforts to stem the tide of adversity, unless they had not only the present consciousness of virtue, but the sweet assurance of the respect and confidence to which it would entitle them.

It was a cheerless circle that surrounded the table at Mrs. Benson's that evening; few words were spoken, but every heart was full of its own reflections upon the events of the day, and their probable influence upon the parties interested. Mrs. Benson's mind was made up as to the course it was her duty to pursue, with reference to the woman, who, she had no doubt, was the evil genius in her house, and to whose malignant jealousy of the orphans she was compelled to attribute this fiendish attempt at their ruin. Still, she desired so to manage the affair as to prevent any future mischief resulting to them from the tongue of Mrs. Flint, when she should dispense with her services in the house.

In the retirement of their chamber the sisters wept together over this new sorrow; they sought strength from God, to whom alone they had learned to look for help in extremities; and, hour after hour, as they lay in each other's arms, they sought to cheer one another with words that did not speak the feelings of their hearts; and it was not until long after midnight that disturbed sleep gave them a brief and imperfect respite from the grief now thickening around and upon them. It was impossible to escape the apprehension that Mrs. Benson's confidence in their integrity had been shaken; and they could not but feel that, were she lost to them, all on earth was lost; and then, so often had they already been compelled to experience the failure of all earthly friendship, they would seek to persuade themselves that, even in the last and most trying circumstances to which they could be subjected, there was One ever above and near them, to whom they might flee for succor, and whose promises, made to their mother in her dying hour, would never fail.

A few days afterward Mrs. Flint took her departure from the house of Mrs. Benson to her married daughter's dwelling, and made it her home for the future. It was not long before the sisters found that her tongue was busy; that she had correctly interpreted the reason of her dismissal; and now, more than she ever had done, sought to work their destruction for the sake of revenge. Whatever might have been the deficiency of motive in her case, when she first meditated mischief, she had now abundant excitement in the fact that the failure of her scheme had wrought her own injury. Stung by the mortification of her own discharge, she sought to expend the violence and bitterness of her own feelings in circulating, with malicious expedition, in the community the story, which would serve at once the double purpose of injuring the orphans, and accounting for her own retirement from the service of Mrs. Benson.

The girls saw the effects before they heard the cause. Friends in whose doors they had been welcomed now received them with coldness. Those who had sought their services now fell away, and they soon found themselves dependent most entirely upon their truly maternal friend, Mrs. Benson, who alone, of all the circle in which they had formerly been received, stood by them. So wide-spread is the mischief which an evil report occasions! It was in vain that Mrs. Benson asserted her belief in the innocence of the sisters. The community took the side of her whom they believed to have been unjustly accused; and to have been discharged when all the evidences of wrong were against the parties whom Mrs. Benson had sheltered with what they believed an over-weening confidence.

VI.

So strong became the prejudice against these unfortunate girls, that their employment gradually fell off, until it became evident that they must be dependent upon Mrs. Benson for their daily bread, or must seek, in some other place, a more favorable opportunity of sustaining themselves. Their friend and patron kindly assisted them in establishing themselves in a neighboring village, where it was believed they might be able to pursue their work, and by degrees gain the confidence of the community. But with a vindictiveness rarely to be found in the female sex, and painful to be contemplated wherever observed, Mrs. Flint followed them to their new home, and soon spread, in the community where they were now seeking to establish for themselves a character, the report that they had been compelled to leave their native village under suspicions of dishonesty. They struggled heroically against this new dispensation of evil, but in vain. A few weeks had scarcely elapsed before it became evident that they would be utterly unable to make progress in this new field, and that the few friends whom they had made were not proof against the insidious effects of slander, which was now undermining them. Indeed, so strong became the popular feeling of indignation against them, as suspicious and dangerous young women who had come into the place, because they were unable to live in another where they were better known, that the house in which they lodged was surrounded by a mob, and demonstrations of violence were made! When they heard the alarm which came up from the street, and were told that they were the occasion of the disturbance, trembling lest they might be the victims of personal violence, their fright became insup-

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portable. Mary, the less excitable of the two, sat moody and speechless.

"They are coming!" at last she exclaimed; "they are coming for us. We shall be driven out; perhaps we shall be killed. What shall we do?"

Sarah, more excited, but always more hopeful, strove to allay her alarm, beseeching her not to lose her trust in God, but to hope for the best. Through the help of the man whose house they were dwelling in, Sarah succeeded, after a while, in inducing the rioters in the street to retire, after having given them the assurance that they would on the next day return to the village from which they had come.

But they had to be taken there. And it was a month before that could be done. The fearful presentiment of some greater sorrow—the great black cloud—was made real—Mary was laid upon a bed of suffering with a brain fever, and Sarah was, by turns, a gentle and then a raving maniac! God help the orphans!

VII.

A year in their native village passes by.

They are now hopelessly deranged. Wandering in the streets, singing loose and ribald songs—a source of intensest grief to all those who had known them in the loveliness of their childhood and youth—they were objects also of the tenderest compassion; and had there been at this time any provision for the care and cure of the insane, doubtless they would have found a refuge in some such asylum. Human skill had not yet contrived such institutions, and the insane were only prevented from doing injuries to others by being confined among the most miserable and degraded of the public poor. As the girls manifested no disposition to do violence to others, and were cheerful rather than gloomy in their madness, they were suffered to go at large; and many sought, by kindness, to win them back again to a state of quietness and peace. Often, when led by the hand of friendship into the house of those who would care for them, they were known to leap from the windows into the street, as if apprehensive of being confined.

As yet, they were never, even in their worst state, insensible to the voice of love. My own house was freely opened to them as a home, where I sought, by all the assiduity which my affection for their parents could suggest, to administer the balm of comfort, if I could not furnish the balm of healing, to their wounded minds.

One instance occurs to me of peculiar interest. They were invited, as not unfrequently they had been before, to spend a social evening with some of the young people of the village; and in the midst of the lively associations of the evening, their spirits seemed to revive. Something of their former gentleness and loveliness began to return. Yet now, so far had the work of ruin gone on in the minds of these young girls, that they not only had forgotten many of their early friends and associates, but, strange to say, they had forgotten the relationship between themselves. They knew each other only as companions. At the close of the evening, they were invited to spend the night at the house where the entertainment had been given; and after retiring to bed, and lying in each other's arms, soothed by the pleasures which they had been enjoying, and the circumstances of comfort by which they found themselves surrounded, a calm serenity of mind stole over them, fond memory came back with all its sweet influences, and gradually the truth broke in upon their souls that they were sisters! In mutual recognition, and in the fullness of that affection, which had been uninterrupted from infancy, they spent the most of the night in delightful union of spirit, forgetful, of course, of all that had occurred in the hours and months of their delirium; yet remembering that some great sorrow had once shed its gloom over their minds, and that they were now in the midst of friends and pleasures, which it was their privilege to enjoy. They rose in the morning refreshed by a night, not of sleep, but of sweet peace. Alas! it was but for a night! Before the day was gone, the cloud gathered over them once more; delirium seized them; they rushed forth from the house of their protector and friend, and again in the streets of the village, renewed their wild mirth, piercing the ears and the hearts of those who heard them.

VIII.

It was now late in the summer. Mrs. Flint had been for some weeks confined to her bed with a wasting fever. I was sent for to see her, and was out in the country visiting a parishioner some miles from my home. I had seen her several times during her sickness, and was well convinced that her disease would have a fatal termination. As soon as I returned home and learned that I had been sent for, I hastened to the cottage; as I entered, a scene of strange and thrilling interest was before my eyes. The woman was dying; kneeling at her bedside were these two wild girls.

I soon learned the facts that had brought them there under such strange and exciting circumstances. They had been wandering, as usual, through the streets; and when the sound of their mirth broke in upon the hearing of the dying woman, she inquired what it was. Being told that Sarah and Mary Bell were carrying on as they were accustomed to, she started at the mention of their names, and begged that they might be called in. They came at the call, and without hesitation approached the bed on which their enemy and destroyer was now stretched, in hourly expectation of death.

"I DID IT!" said Mrs. Flint, "it is all my work; and here, as I am now about to leave this world and go into the presence of God, I would not go without clearing these girls of that great sin which I laid to their charge, but which God knows they are as innocent of as the angels in his presence. *I did it*, I DID IT; *it was all my work.*"

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The girls were evidently affected deeply by the sight before them, and the tones of her voice; and as she repeated again and again her asseverations of their innocence and her own guilt, they began to comprehend the nature of the scene that was transpiring. It pleased God to give them just at this hour, and doubtless through the influence of the communication which they were receiving, at least a temporary deliverance from the darkness and delirium in which they had so long been lost. He restored peace and a measure of strength to their minds, enabling them to receive and to understand the blessed truth, that evidence was coming, though from the verge of the grave, to deliver them from the wrongs they had suffered. They took her extended hands in their own; they knelt upon the floor by her side; they assured her, even in their wretchedness and their ruin, that they would forgive her; and they prayed Heaven to grant her forgiveness ere her soul should take its departure.

It was at this juncture that I entered the room. The moment Mrs. Flint caught my eye she renewed her protestations of the innocence of the girls, told me how for years she had carried the pangs of remorse in her own breast, how often she had desired to do them justice, and to seek peace for her own conscience; but her selfishness and her pride had always overcome her better resolutions, and she had witnessed, month after month, the dreadful fruits of her sin, and feared continually that the judgments of God would overtake her. Here, on her sick bed, and in view of death, when no other considerations than those which attended preparation for the grand event which was just before her were allowed to have any power upon her mind, she had been driven to this last and dying confession, which, while it would relieve her own mind of the burden under which she was sinking, would restore to those unhappy girls the priceless treasure of a character which they had lost; though she believed, as I did, that it was too late to hope that the restoration of their character would bring them back the treasure of reason, which there was too much reason to fear was irretrievably lost.

What could I add to this revelation, than which nothing could be more solemn or affecting? Here were all the accessaries of a sublime, yet painful drama. The dying woman, with her sharp, haggard features, her piercing, agonized eyes, looking now at the girls, and now upward as if she would look into the other world, striving to read the destiny upon which she was about to enter, now turning to me with imploring glance, and asking me to direct her, even in her extremity, to some way by which she might find forgiveness and peace, now seeking to reassure the helpless daughters of sorrow yet kneeling before her, that God would be their father and their portion, saying that she could die with contentment if she could have some reason to believe that her death would be the means of giving back to them the life which they had lost.

In vain was it for me to offer a word of consolation. Indeed, there was none to be spoken. I directed her, as I would any lost sinner in the hour of calamity, to the only refuge, and besought her to seek in the Saviour the only source of peace.

When the girls arose from their knees, and were about to leave the house, she besought them to remain, and even required from them a promise that they would not leave her while she lived. With gentle kindness they began to perform the part of nurses around the sick-bed, and, with unaccustomed ministries, they soothed her sufferings, and gradually seemed to bring her to the enjoyment of something like peace of mind. But this was temporary. Soon the paroxysms of anguish came back with redoubled force; and in words too strong to be repeated, and such only as dying pains extort from consciences ill at ease anticipating greater anguish near at hand; fearful of the present, and more fearful still of that which is to come, she cried again and again, "It was I that did it; it was I that did it; it was all my work." *And so she died.*

IX.

I took the girls home with me, and embraced this present lucid interval to make a grand experiment, in the faint hope of securing their permanent restoration. Nothing had occurred since their derangement which afforded so good ground to believe that there might be a basis laid for a permanent cure. They could be assured that all suspicions formerly resting upon their character were now removed, and they would enjoy the universal confidence and love of those who had been their friends, and their mother's friends, in the day of their prosperity and joy. I told them that my house was to be their home; I gave them their chamber; I gave them such light work as would occupy their minds, and in the cultivation of flowers in the garden, in the pursuit of such studies as they were always fond of, and in the society of kind and genial friends, I sought to surround them with those pleasant influences which would cheer and console, and gently aid in their perfect recovery.

Among the many friends who were in the habit of visiting at my house, from the city of New York, was a merchant of large means and extensive business. His wife had died a year after their marriage, and he had led a single life for five or six years. It was not among the remotest of my suspicions that he should think of finding a second wife in my house, and in one of these unfortunate yet lovely young ladies.

But there is no accounting for tastes or sympathies. Mr. Whitfield was a man long accustomed to think for himself, and not given to asking the opinions of others till after his own mind was made up. Then it was too late to shake his resolution, whatever the force of the motives urged against it. He knew the story of

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the Bells, and that story had first awakened his sympathy, his pity, and prepared the way for love. When he broached the subject to me, I begged him to dismiss it at once and forever from his mind. But he respectfully declined, telling me he had counted the cost, and was prepared for the risks.

Although there had been great improvement in the health and appearance of both Sarah and Mary since the death of Mrs. Flint, they were still liable to returns of the fearful malady; and Mr. Whitfield had his resolution put to the severest test, as soon as he ventured upon the experiment of making known his intentions to Sarah, the object of his choice. He had invited her to ride with him. They drove out of the village, passing the door of the house in which Mrs. Flint had died. Sarah had never entered it since that terrible hour when she and her poor sister closed the eyes of the wretched woman. The memories of that scene, and of all they had passed through in the years of their former struggles and trials, came rushing upon her mind, and she began to talk wildly, and then madly; and soon she became frantic, and strove to leap from the carriage, and would have done so but for the main force of her friend and companion, who trembled at the brink on which he was standing.

Still he was not disheartened. He hastened back with his charge to my house, and told me of the excitement into which Sarah had been thrown, and the danger from which she had been rescued. He was deeply affected. He was in trouble. "And yet," said he, "in spite of all this, I believe that if she were once more in a home of her own, and surrounded with the duties and pleasures of the household, her mind would become settled, and she would be restored to the enjoyment of health and reason."

I assured him that, next to my own children, I desired their happiness before all others, but I could not advise him to take a step which might make him miserable, without adding to the enjoyment of her, who could not be a wife such as he desired, unless God should give her back the permanent possession of her once cultivated, and now disordered mind.

He returned in a week or two, with his purpose unchanged. He asked Sarah again to ride with him; and this time she seemed to enjoy the world around her, and to enter into the spirit of nature as its beauties met her eyes. The birds were happy, and she spoke of their gladness as she saw and heard them. The fields seemed to clap their hands. Sarah was joyful in the midst of a world of joy. They rode to Passaic Falls, at Patterson, in the State of New Jersey. The deep roar of the waters as they approached, was a solemn music that subdued and stilled her soul. They walked out upon the wide flat rocks through which the river makes its broken plunge, and instead of being terrified she gloried in the excitement of the scene. She spoke of the spray as a cloud of incense rising from these eternal altars, and ever praising Him who sits in the heavens, and listens to the music of all his works. They came to the edge of the precipice, and Mr. Whitfield pointed out to her the very spot where, a few months previously, a bride had fallen from the side of her husband, and had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. She looked down with steady nerves, and said that it was a fearful fall, and more fearful to him who remained when his bride was gone!

He led her cautiously, and by a winding path to the bottom of the ravine, whence they could look up to the brow of the black jagged rocks, from which the white waters were tumbling through the green fringes of stunted trees and bushes that clung to the sides of the clefts.

And here, in the roar of the fall, as she was rejoicing in the wonderful beauty of the scenes around her, he began his declaration.

"You are not serious, surely," she cried, in mingled fear and surprise, as he intimated that he desired her love, and would be only too happy to give her his fortune and his hand. "You do not know my story, or you could not dream of such a proposal."

"I know it all; it was that story which first led me to think of devoting my life to yours; and if you will cast in your lot with me, you shall find that I will be parent, brother, husband, all in one."

"It is altogether out of the question," she returned. "I do not love you; I do not know that I could love. This thought of love is one that I have not known since those happy days before the clouds came. You did not know that I ever loved?"

"Yes, I have heard that one all unworthy of you once sought you, and that he fled when the day of your adversity came. I would come to you in the midst of your sorrow, and win you to a home of peace and joy. I have the means of surrounding you with all that you can desire, and my life shall be spent in making yours as happy as you ever dreamed of being."

"But you have not counted the cost; you know not what you are proposing; I am a poor, weak thing; and I have even been told that my sister and I are sometimes deranged. I do not know what it is, or why it is, but I have strange, dreadful thoughts sometimes; and these have been more frequent and more terrible since the time when Mary and I were accused of a crime of which we were altogether innocent. You will not be so rash as to think of taking such a wild, thoughtless woman as I am to your home, even if I could assure you that the affection you promise could be returned in all its sincerity and strength."

Still he pressed his suit. In the honesty of his heart he felt he had now committed himself, and even if he had been staggered in his purpose by the serious objections she had so rationally raised, and urged with so much earnestness, he was bound to go forward. And never did the girl appear to him more lovely than when, with such delicate appreciation of his motives, and tempted as she must be by his

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proposals, she still resisted his appeals, and left him an open door to retreat. He renewed his entreaties.

"But there is my sister Mary, who was with me in our childhood, the companion of all my sorrows—I will never, never leave her."

"And you shall not leave her. She will go with us to our own home, and be my sister as well as yours. Instead of losing a sister, she will find a brother."

Sarah was deeply affected. It seemed to her that God was in this thing, and that the dark clouds which had so long hung over her were now clearing away, and a new light was breaking upon her path. Yet she could not yield to the offers so pressed upon her till she had consulted her friends, and she finally promised to be governed by my advice in the matter. She was calm and cheerful as they came home together that evening. I should not have suspected that any thing unusual had passed between them. But after the sisters had retired for the night, and I was left alone with Mr. Whitfield, he told me of the events of the day, and begged me to aid him in procuring Sarah's consent to their union. He knew well that I had already advised him against the proposal; but now he was more than ever infatuated with the conviction, that the restoration of the sisters to the calm pleasures of a house they might call their own, would be the means of getting them health and peace. To all prudential considerations he turned a deaf ear; and I was obliged to tell him that it was impossible for me to object, if he was willing to take the responsibility upon himself.

With a new and admiring sense of the ways of Divine Providence, I looked upon the change that was about to take place in the situation of these poor sisters, and said to myself seriously, as I thought over the ways by which they had been led, is there, indeed, any thing too hard for the Lord? Who would have believed that such a door of deliverance from poverty and suffering would be opened? Who would have thought that one of these orphans, a few months ago, wandering in the streets, and raving in the wildness of delirium, would now be sought after by a man of character and wealth, laying his fortune at her feet, and offering to share his house with her sister, so that both should be equally the recipients of blessings which Heaven is so kindly bestowing? Here was the promise of God most strikingly fulfilled: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will keep them alive;" "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." There had been many long and painful years, when it might be feared that these promises had been forgotten. So deep had been the extremity of their destitution, and so hopeless their condition, I had looked forward to their death as the first release they could have from sorrow. Such a termination was far more probable than that one of them should win the love of a noble-hearted man who would take her to himself, and surround her with the sweets of social and domestic life. But if all this is, indeed, in store for these orphan sisters, far be it from me to say a word, except to pray God to bless them both, and give them a respite from the miseries which have so long been their portion.

During the interval of three months that followed this eventful day, there was a daily and marked improvement in the sisters. The vivacity of childhood, without the levity of their wandering years, returned; they were themselves again. And when Sarah at length gave her consent, and stood up before me to be joined in marriage to the man who had thus nobly called her to be his own, I said to him, "I give you Sarah to be your wife, and Mary to be your sister." And he replied, "I will be faithful to both until death shall separate us."

If any part of this narrative has had the appearance of romance, much more like it is that which is now to be recorded. But if I have not already given the assurance, it may be well to say here, that I am following out the events of real life, and there are many now living who will read and attest, if needful, the truth of these strange facts.

Among the guests at the marriage of Sarah was a younger brother of her husband, his partner in business, and with the same bright prospects. He stood up by the side of his brother, and Sarah was supported by her sister. In less than a month from that time the order was changed, and the younger Whitfield and Mary stood side by side, and plighted their vows in the presence of God, and surrounded by a glad and admiring circle of friends, who could not conceal their grateful recognition of a merciful providence in the marriage of these two sisters under circumstances of such extraordinary interest.

A short time afterward I saw them settled in their new homes. They lived in adjoining houses in one of the pleasantest streets of the city, then quite down town, where now the march of business has driven out the old settlers, desecrated the firesides hallowed by a thousand sacred associations, and converted the sanctuary of love into temples of Mammon.

X.

And here I would be willing to close this record, and leave my young friends in the bliss with which at length their lives are crowned.

"It is wonderful," Sarah said to me as I called to see her in her beautiful mansion. "It is wonderful! How strangely God has led us, and now we are as happy as we have ever been miserable in the years that are past! Do you believe that my dear mother knows what we have passed through, and what we are enjoying now?"

I told her I had often indulged the idea that the spirits of the departed were conversant with our spirits—that they are indeed ministering spirits to those whom they loved while in the flesh, and it was not impossible that her mother had followed her in all her eventful and mys-

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terious history. Even now she may be near and rejoicing that peace and joy had at last visited the hearts of her daughters, and out of great tribulation they were already brought to happiness they had never dreamed of.

It was a short year after Mary's marriage when the birth of a child promised to fill the cup of her thanksgiving. Others rejoiced, and yet she did not seem to be happy in the prospect, nor when it was laid in her arms, did she give it more than a melancholy smile of satisfaction. Instead of fondling it with the yearning tenderness of a young mother, she looked on it calmly, but with a fixedness of interest, that was more full of anxiety than affection. Days and weeks went by and this moodiness increased. She was able now to sit up, and when the infant was lying on her knees or in the cradle by her side, she would sit by the hour and watch it steadily, without a word, but often sighing as if some great sorrow was in the future of her child's history, into which she was looking. Slowly but steadily and in the lapse of weeks and months, she sank into melancholy gloom. No art of medicine, no kind devotion of a faithful husband, no sweet ministries of a large and loving circle of friends could raise her up, or dispel the cloud that gathered over her spirit. The child was removed from her sight, but it was all the same to her. She never asked for it, seemed never to think of it unless it was in her sight. Foreign travel was proposed, and Mr. Whitfield earnestly strove to prevail on her to go with him abroad. But to all such invitations she was indifferent. She must have been carried by force, or she would never have been taken from the room where in profound reverie she sat, day after day, without interest in the world around her, or even in those nearest to her fireside.

Sarah was not careless for her sister's state, but alas, by that strange fatality which had hitherto followed them both, making them one in suffering as they were also one in the few joys that were theirs in life, she too, began to show signs of returning madness! What was the secret principle thus linking their destinies? In childhood they had been as one in love and innocence. In youth they had been crushed, together and by the same blow. In womanhood they had both found loving hearts, fraternal hearts, that gave them a shelter, a home, and all the sympathies of a noble conjugal affection. And now when the great struggle of life was past, and they were in the midst of joys that even in the dreams of childhood they had never thought of, the darkness is coming on again, and other hearts besides their own are to be shrouded in the approaching gloom.

Mary's child died in its first year. Mary did not shed a tear. It was no more to her than the child of a stranger. She was now silent and sullen. She never complained, but it was gradually apparent that disease was making progress. She took to her bed, and a slow fever wore out her life. She died three months after her child, and less than two years after her marriage.

Sarah's malady had a widely different development. Naturally more excitable than her sister, she had in former days been more wild and gay in the seasons of their derangement. Now she was wilder than ever. She became uncontrollable by the friends who surrounded her. There was no asylum into which she could be placed; the insane at that time were confined only among paupers or criminals, or in hospitals under circumstances the most unfavorable to their recovery. Her faithful husband, as tender in his affections and devoted as when he first won her, sought to restrain her by gentle assiduity, striving to conceal from others, when he could no longer hide from his own mind, the terrible fact that she was mad. But her madness wore a humorous rather than a mischievous type for some months. She would enter the parlor while he was on his knees conducting the devotions of the household, and leap on his back as if in the exuberance of childish spirits, and frolic there, laughing while his heart was breaking. They put a strait-waistcoat upon her, but she would contrive to get it off and throw it through the window, and threaten to leap out herself if it was ever put on her again.

The Hospital in Broadway at the head of Pearl Street was then new, and after long hesitation, and acting under the advice of the best physicians, Mr. Whitfield was at last prevailed upon to consent to her removal there. He obtained the most desirable apartment on the southeast corner, in one of the upper stories; and having furnished it with every appliance for her safety and comfort, he consigned her to the care of the medical men in that institution when it was no longer possible for him to keep her in any comfort at home. But he could not rest in his own mansion while the wife of his bosom, whom he so tenderly loved, was in a public hospital, alone and crazed. Night after night he walked the street in front of the building in which she was confined, looking up at the window in her narrow chamber, sometimes fancying that he saw her struggling to force her way through, and expecting to see her plunging headlong from that fearful height. By degrees her strength gave way; and when she was no longer able to be violent in her paroxysms of madness, he had the melancholy satisfaction of again taking her to his own house. Directly over his own bedchamber he had an apartment prepared for her, and thither she was conveyed, and watched by suitable attendants. When by the silence of her chamber he knew that she was asleep, he would often steal up from his own room, and sitting down in a large easy chair near the bed, he would look upon the wreck of his lovely bride, weeping over the change, and praying that even now, in her hopeless and helpless state, the power of God might be revealed for relief and restoration. The first sweet years of their union would then

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come to his memory, when something whispered to him of his rashness in linking to himself one whose mind was shattered, whatever might be her virtues and her charms; and he thanked God that it had been his privilege, even for that brief period, to make her a home, and fill her heart with peace and joy.

One night he was sitting there, and musing, perhaps somewhat encouraged by having been told that through the day she had been calmer, and at intervals apparently rational. Now she was sleeping, more sweetly than he had known her in many months. And as he leaned his head back in the chair, wearied with long and anxious waking, he fell asleep. When he awoke, his wife was sitting on his knees; her arms were around his neck. She pressed her lips to his, and said to him, "My dear, dear husband." It was the first recognition of many long and awful months. He pressed her warmly, convulsively to his heart.

"Sing to me," she said; "sing to me one of those Sabbath evening songs."

"I can not sing, dearest," he replied; "it is enough that you are mine again, and here, here on my breast, dearest, sweetest wife." Her head fell on his shoulder, and he poured into her ear the glowing words of his love.

"Oh, these months of wretchedness, when you could not know that I loved you, and longed to bless you, dearest, as I will, if God will spare you, as he has restored you to my arms. Kiss me again, sweet wife."

She did not speak. "Kiss me, love." Her head still rested on his shoulder. He raised her up to press his lips to hers. She was dead!

THE TREE OF LIFE.

THERE lived, in the times of King James, a wondrously open-hearted nobleman in Old England. He belonged to the ancient family of the Montgomerys, and was born to wealth, rank, and high honor. But a sad and melancholy fate befell him. By an accident the ribs of his left side were crushed, and he was laid for months upon the bed of sickness. Physicians, it is true, saved his life, but, strange enough, a large opening remained in his breast, which the unfortunate man had to cover with a plate of silver. It so happened that there lived at the same court a man of high renown and anxious research, who heard of the nobleman's strange adventure. He met him, laid his finger upon his wrist, so as to feel the beating of his pulse, and then, through the aperture in his chest, he watched the vibrations of his heart. They kept time! They were one and the same! He had found the great secret for which his heart had yearned, and which his mind had longed to discover. From that day Harvey proclaimed it aloud to the world, that the blood of man passed, in never-ceasing currents, through every nook and every corner of his marvelous body; and, setting us a noble example, he exclaimed with deep fervor: "*I will praise Thee, for I am wonderfully made!*"

Antiquity had already suspected that the blood circulated from place to place, but—as in religion so in science—this also was ascribed to chance rather than to design. Some thought that it rose and fell, like the sap in plants, only when a necessity for warmth or food arose; others fancied that it might be made to come and go at will, as the bashful blush may be conjured up into the glowing cheek, or fierce passions swell the dark vein on proud men's brow. They even knew the difference between arteries and veins, but they imagined the former to be filled with air only—hence their name—because after death they found them empty, while the veins were swelled with the generous fluid of life. Even that exquisite provision of nature, the thousand delicate valves which regulate the flow of the blood to and from the heart, had become known to the learned of Italy and France. Yet with all this previous knowledge, and with the thoughtful boldness of a pioneer in unknown regions, even Harvey had only suspected that the blood's course might be a complete circle, unbroken within, and steadily pursuing its truly wondrous race from cradle to coffin. His triumph was mainly one of inductive reasoning. As, in our day, the mathematician fixed a place and a time for a new planet, long before the eye of man could see it and his mind presume its existence, so Harvey also first determined the principle that the blood must flow both from and to the heart, and then found evidence and abundant proof in the living body.

But we would err much if we believed that this greatest discovery ever made in the history of the life of man was at once received with applause by the learned and the enlightened. Alas! that men should be so loth to see what a noble source of pleasure, what an enviable talent it is, to be able to admire! The world, so far from being thankful, rose in a perfect tempest against the royal physician. France claimed the discovery as long known to the ancients; Italy denounced it as a terrible heresy. But Harvey was not to be awed as the great martyrs of science before him. Had not Galileo, at whose bid the earth moved in her heavenly path, composed horoscopes, and spoken the fatal words of renunciation? Had not Kepler, the very master of the heavens, as his admiring countrymen called him, taught, with unblushing brow, that the earth was a living animal, whose passions might be roused into fierce tempests, and whose fury would break forth in terrible earthquakes, if stones were thrown into deep abysses, and curses murmured over placid lakes? Had he not proclaimed it to a credulous world that the universe was a music of spheres, with a gigantic chorus, in which Jupiter and Saturn sang bass, while Mars was the tenor, Venus and Earth the alto-voices, and Mercury the soprano? Harvey braved all: opposition, denial, and bitter satire. Books he refuted, sneers he despised, and when his enemies said that no physician over forty years of age would ever adopt his doctrine, he boldly appealed from skeptic old

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age to the faith of the young, and soon gathered a host around him, that fought his battles and raised his standard on high. His triumph came at last. Before he died his fiercest adversaries acknowledged the truth of his theory. But as the great servant of the Lord was not allowed to "go over thither into the valley of Jericho and the city of palm-trees," so Harvey also saw with his mind's eye only, but never beheld himself what he had abstractly proved. He had forfeited the desired boon. Tired of life, and threatened with total blindness, he rushed unbidden from a world he knew to that which he knew not. The wondrous sight of the blood rushing restlessly through vein and artery was reserved to a later age; the microscope had to be invented, and Malpighi first stood amazed before the greatest marvel that science had revealed to his age.

In our day the famous words of antiquity, "Know thyself," have obtained a new significance. We limit them no longer to abstract speculations on mind and soul. We remember that it is the Lord's hand that has made us and fashioned us; that "He has clothed us with skin and flesh, and fenced us with bones and sinews." So the inscription on the temple of Delphi remains still, in a double sense, the highest task for human inquiry. And yet how few there are who known the ways of their heart, and the paths of their life's-blood. Pascal already said, with wonder and grief, that he had suffered in loneliness and silence when studying abstract sciences. He had there no friend by his side, no companion in his journey. Alas! he found that there were even fewer who cared for the wondrous body of man, and his immortal soul, than he had met with in the arid desert of mathematics.

Nor was it found an easy task to solve the great mysteries of a body made after the image of God. Errors and fanciful notions vied with each other to keep truth out of sight. Now the blood was said to follow in its wild erratic course the heavenly path of planets and comets, and the body of man became an orrery on a small scale. Then again men of learning and wisdom created in their unbelieving heart a "Vital Power" of their own—a true Proteus, every where present, and yet nowhere to be found. It was, however, so convenient! This secret agent drove the blood from limb to limb, it breathed in our lungs, it digested our food, it upheld us in health, and it resisted, in sickness, the foes of life with strange, most disagreeable symptoms. The world was still the same that would not adopt Kepler's Chart of the Heavens, and yet paid him for his reading of the stars; that refused to admit the earth's motion around the sun, but humbly believed that St. Dunstan had pulled the devil's nose with a pair of red-hot pincers! We fear that even now mankind is somewhat "tethered to the stump of old superstitions;" at all events, our knowledge of our own body is still strangely imperfect. We can claim no more than that

——— "We are able to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day."

This only we know surely, that there are two great operations going on in our body: The nervous system works in marvelous and yet unexplained beauty at the bid of a mysterious power, which is seated grandly and immovably in some part of the brain, and yet, by imperceptible messengers, moves every part of the body. By its side beats the heart, ever active, by day and by night, resting only when death returns dust to dust; it sends the great river of life from its innermost chambers to the farthest frontiers, and then calls its headlong waves back again to their early allegiance. These two mysterious powers work in glorious harmony with each other; the result is life. But above all it is the blood that "is the life of all flesh;" so the ancients already called instinctively the countless stems and branches through which it ever passes without knowing rest or repose, the Tree of Life, and our day repeats, with better right, that "the life of the flesh is the blood."

Whence it comes, and where it is fashioned, science knows not, and nature tells not. God has not vouchsafed us to know first beginnings. The sprouting grain is hid under the dark clods of the valley, and a cell, unseen by man, is unfolded alike, in silent night, into the worm that creeps on the ground and the proud man that is born for eternity. So it is with the blood that holds our life. Its simple, colorless, and transparent fluid comes we know not whence, and goes we know not whither. In it swim countless little bodies—some red, and others white. The former give it its apparent color; each one is but faintly tinged with delicate pink, but their vast numbers, and the eager haste with which they follow each other, closely packed, cause a greater depth and intensity of scarlet. Not all blood, however, is red. The fluid at least that we call so is white in all the lower animals; the leech and the earth-worm alone have it reddish. The silk-worm prefers yellow, and beetles have a fancy for dark brown. Caterpillars, decked in gorgeous hues without, are brilliant orange within, and snails indulge in blood of dark amethyst or sky-blue! But even in man the color varies: in the veins it is a smooth and glossy purple, in the arteries a rich bright scarlet. So we speak of red blood, half forgetful that it owes its tinge to the same cause that makes the soil of classic Greece burn in deep red tints, and gives a chocolate hue to the richest lands on our globe. There is iron in our blood, enough to suggest to Frenchmen—who else on earth could have conceived the idea?—the striking of a medal out of the ore contained in the veins of an admired countryman! This iron suffers the common fate when iron and air come in hostile contact. No sooner does the blood expose its pearly drops in the lungs to the atmosphere, than the insidious foe grasps it, and strikes its fangs deep into the minute particles of metal. The iron can not resist; it must open its tiny pores to the enemy, whom we call

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oxygen; it rusts and blushes at its own disgrace. Thus we find in all nature the gay contrast between green and red; the world of plants loves carbon, and hoists its bright color of green in herb and tree; the higher realm of animals needs oxygen, and it stamps their world with a thousand shades of red. As the tide of life sinks, and vigor declines, carbon again triumphs; and even the blood of man, when in its last stage of dissolution—in the bile—assumes already a greenish-yellow color. It changes even with age and temper. The young and the delicate have lighter blood; in the hearty and the powerful it is darker. Disease will, of course, play wicked tricks with our best treasures; it changes our life's current, now into deepest black, and then again almost into pure white. The "*sangre azul*," claimed by the Spanish grandee, is but a superb sample of human pride in all its folly; and poets only can speak of the crystal-clear fluid in the veins of their gods on Olympus, or dream in German fancies of blue blood on one, and red blood on the other side of the Rhine.

Nor is there much more truth in the familiar phrases of the cold blood of the north and the warm blood of the south. Poets have here also found a happy excuse for erring mankind in "uncontrollable passions" and "hot blood" given by nature. It is "the blood boiling over" that pours forth a torrent of fierce curses; it is "the heart stung to the quick" that inflicts the fatal stab. And yet, though our life's current may quicken when our passions are excited, in reality all our crimes are committed in "cold blood;" and the raving dervish, who tears with beastly brutishness whatever comes in his way, and the mad Malay, running *a-muck* and slaying in blind fury even his own beloved, have blood not one degree warmer than the patient Hottentot and the stolid Indian. Even the long-cherished fancy of cold-blooded animals is not founded in truth. Reptiles and fishes have colder blood, it is true, than the higher classes of creation; still it is always warmer than the element in which they live, and in some fishes even as warm as in man. A curious aspect of the blood's temperature is seen in apparent death. With man and all warm-blooded animals—among whom birds stand highest—the warm fluid favors life while there is life, but it also aids death when once the heart's action ceases. Then its very heat hastens fermentation; the blood, loaded with organic matter, is by its aid quickly decomposed, becomes putrid, and death is instantaneous and certain. Not so in cold-blooded animals; here apparent death is frequent and of long duration. The lower they stand in the scale of nature, the longer they can remain without any sign and enjoyment of life. Here a toad falls asleep in a cosy crag of a sun-warmed stone; it forgets to awake. The rock grows and raises impenetrable walls all around, until the hand of man comes to break the dismal prison and to restore the hermit once more to light and life. There learned men dry up infusoria and bury them in miniature catacombs; a drop of water poured upon their minute bodies restores them in a moment to renewed and vigorous action. A German professor even took some tiny creatures of the family of spiders (*tardigrada*) and kept them for seven long years in the shape of dry dust. Here also a little moisture was the magic wand at whose touch the mystic slumber was broken, and this novel "Sleeping Beauty" awakened to new life. What a wondrous contrast between the cold and stolid blood of lower animals and the hot, hissing stream that courses with winged speed through the heart of man! There, want of warmth and vigor is safety; here, fullness of life and abundance of heat is the very cause of danger. Hence the vast importance of salt for the inner household of animal and man. The wild beasts of the desert can not live without it, nor the cattle grazing on our meadows. Pliny tells us how the most important part of the Roman soldier's stipulated pay was his allowance of salt—hence *salarium*, our salary—and the Sons of the Desert of our day still hold it sacred. Long caravans of camels, endless strings of slaves, laden with the precious gift of Nature, pass to and fro in the desolate regions of Northern Africa; and, "lest his blood putrify," as he says, the Arab daintily dissolves his few grains of salt in a cup of water and drinks it daily.

Far more mysterious is the dread effect of poison upon our blood: its form, its color, its living principle are utterly destroyed at the moment of contact, and death travels swift and sure on its restless current through the fated body. The understanding of man has not yet fathomed this secret; the microscope even has not yet perceived the death-bringing venom. Neither the well-armed eye nor all the cunning of chemistry can show the presence of the minute matter of vaccine that is introduced into the body; and yet what a fierce and often fatal revolution does it not produce! The arrow steeped in wouralli, the serpent's tooth, and the bite of the maddened dog, all aim at the heart's blood. Some poisons hasten and hurry it until it breaks in wild fury through its narrow walls; others lull it to sleep and stop the life-bearing current. And yet the same deadly poison can be swallowed and will remain harmless! Many have regretted that science should here also have rudely rent the graceful vail of poetic fancy. How we used to wonder and to worship the fair maiden that minded not her own sweet life, and with trembling lip sucked certain death from the poisoned wound of him she loved! Now we know that no danger awaited her, and that her act was at once the surest and the safest remedy known to science. But, fortunately, it is the vail of fancy only that is rent; the deed remains as noble, the sacrifice as grand and glorious as ever; for she thought and felt that she was drinking death from the poisoned cup, and yet was willing to lay down her life upon the altar of her love.

Thus through artery and vein courses the

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mystic fluid. Like life itself, in every form, throughout the wide world, it also is in eternal motion, unceasingly active and useful. For here, as elsewhere, motion is life, and there is death in repose. The true secret of its life-giving power the world knows not yet; this only is certain, that life is not in the red, little, coin-shaped bodies, nor in the white globules that swim in the pure, transparent fluid of our veins, but in the latter alone. Countless animals have neither blood nor blood-vessels, but only this strange, all-powerful elixir of life. Parts of their bodies have been put into a solution of silver and then burnt; the whole beautiful structure remains behind, perfect and unchanged, but filled with pure, solid silver. Thus we see that the precious metal has taken the place of the unknown fluid which must have saturated the whole form and mass of tissues. Not many years ago, the tiny globules were thought to be minute animals that sported in reckless joy through the sacred body of man, and wondrous stories were told of their birth, their wanderings, and their love. The microscope has, of late, destroyed the pretty illusion. They are known now to assume all hues and all shapes; largest in toads and the changeable proteus, they are smaller in man, resembling flattened, circular disks, and looking, when crowded together, for all the world like piles of diminutive dollars. They have no silver, however, but only base iron; and yet, though so heavy, the velocity of the current that drives them in furious haste around the great circle of the body keeps them suspended. Thus they are hurled along, some standing upright and some sideways, some rolling like hoops and others rushing on so quickly that the eye can not follow. The current seems fastest in the middle; they move more slowly toward the edges. Though not themselves the true bearers of life, they are the distinctive mark of blood. They vary in size and number: the hotter the blood of an animal, the fuller it appears of their hosts; they change in the instant when life passes away as a vapor. Hence their importance even in law. In criminal cases, the microscope has to appear in the witness-box, and with almost unfailing accuracy it will tell, from a faint, worn blood-stain, through whose veins the globules once passed—man or woman, old or young, whether the mark be fresh or old, nay, even whether the blood was shed before or after the death of the victim. Hence, also, the difficulty of that once so popular effort to restore declining life by the infusion of the blood of others. Were it not for these barely visible, rosy bodies, nothing would be easier. Even pure water can be poured into the veins of living beings with impunity—it is the favorite method of measuring the quantity of blood contained in a body. The great Magendie pumped such floods into a lean, starved cur he had rescued from the halter, that it soon rivaled the fattest pet-poodle, unable to walk, and plagued with the asthma. He even seized once a mad butcher's-dog, and, in spite of the terrible danger, tied him and filled his veins with distilled water, to test the pretended virtues of such a cure. Early already the idea was entertained, and the trial made, to pour the blood of some kindred animal into a dying body. With amazement and with awe, the almost inanimate corpse was seen to return to life, to gain new vigor with each new accession of blood, and finally to move about with ease and to recover completely. More recently, however, doubts have arisen. The attempt has been often repeated in France, and seldom without success; a slight difference in the size and shape of the globules is not thought to be fatal, as they soon adapt themselves to their new home and change their nature. An essential difference, however, acts like the most violent poison; and as few men are said to be exactly alike in this point of microscopic importance, the remedy is but rarely resorted to, and considered of doubtful efficiency.

As these mysterious little bodies come from unknown sources, so they disappear again in unknown regions. It is surmised that they perform the great journey through the body of man only a few times, when their strength is exhausted. But in the beautiful economy of Nature nothing is lost, nothing ever abandoned. Thus they also find, at last, a grave in the parts where the bile is prepared; and, after having served during life the very highest purposes of nature, they become, even after death, still useful in humbler ways.

But of all that pertains to blood, the most wonderful by far is its very house and home, the heart. In all languages spoken on earth and in the mind of all earth-born men, the heart is the very essence of life—it is man itself. "The heart of Judah waxed gross," and "with the heart man believeth." The Saviour "came to bind up the broken-hearted;" and of God himself it is said, "It repented Him and it grieved Him at his heart."

The second day has not passed "in the innermost parts where the Lord fashioned us," before the faint beat of the unseen heart begins its mysterious life. Without rest or repose, never missing a stroke, never ceasing for an instant, its wondrous voice is ever heard, by day and by night, through life. And when man's strength and beauty are departed, when his lips are silent, and his mind is darkened, even then the heart still moves in faint and feeble accents. At last it ceases, and man stands before his Maker!

Nature has well secured this most precious part of our body, this very seat of our life. A powerful column—the spine—protects it from behind; the beauteous structure of the ribs, so strong and yet so elastic, shelters it on the other sides. Within it is as well secured: its own great arms and arteries suspend and support it; a curious bag surrounds it, hanging loosely and easily, and yet guarding it safely against all dangers. Thus its motion is left free and unrestrained, while a few drops of water maintain

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its surface ever moist and supple. Branches bud forth from its four great chambers in all directions. As the tender germ in the bosom of the earth sinks a tiny root into the ground, and, at the same time, sends its graceful shoot upward to greet the light of heaven, so the great heart of man also has its two-fold growth. One Tree of Life rises above in mighty strength, and unfolds a thousand branches reaching up to the crown of the noble structure; another tree sends out its countless parts to all below the heart. They divide and diminish as they remove from the centre; they have their main trunk, their branches, and their twigs, until at last they taper off into minute, invisible channels, so fine and tiny that they are called *capillaria* or hair-vessels. Not all, however, serve the same purpose; some are arteries, and carry the life's blood from the heart to the furthermost parts of the body; others are veins, and bring the altered fluid back to the great centre. The blood leaves its home a light and bright-red current; it wings itself with speed, and races along through strong and powerful vessels. These vary, of course, in size and shape in different beings; in some the naked eye can not see them; in the whale they are a foot thick, and each stroke of his gigantic heart sends a torrent of nearly fifteen gallons through the vast passages. What strikes us most in our own, is the truly marvelous provision made for their safety. As the slightest scratch, a most minute opening would let out a large and indispensable mass of the precious fluid, these channels are never found near the surface, or close to muscles and sinews, where danger most threatens. They are hidden and well-protected. Some pass right through the bone itself, as in the jaw-bone; others run safely in the grooves of the under-edge of our ribs, or are snugly ensconced in the carefully scooped out bones of our fingers, where high ramparts surround them on either side. The veins, with their deep purple blood, are smaller vessels, and lie nearer the surface; in them the blood returns more slowly, and, as it were, exhausted to the heart. It has lost its strength and its vigor, and is carried back to assume new forms and gain new force, or to leave the body forever.

Although we ascribe all feelings and all sensations to the heart, it is in reality more insensible than any other part of the body. Dr. Harvey's young patient was not even aware of it when his heart was touched, unless he happened to see it, and a Frenchman, who had a similar opening in his chest, felt no pain when his heart was grasped—but he fainted. Even wounds are not, as is often believed, invariably fatal. Pins and needles have been stuck into it without serious consequences, and pistol-balls have lodged there for years with impunity. But it bears no trifling. When, in 1728, a lady of highest rank at the Court of Turin passed a long golden needle right through the heart of her sleeping husband, he never woke again.

Not by any mysterious "Vital Power," of which the ancients already had many fables, and the Middle Ages told most marvelous stories, not by any life or spirit given to the blood or its contents, but by a strong muscular power of the walls of the heart, it compresses its chambers and forces the blood out; after a while it readmits it through new doors, and for a new purpose. This is the beating of the heart, that beautiful rhythm which rings out joyful peals at the birth of the infant, and sounds the mournful knell as the spirit departs to return to its great home. Every time that the heart contracts, its point rises up, turns slightly round, and knocks against the walls of the chest. By day its voice is low and light, but in the silent dead of the night, when all earthly noises are hushed, a second heart-note is heard, probably the effect of a shutting of valves, which suddenly stops the blood's eager current. Eighty times in the minute the quiver of this stroke is felt through the whole body, and so the secret work continues—a swoon excepted—without ever ceasing, year after year, for a whole long lifetime!

> "Thus our hearts, though stout and brave,
> Still, like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave."

The quickness of the beat varies with sex, size, and age; it is fuller and louder in man than in woman, but quicker in small than in larger persons. It may rise to 180 in the minute, it may sink as low as 30; strong tea and ice-cream, it is said, will produce pauses, and gout make it be silent for a while. Its rhythm is even more regular and determined than that of our breathing, or the unconscious functions of the intestines. Like all life on earth it also represents the eternal alternation between action and repose. It beats and rings its clear, full note; then follows deep, unbroken silence, until the same loud stroke is heard once more. No will of man can control it, no influence from without can arrest it. We may breathe as we choose, now faster and now slower—children have been known to hold their breath even unto death—but, with the exception of a single man who could command the two buckets in the well of life to fall and rise at will, the heart is utterly independent. So truly said the master poet,

> "Think you I have the shears of destiny—
> Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"

And well is it for man that the heart needs not his constant care. How he would have to watch over the precious fountain, ever to keep it well filled, and yet to prevent it from overflowing! How he would tremble lest a moment's forgetfulness should open its gates wide or close them before their time! Surely not in wisdom only but in mercy also were we fashioned, and countless are the blessings without and within us, for which no thanks ever rise to the throne of Him that bestowed them.

Having its own vital power, not borrowed from abroad, not influenced by others, the heart will beat even after death, if excited by touch or galvanic action. This is best seen in cold-blooded animals. The Naturalist who had cleaned

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and dried the heart of some fishes, and then blown them up with air of peculiar mixture, saw with amazement how they would open, first one chamber and then another, pause awhile, and begin again, and at last continue a regular life of their own for hours in unbroken succession.

On each beating of the heart, the blood it contains is sent out through the arteries on its mysterious errand. The beat finds an echo that is heard throughout the whole body in the pulse; that one powerful stroke in the home of life is felt at the uttermost extremity, as wave follows wave in rapid succession. Thus the pulse has become the great oracle of physicians, to whom it reveals, in an instant, the elasticity of the arteries, the quantity of blood in the body, and its condition; the vigor of the heart, and even the state of the mind. As the planets, high in heaven, move on their appointed path, so the blood of man also follows its unchanging course in carrying the eternal stream of life from the heart to the most distant parts of the body. Its hot, red current gushes forth from the left chamber, and spreads far and near into every fibre and every corner. Its path is marked by a power from on high; channels open, and curiously-wrought valves turn upon their elastic hinges to speed the fluid from one end of the wondrous realm to the other. At last it returns to the right chamber of its great home; thence it passes into the lungs, where it discharges the noisome carbon it has gathered in its wanderings to be sent out into the wide air, and then begins once more its unceasing course from the left heart. How swiftly it rushes along—how madly it seems to race from limb to limb! The strong leg of man, resting upon the other knee, is lifted up high by each quick pulsation, and the injured artery spouts forth a jet of furious waters. And yet it never fails for a moment here to pick up an invisible atom of carbon, and there to deposit a still smaller portion of food. How it throbs and trembles in that great chamber of mysteries, the brain! It makes it heave like a sea of magic waters, sink and rise at every beat of the pulse. Even where the veins are but like narrow threads, and the streamlet has to press and to struggle through the diminutive channel, it is still full of life and vigor. What a tell-tale it is in our face; how it spreads its bright color over cheek and brow, and, in an instant, withdraws its rich glow to make way for deadly pallor!

At last it reaches the smallest of the arteries, where their tiny branches are lost to the eye, and there it enters secret chambers in which it changes its color and nature. In these capillaries of hairlike fineness, which seem to fill the whole body of man so closely that, the skin and the hair excepted, no part can be touched without giving forth the precious treasures, Nature carries on her most wonderful operations. She is always greatest in the least. We know—though we can not see it—that in the capillaries of the lungs the blood is brought in contact with the air they have breathed, and the oxygen it takes in turns it a bright red. In the capillarics of other parts of the body it feeds upon carbon; here it is colored a deep purple hue, and becomes fit for the veins that are to carry it back to the heart. We see the blood pass its tiny globules through the meshes of the delicate web, we see them stay awhile and then rush out again, after having changed color; but the great mystery of life remains still shrouded in darkness. We can not yet comprehend, proud men as we are, the secret of our own life. To fathom that dark mystery is the task not of a man, nor of an age: it is the great task of mankind for all eternity. This only we know, that as the stars in heaven are said to join in praising the Lord and to move in beauteous paths around his footstool, so our dust-born body also is a glorious harmony, in which all parts serve the one great purpose of life. We are learning to know its single notes; we begin to hear faint accents of the vast melody that pervades it; we know that bodily as well as spiritual life obeys the omnipotent source of all life, even our great Father in Heaven.

Great are the wonders of the circulation of our blood, and the half of them are perhaps yet hidden to our eye. How long is it since we learned with wondering awe that all along its appointed path the eager current opens and shuts, by its own instinctive force, a thousand diminutive doors and gates? Valves are placed every where to prevent it from rushing back again, before it has fulfilled its great mission. Their mechanism is truly beautiful. Often the eye can hardly see them, and yet they are so accurate that not the smallest drop of blood, nor a single tiny globule can pass when they are closed. Even after death, if water be poured into the veins they will shut hermetically and not allow it to pass. And thus they endure, faint, feeble little valves as they are, for threescore years and ten, and even to the last expiring beat of the heart, they still close as firmly as ever. There is no disorder, no weariness in their countless number; each valve opens only at the precise moment, each valve shuts again when it is needed. Yet the life of proud man depends upon their faithful discharge of duty; let there be but the smallest, invisible opening, through which the blood might ooze, and the whole wondrous structure is doomed—dust is made to return to dust!

At other times man's own hand interferes with this wonder of art and beauty. He opens veins, or he cuts off limbs, and thus breaks in upon the appointed course of the blood. But here also nature is rich in wisest provisions. The current, thus suddenly arrested, seeks an outlet elsewhere; it finds new channels, it widens them—thanks to their amazing elasticity—and thus reaches its destination, if not as quickly and directly as before, still safely and in abundance. The unused, mutilated veins shrivel up and are closed; the new passages, though before ever so fine and minute, expand and change

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into large and important channels. And thus the whole thirty pounds of blood, which the healthy, full-grown man carries in him, perform the great circuit of his body more than five hundred times in a day and a night, never at rest and never at fault for a single moment! Truly, "this is the Lord's doing, it is marvelous in our eyes!"

But heart and blood are more than a mere mechanical contrivance. Physiologists have not yet tamed the restless heart of man and made it a mere forcing-pump, they have not yet degraded the floods of blood in our veins to mere carriers of carbon and oxygen, "coal-porters and scullions to the body at large." It is no idle dream of poets that the heart sympathizes with our feelings and our emotions, that it beats faster with rapture and sinks fainting in fear or awe.

For there is a spirit dwelling in our body, and he is ruler supreme. He is enthroned on high, and as his unseen messengers fly with surpassing speed to do his bidding, the members obey the mysterious impulse, and the heart also reflects the great events in the mind of man. Grasp it with rude hand and it feels not, but touch the invisible cord that binds it in beautiful harmony to the soul of its master, and it will leap for joy or break in despair. Bashful modesty excites it but gently, and yet the heart's blood rushes up to shine through the transparent skin of cheek and brow, and mantles it with deep crimson. Fierce fury presses it with iron grasp, and the ruddy hue gives way to fearful, deadly pallor. Broken hearts are not the poet's fancy only; they are even facts in medicine. As the performer on wind-instruments, or the public crier in cities, uses up the physical heart's power so fast as to shorten his life, so grief and anxiety, restless care or unbridled passion, also destroy it before its appointed time. Agonized feelings tear the heart literally; a sudden shock, from joy or sorrow, causes it to break, and brings instantaneous death. Hence it is that the heart has so long and so generally been looked upon as the very seat of all feeling and life; hence it is that hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and that in more than one sense. "He desireth truth in the inward parts, and in the inward part He shall make us to know wisdom."

A JOURNEY THROUGH CHINA.*

DECIDEDLY the best book we have had yet on China and the Chinese is the work recently published by M. Huc, containing the narrative of his travels through the Celestial Empire. In the first place, very few foreigners have ever penetrated the "Central Kingdom." Of those who have, still fewer were gifted with the requisite perception to see beneath the surface of things, or the ability to describe what they did see. Most of them—partly from want of activity, but more from the jealous policy of the authorities—traveled like a case of goods, shut up in the cabin of a boat, or behind the curtains of a palanquin; and knew as much of the country, when they left it, as the Englishman who landed at Calais, and spent three weeks there, drunk in his room at the *Hôtel Anglais*, did of France. To write a good book of travels, a book that will convey to the reader some clear idea of the country and people visited, a very rare coincidence of opportunity and fitness to improve it is essential. The traveler must be a man of untiring activity, keen vision, and a shrewdness that sets imposition at defiance. He must possess beforehand such an acquaintance with the matter in hand that he shall not waste time in learning what every one knows, or bore the public by reiterating what has been written before. He must be able to see the people he intends to describe in their everyday dress—living, talking, eating, drinking, and sleeping, as they do at home, without assumed formality or imposed restraint. Hence a knowledge of their language is indispensable, and an intimate acquaintance with their national habits and peculiarities almost as important. When to these qualifications the traveler adds a certain amount of *prestige*, just enough to insure him facilities for free intercourse, and not enough to tempt the natives to wear a disguise in his presence, he may venture to send his travels to press, assured that he is not adding one to the myriads of bad books.

The test is a severe one, but M. Huc will stand it. A priest of far more worldly sagacity than is usually possessed by laymen; a close observer, accustomed to peer into every thing, to criticise every thing; a scholar, profoundly versed in science and Oriental literature, the apostolic missionary possessed at the start the stock in trade of a useful traveler. Fourteen years he had spent in China before the commencement of his last and great journey, during which time he had acquired so thorough a knowledge of the language that even the practiced ear of the educated Mandarins could not detect any foreign accent in his speech. He had lived in disguise, first in one place, then in another, accommodating himself to the rules of Chinese society, and concealing by shrewd art the secret of his Christian faith, and the perilous duty he had undertaken to perform. When at last he traversed the Central Kingdom from the borders of Tartary to the port of Canton, he traveled in the state of a high imperial officer. The Emperor had given him a passport and a guard; the cities or counties through which he passed were bound to furnish him with an ample supply of funds for his expenses. Girt with the awful red sash, and crowned with the yellow cap, usually sacred to the imperial family, he commanded even more respect than his passport exacted. He mingled freely with all ranks; passed through every vicissitude, from prisoner at the bar to judge on the bench; saw every thing that was to be seen, and heard every thing that it could interest a stranger to hear. The fruit of his journey is the work now published,

* *A Journey through the Chinese Empire.* By M. Huc. Two volumes 12mo. With a Map. Harpers.

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which is written in so lively and pleasing a strain, that, were its subject hackneyed instead of original, it would still command a large circle of readers.

It was in the month of June, 1846, that M. Huc re-entered China, on his way from Lhassa, in Thibet, to the sea, at the town of Ta-tsien-lou, in the province of Se-Tcouen, a trifle to the north of the thirtieth parallel of latitude. Dressed—notwithstanding the prejudices of the Chinese, who were shocked at such presumption—in the sky-blue robes, white satin boots, red sash, and yellow cap of the imperial family, and stretched at full length in a comfortable palanquin, borne by four stout Chinese, and escorted by a batch of hungry, bare-legged soldiers, the French missionary struck into the interior. The road was execrable, but the palanquin-bearers, whose wages never exceed ten cents a day, seemed so used to the hard work, that in the most perilous places, when a single false step might have precipitated them to the bottom of an abyss, and their bodies were dripping with perspiration, they laughed, joked, and punned, as if they were snug at home. Over mountain and valley, across ravine and river, through dust and rocks, they ran, making their twenty-five miles a day, till they reached the capital of the province, Tching-tou-fou. This, we are told, is a beautiful city, well laid out, with wide streets and beautiful palaces. It is of recent date; the old capital, which stood on the same site, having been destroyed by fire some time since. A legend is preserved to the effect that, before the conflagration, a Bonze one day appeared in the streets, crying, "One man and two eyes!" People stared, and wondered what he meant; but he vouchsafed no explanation, and continued to pace every street of the city, for several days, crying in a lugubrious voice, "One man and two eyes!" The magistrates had him arrested, but he would say nothing but the old mysterious words. Inquiry was set on foot as to who he was, and where he came from; but no one knew any thing of him. He was never known to eat or drink, or to say any thing but his perpetual "One man and two eyes!" After two months of this work, he suddenly disappeared, and the same day the fire broke out. The inhabitants had only time to escape with some of their goods, and the whole city was consumed. Then people began to think of the Bonze. It was discovered that by adding two dots or "eyes" to the Chinese sign which signifies "man," the character which stands for "fire" was produced; and thus it appeared, plainly enough, that the Bonze had been all along prophesying the conflagration in a manner worthy of the old Delphic oracle.

At Tching-tou-fou M. Huc was brought to trial, by the orders of the Emperor, on suspicion of being something different from what he represented himself to be. It was a ticklish matter. Thirty years before, in that same city, a predecessor of M. Huc's in the mission had been executed by the authorities; and on the way thither the French missionary had seen the tombs of other Christian priests who had fallen victims to Chinese intolerance at a much later period. Nothing daunted, however, on the day appointed Huc and his companion, a missionary like himself, proceeded to the court-house. The way was cleared for them—for a great crowd had assembled to witness the sight—by soldiers with rattans, and they were ushered into a small waiting-room. While there, the officers of the court seemed to take a pleasure in running backward and forward before them, in their red robes, armed with long rusty swords, and carrying chains, pincers, and other instruments of torture. When they were introduced into the court-hall, these worthies rattled their weapons, and shrieked "Tremble! tremble! prisoners! On your knees!"

To the horror of the assemblage, the Frenchmen stood straight as poplars, and looked at the court. The President was "a man of about fifty years of age, with thick lips of a violet color, flabby cheeks, a dirty white complexion, a square nose, long flat shining ears, and a forehead deeply wrinkled. His eyes were probably small and red; but they were so hidden behind large spectacles, which were tied in their place by a black string, that this could not be positively ascertained. His costume was superb: on his breast glittered the large Imperial dragon, embroidered in gold and silver: a globe of red coral surmounted his official cap, and a long perfumed chaplet hung to his neck." Beside him sat the Attorney-general or Inspector of Crimes; "a wrinkled old man, with a face like a polecat, who rocked himself about continually." After a few preliminary questions, this last worthy opened the case for the prosecution, as we would say, in a speech of extraordinary virulence. Huc knew the people he had to deal with, and listened with perfect composure to the vituperative harangue; when it was ended, he replied calmly: "We men of the West, you see, like to discuss matters of business with coolness and method; but your language has been so diffuse and violent that we have scarcely been able to make out your meaning. Be so good as to begin again, and express your thoughts more clearly and peaceably." Then turning from the Attorney-general who, worthy man, seems to have been floored by this unexpected retort, the Frenchman complimented the President of the Court on the "dignity and precision of *his* language." The adroit manœuvre succeeded admirably. The Inspector of Crimes stormed as before, but the Court was favorably inclined toward the prisoners, and as the examination proceeded manifestly to their advantage. After a number of futile queries, and many inquiries about the French alphabet and the Christian religion, the President said they must be tired, and closed the examination. This was the end of the much dreaded trial. The Governor of the Province reported to the Emperor, that having examined the skins and heads of the prisoners, and having further

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questioned them at length, he was convinced they were, as they said, Frenchmen and missionaries; and that the best thing to do with them, would be to send them to Canton to their own countrymen.

It was a lucky escape. Even to the Chinese courts of law are machines of unspeakable dread. The whole administration of justice in China is based on a system of corruption and violence. The courts are farmed out to Mandarins who act as judges, and extort as much money as they can from the people living within their jurisdiction. "If it be allowable," said one of these judges to Huc, "to make a fortune by trade and commerce, why not also by developing the principles of justice?" The way this judge developed the principles of justice was by hiring three or four runners to rummage the city for lawsuits, and then receiving bribes from each of the litigants in every case. According to Chinese law, a judge who renders an unjust or erroneous sentence must be whipped. But this stern rule was materially modified by an ordinance of the Emperor Tchang-hi, which was rendered in reply to several petitions praying for a reform in the administration of justice. After stating that the Chinese are naturally *litigious*, and that lawsuits would increase to a frightful extent, if means were not taken to check them, this valuable state paper adds: "I desire, therefore, that those who have recourse to the tribunals be treated without any pity, and in such a manner that they shall be disgusted with law, and tremble to appear before a magistrate." A Daniel, indeed, come to judgment!

The penal code of China has been long known to the world by the translation made by Sir George Staunton. It is probably the most barbarous in existence. Prisoners are wholly at the mercy of the Mandarin who presides at their trial, who may torture or sentence them to death as the whim takes him. The written law is bad enough, but the scope given to the judges makes it ten times worse. It is shocking enough to find a law which declares that, in cases of treason, "all the male relatives in the first degree of the person convicted, his father, grandfather, and paternal uncles, as well as his sons, grandsons, and sons of his uncles, shall be indiscriminately beheaded." But the following is productive of far more practical injury: "Whoever shall act in a way that offends propriety, and that is contrary to the spirit of the laws, without special infraction of any of their provisions, shall be punished with forty blows, or eighty if the impropriety be very great." The Mandarins are, of course, the judges of the impropriety. Chinese punishments vary from the well-known *cangue*, or wooden collar, to the "slow and painful death." This is inflicted by an executioner, who holds a covered basket containing a number of knives, marked with the names of the various limbs and parts of the body. He puts his hand in the basket, draws out a knife, and cuts off the part of the body marked on it; then another, and does the same; and so on till he chances to light upon a knife destined for a vital part. But whipping is the commonest form of punishment. In ordinary cases bamboos are used; but great criminals are flogged with thongs fastened to bamboo handles. M. Huc chanced one day to step into a court, where a Mandarin was trying the case of a noted robber and assassin. The judge asked the prisoner a question which he stubbornly refused to answer. The Mandarin took a piece of bamboo from his table, and threw it to the executioner standing by. It bore the figure fifteen. By his wrists and ankles, the prisoner was swung by cords to the ceiling, so that his body was twisted into the shape of an arc; and while thus suspended, the executioner administered thirty stripes — twice fifteen, according to custom. Strips of flesh, and streams of blood, dripped from the poor wretch at every stroke. Even witnesses and prisoners before trial are treated as barbarously. It is quite usual when the Chinese police catch a suspected thief, and have not a cord at hand to hamper him, to nail him by the hand to the cart in which he is conveyed to prison.

M. Huc staid a fortnight at the capital of Sse-tchouen, in high favor with the authorities. On his departure, he was allowed an escort of two Mandarins and fifteen soldiers. One of the Mandarins was a literary man, and belonged to that singular aristocracy of letters, which is the only counterpoise to the Imperial power in the Empire. He was, says Huc, a knave, a great talker, and exceedingly ignorant; knew a great many long prayers to the god Kao-wang, and smoked opium constantly. His colleague was a military Mandarin, likewise given to opium and roguery. The Emperor had ordered that the Frenchmen should be treated in the same manner as functionaries of the first rank; should travel in palanquins, and lodge at the state palaces of the provincial cities. Ting, the literary Mandarin, had made up his mind to realize a small fortune out of his contract for conveying them to Canton. Accordingly, after receiving money to buy comfortable palanquins, he put half of it in his pocket, and provided others smaller and cheaper. Unfortunately for his calculations, Huc understood the Chinese character perfectly, and knew that, besides the discomfort, he would lose prestige by allowing himself to be cheated. So after the day's journey, he told Ting, in a quiet way, that he had made arrangements for the next day, and that he, Ting, would return alone to Tching-tou-fou.

"Have you perhaps forgotten something?" inquired the man of letters.

"No, we have forgotten nothing; but you will go back, as we said, to Tching-tou-fou; you will go to the Viceroy and say we will have nothing more to do with you."

Ting started up in open-mouthed astonishment. Huc continued:

"If the Viceroy should ask why we will have nothing more to do with you, you can tell him, if you please, that it is because you have been

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cheating us in making us travel in two bad palanquins, and giving us only three bearers instead of four."

"That is true! that is true!" cried Ting, in high spirits: "I noticed as we went along that your palanquins were not at all fit for persons of your quality. What you want are those handsome, fine palanquins with four bearers—who could doubt that? I saw this morning that there was some confusion in Pao-ngan's house, and things have not been managed as they ought to have been. One must have little regard for one's honor and reputation, to provide unsuitable palanquins. However, we are different sort of people, and will give you good ones."

Needless to say that the whole of this was an unmitigated falsehood, and that the literary Mandarin had no intention of parting with his cash so easily. Next day he persuaded the travelers to continue their journey by water, and when they renewed the subject of the palanquins at evening, he solemnly protested that none could be had in that place. In this averment he was sustained by all the Mandarins, civil and military, who resided in the locality. They all chorused: "You must go to Tchoung-tching for fine palanquins." Huc, however, was not to be deceived. "In that case," said he to Ting, "you will send a man to Tchoung-tching to buy some. We will wait here." A perfect storm arose at this declaration. According to the Emperor's orders, each place was to bear the burden of supporting the Frenchmen as they passed through, and the plan proposed would have involved the city in the expense of feeding them for several days. The whole body of the magistracy began to lie in the most horrible way to induce Huc to depart. But he was firm as a rock. "Men like us," said he, "never change a resolution." At length, after several hours of angry debate, the desired palanquins were produced, Ting was forced to pay for them, and M. Huc pursued his journey, proud of his moral triumph over the dishonesty of his Mandarin.

Dishonesty and lying seem to be the ruling traits of the Chinese character. Their whole conversation is a tissue of falsehoods. Their forms of politeness are more exaggerated than those of the old French noblesse; and they are so well understood that no native is ever deceived by them. One story on this head is quite characteristic:

"On a festival day, the master of the house adjoining the chapel posted himself, after service was over, in the middle of the court, and began to call to the Christians who were leaving the chapel: 'Don't let any body go away. To-day I invite every one to eat rice in my house.' And then he ran from one group to another, urging them to stay. But every one alleged some reason or other for going, and went. The courteous host appeared quite distressed. At last he spied a cousin of his who had almost reached the door, and rushed toward him saying: 'What, cousin, are you going too? Impossible. This is a holiday, and you must really stop.' 'No,' said the other, 'I have business at home that I must attend to.' 'Business! what? to-day? a day of rest? Absolutely, you must stop; I will not let you go;' and he seized the cousin's robe and tried to bring him back by main force, while the desired guest struggled as well as he could, and sought to prove that his business was too pressing to allow of his remaining. 'Well,' said the host, 'since you positively can not stay to eat rice, we must at least drink a few glasses of wine together.' 'It don't take much time,' replied the cousin, 'to drink a glass of wine;' and he turned back, and they entered the company room. The master then called in a loud voice, though without appearing to address any one in particular: 'Heat some wine, and fry two eggs.' In the mean time, the two lighted their pipes and began to gossip; then they lit and smoked again; but the wine and eggs did not make their appearance. The cousin at last ventured to inquire of his hospitable entertainer how long he thought it would be before the wine was ready. 'Wine!' replied the host, 'wine! Have we got any wine here? Don't you know very well that I never drink wine? It hurts my stomach.' 'In that case,' said the cousin, 'surely you might have let me go. Why did you press me to stay?' Hereupon the master of the mansion rose, and assumed an attitude of lofty indignation. 'Upon my word,' said he, 'any one might know what country you come from. What! I have the politeness to ask you to drink wine, and you have not the politeness to refuse! Where in the world have you learned your rites? Among the Mongols, I should think!' And the poor cousin departed, stammering some words of apology."

When a man intends to pay a visit to his neighbor, he sends him word beforehand as follows: "Your disciple—or your younger brother—has come to bow his head to the ground before you, and to pay you his respects." When a witness is asked in Court what is his name, he answers: "This quite little person is called by the vile and despicable name of Tchao." Throughout the empire, from the highest Mandarins to the lowest peasants, the same forms of pseudo-politeness and servility are used. It is, however, confined to the men. In Chinese society women are nothing. Bred in ignorance and sloth, they are sold at puberty to the highest bidder, and thenceforth become, in the words of a famous Chinese writer, "A shadow and an echo in their husband's house." They are not admitted into society, and are hardly considered as strictly belonging to the human race. M. Huc's literary Mandarin could not understand why women became Christians. The Frenchman explained: "To save their souls like the men." "But women have no souls," replied Master Ting; "you can't make Christians of them." Huc vainly tried to convince him of the contrary. He only laughed, and said: "When I get home I will tell my wife that she

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has got a soul. She will be a little astonished, I think."

The journey through the province of Sse-tchouen to the capital of Houpe was performed partly in palanquins and partly by water on the splendid Blue River. A more gloriously fertile country does not exist, and M. Huc is never tired of expatiating on its beauties. Densely peopled as is Sse-tchouen, the greatest province of the empire, it produces every year enough food to sustain its entire population for ten. What state in the Union can say as much?

At Kuen-kiang M. Huc was attacked by fever, and prostrated. A Chinese doctor was sent for. Before he came, the Mandarins gave it as their deliberate opinion that the disease arose from an undue preponderance of the igneous over the aqueous principle in Huc's body, and that the thing to be done was to subdue and quench the said igneous principle. Green peas, cucumbers, and water-melons, they thought, would answer the purpose. When the doctor came, however, he took an opposite view; pronounced that the cold had preponderated over the igneous principle, and prescribed a variety of drugs. It is usual, it seems, in China, when a doctor prescribes for a sick person, for the family to haggle about the medicines prescribed, and to try by argument to induce the physician to strike out of his prescription the more expensive drugs. When the doctor is obstinate, a family counsel is held to debate upon the question, whether it be worth while to spend so much money for medicine, or whether it would not be better to lay it out in a fine coffin and funeral. The debate usually takes place in presence of the sufferer, whose spirits it is well calculated to cheer. M. Huc did not follow the custom of the country in this respect; he took the medicines prescribed, and got accordingly worse. He might have died, had not his medical man, piqued at his want of success, decided to resort to the infallible operation called acupuncture. This process, which may be familiar to some readers, consists in sticking needles—sometimes cold, sometimes red hot—into the body of a sick person at whatever points the operator fancies they may do good. According to the Chinese medical authorities, needles may be thrust into the body at three hundred and sixty-seven points. M. Huc's doctor had made up his mind as to the points on which he would commence the operation, when some faint inkling of the scheme penetrated the mind of the poor delirious patient. He was too ill to argue, or even to speak. He could only clench his fist, and feebly strive to shake it at the knight of the needles. The action caught the eye of the literary Mandarin, Ting, who sagaciously remonstrated: "What rashness! do we know how these Europeans are made, or what they may have in their bodies?" How do you know, doctor, into what you would be sticking your needle?" This objection was fatal to the project; and the fright gave such a shock to Huc's system that he shortly afterward recovered.

At length he arrived at the capital of Houpe, Ou-tchang-fou, on the river Yang-tse-kiang. "This is the place," says Huc, "which must be visited by all who desire to form a conception of China. Opposite Ou-tchang-fou, on the other side of the Blue River, stands Han-yang; and on another side, on a tributary stream, a third city, called Han-keou. The three are so close as to form one city, containing the incredible number of eight millions of inhabitants. Han-keou is one vast shop; the streets are so densely thronged with buyers, sellers, and porters, that it is difficult to make one's way through the crowd. The port is filled with vessels of every size, laden with produce from the country or manufactures from the factories of this great emporium. Situate in the heart of the empire, trade radiates from Han-keou; merchants from every province congregate there. It is the commercial mart of China."

In 1846, when M. Huc visited Han-keou, there was no symptom of decline in its trade. This was the only thing he saw in China which did not bear evidence of decay. The law-courts have already been mentioned. Equally corrupt has become the great literary corporation—the true Chinese aristocracy—from which the Emperor is bound by usage to choose his civil Mandarins. Formerly the examinations were severe, and no man could become a literary Mandarin without possessing a fair amount of learning; now, those who are ignorant employ poor men of letters to compose their theses, and take their degree as easily as at some of our colleges. Though the Chinese still pride themselves on their classical literature, they regard the business of writing books as a mere amusement, "like flying kites." No author thinks of putting his name to the works he publishes; and though readers abound, no one ever inquires who wrote even the most popular books. The custom involves the less injustice, from the absolute worthlessness of the contemporary literature of China. In the army the same decay is visible. According to the official records, it counts twelve hundred thousand men; but nearly all of these are a sort of militia—farmers, mechanics, etc.—who are only called on once a year or so to attend a review, and who are so ignorant of military discipline, and even of the use of their arms, as to be incapable of executing the simplest manœuvre. It is well known that, in the opium war, the Chinese tried to frighten the English by holding up hideous pictures; and when they had fired their matchlocks, threw them down and ran away. This was a fair sample of Celestial tactics. "A more wretched army, worse equipped, worse disciplined, more insensible to honor—in a word, more absurd in every way," does not exist in the world. The political institutions are as rotten as the military. As a general thing, the Chinese do not meddle in politics; they leave the whole subject to the Mandarins, who, they say, are paid for attending to these matters. The mayors of each commune, or county, are

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elected by the people; but all other political officers, instead of being elective as formerly, are appointed by the Emperor. Corruption, fraud, and falsehood are the invariable characteristics of every public functionary in the Empire. Some of the Mandarins confessed as much to M. Huc, and candidly avowed their belief that the present dynasty would not last. They are familiar with political revolutions. Between the years 420 and 1640 of our era, there were fifteen changes of dynasty in China, all accompanied by bloody wars, and by the extermination of the dethroned family. The Mantchous have had a long lease of power—over two centuries; and if the present rebel, Tien-te, should succeed in subverting their authority, there is no reason to suppose that the bulk of the people will pay much attention to the change. M. Huc is a disbeliever in the Christianity of the insurgents. His Catholic zeal can not digest the thought that Protestant missionaries should have achieved such a triumph.

So far as religion is concerned, the Chinese have three native sorts besides Christianity and Mohammedanism. Formerly there was fierce strife between the Bhuddists on one side, the disciples of Confucius on another, and the followers of Lao-tze on a third; and all three occasionally persecuted the believers in Christ and the Mussulmans. But, some time since, an Emperor reviewed all these religions in a State paper, and gave it as his imperial opinion that none of them were worth fighting for: candidly advising his subjects to keep clear of all of them. His advice has been followed. Now and then a Christian is martyred from old habit; but, as a general rule, the Chinese are infidels, and care nothing about religion. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and have some crude notion that departed souls require money in the other world to pay their way among the demons; but the spirit of fraud is so strong upon them that the money they bury with the dead is spurious. The devil, say they, will never know the difference.

If the Chinese have any object in life, it is trade and money. They are born speculators. As soon as a boy can walk, he begins to traffic with his companions. His life is spent in buying and selling, and he will close a bargain with his last breath. It is all the same to him whether the traffic be legal or illegal, honest or dishonest. From selling a house to playing at cards or dice, they are ready for any thing which seems to promise gain. M. Huc's palanquin-bearers, after a day of frightful toil, would spend the greater portion of the night in gambling. The excess to which the vice is carried in the cities is incredible. In the north, says M. Huc, you may often meet, during the intense cold of winter, men rushing out of gambling-houses in a state of complete nudity, having lost all their clothes at play. But this is not the worst. Men who have lost all, including their clothes, "will play for their fingers, which they cut off with the most frightful stoicism." Sometimes a hatchet is placed on the table, and the winner takes the loser's hand, lays it on a stone, and chops off the finger won: the loser thrusts the stump into a vessel of hot oil, which cauterizes the wound.

Want of space forbids our following M. Huc through his interesting journey. After adventures which rarely fall to the lot of the luckiest traveler, but still without serious mishap, he reached Canton in the month of October 1846, six months after his departure from Lhassa in Thibet. Almost the first thing he saw on his arrival was an English newspaper containing a full and particular account of his having been fastened to the tail of a wild horse and dragged to death. Having some reason, as he says, to doubt the perfect accuracy of this statement, he hastened to his friends at Macao, whose delight at seeing him again can be conceived. Six years elapsed before he returned to his native land; during which he retraversed Asia, and may possibly have collected materials for another work as interesting as the one already published.

A GIRL'S DILEMMA.

THIS is the anniversary of an important day in my life. I will keep it by recording the events that led to my present position; let not those stay to read whose hearts have grown too old to relish a love story.

At eighteen, I was one of the most thoughtless of human beings. My widowed father, a rich merchant, had humored every whim from infancy, and asked nothing of me in return but light-heartedness and affection. No one could have known less than I of the shadows and sorrows of life, or have been more childishly occupied in the present. It was the night of my first ball, to which I was to be introduced under the most flattering auspices; I was half-wild with excitement, and the moment my toilet was completed, I flew down stairs to show myself to my father, who was not going with me, as at first arranged, being prevented, he said, by sudden and insurmountable engagements. Well I remember how impatiently I burst open the dining-room door, and with what a bound of elation I sprang toward the spot where he stood, spreading out my beautiful dress, and making before him a sweeping courtesy. I seem to hear now the soft rustle of lace and satin; to feel the glow that burned on my cheeks, and the quick throbbings of my happy heart. I had not at first noticed, in my eagerness, that the table was covered with papers, and that my father was not alone. Mr. Lacy, barrister-at-law, his friend and mine—for I had known him from my cradle—sat opposite to him, and a second glance showed me how grave and anxious were the faces of both.

"What is the matter?" I asked, laying my hand caressingly on my father's shoulder. He looked at me fondly till I saw the tears brim his eyes.

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"My darling!" he said, in an abrupt, passionate way. "We will not tell her, Lacy? It would be cruel. Let her have at least a few more happy hours; she need not know to-night. How will she bear it?"

Mr. Lacy looked increasingly grave. I had become very grave too; my childish excitement seemed to have given place to a sudden and almost womanly seriousness.

"It is of no use hiding any thing from me," I said, trying to smile, though I trembled from head to foot in vague foreboding. "I could not go to the ball now; tell me what has happened." The expression of my father's face deepened to anguish; he put his hands before it, as if the sight of me was too painful to bear. I turned to Mr. Lacy.

"Do you tell me!" I implored. Mr. Lacy fixed upon me the fine searching eyes whose reproof had been the sorest penalty of my life hitherto, and kept up the scrutiny till I could bear it no longer, earnestly and kindly as it was. I knelt on a cushion before him, and leaning my arms on his knees in a favorite attitude, I returned his gaze with a steady though tearful one.

"Try me," I said; "perhaps I am more than the giddy child you think me. Besides, it can not be so dreadful—you are both alive and well!"

A peculiar expression passed over Mr. Lacy's face. He seemed hesitating whether to draw me into his arms, or to push me from him: he did neither, but rose up suddenly, putting me gently back, and took a few turns through the room.

"Halford," he said presently, and in agitated tones, "once more I renew my offer. Of what use is wealth like mine to a lonely man? With the help I can give, you may keep your credit and breast this storm. You shrink from an obligation there is a chance of your never being able to cancel? Well, I will change places with you. Give me in return—that is, if I can win her to consent—your daughter as my wife!" My father looked up with a literal gasp of astonishment. Mr. Lacy went on without heeding him. "I am a fool, no doubt," he said; "but the time has long gone by when Mildred was a child to me. For the last two years I have felt from the depths of my heart that she was a woman; I have fought against the insane wish to win her for my wife; my age, my past relations with her, seemed to make it a crime. Now I have spoken; God knows, as much to save you from the disgrace you are so obstinately bent on meeting, and her from the poverty that would crush her youth, as to satisfy my own feelings. What she is to me words can not say; how I will guard and love her, my love only could prove. Mildred, what do you say?"

He paused opposite me, and took my hand: I was like one in a dream. Love! Marriage! Brought up as I had been at home, I had speculated less on these points than most girls of my age. I had vague theories, indeed, gathered from poets and novelists; and my feelings for Mr. Lacy, a man of forty years of age, who had nursed me as an infant, and whom I regarded with almost unlimited reverence as one of the best and wisest of the race, did not seem to correspond with them. I was unworthy of the honor—incapable of fulfilling the office of wife to such a man. Wife! it seemed almost blasphemous to mention the word to such a child as I was. I shrank back from him toward my father, my cheeks burning, and my eyes full of tears.

"You refuse me, Mildred?" said he. "I should be a villain to take advantage of my position, and urge you. Yet in my heart I believe I could make you happy: what would you have but youth that I could not give you? There are many chances against your ever being offered again a strong, honest, undivided heart like mine. No young man could love as I do. Mildred, what you might be to me!"

The strange tone of passionate earnestness made my heart beat thick. I glanced at my father; he was watching me with intense anxiety: no need to question what his wishes were. As for the meaning of this strange scene, I wanted no details; enough that some monetary crisis had come that threatened disgrace and ruin. I could avert it; and how? By marrying one whose affection might have gratified the most ambitious heart—one of the noblest of men—one I loved, though perhaps not as he loved me. In that hour of excitement, and in my undisciplined mind, little was I prepared to weigh remote possibilities and contingencies; besides, I was ardent, excitable, apt to mistake impulse for sentiment. "Mildred, what you might be to me!" wrought upon my sensibility; his expression of subdued emotion still further moved me. It never occurred to me to demand time for explanation and reflection. I felt constrained to answer him then and there.

"If I were less a child," I said, blushing and trembling—"if I were more your equal—"

It was enough: he drew near me, and clasped me in his arms. "Child!" he said passionately; "my love—my wife!" Then releasing me, and gazing at me seriously: "You give yourself to me willingly, Mildred; but I will not bind you. Six months hence I will give you back your freedom, if you are not happy; and you will find it hard to deceive a love like mine."

My father rose and grasped his hand in silence. "God bless you!" he said at length; "I would have borne much to secure such a protector for my child. Leave us, Mildred, to arrange some matters that can not be delayed even till the morning." I was eager to obey, and be alone to think; and I left the room without a backward glance.

That half hour had revolutionized my whole being. I was a child no longer. I locked my bedroom door, to give way to all the tumultuous emotions of a woman. Sued for as a wife

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—engaged! I looked at myself in the glass, and wondered that a man like Mr. Lacy could love such a young unformed creature as I appeared. There was an incongruity in it that struck me painfully. Still, there was a distinction in his regard that flattered me; I had a very high esteem for him; I was warding off a calamity from my father; I loved no one else —no doubt I should be very happy. I sat down on the edge of the bed, and leaned my head—little used to ache with such grave matters of reflection—upon my hand. Unaccustomed to dream, at that moment an involuntary dream rose before my imagination. Instead of this strange compact, the wooing of a youthful lover; instead of mere consent on my part, the delicious hopes, the rich fruition of a conscious, active passion. Might I not have been thus? If beauty won love, I was fair enough; if freshness and strength of heart were needed, how mine throbbed under the ideal bliss! The sound of Mr. Lacy's voice recalled me to a sense of my duty to him; it was wrong to dream of such girlish possibilities now.

He was going away, and my father had accompanied him to the head of the staircase. I suppose he had asked him if he would not wish to bid me good-night, for I heard him answer: "No; she would not wish to be disturbed—I fear to weary her. God forgive me if I am acting a selfish part!" I rose up resolutely; no more such weakness as that of the last hour; he was worthy of a woman's love and honor, and I would give it. The next two months passed in a state of tranquil happiness. If manly devotion, if the most delicate and minute attentions could win a heart, mine would have been won; and I thought it was, and reposed on the idea.

Mr. Lacy made no attempt to prevent my plunge into the gay world, postponed for a while by the late strange incidents. Now and then he would go with me to ball or opera, but it was in the character of protector or spectator, not as participant; and I felt his presence a restraint. I was by no means a coquette; I strove to bear always in mind that I was his affianced wife; but I was only eighteen, ardent in temperament, with high animal spirits, very much courted and admired, and I did enter with a keen zest into the pleasures of life. His grave smile, in the height of my enjoyment, used to fall like a weight on my heart.

He himself, holding an important and influential position in the world, was full of earnest schemes of practical benevolence, of professional reform. He seemed to think, labor, and write mainly with an eye to other men's interests, and those in their highest and widest bearings. He liked to talk to me of these things, and excite my moral enthusiasm; and while I listened, he carried heart and conviction with him, and I felt a call to such co-operation an honor, in which sacrifice could have no part. Then his look of intense affection and happiness, as he kissed the cheek to which his words had brought so deep a glow, stirred my soul, and left no doubt on my mind that I loved him.

At the end of two months, Mr. Lacy left me to attend a summons to his father's death-bed. He expressed no fears as to the result of this separation, though I perceived a deep secret anxiety. I shared it. I had a morbid dread of the effect of this absence.

"Don't leave me!" I cried, clinging weeping to his arm. "I am afraid of myself—afraid of becoming unworthy of you."

"How, Mildred?" was his answer. "If you mean you will forget me, or discover you are mistaken in thinking you love me, it will save us both a life-long misery—me, at least, a life-long remorse."

For a week or two after he left me, I hardly went into society; but my father and friends laughed at my playing the widow, as they called it, and I soon resumed my former gayeties, with, however, a certain restraint and moderation which I felt due to Mr. Lacy.

At length the temptation beset me of which I seemed to have had a vague presentiment from the first evening of Mr. Lacy's offer, and it beset me under its most insidious form. My father's sister and nephew came to pay us a long-talked-of visit; and even before they arrived, I had begun to torture myself with doubts as to the issues of this intercourse. As children, Frank Ingram and I had spent half our time together; and as children had pledged ourselves to each other. Five years had passed since we had met, for he had been studying medicine abroad; but an unbroken, though scanty correspondence had been always kept up between the two families. Frank had been my ideal as a child. If I found him so still—if I were to love him!—if, when he came, he brought with him that future about which I had dreamed—brought it in vain! There was something morbid in this state of mind; but the idea had fastened upon me, and I could not shake it off. My very self-mistrust was a snare.

My aunt and cousin duly arrived; and of Frank I must speak the truth, even if I am accused of a wish to justify myself. Every charm a young man could have, I think he possessed. I say nothing of his personal beauty, or his ingenuous graces of manner. I could have withstood these, though I had a very keen appreciation of them. But he was as full of disinterested ardor in his profession as Mr. Lacy in his; had the same deep desire to be of use in his generation—the same unselfish plans and aspirations; only he unfolded them with such a winning self-mistrust, as if he doubted his worthiness for the high vocation of benevolence, until he warmed into enthusiasm; and then the passion of his speech, the very extravagance of his youthful hopes, thrilled me with a power far beyond the reasoned wisdom of Mr. Lacy's enterprises. Oh! I longed to join hands with him in his life-journey, and lend my aid to the working out of his Utopia, with a spontaneous fervor of desire never known before!

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Lesser things lent their aid. He was a fine musician, and an enthusiast in the art: we practiced constantly together. He taught me how to play and sing the German compositions he had introduced to me. I do not wish to dwell on details; but who does not know how subtle a medium of love a kindred pursuit and enjoyment of music is?—and Mr. Lacy had never cared for music. Then, again, he was my perpetual companion: at breakfast, his clear eyes and welcoming voice opened the day; and after its long hours of delightful intercourse, his hand was the last I clasped at night. No attempt was made to put any restraint upon this dangerous companionship. My father looked upon us as brother and sister; besides, the fact of my engagement was known, and he had the most implicit confidence in his nephew's honor. He never considered my danger, yet it was the greater. He might be strong, but I was weak. In short, I loved Frank.

A letter, announcing the probable day of Mr. Lacy's return, roused me to a conviction of the truth. I carried it up to my room, locked the door, and fell on my knees. What should I do? Should I keep my secret, and sin against my own soul by marrying one I did not love? Surely that were the worst crime of the two. What was left me, then, but to wound a noble heart, belie my promise, inculpate my father. It seemed a dreadful alternative. After hours of agonized casuistry, I could not decide, but determined to leave the final issue to chance. Did Frank love me? Strange that I took that fact for granted, torturing myself with the idea of what he would suffer—he, with his young, strong capacity for sorrow! This is not to be a long story, so I must not stay to analyze the state of my mind during the interval that elapsed before Mr. Lacy's return. A criminal awaiting a sure condemnation, and that approved by his own aching conscience, would understand my feelings.

The evening came on which we expected him. Never before had our drawing-room worn a more happy, home-like character. My father read the newspaper at ease in his ample chair; my handsome, lively aunt perpetually interrupting him with irrelevant remarks. I sat near the tea-table, for a certain hour had been fixed, and we waited for our guest before we began our favorite meal. I held a book, to hide the changes of my countenance. Had I doubted my cousin's love before, I should have doubted it no longer; how earnestly and searchingly he looked at me—how grave and sad he appeared!

The knock came. It was natural I should start; but it was hard to smile naturally at my aunt's pleasant raillery. Mr. Lacy came in; he was one of those whose self-governed, serene manner precludes flutter or embarrassment in others. The gentle friendliness of his greeting reassured me for the moment; under it I could hardly imagine the strong passionate current to exist that sometimes broke its bounds.

The evening passed smoothly and pleasantly to all externals. Mr. Lacy was very grave, but then it was to be expected of a son who had just left his father's death-bed; and my aunt's animated tongue filled up the intervals when conversation would have flagged. Frank and I sang together at my father's request, for I feared to seem unwilling; besides, it precluded the necessity of my exerting myself to talk. Frank was very serious, and, I thought, averse to sing with me; but at the same time he had never sung to more advantage.

The ordeal was over at last. Mr. Lacy took his leave, without any thing in his manner to make me fear, or perhaps hope, that my secret was discovered. A week passed; he was constantly with us, showing me the same tenderness as ever, somewhat graver, but as certainly more gentle. He seemed, too, to make a point of seeking Frank's society, and spoke of him in high terms to my father. Oh! what a heavy heart I carried during that period. Looking in my glass, I thought with wonder of the change six months can work in mind and body. At the end of those seven days, I came to a resolution that nerved me with something like strength. I thought I would seek a direct interview with Mr. Lacy, tell him the whole truth, and throw myself on his generosity. Let him but release me from an engagement that became every hour more intolerable to contemplate, and I would consent to enter on no other. Let him but free me, and I would live unmarried forever—yes, though I must take labor and poverty as companions.

It was the very evening of the day I had come to this decision, that I chanced to meet Mr. Lacy on the stairs, at the hour of his usual arrival. Here was the desired opportunity, but I trembled to avail myself of it. He forestalled me.

"Give me a quarter of an hour alone, Mildred, in the library," he said. "I have wished to have a few private words with you for days."

We went in; he placed me a chair near the fire, and closed the door carefully, then came up to me, standing before me as he spoke:

"This day six months ago, Mildred, I made a promise I am going to redeem. If you are not happy, I said, I will free you from the engagement you made with me. You are not happy. I suspected the truth from your letters—those painful letters—and I saw it confirmed the first night of my arrival. The expression of your face, the tone of your voice, when you spoke to your cousin, would have set the strongest doubt at rest, killed the most pertinacious hope." He paused a moment, then went on as calmly as before: "I acquit you of all blame, Mildred; it was I that acted the unworthy part, taking unmanly advantage of my power to help your father and your untried child's heart. If I were not now the only sufferer, I could scarcely bear the retrospect; but I am, thank God! As for your father, our fears magnified his danger; the little help I was able to give, has reestablished his position as firmly as before. He

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will repay me; you owe me nothing. I have had a wild dream, but I am awake at last—awake enough to see it was a fool's idea that a man like me could win a young girl's heart."

He was calm no longer; but he turned abruptly away to hide his emotion.

"Mr. Lacy," I cried, striving to stifle the conflict of my love, "I would fain do right. I have a deep esteem for you—I—" I broke off. "Give me a little time," I added, passionately renewing the effort; "I shall conquer this love of mine—I will become worthy of you, after all!"

"Conquer the purest feeling of a woman's heart! Offer yourself a sacrifice to my selfishness! No, no; Mildred, yours is the season of blessedness—mine is already past. Presently, I will come back to you in my old character, and be able to say with less difficulty than I do to-night, 'God bless you both.' I will kiss you for the last time."

He clasped me in his arms, and kissed me, seemingly with more earnestness than passion, but it was the very depth of passion. As the door closed upon him, a strange impulse seized me. I longed to call him back. Was it true I did not love him?

I saw none of my family that evening, for I went at once to my room. What a night of misery and conflict I passed!

The next morning Frank came to my private sitting-room, and knocked for admittance. He held a letter in his hand; his fine eyes were suffused with happiness.

"Sympathize with me, Mildred," he said; "I feel too much to bear it alone. I have never talked to you about her, for I could not trust myself with the subject while a doubt remained. Now, I will tell you about my darling; she is as worthy of a true man's heart as—as Mr. Lacy is of yours. By the way, Mildred, I was very anxious about you that night he came home, for your manner was not—not what, were I in his place, would have satisfied me; but that is the form a woman's caprice takes with you, I have concluded. As for not loving him at bottom, I don't dare so to impugn my noble cousin's heart and understanding."

Frank talked on long and earnestly—told me the story of his love, read me his letter; but I heard nothing distinctly, understood nothing fully. One fact I grasped, that he was going to leave me to-morrow—going to this darling of his—and that if I had a spark of dignity and womanly sense left, I must excite it now. I don't know how I bore my martyrdom; but I won its crown. Frank bade me good-by without a suspicion of the truth.

I ran once more to the solitude of my chamber. I felt abandoned—prostrate. I flung myself on the bed in a transport of despair. Why, I had lost all! Had I been so criminal that my punishment was so heavy? "Oh, Frank!" I cried, "how I have loved you—what life might have been!" Then I reflected, if Mr. Lacy loved me as I loved my cousin, what a fine spirit and nature he had shown; what a rare gift such a heart was! Miserable as I was, it was deeper misery to think I was the cause of his.

I was very ill after these events, and fears for my health quite absorbed any anger my father might have felt at the disappointment of a cherished desire, or perhaps Mr. Lacy, by his representations, had shielded me against it. When I recovered, people said I was very much altered; and so I was. The flush of youth was passed; I was not twenty, but nothing of the childishness of a few months back was left. Frank was married; and Mr. Lacy we never saw—at least I never saw him. Disappointment had made life an earnest thing to me; and taught by its discipline, the character of my former lover rose in dignity in my eyes.

How was it that what I had thought would be a life-long regret—my love for my cousin—seemed a transient emotion, of which the traces grew daily feebler. Had I sacrificed my happiness to a passing fancy? Or was it that at my age one can not long cling to the impossible? Little signified the seeming contrariety of my heart, for the fact remained—if I had never loved Mr. Lacy before, I loved him now. I thought perpetually of the incidents of our brief engagement—every word of endearment, every embrace, had its hold on my memory. I recalled his opinions, framing my own stringently by them, and followed his public career so far as I was able, aided by my deep knowledge of the high principles and motives that actuated it.

The feeling grew in silence, till my former love for Frank was but a child's dream in comparison. To hear his name mentioned, and always mentioned in connection with something honorable, moved me with a strange passion of feeling—and he had loved me! Oh! did he love me yet?

Time passed, and I had long resumed my former relations with society, and had met with successes enough to gratify my heart had vanity been my ruling passion, or could I have adopted it in place of the one which was secretly sapping the fresh springs of life. Sometimes the idea occurred, that it might be possible, without any compromise of womanly dignity, to ascertain his feelings for me, and if they remained unchanged, to teach him the change in mine; and then I fell into that coloring of a bright future which seems to be the ordained and Sisyphus-like penalty of the unhappy.

My chance came at last. At a large dinner-party, I unexpectedly met Mr. Lacy. He came to me at once; spoke kindly and gently, as in long-past times; but there was nothing to lead to the idea that he still loved me—no hesitation in the well-known voice, no latent tenderness in the searching eyes. I could not bear it, and, wished he would leave me to myself, and not torture me with that cruel friendship. At my first opportunity I turned from him, and engaged myself in conversation with a gentleman who was well known to be one of my suitors. It appeared like coquetry, but it was the eager-

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ness of self-mistrust. That evening seemed very long, and insupportably painful; I had not known how tenaciously I had clung to hope until it failed me. When Mr. Lacy came forward to help me to my carriage, I felt I could hardly receive the ordinary civility from him without betraying myself.

I was surprised when he begged me to turn into an empty room we passed on our way to the hall. "Mildred," he said, "I was going to ask you, when we first met to-night, whether I might resume my old relations in your family. Nearly two years have passed since we last met, and I thought I could bring you back the calm heart of a friend. But you have so studiously shunned me, that to ask permission now seems superfluous. What am I to think? Have you not forgiven me yet for the misery I cost you?"

I was silent. If I could have fallen at his feet, and sobbed out the truth, I might have been blessed for life; but that would have been too great a sacrifice for even love to exact from a woman's pride.

"If the deepest sympathy in your disappointment could entitle me to the character of a friend," Mr. Lacy pursued, "you would give me your hand willingly. Pardon me, Mildred, for what may seem an unmanly allusion, but it is best to make it—if there is any chance of future friendship between us. It was hard to give you up, harder still to feel the sacrifice had been in vain. Had you been happily married, I could have returned to you sooner; but suffering, and to feel I had no power to soothe—"

This generosity was too much for me. I rose up hastily from the seat I had taken. "I can not bear it," I said rashly; "the past has been cruel enough, but this is worse than all. Oh, I am miserable! Friends we can never be—let me go home!" I spoke with the fretfulness of a child; he looked amazed.

"Am I again deceived?" he asked. "I was told that the gentleman I saw with you this evening, Mr. Branson, was your accepted lover. I know him well; he deserves you, Mildred. I rejoiced to see you bright and animated, as you used to be, in his society—to think there was no blight on the future for you at least. What can you mean? You will not risk, surely, the happiness of both? Pardon me," he added, coloring, "I forget I have not even a friend's right to warn."

On the brink of one's fate, to deliberate is to lose all.

"Mr. Branson is nothing to me," I said, white and trembling, "and will never be more; the past will not let itself be so soon forgotten." My tone seemed to excite him.

"Mildred!" he exclaimed passionately, "did you, then, love him so much? Ah! had mine been the power!" He drew a long breath, and fixed for a moment a gaze on my face that solved my last doubt, broke down the last barrier.

"Frank has long been forgotten," I said, and instinctively I held out my hand—"that was a child's love. What I want of the future, is to be what the past once promised, Mr. Lacy."

I had stood erect, and spoken audibly up to this point; but here my head drooped, my cheeks burned, yet from no ignoble shame. One quick glance of searching astonishment, one rapturous exclamation, and I was folded in his arms.

"Mildred, forgive my doubt. You have regretted me—you love me?"

"Beyond what you have asked," I stammered, hiding my face on his shoulder—"beyond friendship. I feel I have found my ark of refuge!"

PASSING FACES.

WE have no need to go abroad to study ethnology. A walk through the streets of any great city will show us specimens of every human variety known. Not *pur sang*, of course, but transmitted (diluted too) through the Anglo-Saxon medium—special characteristics necessarily not left very sharply defined. It takes a tolerably quick eye, and the educated perceptions of an artist, to trace the original lines through the successive shadings made by many generations of a different race. But still those lines are to be seen by all who know how to look for them, or who understand them when they are before them.

It is perfectly incredible what a large number of ugly people one sees. One wonders where they can possibly have come from—from what invading tribe of savages or monkeys. We meet faces that are scarcely human—positively brutified out of all trace of intelligence by vice, gin, and want of education; but besides this sad class, there are the simply ugly faces, with all the lines turned the wrong way, and all the colors in the wrong places; and then there are the bird and beast faces, of which Gavarni's caricatures are faithful portraits. Doesn't every body count a crane and a secretary-bird among his acquaintances? tall men, with sloping shoulders and slender legs, with long necks, which no cravat or stock can cover, with small heads—if a crane, the hair cropped short; if a secretary-bird, worn long and flung back upon the shoulders, that look as if they were sliding down-hill in a fright. These are the men who are called elegant—good lord!—and who maunder through life in a daft state of simpering dilettanteism, but who never thought a man's thought, nor did a man's work, since they were born. Every one knows, too, the hawk's face—about gambling-tables and down in the city very common—and the rook's, and the jackdaw's; and some of us are troubled with the distressing neighborhood of a foolish man-snipe, and some of us have had our intimate owls and favorite parrots; though the man-parrot is not a desirable companion in general.

But the beast-faces, there is no limit to them! Dogs alone supply the outlines of half the portraits we know. There is the bull-dog—that man in the brown suit yonder, with bandy legs and heavy shoulders: did you ever see a kenneled muzzle more thoroughly the bull-dog than

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this? The small eyes close under the brows, the smooth bullet forehead, heavy jaw, and snub nose, all are essentially of the bull-dog breed, and at the same time essentially British. Then the mastiff, with the double-bass voice and the square hanging jaw; and the shabby-looking turnspit, with his hair staring out at all sides, and his eyes drawn up to its roots; and the greyhound, lean of rib and sharp of face; and the terrier—who is often a lawyer—with a snarl in his voice and a kind of restlessness in his eye, as if mentally worrying a rat—his client; and the Skye, all beard and mustache and glossy curls, with a plaintive expression of countenance and an exceedingly meek demeanor; and the noble old Newfoundland dog, perhaps a brave old soldier from active service, who is chivalrous to women and gentle to children, and who repels petty annoyances with a grand patience that is veritably heroic. Reader, if you know a Newfoundland-dog man, cherish him: stupid as he probably will be, yet he is worth your love. Then we have horse-faced men; and men like camels, with quite the camel lip; and the sheep-faced man, with the forehead retreating from his long energetic nose—smooth men without whiskers, and with shining hair cut close, and not curling, like pointers; the lion-man—he is a grand fellow; and the bull-headed man; the flat serpent head; and the tiger's, like an inverted pyramid; the giraffe's lengthy unhelpfulness; and the sharp red face of the fox. Don't we meet men like these at every step we take? and if we know any such intimately, don't we invariably find that their characters correspond somewhat with their persons?

The women, too—we have likenesses for them. I know a woman who might have been the ancestress of all the rabbits in the land. A soft downy-looking, fair, placid woman, with long hair looping down like ears, and an innocent face of mingled timidity and surprise. She is a sweet-tempered thing, always eating or sleeping; who breathes hard when she goes up stairs, and who has as few brains in working order as a human being can get on with. She is just a human rabbit, and nothing more; and she looks like one. We all know the setter woman—the best of all the types—graceful, animated, well-formed, intelligent, with large eyes and wavy hair, who walks with a firm tread but a light one, and who can turn her hand to any thing. The true setter woman is always married; she is the real woman of the world. Then there is the Blenheim Spaniel, who covers up her face in her ringlets and holds down her head when she talks, and who is shy and timid. And there is the greyhound woman, with lantern-jaws and braided hair, and large knuckles, generally rather distorted. There is the cat woman, too; elegant, stealthy, clever, caressing; who walks without noise, and is great in the way of endearment. No limbs are so supple as hers, no backbone so wonderfully pliant; no voice so sweet, no manners so endearing. She extracts your secrets from you before you know that you have spoken; and half an hour's conversation with that graceful, purring woman, has revealed to her every most dangerous fact it has been your life's study to hide. The cat woman is a dangerous animal. She has claws hidden in that velvet paw, and she can draw blood when she unsheathes them. Then there is the cow-faced woman, generally of phlegmatic temperament and melancholy disposition, given to pious books and teetotalism. And there is the lurcher woman, the strong-visaged strong-minded female, who wears rough coats with men's pockets and large bone buttons, and whose bonnets fling a spiteful defiance at both beauty and fashion. This is that wonderful creature who electrifies foreigners by climbing their mountains in a mongrel kind of attire, in which men's cloth trowsers form the most striking feature; and who goes about the business of life in a rough, gruff, lurcher-like fashion, as if grace and beauty were the two cardinal sins of womanhood, and she were on a "mission" to put them down. This is not a desirable animal. We have women like merino sheep: they wear their hair over their eyes and far on to their necks. And women like poodle dogs, with fuzzy heads and round eyes; women like kangaroos, with short arms and a clumsy kind of hop when they walk; and we have active, intelligent little women, with just the faintest suspicion of a rat's face on them, as they look watchfully after the servants and inspect the mysteries of the jam closet. Then there are pretty little loving marmoset faces. I know the very transcript of the golden-haired Silky Tamarin. It is a gentle, plaintive, loving creature, with large liquid brown eyes, that have always a tear behind them and a look of soft reproach in them; its hair hangs in a profusion of golden-brown curls—not curls so much as a mass of waving tresses; it is a creeping, nestling, clinging thing, that seems as if it wants always to bury itself in some one's arms—as if the world outside were all too large and cold for it. There is the horse-faced woman, too, as well as the horse-faced man; and there is the turn-spit woman, with her ragged head and blunt common nose. In fact, there are female varieties of all the male types we have mentioned, excepting, perhaps, the lion woman. I have never seen a true lion-headed woman, excepting in that black Egyptian figure, sitting with her hands on her two knees, and grinning grimly on the Museum world, as Bubastis, the lion-headed goddess of the Nile.

Well, then, as we walk through the street we have two subjects of contemplation in the passing faces hurrying by—their races and their likenesses. Now to their social condition and their histories, stamped on them as legibly as arms are painted on a carriage panel.

In every city are several varieties. There are the smart men, who wear jaunty hats and well-trimmed mustaches; who drive to their places of business in cabs, and who evidently think

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they are paying commerce a compliment by making their fortunes out of it. And there are the staid, respectable city men, who live in the suburbs, ride in omnibuses, and wear greatcoats of superseded cut; who carry umbrellas, shaven chins, and short whiskers, and are emphatically the city men. And there are equivocal-looking men, who are evidently unsubstantial speculators without capital, and who trade on airy thousands when they want money enough to buy a dinner. Don't we all know these men, with their keen faces and bad hats, their eager walk and trowsers bulged out at the knees? Don't we all know the very turn of their black satin handkerchief pinned with that paste pin —a claw holding a pearl—all sham, every bit of it, excepting the claw, which is allegorical—and folded so as to hide the soiled and crumpled shirt? Don't we see by their very boots that they are men of straw? For by right of unpaid bills, the landlady is impertinent or the servant disrespectful, and these necessary coverings are therefore left in a dusty and unenlightened condition. These are the men who are the curse of the commercial world. Unscrupulous, shifty, careless of the ruin which their false schemes may bring on their dupes when the bubble bursts and the day of reckoning comes. In the city, too, about the doors of the banks, and offices, and the city clubs, are standing old men dirty and worn. Perhaps they were once clerks in the very offices at the doors of which they now lounge to serve any cab or carriage that may drive up. You never see such men any where but in the city; not with the same amount of intelligence and abject poverty combined. In better days they may perhaps have shoveled you out gold in shining scoops, or have checked your cash-book for thousands.

Then there are Jews; with that clever, sensual, crafty countenance, which contains the epitome of the whole Hebrew history; with their jewelry and flashy dress. And there are young thieves, with downcast eyes and a wholesome fear of the policeman; but every now and then a sharp glance that seems to take in a whole world of purses and pockets, and to subtract your money like magic from your hand. These have generally an older lad, or young man, lounging near them. You would scarcely believe him their companion, he looks so staid and respectable; but he is. The young thieves are not confined to the city, unhappily. You see them every where. Turning vaguely down any street where they think they see a victim; walking without aim or purpose or business in their walk; dressed incongruously—with some one, or perhaps two articles of dress perfectly good, and the rest in tatters; bearing no signs of special trade or of work about them; a strange kind of cunning, rather than of intelligence, in their faces: these are the marks of the thieves.

Turning westward, carriages and mustaches increase; queerly-dressed people and carts decrease. You see fewer policemen, as such; but more acute-looking men in plain clothes, on the look out for evidence or a criminal. And you see more ladies. Here is one in all the pride of her new maternity, walking with nurse by her side carrying baby in a maze of ribbons, laces, and embroidery. Sometimes it is a blue baby, sometimes a pink one, or a light green, or a stone color; not often a white one in the town, because of the soot. You read in the face of this young wife pleasant revelations of love and happiness, with all the gloss of newness on the marriage ring as yet. You read of a pretty home, with the clean, bright furniture arranged like pretty playthings, and re-arranged almost daily; of sisters coming to stay, full of pride and love, and thinking Henry the most charming brother possible.

You meet the strong-minded woman always, and always recognizable under her various disguises—the lurcher still and ever. And you meet the silly little woman whose bonnets are farther off her head, whose petticoats are longer —especially in dirty weather—and whose cloaks are shorter, than every body's else; orange girls with bloated faces, flattened bonnets, and torn shawls; butter boys with greasy jackets; butcher boys with greasy hair; newspaper boys, impudent and vocal; ragged school boys, in red jackets or green, cleaning your honor's shoes for a penny, and with a strange expression of hope and redemption in their faces; tigers, pages—all buttons and silver lace, poor monkeys; vulgar boys coming from school; foreigners with beards, hooded cloaks, slouched hats, and smoking; artists imitating them—very badly; shopmen, oily and pert; country clergymen up for the day, with a train of women the reverse of fashionable; workmen, all lime and paint; pretty girls and lovely children: this is the city world as seen in the streets, and met with every day.

And what a world it is, as it passes so swiftly by! The hopes, the joys, the deadly fears; the triumph here, the ruin there; the quiet heroism, the secret sin—what a tumult of human passions burning like fire in the volcano of human life! Look at that pale woman, with red eyes, sunken cheeks, and that painful thinness of the shabby genteel. She is the wife of a gambler, once an honorable and a wealthy man, now sunk to the lowest depths of moral degradation—fast sinking to the lowest depths of social poverty as well. He came home last night half mad. The broad bruise on her shoulder, beneath that flimsy shawl, would tell its own tale if you saw it. Her husband's hand used once to fall in a softer fashion there than it fell last night. She has come to-day to pawn some of her clothes; the first time in her miserable career that this task has been forced on her: by this day next year she will have known every pawnbroker's shop in the quarter. Lucky for her, if she does not come to know every ginshop as well! This little woman laughing in the shrill voice, ran away from her home a

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year ago. She is laughing now to choke back the tears which gushed to her strained eyes as the baby in the white long cloak was carried by. She left one about the same age on the hot summer's night when she fled from all that good men reverence. Those tears show that conscience is not all dead within her yet. Poor mother! the day will come when that false laughter will no longer choke back those penitent sobs; when you will forget to smile, and learn to weep and pray! The downcast man stalking moodily along has just lost his last farthing on the Stock Exchange. He is going home now to break the news to his wife, and to arrange for a flight to California or Australia. He, this moment jostling him, was married last week to an heiress, and a pretty one too: he is humming an opera tune as he walks briskly home to his temporary lodgings, and wondering what people can find in life to make them so miserable and dull! For his part, he finds this world a jolly place enough; and so might others, too, if they chose, he says. That pale youth sauntering feebly, dined out last night, and woke with a headache this morning. He wears a glass in his eye, and is qualifying himself for manliness and—death, by a course of dissipation. He has just come to his fortune, which he won't enjoy many years, unless he finds out that he is living the life of a fool—and he must grow wiser before he can find out that. The clean respectable woman of middle age is a gentleman's housekeeper coming from her visits among the poor. She has just taken some wine to a sick woman down in a filthy street, and some socks and flannel to a family of destitute children. There is much more of this kind of charity than we see on the surface of society; though still not so much as is wanted. The sweet-looking girl walking alone, and dressed all in dove-color, is an authoress; and the man with bright eyes and black hair, who has just lifted his hat to her and walks on, with a certain slouch in his shoulders that belongs to a man of business, is an author, and an editor; a Pope, a Jupiter, a Czar in his own domain, against whose fiat there is neither redress nor appeal. No despotism is equal to the despotism of an editor.

Pass on—crowds on crowds still meet; and face after face, full of meaning, turned toward you as you pass; signs of all nations and races of men pass you, unknown of all and to themselves whence they came; beasts and birds dressed in human form; tragedies in broadcloth, farces in rags; passions sweeping through the air like tropical storms, and silent virtues stealing by like moonlight; LIFE, in all its boundless power of joy and suffering—this is the great picture-book to be read in the streets of a mighty city; these are the wild notes to be listened to; this the strange mass of pathos, poetry, caricature, and beauty which lie heaped up together without order or distinctive heading, and which men endorse as Society and the World.

WATER CURE.

"Having our minds sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water."

"NOW, if I knew—Lord help me! I often feel as if I did not know—whether the next life be any better than this, whether getting rid of the body be any advantage to the soul—before heaven I would gladly die to-morrow!"

"By Jove! Alick, *I* haven't the slightest wish of the kind."

We two—Austin Hardy and Alexander Fyfe—as we sat over the fire in my lodgings, in Burton Crescent, were not bad types of two classes of men, not rare in this our day, who may stand convicted as moral suicides—mind-murderers and body-murderers.

We were cousins, but at the opposite poles of society—he was rich, I poor. The world lured him, and scouted me; its pit of perdition was opened wide for us both; but he was kissed, and I was kicked, into it. Now we both found ourselves clinging to its brink, and glaring helplessly at one another from opposite sides, wondering which would be the first to let go, and drop to—where?

It was the 1st of November. I had sat hour after hour, the MS. of my last book before me; the finished half on my left hand grinned fiendishly at the unfinished half on my right—to wit, a heap of blank sheets, two hundred; two hundred pages that, by Christmas, *must* be covered—covered, too, with the best fruit of my soul, my heart, and my brains; else, my dear friend, the public would say, compassionately, "Poor fellow! he has written himself out;" or, sneeringly, "If these authors did but know when to stop!"

Stop?—with life and all its daily needs, duties, pleasantness—pshaw! I may draw my pen through *that* word—hammering incessantly at the door! with old Age's ugly face, solitary and poor, peering in at the window—stop, indeed!

I was in this agreeable state of mind, when my cousin Austin lounged into my room on that November day.

"Do I interrupt you?" he said, for he was a kindly-hearted fellow, though not over-burdened with brains, and wholly uninitiate in the life of literature.

"Interrupt! no, my good fellow. I wish you did," said I, with a groan. "There is nothing to interrupt. One might as well spin a thread-of-gold gown out of that spider-line, dangling from the ceiling, as weave a story out of this skull of mine—this squeezed sponge, this collapsed bladder; it's good for nothing but a dining-hall to a select party of worms."

"Eh?" said he, innocently uncomprehending.

"Never mind. What of yourself, Hardy? How is the hunting and the shooting, the betting and the play-going, the dinner-parties and the balls?"

"All over."

He shook his head, and a severe fit of coughing convulsed his large, strong-built frame.

"I'm booked for the other world. I wish you were my heir."

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"Thank you; but, for so brief a possession, it wouldn't be worth my while."

I lit a candle, and we stood contemplating one another. Finally, we each made the remarks with which I have commenced this history. Let us continue it now.

"Why do you want to die, Alexander Fyfe?"

"To escape the trouble of living. Live!—it's only existing; I don't live—I never lived. What is life but having one's full powers free to use, to command, to enjoy? I have none of these. My body hampers my mind, my mind destroys my body, and circumstances make slaves of both. I look without—every thing is a blank; within—"

I beg to state, as I did to Austin the next minute, that I am not used to whine in this way; but I was ill, and I had sat for five hours with a blank page before me, upon which I had written precisely five lines.

Austin's face expressed the utmost astonishment.

"Why, I didn't know you had any thing amiss; you always seem to me the healthiest fellow alive. A successful author, with only yourself to look after—no property, no establishment, no responsibilities; just a little bit of writing to do each day, and be paid for it, and all is right."

I laughed at his amusing picture of an author's existence.

"Then, so hermit-like as you live here, all among your books. My poor dear aunt herself, if she could see you—"

"Hush! Austin."

"Well, I will; but all the world knows what a good woman she was. Saint-like fellow you are, easy enough, and you have no temptation to be otherwise. Now, I am obliged to go post-haste to destruction, if only to save myself from dying of *ennui*."

Another fit of coughing cut him short. I forgot my own despair in pitying his, for he seemed to hold that cheating vixen Life with such a frantic clutch, and she was so visibly slipping from him. There, at least, I was better off than he. This world was all my terror; of that to come, dark as its mysteries were, I had no absolute fear.

"You're hard up, Austin, my boy. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing. It isn't consumption, they say. It will turn to asthma, most likely—asthma brought on by— It's a pretty confession to make at my time of life; but you and I are old cronies, Alick. All my own doings, the doctors say—would have knocked up the finest constitution in the world, which I had ten years ago"—with a piteous groan.

"Well, confess what has done it?"

"Smoking, late hours, and," after a pause, "hard drinking."

"Whew!" It was a very dolorous whistle, I believe.

"What is a fellow to do?" said Hardy, rather sullenly. "Life is so confoundedly slow? You want excitement—you take to the turf or the gaming-table. If you win, you must drink and be jolly; if you lose, why, drink and drown care. Then other perplexities—womankind, for instance: you run after an angel, and find her out something on the other side of humanity; or she's sharp and clever, makes a mock of you, and marries your friend; or she tries to jump down your throat, and you might have her so cheap she isn't worth the winning."

"Is that the fact in your case?"

"My lad, *you'd* find it so, if you had ten thousand a year."

This was a doubtful compliment, certainly; but he meant it in all simplicity. Besides, I knew enough of his affairs to be aware that the circumstances he mentioned in this impersonal form were literally true.

"I wonder, cousin, you are not weary of this hunting after shadows. Why don't you marry?"

"Marry! I? to leave a wife a widow next year! Not but *that* would raise my value in the market immensely. Seriously, Alick, do you think there is any woman in the world worth marrying? I don't, and never did."

I was silent. Afterward he said, in an altered tone—

"I did not quite mean 'never.' Was she fourteen or fifteen, when she died, Alexander?"

I knew he was thinking of his old child-sweetheart, my little sister Mary.

"No, no; marrying is out of the question. Whether I die early or late, I shall certainly die a bachelor. Shall you?"

"Very probably."

And, as I glanced at the two hundred blank pages, and the two hundred more scrawled over, I hugged myself in the knowledge that, if it came to starvation, there was only one to starve—no pale wife, fading slowly from a dream of beauty into a weak slattern, peevish and sad; no crying children, wailing reproaches into the father's heart, not only for their lost birthright, but for their very birth itself. "No," I thought, with set teeth and clenched palms, as if the time of my youth was as a bitter fruit between my lips, or a poison-flower in my hands, and I were grinding both to powder—"No, as old Will hath it, '*Tis better as it is.*"

"Still," cried I, rousing myself, for poor Austin's case was worse than mine, and he had more responsibilities in the world—"still life is worth a struggle, and you know you hate your next heir. Once more, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any doctor?"

"About a dozen."

"Then you are a dead man, Austin Hardy."

"So I believe."

Again a long pause.

"I can't leave you this estate, cousin, you know, and I have spent most of my ready money; but I have left you my cellar and my stud—they will be worth a thousand or two; so you needn't kill yourself with this sort of work," pointing to the MS., "for a few years to come. That will be one good out of my dying."

"My dear boy, if you say another word about

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dying, I'll—you see Corrie's Affghan cutlass there—I'll assassinate you on the spot."

"Thank you."

"By-the-by," and a sudden brilliant thought darted into my mind, "did you ever meet my friend Corrie?"

"No."

"The finest, wholesomest, cheeriest fellow, with a head big enough to hold two men's brains, and a heart as large as his head. I had a letter from him this morning. He gave up army-service some time since, began London practice—searched fairly and honorably into all the nonsense going—tried allopathy, homœopathy, kinesopathy, and heaven knows how many pathies beside; and has finally thrown them all aside, and, in conjunction with his father, Dr. Corrie, has settled in ——shire, and there set up a water-cure."

"A what did you say?"

"A hydropathic establishment—a water-cure. Have you never heard of such places?"

"Ah, yes, where people sit in tubs all day, and starve on sanitary diet, and walk on their own legs, and go to bed at nine o'clock—barbarians!"

"Exactly. They cut civilization, with all its evils, and go back to a state of nature. Suppose you were to try it, you have so long been living 'agin nature,' as says our friend, the trapper—but I forgot you don't read—that if you were to return to her motherly arms, she might take you in, and cure you—eh?"

"Couldn't—impossible."

So many possibilities frequently grew out of Hardy's "impossible," that I was not a whit discouraged.

"Here is Corrie's letter, with a view of his house on the top of the page."

"A pretty place."

"Beautiful, he says; and James Corrie has visited half the fine scenery in the world. You see, he wants me to go down there, even without trying what he calls 'the treatment.'"

"And why don't you?"

I laid my hand on the blank MS. leaves—

"Impossible."

Austin soon after went away. I shut the shutters, stirred the fire, rang for the student's best friend—a cup of hot tea, no bread therewith. Yet, though rather hungry, I dared not eat; we head-workers are obliged to establish a rigorous division of labor between the stomach and the brain. Ugh! that one piece of dry toast would have spoiled at least four pages—can't be! And that uncut magazine, with a friend's article therein, how tempting it looks! But no, if I fret myself with his fiction for ten minutes, I shall lose the thread of my own; and if I sit thus, staring into the cozy fire, I shall go dream, and then— Now for it. Come on, my MS., you demon, that I used so to love—you friend, you mistress, you beloved child of my soul! How comes it that you have grown into a fiend, that stands ever behind me, goading me on with points of steel, ready to pierce me whenever I drop? But many a human friend, mistress, or child does just the same.

Now, surely I can work to-night. Come back, dreams of my youth. I am writing about folk that are young; so let's get up a good love-scene—a new sort of thing, if I can—for I have done so many, and reviews say I am grown "artificial." Reviews! Ten years ago, what cared I for reviews! I wrote my soul out—wrote the truth that was in me—fresh, bursting truth, that would be uttered, and would be heard. To write at all was a glory, a rapture—a shouting out of songs to the very woods and fields, as children do. I wrote because I loved it—because I could not help it—because the stream that was in me would pour out. Where is that bright, impetuous, flashing, tumbling river now? Dwindled to a dull sluice, that all my digging and draining will only coax on for a mile or two in a set channel—and it runs dry.

Well, now for the page. These five lines—rich day's work—what driveling inanity! There it goes into the flame. Let's start afresh.

Once, twice, thrice, four times, a new page goes up, in fine curling sparkles, up the chimney. Thank heaven, I have sufficient wit left, at least, to see that I am a dull fool. Try again.

This time comes nothing! My pen makes fantastic circles over the white page—little bird's nests, with a cluster of eggs inside—or draws foolish, soft profiles, with the wavy hair brushed up Greek fashion, as I used to scrawl over my bedroom walls when I was a boy. My thoughts go "wool-gathering"—wandering up and down the world, and then come back, and stand mocking and jibing at me.

How is it all to end? I can not write. I have no more power of brain than the most arrant dolt—that especial dolt whom I hear whistling down the Crescent—

"Cheer, boys, cheer, the world is all before us."

Oh, that it were! Oh, that I were a backwoodsman, with a tree and a hatchet, and the strength of labor in these poor, thin, shaking hands! Oh, that I had been born a plow-lad, with neither nerves nor brains!

My head is so hot—bursting almost. This small room stifles me. Oh, for one breeze from the old known hills! But I should hardly feel it now. I don't feel any thing much. My thoughts glide away from me. I only want to lie down, and go to sleep.

There! I have sat twenty minutes by the clock, with my head on my hands, doing nothing, thinking nothing, writing nothing—not a line. The page is as blank as it was three hours ago. My day's work, twelve golden hours—has been absolutely nothing.

This can not last. Am I getting ill? I don't know. I never do get ill. A good wholesome fever now—a nice, rattling delirium—a blistering and bleeding, out of which one would wake weak, and fresh, and peaceful as a child—what a blessing that might be! But I could not afford it—illness is too great a luxury for authors.

But—as I said to poor Austin some hours

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since—what is to be done? Something must be done, or my book will never be finished. And, oh, my enemy—oh, my evil genius, that used to be the stay of my life—with a sad yearning I turn over your leaves, and think it would grieve me after all, if you, the pet babe of my soul, were never to be born alive.

If any thing could be done! I do not drink, I do not smoke; I live a virtuous and simple life. True, I never was very strong; but then I have no disease; and if I had, is not my soul independent of my body? Can not I compel my brain to work—can not I? for all you used to argue, my sapient friend, James Corrie, M.D. And his known handwriting, looking me in the face, brought back many a sage practical warning, disregarded when I was in health and vigor, mentally and physically—when it seemed to me that all authors' complainings were mere affectations, vapors, laziness. I know better now. Forgive me, my hapless brethren, I am as wretched as any one of ye all.

Can any thing cure me?—any medicine for a mind diseased? James Corrie, what sayest thou?

"For any disorder of the brain—any failure of the mental powers—for each and all of these strange forms in which the body will assuredly, in time, take her revenge upon those who have given up every thing to intellectual pursuits, and neglected the common laws of nature—that mind and body should work together, and not apart—I know nothing so salutary as going back to a state of nature, and trying the water cure."

I sat pondering till midnight. It was a desperate chance, for each day was to me worth so much gold. Yet what mattered that?—if each day were to be like this day, I should go insane by Christmas.

At nine A.M., next morning, I stood by my cousin's bedside, in his chambers at the Albany. He was fast asleep. His large, white, sculptured profile, with the black hair hanging about, was almost ghastly. I sat down, and waited till he awoke.

"Hollo! Alexander. I thought you were a water-demon, waiting to assist me into a bottomless bath, out of which I was to emerge at the South Pole. Well, I'm meditating a similar plunge."

"I likewise."

"I am going to try the water cure."

"So am I."

"Bravo!" cried he, leaping out of bed. "I am delighted to find there will be two fools instead of one. We'll start to-morrow."

"I'm ready." * * * * * *

"Give me the whip, Fyfe. Who ever would have thought of such a place, so near London! That's a very decent hill; and that moorland wind is just like your own Scotland."

"Ay," said I, gulping it down—drinking it like a river of life.

The free, keen breeze; the dashing across an unknown country—made dimly visible by a bleak, watery November moon; the odd curves of the road, now shut up by high rocky sides, now bordered by trees, black and ghostly, though still keeping the rounded forms of summer foliage—above all, the country wildness, the entire solitude, when, not two hours ago, we had been in the heart of London! That drive has left a vivid impression on my mind. It always seems like a journey in a dream. It made a clear division between the former life and that which was at hand.

I said to myself, in a dreamy sort of way, as, passing under a woody hillside, the little footboy sprang down and opened the lodge-gate, and we drove in front of a lighted hall-door, between two white shadowy wings of building—I said, vaguely, "Old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new."

It is only in the middle of life, or when its burden has become heavier than we can bear, that one comprehends the stretching out of the spirit, as one could imagine it would stretch out of the husk of the body into a fresh existence. It is not till then we understand the feeling which created the fabled Lethe of Elysium—the full deliciousness of oblivion—the intolerable craving after something altogether new.

Therefore, except to such, I can never explain the ecstasy of impression which this place made upon me, as producing that involuntary cry, "All things are become new."

Except its master! That is, its real master; for Dr. and Mrs. Corrie were in the decline of life, and nearly all the burden of the establishment fell upon their son, their only child. No, James Corrie, I would not for the world have any thing new in thee. Change could not improve thee, or novelty make thee more grateful to an old friend's heart.

If I were to paint him literally as he stood to welcome us, I fear the effect made would be but small.

He was not a woman's man, my lady readers! He had no smooth blandness, or charming roughness—the two opposite qualities which make the fortune of fashionable physicians. You would hardly take him for a physician at all. His large, well-built figure; his also large, well-balanced head, broad-browed, with a keen intellectual eye, but with a pleasant humanity smiling about the well-turned mouth—all indicated the wholesome balance between the mental, moral, and physical organization, which made James Corrie, more than any person I have ever known, give one the impression of a true man.

Not a mere poet, or a visionary, or a philosopher, or a follower of science, made up of learning and dry bones, or a man of the world, to whom "the world" was Alpha and Omega; but a combination of all these, which resulted in that rare character which God meant us every one to be, and which about one-thousandth of us are—*a man.*

Dr. James Corrie was about forty. He had married early; it was an unhappy and childless union. He had now been a widower about five years. I do not know if womankind thought

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him handsome, but it was a very noble and good face.

"I like him," said Austin, decisively, when he had left us in our apartments—a sitting-room dividing two cheerful bedrooms—in each of which the principal feature was a large shallow bath, standing on end in a corner, like a coffin with the lid off.

"Tea at seven, bed at half-past nine," I heard Austin maundering drearily to himself, as he brushed his curly hair, and re-attired his very handsome person. "How the— But I suppose one must not swear here—eh, Alick? Your Dr. James is not in that line."

I laughed; and we went down stairs.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, baronial-like, with long corridors to pace, and lofty rooms to breathe freely in. Something of the old feudal blood in me always takes pleasure in that sort of house, especially after London lodgings.

A dazzle of light, coming from a large bright table, of which the prominent ornaments were two vases of winter flowers, and a great silver urn. But abundance of delicate edibles, too; nothing in the starving line, as Austin indicated by the faintest wink of the eye to me; and then, with an air of satisfaction, resumed his customary gentlemanly deportment.

We were introduced to Mrs. Corrie, a tall, spare, elderly lady, who sat, "frosty but kindly," at the head of the table; beside her the old Doctor; at the foot, our friend, Dr. James. There was also a Miss Jessie Corrie, a niece, lively, and bonnie-looking, though not so young as she might have been. A score of heterogeneous patients, of both sexes and all ages, in which the only homogeniety was a general air of pleasantness and pleasure, completed the circle. Its chief peculiarity seemed, that, large as it was, it had all the unrestrainedness and cosiness of *home*.

"That is exactly what we want to make it—isn't it, father?" said Dr. James, when, the meal over, the Corrie family, and we two, stood round the wide, old-fashioned, faggot-heaped hearth. "We want to cure not only the body, but the mind. To do our patients real good, we must make them happy, and there is no happiness like that of home."

"True," I said, with a sort of sigh.

"And have you not noticed that one half of the chronic valetudinarians we see are those who have either no home, or an unhappy one? To such we try to give, if not the real thing, at least a decent imitation of it. They have a far better chance of cure."

"I believe it;" and, turning into the cheery drawing-room, we gave ourselves up—Austin thoroughly, I partially—to the pleasure of being pleased.

"Well," said he, when we retired, "for a sick hospital, this is the jolliest place I ever knew. How do you feel?"

I could hardly tell. I was stupid-like, so great was the change after months of hard work and solitude; and Corrie and I had been talking over old times. As I lay dozing, with the glimmer of the fire on the tall, upright, coffin-like bath, there seemed to rise within it a mild, motionless figure, in soft white dead-clothes, shut eyes, and folded hands, and an inward voice kept repeating my favorite saying—in its simplicity one of the truest and most religious that Shakspeare ever wrote—"'Tis better as it is." * * * * * *

We began "the treatment" next day, in a November morning, to the light of a candle. I will not enlarge thereon, nor betray the horrors of the prison-house. Of course, it was a trial. I could hardly help laughing when I heard afar off Hardy's smothered howl. And when I found him out of doors, tramping the hoar frost, and gazing lugubriously over the dim, bleak, misty hills—for it was before sunrise—he, who was usually waked at eleven A.M., to meet a valet, and silken dressing-gown, coffee, hot rolls, etc., etc., I could not hide an uncontrollable fit of mirth.

He took it good-humoredly; he was a capital fellow; but he shook his head when I proposed to climb the hillside—the lovely hillside, with its carpet of fallen leaves, which left still foliage enough to dress the trees, like Jacob's youngest darling, in a robe of many colors, yellow, brown, red, dark green—I never beheld more glorious hues. Sick and weak as I felt, they stirred my soul to something of its old passion for beauty.

"*Au revoir!* and then I must go up the hill. It is thirteen years since I saw the country in November; it is fifteen years since I watched the sun rise."

So on I trudged. I was free! free! I had not to walk as I did in weary London, that the mere motion might stir up some new thoughts in my sluggish brains—thoughts, not for the mere pleasure of thinking, but that each might be woven out for use, and coined into gold.

My demon, with its two hundred white, blank faces was fifty miles away.

I did not see the sun rise. Who ever did when he climbed for it? But I found a sea of misty moor, sweeping in wave on wave of brown heather—how purple it must once have been!—over which the wind blew in my face, as it used to blow over the hills at home.

I met it—I who two days since had cowered before the slightest draught. My throat choked, my eyes burned. I walked rapidly on, howling out at the top of my voice Victor Hugo's song of "Le Tou de Tolède."

"Gastibelza, l'homme à la carabine
Chantait ainsi:
Quelqu'un a-t-il connu dona Sabine?
Quelqu'un d'ici?
Dansez, chantez, villageois, la unit gagne
Le mont Falù:
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou, oui, me rendra fou!"

Breakfast early; rosy looks; cheerful greetings; everybody seeming to take a kindly interest in one another; the Corrie family taking an interest in each and all; the wholesome give-and-take system of life's small charities going

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on around, so that, perforce, strangers joined in the pleasant traffic.

These were my first daylight impressions of Highwood. Austin's seemed the same. He was busily engaged in doing the agreeable to the bright-eyed Jessie Corrie, and three other ladies; his public devotion to the sex being very polytheistic in its tendencies.

I sat aloof and made professional "studies."

"Are these all the patients now with you, Corrie?"

"All but one."

Miss Jessie, filling a small tray with comestibles, took a chrysanthemum from the centre vase, and laid it by the toast.

"Ellice likes white chrysanthemums."

"Is Ellice your sister, Miss Corrie?"

"I have none."

"Your cousin, then?"

"No," half laughing, half blushing; so I concluded it was a man's name, and owned by the invisible patient in whose floral tastes the lady took an interest.

After breakfast, the dining-room was left deserted; everybody had something to do or suffer; we nothing—stay—nothing, did I say?

Enter bath-man.

"Gentlemen, will you please to be ready for me at twelve, and half-past?"

"There's something to suffer, at least," said I, as Austin pulled a long face. Then we settled, he into languid, I into restless dreariness.

"I shall go and smoke, Fyfe."

"And I shall go to my writing."

"I'll sit with you; come along."

I had not meant that, being of those owl-like authors who can best ply their trade alone. But there was no help for it. Despite my resolutions, and the *magnum opus* left behind, a miserable restlessness drove me to commence some small operetto, so as any how to steal a march upon my enemy, Time.

I was cutting folios preparatively, and inwardly execrating my cousin, who puffed gloomily at the fire, when in walked James Corrie.

"Welcome, doctor; take a cigar?"

"Against Highwood rules, my good Sir," said Corrie, pleasantly.

"Indeed; but I never kept to a rule in my life. Quite impossible; couldn't give up my cigar."

"So thought I once. Nor my glass of ale. Nor my brandy-and-water at supper-time."

"Yet you did. What cured you?"

"Necessity first. I became a struggling man. I had wants enough. I could not afford an artificial one. Now cigars only cost me, besides a hearty dyspepsia, thirty pounds a year; and thirty pounds a year will keep one man, or two children from starving. It seemed a pity in this over-populated country that I should be slowly killing myself with what would save two other human beings alive."

Austin dropped his weed, still red, and paused a little ere he lit another.

"And your strong drinks?"

"Once in my life, Fyfe, I knew what it was to want water."

"When?" asked Austin, lazily, still irresolutely poising his unlit Havana.

"Four years ago, on the Atlantic, in an open boat, for five days."

"How many?"

"Six men and one woman, all dying of thirst. I have never touched any thing but water since."

The doctor became silent. Austin looked at him with a certain interest. The second cigar still remained in the case.

"Come, Mr. Hardy, I am sure, since you have put yourself under my care, you will allow me to confiscate these contraband articles. I belong to the preventive service, you know."

"But, Doctor, how ever am I to drag through the day without?"

"Leave that to me and mother Nature, or, as our friend here would poetically say, the goddess Undine. By-the-by, Fyfe, what is this I see? MSS.?"

"Only an article I want to finish in the intervals of my courting this said goddess of yours."

"Can't be, my friend; she will not take a divided heart. In her name I must seize all this. Best to be 'off with the auld love before you are on wi' the new.'"

"If Hardy will set the example. Come, old fellow, we have only to fancy ourselves at school again, with James Corrie instead of Birch for our Tyrannus. Let's submit."

"I know it will be the death of me," groaned Austin. But he met the doctor's cheerful, comical smile, and somehow the cigar-case vanished, likewise my MS., and I rather think the two great pockets of Corrie's shooting-jacket entombed both.

Making no more remarks on the subject, he continued talking about common topics, the Eastern war, Highwood, its neighborhood, and lastly, its inmates.

"What odd varieties of humanity must come under your hands. How ever do you manage to guide, control, and amalgamate them all?"

"By two simple rules—the law of truth and the law of kindness. Sick people are not unlike children." Here we both slightly winced, but the doctor took no notice. "Have we not high authority for trying to become 'as little children?' That, it seems to me, is the principle of the water cure; that is how I strive to carry it out."

"You certainly succeed. I have rarely beheld more cheerful and happy faces. It is quite a treat to look round at meal times. We have seen all the patients, I think you said?"

"Except the one I mentioned."

"Who was that?"

"Miss Ellice Keir."

"I have heard about her," said Austin, languidly. "Something in your line, Fyfe; the high, heroic dodge. For my part, I don't fancy your middle-aged, strong-minded, self-devoted females."

"Miss Keir would be as much surprised as

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any one of her friends to hear herself put under that category. Indeed, you quite mistake, Mr. Hardy," said the doctor, quietly.

"What is she, then?"

"She has been, and still is, a great sufferer."

Something extra-professional and dignified in Corrie suppressed my cousin. Besides, he was too kind-hearted to make game of any "great sufferer."

But when our medico was gone, I scrupled not to question about the "high, heroic dodge."

"It might come in you know. Any scrap of an idea is valuable to such addled brains as mine. I might put her in my next book."

"Do you put people in your books?" said Austin, with an open mouth of slight alarm.

"Never, my good fellow. That is, never *in toto*, never to their injury, and never while I think they would dislike it. I only make studies of "bits," heads and feet, noses and eyes, as a painter would. I wouldn't "show up" any body. It's mean. But," for I saw I was talking miles over Austin's head, or at least his experience, "what of Ellice Keir?"

"She is an American."

"Stop! a Yankee? Then I don't wish to hear another word."

No, it was useless trying to get up an interest in any body or any thing. Chronic ill health of mind, or body, or both, is not cured in a day.

True, the charm of change lasted for some eight-and-forty hours or so, and I began greatly to enjoy the morning bath, the moorland walk to meet the sun, the cheery breakfast, where food tasted pleasant, and one was not afraid to eat, where conversation was pleasant, and one did not tremble to use one's brains, nor to waste in mere talk the thoughts which were one's stock in trade, valuable as bullion gold.

But as the day crept on all this brightness faded, and life became as dull and pale as it was every where to me.

And still in solitary walks, amid the soft droppings or wild whirlings of dead leaves, and the rustle of the dying fern, in the still deep solitude of parlor circles, merry and loud, I found myself moodily and cynically commenting, with the preacher, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." And out of the intolerable weight, the leaden-folded cloak, which seemed to wrap me round, or else to hang like a pall between me and all creation, I used sometimes, at twitter of a bird, or sound of moorland wind, or hand-breadth of rosy, winter sunset lighting up the dull sky, I used to stretch out my hands, longing to sob out like a child, yet able only to sigh, "Oh, for the dreams of my youth!"

For Austin, he succeeded better. His soul did not trouble him much, or the dreams of his youth either. His fine animal nature responded to this uncorrupt animal existence. He grew rapidly better, and lived apparently a very jolly life, though at intervals still complaining of its being so "slow."

I sat by the dining-room fire alone, for it was the forenoon. Let me draw the picture of that day.

A gloomy day. True November. Damp and raw. The terrace and the lawn strewed with dead leaves. More kept falling, fluttering down one by one, like shot birds. The only bit of warm color the eye could seize on was a tall cedar, between whose branches shone a beech-tree beyond, making alternate lines of dark-red and dark-green. Every day at breakfast I used to look at it, often thinking, childish fashion, that I should like to be a beech, with its ever-moving leaves, so vocal in their prime, so rich in hue, to the very minute that they fall.

Maundering thus, I went "mooning" up and down the lone room, my hands in my pockets, thinking how long it was since I had been a child—wondering whether in the next form of existence I should be a child again.

Hark! a harmonium! I did not know there was one in the house. In the next room, probably. Somebody playing it well, too.

Now, I do not care for music in general—not the music one gets "in society." It is too flimsy for me. The love-songs sicken me; the sad, plaintive songs, badly sung, are atrocious; well sung, they tear one's heart; and at thirty, one begins to find that a very unnecessary piece of laceration—

> "What is life, that we should moan—
> Why make such ado?"

In Heaven's name, troll a merry stave and have done with it. As for piano-forte playing, I had rather hear my aunt's kitten run over the keys—at least, almost always.

But I like an organ; and, second best, a harmonium. I liked this one. Corrie found me pacing up and down, or listening, rapt in a state bordering on sublimest satisfaction.

"What a lovely tone—calm, liquid, grand, dreamy, too—like the dreams of one's youth, with all the passions and pain burnt out of them. How exquisitely smooth and delicate the touch; and it isn't easy, for I have tried—listen."

"Yes—she plays very well."

"Who is it?"

"Miss Keir."

"Miss Keir! to make me almost cry—yes I have! Even Handel! She with her Yankee fingers and Yankee soul!"

"My good friend, you mistake; even if Yankee were the terrible adjective you make it, which I beg respectfully to deny, having a great respect for brother Jonathan. But Miss Keir is a Canadian. She was born at Montreal. Come, I will introduce you."

We entered—a lady rose from the instrument; a very little lady, almost elfishly small; hands and feet so tiny, you would have crushed them with a touch. Dressed in black, of some soft material that did not rustle, but caused her to move softly and wind-like, without a sound. Not unlike that woman (oh, Charlotte Bronte, none of us will make such another in this gen-

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eration!) Jane Eyre; except that there was nothing in the least *impish* or *espiegle* about her. She was neither young nor handsome in the least; but—and that "but" contradicts both assertions—she had very dark Canadian eyes.

I say Canadian, because I have only seen them in Canadians by birth or descent. They are neither eastern nor southern, neither fiery nor voluptuous; but large, soft, calm, swimming and trembling in a tender passionateness, or breaking at times into a flash of the wild Indian blood—worth all your pale, placid, strong English eyes!

"Mr. Fyfe—Miss Keir. He is a very old friend of mine."

Miss Keir offered her hand—Scottish fashion—her little pale hand, soft as a bit of snow, only it was so warm.

Now, that is another of my crotchets—the feel of a hand. Some, it is martyrdom to me to touch. I hate your fishy, your skinny, your dumpling, your flabby hands—a hand that is afraid—a hand that clutches. I like a woman who comes and lays her soft, pure palm in mine, knowing I am a man and a gentleman, that I prize the little passing angel, and will entertain it honorably and well.

This was how Miss Keir shook hands with me. She said something; but it was in a whisper.

"I ought to have told you, Fyfe, she has long lost her speaking voice; but we can hear her sufficiently. So will you."

"Oh, yes."

And her manner and looks were so expressive, so *spirituelle;* nay, rather let me use the English word spiritual; for that more truly indicates the way in which her soul seemed to be shining through and glorifying her little frail body—that she needed language less than most women.

We had all three a very long conversation. We dashed at once in *medias res*—tried our several hands at solving some of the great world-questions of our day—some of the greatest problems of the universe. We grew earnest, excited, crazy—that is, I did—then calm. She calmed me. What she said, I know not. I can not tell if she explained any thing, because the most terrible of our spiritual, like our physical mysteries, are utterly incapable of explanation; but she calmed me down—like as a man in great mental anguish is quieted by being suddenly brought out into the open daylight, the summer air.

I have a perfect faith in instinctive attraction and repulsion. I believe there are people—I am one—who know at first meeting whom they will love and whom they will hate—who will do them harm, and who good. I believe this sensation is placed in them for warning and guidance. I myself have never run counter to it except to my after peril.

It was blindly obeying this attraction, when, on leaving, I requested permission sometimes to join the Corries—Miss Jessie and the old lady had entered now—in Miss Keir's apartment.

She looked at the Doctor; he answered, smiling—"You are so much better now, that both my father and I may allow you a little society—especially that of so celebrated a literary character as my friend Mr. Fyfe."

Literature! faugh! I had forgotten the very word.

"Why did you tell her I was an author?" I said, as we turned out of doors; Corrie remorselessly exacting the walk before the noon-day bath. "Why could you not let me stand for once upon my own footing; let her judge me not by what I do, but what I am? Yet"—and a bitter conviction of what a contemptible specimen of manhood I had sunk to, forced itself upon my mind—"yet, a hard judgment that might have been."

"Not from her. But why should I have kept *incog.* your best self—your books? she has read them all."

"Has she? I am sorry. No—glad. For after all, with all my shams, she will find the real Alexander Fyfe by snatches there. But enough of myself. I want to talk about her."

"You seem greatly pleased with her. Yet few take to her at once, she is so very quiet."

"But her quietness gives one a sense of rest, and her soft way of moving throws a harmony over the room. She is not unlike the instrument she plays. You can not fancy her attuned to the drawing-room ditties and ball-room jigs of life—you can not conceive of her either beautiful or young."

The Doctor silently smiled.

"But there is in her that which transcends both youth and beauty—a cheerful sacredness—a wholesome calm. She seems to do me good. I should like to know more of her."

"That is very easy, if her health keeps improving."

"Has she been long an invalid?"

"Four years."

"How did you meet her?"

"Literally, at the gates of death. In the boat I told you of, after our ship went down—"

"Was she that one woman?"

"She was. She had a brother and sister with her, bringing them to Europe. I got them into the boat safe. For six days she was the strength of us all. Then the little sister died on her lap. The brother survived."

James Corrie cleared his throat; we walked on a few yards—

"Such a little quiet creature—who would have believed it of her?"

"Nobody does, and nobody need; and she has been quite as heroic—if you will use the word—in her illness since, as at the time of the shipwreck."

"How is she affected?"

"With almost constant neuralgic and rheumatic pains, together with the total loss of voice. Her brother says it was very beautiful

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once; she was to have been a teacher of singing."

"And the brother?"

"He is walking the hospitals in Edinburgh. She struggled on with him for six months, till she fell ill—fortunately in my mother's house. She has never quite recovered."

"Do you think she ever will recover?"

"Certainly. That is—if it be the will of God. Now, Fyfe, your hour is come—to the 'dripping-sheet'—away!"

I left him; and he walked rapidly up the hill.

"Small—plain—and not young! Very attractive description, truly. Why, the patients here seem all middle-aged—live any how. What with baths and walks to cut up the day, and your friend Corrie to look after one, what with his awfully honest, righteous eyes, one can't get the least bit of harmless amusement."

"Except with Miss Jessie. You flirt enough with her."

"Put that verb in the passive voice—do, my good fellow. I merely respond. What a wild devil it is—just like pepper and mustard—French mustard. It's the only bit of spice left in your terribly wholesome hydropathic diet. I might amuse myself really with it, if it were only young."

"*Le besoin de s' amuser*, seems the only possible element in your affairs of this sort."

"Exactly so."

And he sauntered back into the drawing-room, where, our aquatic duties all done, there was usually a most merry circle till bed time, into which circle my friend Hardy had dropped like a god-send, and even by his third night made himself acceptable to every body there, and especially to Miss Jessie Corrie.

Yet I had no qualms on her account; if, indeed, I could have felt enough interest in life to suffer qualms about any thing. The lady was—like Isopel, in Borrow's "Lavengro" (you see, unlike many authors, I do read other books besides my own)—"large and fierce, and able to take her own part." I did not think she had a heart; any how, it did not matter its being broken—most people's are; else where would all the poems and novels come from?

"As you will, my good friends," thought I, watching them lounging, flirting, and laughing. "It's a case of diamond cut diamond. Skim away over life's shallows in your painted jolly-boats. You'll swamp no one—not even each other; or, if you did, it's no business of mine."

But just at that minute I paused—I caught a tone of the harmonium down stairs.

"Now," thinks I to myself, "I wonder what those eyes down below would say if they were looking on instead of mine. Would they have my cynicism—my contemptuous *laissez-aller*? But 'Physician heal thyself.' How can I be bothered to pull the mote out of another's eye, when I am still blinded by the beam in my own. Blinder than ever—or else coming into the light makes me feel it more—since morning."

Our fourth day at Highwood—and Sunday; Austin escorted a carriage-full of ladies to church—he thought it more "respectable." For me—

Oh, thou one Father of the universe—one infinite and unapproachable Wisdom—one all-satisfying and all-perfect Love—when wilt Thou visit me? when wilt Thou enlighten me? when wilt Thou comfort me? I stand under the pine-wood on the hill-top, where the air is so rare, and the wind so wild—it seems nearer to Thee. I long to die and learn Thy mysteries—to die and be filled with Thy love. My soul cries out unto Thee with an exceeding great and bitter cry—which is often the only evidence it has of its own existence. I do not believe in myself at all—my worthless, aimless, broken-spirited, miserable self; but I believe in Thee.

"The fool has said in his heart, There is no God." But only the fool; or, perhaps, he who pays a guinea toll to heaven on a silver charity-plate, or keeps a bishop to pray for him. I prefer the hill-top, and Parson Breeze.

But coming down the hill, I met Corrie, and went in with him to speak to Miss Keir. He told her what I had been saying.

She pointed to a line she had been setting as a copy for the lodge-keeper's lame daughter, whom she usually taught to write of a Sunday:

"In every place, he that *loveth God*, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him."

That was the best sermon after all. That was what the preacher on the mount would have said to us, Ellice Keir!

"Water cure! I think, Doctor, your system is directed not only to the body, but the soul. Mine feels cleaner than of yore."

"Does it."

We were pacing the terrace walk—Miss Keir and Miss Jessie watching us from the window. It had become a matter of custom that I should always spend a morning hour or two in her room. They were the best hours of the day.

"What a calm, clear mind—purified by suffering, full of inward faith. How she looks through all shams right down into truth—God's truth. Like—if it were not as hackneyed as Piccadilly in May—like a steady-eyed astronomer looking down into a well. We see only the glaring noon looking without, or the black incrusted sides: she sees the stars at the bottom. She knows where to look for them, because *she believes they are there*."

"You are quite poetical."

"I feel so at times—here. I think I could write my book, if you would let me."

The Doctor shook his head.

"And sometimes I could almost fancy that Alexander Fyfe's boy-heart was only buried, with Sir William's, under that sun-dial, and that a trifle of digging would bring it to the surface again—slightly decayed, perhaps, but a human heart still."

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"Are you thinking of marrying?" said the Doctor, very gravely.

"No; nor of loving, in that sense. It isn't in me. But simply of resuscitating from fast corruption that aforesaid portion of human anatomy, which we authors trade in so much that we leave no material for home use."

"Do speak plainly; I am but a plain man."

"For the which thank Heaven! Merely, Corrie, that we authors are liable, above most people, to the danger that, while preaching to others, ourselves should become castaways. We teach ourselves that to paint high virtue is to exemplify it. We like to act leader and chorus, instead of principals—to talk rather than to work. In brief, we write when we ought to live."

"Possibly. But what are you driving at?"

"This. Here have I been crying up the ideal these thirteen years; scribbled folios on moral power, heroism, self-denial, and that sort of thing."

"You have, indeed; your writings are beautiful."

"My *writings!* And what am I? A self-engrossed, sickly, miserable, hypochondriacal fool."

"My dear fellow!"

"It is true! And that woman, Ellice Keir, who never wrote a line in all her days, she lives a poem. Such a one as in all *my* days I will never be able to write."

"I will tell her what you say," answered the Doctor, smiling. "Come along."

He did so, almost word for word. She looked in his face, and blushed up to the eyes—a vivid, tremulous, happy blush.

"Mr. Fyfe is quite mistaken, you know."

"I know he is mistaken in one thing: that we need only judge ourselves, as we trust we shall be judged, according to our gifts. It is folly for a rose-bush to despise itself because it is not an oak."

"Yes," she said, with her kind eyes lighting on me; "it should rather abide in peace, and grow to the utmost perfection its own roses. They are very dear and sweet."

She held out her hand. It was better to me than a laurel crown. * * * * * *

Henceforward I began truly *to live:* the first time I had lived for years. Up ere daylight, instead of that stupor of body and soul which used to last till near mid-day. The baths—out of which one comes pure as a child and strong as a Hercules. The walks—clasping nature like a mistress; nature, always lovely and beloved to me, even when she pelted me with rain-storms, frowned at me through leaden skies, soaked me with her soft, perpetual tears.

I will not say what it was to be, every day, and many hours in the day, under the heavenly darkness of light—if I may coin the paradox—of the eyes of Ellice Keir.

She never grew, in mine, any younger or any handsomer; in truth, I hardly thought of her physical self at all. It was a pure, abstract recognition of my ideal of moral beauty—more perfect than in any woman I have ever known.

Pardon, pardon; a dream of my youth! Thine eyes are closed—closed! * * * * * *

"Well, if you ask me for my opinion (I don't think one man has a right to give it to another—hardly even one friend to another friend, without)—I certainly feel you are not acting like that most sensible, upright, gentlemanly youth I knew ten years ago—Austin Hardy."

"Pshaw! don't bring up ten years ago. Our virtues wear out like our clothes; we can't go shabby. Best get another suit."

"But let it be, at least, as decent as the former."

"If it can, *i. e.*, if there's any cash to get it with. But let's talk plain English. What have you to say? Do you think I shall get into a scrape?"

"Not a bit of it. Miss Jessie is a wise one, and a sharp one, too. She isn't the least likely to break her heart for you. She only coquettes a little."

"Mighty little. Your friend the Doctor keeps such a steady look-out, one would think he wanted her for himself. The old people; I suppose it's their duty to watch black sheep for the credit of the establishment. Never was there a fellow who had so few opportunities of love-making, even if he chose. But he doesn't choose. He only wants to amuse himself."

"That is—he finds himself in a world where people live, work, struggle; and all he can do is to amuse himself! Tired of all his other shams, he puts on the largest sham of all—the highest, strongest feeling a human being can have—just to amuse himself."

"You're civil, Alexander."

"I'm honest."

"Don't fly in a passion; you know I always listen to you. Why did you not give me this sermon a week ago?"

"Why, indeed!"

"There's something changed about you, my boy. You don't talk such rigmarole as you used to do, nor in such a savage tone. Also, you look quieter—not so nervous. You will grow into a 'show case,' as our friend Corrie would say. It is really the water cure."

"Probably. But never mind me. I'm talking about you, and Miss Jessie likewise. Mark me, Austin, that young woman—"

"Hold there. Middle-aged—twenty-seven, at least; else I might have thoughts seriously of her—for a quarter of an hour. She is a good figure, large and lady-like—very decent requisites for Mrs. Hardy. More I can't expect. Well, what about that young woman?"

"Merely, that she never had any heart at all; or, if she had, she has worn it on her sleeve, till the daws have pecked it away."

"Just like mine."

"I wonder you'll even condescend to play at folly—still worse, at mock sentiment, with her.

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She who is all false, from top to toe, without and within."

"Heigho! So am I."

"You're not, Austin Hardy. You think it fine to sham vice; you're too lazy to struggle through to virtue; but you're an honest fellow at heart."

"Hold your tongue, Alick," in a gruff voice. "Here comes the lovely young Jessie. Welcome! She is just in time to spread her petals to the sunrise, my fair Flower of Dumblane."

For—and let me premise that this is a most original scene for a tryste, and quite peculiar to a hydropathic establishment—I ought to have said that we were taking our morning walk, all things being yet dusky in the cloudy winter dawn. Though in the east, and up even to the zenith, the sky was catching a faint rosy tinge; and between the two pine-woods one vivid sulphur-colored cloud showed that somewhere, far below the visible horizon, the sun was beginning to shine.

I maintain, from personal experience at Highwood, that sunrise in general is what a schoolboy would call "a great humbug"—"a dead take-in." Sunset is twice as fine. But still it has a peculiarity of its own, especially on a winter morning. The worthy old sun seems to climb up so doggedly pertinacious, so patiently strong, though shorn of his beams—struggling through that mist and damp to smile upon a poor earth, who is so weary, ragged, and wan, she hardly dares to see him. But steadily he rises—like a high, honest purpose dawning in the hopeless winter of a man's days, when time is short and weather bleak; yet steadily it rises, and comes at last to day-break—day-light—ay, unto perfect noon-day.

I began to think sometimes on this wise—as if even though it was but yesterday that I had sat and watched my sun go down—steadily, stoically, with open eyes that never blenched or moistened; yet every morning at this hour, it seemed as if he *might* rise to-morrow.

And Austin? * * * * * *

"Bless my life! I haven't the least wish in all the world. Is that your wonderful Miss Keir? What a very plain woman!"

It was her first appearance in the evening circle, and I had offered Hardy to introduce him. Of course, receiving this reply, I immediately turned, and left him to his own devices.

A "plain woman," was she? Perhaps. I could not tell; I had scarcely thought about it. If I did now, it was only vaguely—thinking of an observation once made on a friend of mine. Its object told it me herself, with a simple, grateful pleasure, even to tears: "One never knows whether she is pretty or not; one only feels one loves her."

And I loved Ellice Keir, in that sort of harmless way, with a tender friendship which, when both are well advanced in life, so as to make it safe and free, it does a man good to bestow, and is sweet for a woman to receive. So I reasoned. Oh! fool, fool, fool!

She sat in the fireside arm-chair, the same little black-stoled figure, the sound of whose voice was never heard, yet whose mute smile created around her a circle of brightness, "like the moderateur lamp," as Corrie said in his quaint way. All "looked to her and were lightened." She appeared to draw from the various calyx of every human heart some perfume—usually the best perfume it had.

Gradually nearly all the party gathered around her; and a few stragglers only were left apart, including Hardy and Miss Corrie. At last I heard him behind me.

"How glad every body seems to have Miss Keir back here again!"

"That is not wonderful."

"There is a general seceding to her. I suppose I must e'en follow the herd. Come, you may introduce me, if you like."

"By no means. How could you be expected to do the civil to such 'a very plain woman?'"

"'Pon my life, and so she is. But there's something odd about her. Those eyes—I felt them at the farthest corner of the room. They seem to be finding one out. Confess—have you been telling her any of my misdeeds?"

"Austin Hardy!"

"Well, it would not be like you. Now for it; lead the victim to the horns of the altar. I'm prepared."

But Miss Keir was already retiring. A mere introduction passed—no more.

"Ah!" said Austin, drawing a deep breath, and giving me a slight wink, as Miss Jessie came on in full sail up to the chair where he was lounging, "No matter; I shall go back to my old ways. It's easier, now that woman is out of the room."

Hardy held out for one evening—two—the beginning of the third; said she was clever, and he hated clever women; quiet, and he liked to be amused. Afterward, I saw him listening, with polite, abstracted smile, to the large dose of "amusement" Miss Jessie always furnished; but his eyes were riveted on the fireside circle, now a brighter circle than ever, since Miss Keir was its centre. No, not its centre; for her attraction in society was more of the passive kind. She did not shine herself, but she created a fresh, clear atmosphere, in which every one else shone brighter than before. Finally, Hardy was discovered leaning behind the velvet arm-chair, attentive to the discussion. It was something about Northumberland mines, and the improvement of the miners.

"Miss Keir is speaking to you," Mr. Hardy. It was really droll to see him bend forward with that eager, pleased face, to "such a very plain woman."

"Yes, my property does lie among the mining country, but I never troubled my head much about it. I have had no time."

She apparently repeated his latter words with a gentle smile.

"That is, I fear I have never had energy

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enough to make time. I am a very lazy fellow, as Fyfe would tell you."

She smiled again, and said something more. He brightened up.

"Ay, my cousin always has a good word for me; but, indeed, I am not fit for any thing of the sort. I couldn't take the trouble. My property, even such as it is, is the greatest burden of my life.

Here Jessie Corrie tittered out some very commonplace remark, to which he replied with one of his usual fulsome speeches to women; but still kept talking to Miss Keir—

"Duties of property! Dreadful word, 'duty!' Quite out of my line. Besides, it's too late now. With my ill-health—"

Here he seemed conscious of an amused look resting on his brawny figure and ruddy face—

"Well, I fear you and the Doctor must find out a better man for the carrying out of your philanthropic plans. I have been too long given up to the '*dolce far niente*.'"

Yet he lingered and listened, gradually with some real interest gleaming through his elegant languor; now and then joining in the conversation with a word or two of the capital good sense he could furnish at will, though he was not cursed to any heavy degree with that commodity called "brains." Parting, Miss Keir shook hands with him, with a friendly word or two.

"By Jove, Fyfe, that isn't a bad sort of woman, just for a change. I'm rather sick of beauties. One is obliged to think before one speaks to her, just as if she were a man."

I smiled.

"Her sex is indebted to you."

"Pshaw! she is not a bit like a woman."

"Altogether like a woman," I think.

"Well, have your own way."

He stood meditating, a rare fact for Austin Hardy.

"There was some sense in those schemes of hers. When I was twenty-one I used to have grand notions about improving my estates, and living king of the country-side, after the good old fashion. But all vanished in smoke. It's too late now."

"No good thing is ever too late. Did you not hear her saying so? She thinks you might carry out ever so many of the Doctor's sanitary and educational schemes. She told me she wished you would."

"Did she? But I have not the power, and it isn't worth while. Let the world jog on as it likes, it will last my time. However, perhaps I may just hear what she says on the subject tomorrow."

I smiled to myself, and was satisfied.

"By-the-by, Alick, I altogether forgot to bid good-night to Jessie Corrie."

Substitution, that is the true theory of amendment. Knock a rotten substance out by driving a sound wedge in.

So thought I, when two days after I saw Austin making himself busy—at least as busy as a man can well be who is going through the water-treatment—in this new interest, which perhaps was the only real interest he was capable of. It roused his best self—that for which nature intended him — the active, upright, benevolent country gentleman.

He took to plans, drawings, blue-books, works on political economy, and spent half the morning in that little parlor I so loved, with Dr. James Corrie and Miss Keir.

The former said to me, watching him—

"Here's a change in our friend Mr. Hardy. I fancy he, too, is participating in the spiritual water cure."

"It appears so."

Nor did I grudge him that healing. * * * *

It was a November day—November, yet so mild, so sunshiny, so heavenly calm, that but for the thinned trees, the brown heather, the withered fern, you would have thought it spring.

Her pony's feet were up to the fetlock in dead beech leaves, making a soft rustle as we climbed the hill. We—that is, Miss Corrie, Hardy, Dr. James, and I. The old Dr. Corrie and his wife were a good way behind. They, too, had made a point of joining the triumphant procession which celebrated Miss Keir's return to the outer world; for every body loved her—every body!

She seemed to know and feel it—to sun herself in it almost as a child does. For, though thirty years old, there was still in her a great deal of the child. Trouble had passed over her, ripening, not blasting, and left her in the St. Martin's summer of her days, a season almost as beautiful as spring. In that golden brightness, one of us at least lived, morning, noon, and eve, and half believed it was the return of May.

"This day seems made on purpose for you, Miss Keir," said Austin, as he straggled up the hill, assisting Miss Jessie kindly and courteously (perhaps more kindly and courteously than ever since his manner had gradually sunk to that and nothing more). The lady looked cross, and complained of damp leaves. In her was nothing of the St. Martin's summer, but an affectation of girlishness, a frantic clinging to a lost youth, which is at once the saddest and most hateful thing I know.

"Eight hours since, when Hardy and I took our morning walk, this moor was all white with hoar-frost. Are you quite sure you are not cold, Miss Keir?"

"Let me run and get her my fur cape, Alick. Will you help Miss Corrie for a minute or two?"

"Mr. Hardy is certainly better; he has learnt to run like any school-boy," said the Doctor, with an amused satisfaction.

"And to fetch and carry like any spaniel," observed Miss Jessie Corrie, whose regard cooling down, gave out a satirical spark or two occasionally. "Marvelous change! A month ago, he thought of nobody in the world but his dearly-beloved self."

"He was ill then."

Laughing at my sharpness, she bent forward to a whisper of Miss Keir's, which she repeated aloud with variations afterward.

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"Mr. Hardy, Ellice is much obliged. She says you run like a school-boy, and carry like a spaniel, and have learned at last to think of other folk in the house besides your beloved self."

"Did she say so?"

That hurt look on Austin's *blasé* visage was something new—new as the odd shyness with which he gave the fur to me to wrap her in—he, the erewhile officious squire of dames!

Ellice turned on him her bright, true, heart-satisfying smile.

"Tell him"—her breath as she whispered me felt like the May-breezes of my youth—"tell him, I said, he thinks of every body in the house except himself."

Austin showed that he could not only run, but blush like any school-boy; so pleasant seemed her praise.

On we went through the moorland, down in the ferny dell where those three cedars stood, huge and dark, with the faint sunbeams on their tops, and damp earthiness at their feet.

"This will not do," said Dr. James. "Very unsanitary spot. There's a wholesome breeze and a grand view half way up Torbury Hill."

So we ascended, knee-deep in heather, in which poor Miss Jessie was stranded. Austin took her safely to the old people, and came "tearing" back, his hair flying all abroad, and his dainty vestments catching on furze-bushes. How his London friends would have stared! I told him so.

"Never mind. You are growing just as much of a boy yourself, old fellow. I think, Miss Keir, it must be something in the air of Highwood that makes one young."

He might have said, only he never made one of his pretty speeches to her, that she herself furnished no exception to the rule. For, in truth, her cheek had a girlish rosiness and tint, like the inside leaves of those delicate, peach-colored chrysanthemums she was so fond of. I think—oh, contemptibly-sentimental thought!—I would like to have my grave planted with chrysanthemums. They come so cheerful and fair in the winter time, and they always remind me of Highwood and of Ellice Keir. She once said, they looked like a handful of happiness when one is growing old.

But we all eschewed age to-day—ay, even the Doctor, whose general gravity was such, that most of the patients looked upon him as more antiquated and reverend than his father—he threw off his antiquity now. He strode through the heather, led the pony, pointed out the sunset. He had always the keenest sense of natural beauty; his large gray eye softened and brightened as he turned to Ellice Keir.

"How strange, how sad it must be to have to seek out God in nature! To us, all nature is but an emanation from God."

I listened. He and she together—Christian man and Christian woman—had said some sweet, Christ-like words before me now; and then, better still, had *lived* before me. It seemed strange now that I had ever cried out, in that temporary insanity of unbelief with which this history begins. I stood "clothed and in my right mind." It will be imagined the sort of feeling with which I often looked, as now, from one face to the other—what calm, noble, blessed faces they were! —of those two, especially hers.

Austin did the same. He had a great kindness for the Doctor; and as for Miss Keir—

"Do you know," he said, stepping closer to her saddle, "this place is curiously like Netherlands. The country-side is all barren moor, just as this, dotted with tumble-down huts, where those brutes of riotous miners live. Ah! you smile. It shall not be so another year. Indeed, it shall not, Miss Keir. I'll see what I can do."

"Bravo! what you can do! That will be no little, Mr. Hardy."

"Thank you, Doctor. And there, behind just such a fir-wood as that, the house stands. Poor old Netherlands, I have not been there these ten years. It is getting sadly dilapidated, my steward tells me—but then it's his interest to tell me lies—they all do. What were you saying?"

He bent forward to hear her.

"I never thought of that," he answered, deprecatingly. "Bless me, it never struck me my laziness was harming any body but myself; but for the future I promise, and Fyfe knows I never break my promise. Doctor, you may well cry 'Bravo!' There's a good star rising over poor old Netherlands. You must come and see me there."

Then, in a lower tone—

"Will you come too, Miss Keir?"

She hesitated, colored slightly, or I fancied so; finally, gave a smiling assent. Austin thanked her, and stood looking toward the fir-wood, that lay in a black bank under the sunset.

"Poor old Netherlands—dear old Netherlands!" he murmured more than once, in the soft tone he had used years ago, when talking to my little sister Mary.

I, also, was young then. Heavens! what it is to be young!

"Oh, my youth—my youth!" cried out *my* heart, and seemed to catch at its last streaming, even as each wave of moor, each stump of tree caught at the sun as he was going down with a wild clutch, as knowing that this glimmer was, indeed, the last—that afterward there would be nothing but gloom. But he went down, and it was light still.

"This is the strangest winter evening. It will not grow dark. Did you ever see such a dainty, bright new moon? We must go home, for all that," said the Doctor.

"Not yet—just one minute longer, Miss Keir."

I put my arm on her pony's neck. I could see behind me a fold or two of her gown—just enough to feel she was there. I fancied I heard her sigh. No wonder—every thing was so still and beautiful.

For me, my sigh was almost a sob. My soul was come into me again. I was no longer a

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wretched clod, passionless, brainless. I could feel, enjoy, create; I was again an author, a poet—greater yet—I was a man.

"Oh, thank God, this is like my youth! And I am young—I am only thirty-two. I might live my life out yet."

"Live it!" said the brave, soft voice of James Corrie.

"Live it!" said the silent smile of Ellice Keir.

"I will!"

Though the vow was then taken somewhat in blindness of what was, and was to come, still, God be witness, I shall never break it either to Him or these. * * * * * *

"I've done it, Alick—I thought I could."

And Hardy, after three days' absence—I concluded in London—burst into our sitting-room, a huge peripatetic snow-drift.

"Done what?"

"I forgot—you don't know yet. But I'll tell you in a minute, when I'm not so out of breath."

"Did you come in by the six o'clock train to-night?"

"Surely."

"Nobody expected you. You must have had to walk across the country."

"Of course I did."

"Tell it not at the Albany, lest Highwood should be inundated with a flood of bachelors seeking the water cure, that I should have lived to see Austin Hardy, Esquire, taking a four-mile night-walk through a heavy Christmas snow!"

"Pshaw, don't make game of a fellow; it's only what a man ought to do, if he's any thing like a man."

He certainly looked every inch "a man." His languid affectations, his fashionable drawl, were gone. Even his dress—that Stultzian toilet once rivaling *the* count himself—was now paid no more attention to than any decent gentleman is justified in paying. His hair frizzled, guiltless of Macassar, for his oils and his perfumes the water cure seemed to have washed them all away. Altogether he was a very fine fellow, indeed—in the physical line. My own small corporeality shrunk into insignificance beside him.

But I had been sitting for two hours looking direct into those eyes, which looked as steadily into mine, in bright and friendly communion—those eyes which always sent a deep peace, a quiet rest down to the very bottom of my soul. No; I did not envy Austin Hardy.

"Now, my good fellow, when you have shaken off your snow, sit down and inform me of this mighty deed."

"Oh, it's nothing—a mere nothing," with that air of positive shyness, which was in him so new and so comical. "First, is all well at Highwood?"

"Certainly. You surely did not expect any great internal convulsions to happen in three days?"

"No; but when one is away, you know, one fancies. How deliciously quiet this place seems, after knocking about some hundreds of miles."

"Some hundreds of miles! Why, where have you been?"

"To Edinburgh."

"To Edinburgh! You who grumble at a fifty-miles' journey. In this snow, too. What important business dragged you there?"

"Oh, none. Only I thought I ought." (The amusing novelty of Austin Hardy doing an unpleasant thing because he ought.) "I went to see young Harry Keir."

I was very much astonished.

"You see," he added, poking the fire hard, "I couldn't bear her sad looks when the young fellow and his doubtful prospects were mentioned. He is a real fine fellow—only wants getting a start in life, and he'd get on like a house on fire. Now, last week a thought struck me—"

"Will you kindly leave off striking showers of fir-wood sparks into my face?"

"I didn't like telling her beforehand, lest, if it failed, she should be disappointed. She loves that lad—though, by-the-by, he isn't exactly a lad; he took his doctor's degree this year, and is mighty clever, too—heigho! She is very fond of him, and he of her, and, by Jove, and so he ought to be."

"But you have not yet told me—that is, if you were going to tell me—"

"Certainly, though there's little to tell—merely, that I went to Edinburgh, found out the young man; then hunted up my friend Lord C——, who is starting to Italy with his sick son. A tolerable hunt, too—followed him first to Yorkshire, and then to Bath. But it's all settled now. Keir is appointed traveling physician at £300 a-year. Not a bad notion—eh, Alick? The young fellow is so glad—it quite does one good to think of him."

"Does she know?"

"Of course not."

"How happy she will be."

And it was he who had the power to give her this happiness! For the first time in my life I envied Austin Hardy.

"When shall you tell her?"

"I don't know—I—wish *you* would, Fyfe. You would do it so much better than I."

"No—no." * * * * * *

I was present when she was told—told in an awkward, unintelligible, and even agitated fashion, which no one would have expected from that finished gentleman, Mr. Austin Hardy.

She looked from one to the other of us vaguely. "I don't understand."

Hardy repeated the information—just the bare fact of her brother's appointment, which young Keir himself would confirm to-morrow.

She believed at last, asking pardon for her doubt. "But," with that rare tear which showed how many could have, or had once flowed down her dear face, "Harry and I are not used to being so happy."

No more than this. Nothing in her of the

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tragic commodity—nothing that professional passion-mongers like me could study a scene out of. But my "studies" had gone to the winds weeks ago!

"And who has done me this kindness, for which I shall be grateful all my life? Who must I thank?"

He, generous fellow, had omitted that trifle.

Of course, I told her all.

Miss Keir was very much affected. She held out both her hands to him silently. Then she said, not in her usual whisper, but in a distinct voice—faint indeed, but an audible sound—the first that had passed her lips for years—

"Thank you. God bless you!"

Good Dr. James Corrie started up, quite pale and incredulous.

"Yes," she added, smiling on him, "I can speak."

"This sudden joy has done it all. God bless you, Mr. Hardy!"

But Hardy had disappeared. * * * * * *

That night, after the drawing-room was deserted, I sat alone there.

I leaned my cheek against the velvet arm-chair, which still seemed to keep the impress and even the perfume of her black hair. Long meditations seized me. All my past life glided before me in a moving picture—the latter half of it standing still like a diorama under my gaze. Then, it began less to fade than to change—new forms mingling with the old, confusedly at first. Gradually the old shapes melted out, without any sense of loss, and the new, the transcending beautiful and perfect scene stood out before me vivid as life itself.

I said in my heart: "Every man, at every great crisis of his existence, has a right, within reasonable and honorable bounds, to secure his own happiness, to grasp at the cup which he feels would be his soul's strength and salvation. It shall be so. Therefore, to-morrow—to-morrow."

Rising, I paced the room. My weak nervousness was gone—my spirit was strung up to its utmost pitch. I was able to remove mountains. My brain felt clear—my heart throbbed with all the warmth of my youth. Oh! what a youth I had! I could weep over it. In this moment it all came back. I could have written a great book, have lived a great life; have achieved the most daring exploit, have nerved myself to the most heroic sacrifice.

This was what she had made of me—she, and him whom I honored as much as I knew she did. But—I loved her.

Strange, solemn love—more solemn than any young man's love—love that comes in autumn season—wild as autumn blasts—delicious and calm as autumn sunshine—delicious, not as merely itself, but as the remembrance of bygone spring—clung to as we cling to every soft October day that dies, knowing that afterward nothing can come, nothing will come, nothing ought to come, but winter and snows. This fatal love—I say fatal, simply implying that it came of fate, which means of God—was upon me, Alexander Fyfe, now.

I will not deny it, nor murmur at it, nor blush for it: never sought it, nor rushed in the way of it—it was sent—and therefore was right and best.

Slowly, and rather loath, I went to my chamber. In the parlor I saw Austin Hardy.

He was sitting over the fire. I should have passed him, but he turned round. Such a face—such a wan, haggard, wretched face—that I stopped.

"What have you been doing? Are you ill?"

"No."

"Has any thing happened? Come, tell me—we were lads together."

He groaned—"Oh, that I were a lad again! Alick, Alick, if you would help me to begin my life afresh, and make it in any way worthy of—"

"Of— Out with it."

"Of Ellice Keir."

I had at times suspected this—had even tried to grasp at the possibility of it, boldly, as we dash at some horrible doubt that we know lies in wait for us, wolf-like—pin it to the ground and worry it—with a sort of hope that it will either vanish into air at our touch, or that we shall succeed in slaying it, leave it dead at our feet, and go on our way, safe and free.

But now, when the beast met me—when—pshaw! let me say it in plain English—when I knew that my cousin loved and wished to marry Ellice Keir, it drove me mad.

All kinds of insanities whirled through my brain. If I had any connected impulse at all, it was to fly at his throat and strangle him.

But only—God be my witness—because he dared to love *her*. Any certainty that she loved him, would—I feel it would—have sanctified him in my eyes; I *could* not have done him any harm.

Of course feelings like these subside, and one smiles at them afterward, as I smile now. But I would not like to live through that five minutes again.

It passed in total silence. I am thankful to say I never uttered a sound.

Austin at last raised his head, and looked at me. I steadily met his eyes. There was no mistaking mine.

"My God, Alick! You too—?"

"Precisely."

We stood face to face, unblenching, for a full minute more. Then I said,

"Strike hands. Fair fight—no quarter—or, if you will, let's both fly, and the devil take the hindmost."

For I was very mad indeed. Austin, on the contrary, was very quiet—nay, meek. We seemed to have changed natures."

"No," he said at length, "flying is useless; I should fall dead on the road; I'll take my chance. It must be as you say—fair fight, and no quarter."

"It shall be."

Again a long pause.

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"What do you purpose doing?"

"What do *you* purpose?"

Neither answered the other's question. Each looked in the other's face, savagely, and dropped his eyes in a sort of pity for the misery imprinted there.

"I wish it had not come to this, Alexander. We, that should have been brothers, if I had married little Mary."

That child's name calmed us. Both, looking aside, half extended an involuntary hand.

"Let us not be enemies, yet. We do not know whether—"

"Tell me honestly, Austin, have you no belief in her preference—no tangible hope—?"

"Before Heaven, not a straw!"

I breathed freer. I did not refuse the hand; we had been friends so many, many years.

"Fair play, Alick?" said Hardy, almost piteously. "You are a far cleverer fellow than I. You can talk with her and interest her. She likes you—respects you. Now, I—oh, what a wretched, trifling, brainless fool I must appear to her!"

Poor fellow!—poor, open-hearted, simple-minded soul!

"Lad, lad"—with my hand on his shoulder as when we used to stand fishing in the silvery Tyne—"Do you think a woman only cares for brains?"

He shook his head hopelessly. "I can't say. I don't know. God forgive me"—with a bitter, remorseful humiliation—"till now I have hardly known any thing of *good* women—that's it." He added, after a pause—"It is not merely losing *her*, you see; if I lose her, I shall lose myself—the better self she put into me. My every chance of a new life hangs on her. Think how she would help me—think what a man she would make of me. If I married her— Hold your hands off. Are you mad, Fyfe?"

"I am afraid so."

She married! Married!—sitting by another man's fireside. The wife of another man's bosom—the mother of another man's children! Reason could not take it in, imagination beat it off, even from the merest outworks of the brain. If once allowed to enter the citadel, there would have been a grand explosion—a conflagration reaching to the very heavens, burning down to such a heap of ruins, that no man could rebuild a city thereon any more.

But this is what they call "fine" writing. Better say, in polite phrase, that the idea of this lady's marriage—and to my cousin—was rather trying to a person of my excitable temperament.

I believe Austin was roused from his own feelings to contemplate mine. I have a vague recollection of his startled, shocked look, and the extreme gentleness of his, "Do sit down, there's a good fellow. I knew you didn't mean me any harm."

Also, I mind his watching me as I paced the room—watching with a disturbed, grieved air—and muttered to himself:

"Poor lad—he was always weakly. His mother used to say, a great misfortune would kill him or turn his brain."

"I hope it would."

"Alick—don't say that." He turned upon me absolutely brimming eyes. Now, it so happened that, being her sister's child, Austin's eyes were not unlike my mother's. What could I do, but come and sit down opposite to him, and try desperately to struggle against the strong tendency which I knew my mind had—which almost all minds similarly constituted, and hard worked, have likewise—to lose its balance, and go rocking, rocking, in a pleasant motion that seems temporarily to lull pain, till it plunges over, over, just one hair-breadth, and is lost in the abyss whence Reason is absent for evermore.

"That is right—sit down. I should be sorry if I wronged you, Alexander; sorry that any thing should turn you against me. You, the only fellow who never flattered or quizzed me—who has stuck by me through thick and thin, for my own sake, I do believe, and not for my property."

And he was the only fellow who, ignorant of the gimcrackery of literature—disregarding my petty "reputation"—my barren "laurels"—loved heartily, and had loved from boyhood, not the "celebrated author," but the man Alexander Fyfe.

Such a friendship as ours, cemented by its very incongruities, was rare—and precious as rare. Love could not—should not, annihilate it.

"Austin, let's to bed. We shall see things clearer in the morning. Good-night. God bless you, my boy!" * * * * * *

Nevertheless, it was a horrible night, and a horrible waking. Things stand so ghastly plain in the face of day.

Yet, blessings on you, friendly water-demon, that came so welcomely at dawn, with pail after pail of icy torrents, cooling all the fever in my blood, leaving behind, on soul as well as body, a warm, heroic, healthy glow. I do believe half the passions, crimes, and miseries of humanity would be calmed down under the influence of water cure.

In the hall, quaffing our matutinal glass, clear as crystal, refreshing as the *elixir vitæ*, my cousin and I met face to face—faces, strange, no doubt, and pallid still, but very different from last night.

No reference to that; temporarily the ghost was laid.

"Good-morning."

"Good-morning. Starting for your walk? 'Tis damp, rather."

"Very. Are you for the wood?"

"Probably. And you for the moorland?"

"Ay."

So tacitly we parted. Generally we walked together, but not now."

Up the hillside, through the mass of red beech-leaves her pony had trampled through; how dead and dank they now lay, slowly passing into corruption. Up, up—it is my habit never to rest till I have climbed as far as one

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can climb—up, steadily, till I came out on the level moorland.

It was all in a soft mist. Not a breath stirring; not a waft of cold December wind. The year had laid itself down to die patiently. It would not struggle any more. Only sometimes a great drop would come with a plash from some fir-tree hard by, like a heavy involuntary tear. But the leaden sky would not yield; the rain refused to fall.

I walked for a whole hour pondering. The text of my meditations was Austin's saying of last night—

"She is my better self. If I lose her I shall lose my soul."

Now I, weak as my body was, had my soul in my own hand.

I might die—probably I should; but I did not believe that any stroke, however heavy, would drive out of my heart the virtue which her blessed influence had implanted there. Misery might kill me, or (possibly, though I trusted in God's mercy not!) might make me a lunatic, but it never would make me a criminal. Him, it might.

I took my determination—at least, for a time—till things altered, or till I saw some dim light. Oh, no! Unless I sought for it, toiled for it, prayed for it, how could such a fellow as I hope to see the faintest love-light shining on me from her sweet eyes?

So no wrong to her in that determination of mine.

Again Austin and I met in the midst of a cluster of cheerful patients—somehow patients always are cheerful at the water cure. We were cheerful too. I felt, and something in his voice causing me to look at him hard, showed me he felt an extraordinary calm.

He followed me to our rooms.

"Alexander, just one word. I have thought over last night, and somewhat changed my mind."

"So have I."

"I shall not speak to her—not just yet."

"Nor I."

Again we looked fixedly at one another—again, hand to hand, we rivals, yet almost brothers, tenderly closed.

"Thank you, Austin."

"You are a good fellow, Fyfe."

"I think," said I, brokenly, "this is right—this is how she would wish it to be. We must not hate one another for her love—she who has been a saving angel to us both."

"Ay, so she has."

"Let her be so still—let every thing go on as usual, till some chance gives either a sign of her regard. Then, each for himself! a fair struggle, and God comfort the one who falls!" * * * * *

Day after day, during the whole of those strange two weeks, did things "go on as usual." That is, we met her at breakfast, at dinner, at supper; sometimes walked with her, drove with her—passed every evening in her presence, within sound of her voice, within brushing of her dress. Twice every day—fool! how one of us used to court and wait for the minute—we each touched her hand. And many times a day that same one—I will not answer for the other—would, standing by her, in serious fire-side argument, or easy meal-time, look down, right down—she had a curiously steady, earnest, innocent gaze, when she was talking—into the infinitely tender depths, the warm, dark splendors of her eyes.

Yet neither of us, by word or look, sought to win, or by any word or look of hers could found a hope that we might win her preference.

And, night after night, when the day's ordeal was over, we used to sit silent over the fire in our own room, sometimes by chance catching sight of one another's faces, and recognizing there the marvelous self-denial, the heroic self-control, which kept deferring, each for the other's sake, the delicious, the fatal day.

We sat—not unlike two friends drifting seaward in a crazy boat, incapable of a double freight, who sit sadly gazing—willing to prolong the time, yet knowing that under certain definite circumstances, and within a certain definite time, one or the other *must* go down. * * * * * *

She was sitting talking with me in Dr. James's study; no one there but our two selves—not a face to watch hers, save mine and those pictured faces on the walls, which she was so fond of—rare prints gathered by James Corrie on his wanderings: grand old Buonarotti, and angelic, boyish Raphael, and Giotto, with that noble, irregular profile, serious, sweet, and brave.

"It is not unlike Dr. James himself, I fancy."

"Do you think so? So do I sometimes."

And Miss Keir sewed faster at her work, a collar or handkerchief for Harry, who had been the light of Highwood now for several days.

"What a pure nature it is," continued I, and still looked at the Giotto, and thinking of James Corrie. "So very tender, for all it is so steadfast and so strong. I hardly ever honored any man as I do our friend the Doctor. Do not you?"

"He has been the kindest friend in the world to Harry and to me."

"And to me also. I must try to tell him so before I go away."

"You are not going away? Surely, not yet?"

That start—that look of earnest regret. What a leap my heart gave.

"I thought—I understood," with a slight hesitation, "that you were to stay at Highwood till after the new year?"

"Did James Corrie say so? And do you wish it?"

And that warm, soft color which, during all our talk, had been growing, growing, now seemed glowing into scarlet under my gaze. No; I would not take away my eyes. I would see whether they could not light up in hers some tithe of the hidden fire that I knew must be burning in my own.

I was right! She did tremble—she did blush, vividly, almost like a girl of fifteen—this calm, this quiet Ellice Keir.

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"I ought; indeed I ought to go. My book—you know—my—"

Stammering, I ceased.

She laid her work down, and looked me straight in the face in her peculiar way, saying, softly—

"No; you must not go. You are not strong enough. Besides, I want you to stay—just a week longer. Never mind your book."

"Miss Keir, you know I would thrust it and all the books I ever wrote into that flame this minute, if—"

I remembered my pledge. Ay, Austin—sacredly.

"If what?"

"If Miss Keir will tell me the reason why she wishes me to stay?"

I said this in an exaggeration of carelessness—even trying to make a joke of it. I did not expect to see that strange, unwonted blush rise again over face and throat, nor to see her very fingers tremble as she worked.

What was to become of me? One second more, and I should have forgotten all—she would have known all. Thank God it was not so!

I snatched up a book, muttered some vague apology, and rushed out of her sight.

No; this could not go on. An end must be put to it somehow. While she was indifferent, quiet, composed—merely the lady who smilingly shook hands with me morning and night, I could bear it. But to see her as I saw her this morning—all the woman stirred in her, blushing, trembling—not Miss Keir, but Ellice—Ellice! It could not be. The crisis *must* come.

I made up my mind. But first I went in search of Austin Hardy—hesitatingly and slow; for involuntarily, a wild conviction had forced itself on my mind—forgive me, thou essence of most simple and pure womanhood; but we men have such intensities sometimes—a conviction that Austin, at least, would never win Ellice Keir.

I went to meet him in the garden with a strange pity—even a shamefaced remorse. I found him walking, talking, and laughing with Harry and Ellice Keir.

"Yes, certainly, we will come, both Harry and I, and see all these wonderful changes and improvements at Netherlands. I am so happy to think of them all. You will not forget one of them—you promise?"

"I promise."

She spoke earnestly—Hardy too: so earnestly that they did not notice me. They stood still under the great cedar. Harry Keir—what a gleesome face the young fellow had!—was tossing up and catching cedar-cones.

"Yes; I will promise every thing. Netherlands shall begin a new life, like its master, please God! It shall hardly know its old likeness. It and the people belonging to it shall be the pattern of the whole country. Will that make you happy?"

"Very happy. Few things more."

"And—" Ay, dear Austin, I heard and honored the self-command which smoothed down to indifference that tremulous tone—"when will you do me that honor? It shall be quite a festival when you visit Netherlands. Fyfe—ah, my dear fellow, are you there?—Fyfe shall be asked, and all our good friends here."

"Bravo!" cried Harry, with a laugh, as he tossed up his biggest fir-cone; "and Dr. James, of course."

"Most certainly. Every one whom she cares for—every one who honors her. And now, Miss Keir, will you too promise?—when will you come to Netherlands?"

"I hope—some time—next year."

Were my eyes dazzled by that red torrent which seemed to roll pouring in upon my brain; or did I again see, as an hour before, that same warm, tremulous, exquisite blush—such as is always coming and going in a woman's face when she is very happy—or—when she loves?

Not a word more. She was gone. Austin and I stood under the heavy shade of the cedar. Was it that which made his face, and my heart, seem so dark and so cold?

"Now, Hardy?"

"Well. I fear the time has come?"

"I think it has."

I saw him watching her on the terrace where she and Harry were walking merrily. The sun was shining there. As he looked, all the gloom passed out of his countenance; it seemed to gather the sunshine too.

Jealousy! I had written pages on pages about it—learned "to throw myself into the feeling," as our literary cant goes—flattered myself I had sketched beautifully, to the very life, the whole thing. But now, to realize what I had described—and Fancy indulged in a cruel spasmodic laugh to see how very real I had done it—now to feel the horror gnawing at me, like that fiend the old monk-painter painted, who afterward came and stood at his elbow till he died; to feel not only through my brains, but in my heart, that jealousy of which we poets prate so grandly—make into such pathetic novels, such withering tragedies—jealousy, which we say leads to hatred, madness, murder—I could believe it—I could prove it. I plumbed its lowest depths of possible crime in that one minute when I watched my cousin Austin watching Ellice Keir.

I had loved Austin—did so still. Yet for that one minute—thank God it was only one—I hated him, loathed him. I believe I could have seen him shot down, and mounted over his dead body to the citadel of my frenzied hope. But, "better is he that ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a city." I ruled mine.

"Austin, this must end."

"It must. When?"

"To-day, if you will. There—look, she has gone within doors."

We stood—the crisis was at hand. Our boat reeled—quivered. Very pale were our faces. *Which* would be the one to go down?

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"Who is to learn his fortune first? said Hardy.

"Let's draw lots." I laughed—I felt spurred on to any kind of insane folly. "Let's toss up, as the children do; or, since coins are as dross with you, and as life's worth to me—let's take to the sentimental, the poetical. Here, choose."

I tore a sprig of cedar, and a sprig of a yew-tree hard by, and held out to him the two stems, leaves being hidden.

"Now, which? who is for his cedar-palace, and who for his branch of yew?"

I know Hardy thought I was losing my wits fast. "No," he said, gently; "no child's play—we must be men. Go you in and speak to her first."

He leaped the dike into the field. So it became my doom. Best, far the best.

The door happened to be fastened. I thought I would get into the house, as I often did, by the low windows of the Doctor's study. Standing there, I looked in.

James Corrie sat at his table, not writing, but thinking. His chin was on his folded hands—his eyes out-looking, calm and clear. What a noble face it was—the face of one who has gone through seas of trouble, and landed at length in serene, soul-satisfying joy.

Twice I knocked on the pane, and he did not perceive me. Then hearing me call, he came forward, smiling.

"I shall not interrupt you, Doctor; I am going: is M—"

"Just stay one minute. I wanted to say a word to you—by, in fact, by the particular wish of Miss Keir."

I sat down.

James Corrie folded his newspaper, closed his desk, looked something different from what James Corrie was wont to look—but happy, ineffably happy still.

"I am waiting to hear—"

"Ay, and you shall hear, my old friend, for I know you will rejoice. Simply this. Miss Keir has told me you intend leaving us, and she wishes, most earnestly, that you would stay till after the New Year."

"And you?"

"Even if Alexander Fyfe were not welcome for his own sake, as he knows he is, still whatever adds to her happiness must necessarily add to mine."

He whom I knew she held—as in his simple goodness all good women might hold him—like a very brother; he who, she said, had been to her "the kindest friend in the world"—strange for him to speak to me thus! Perhaps, in spite of myself, I had betrayed my feelings. Did he think—did he guess—

"I see you do not quite understand me. You do not know—in truth, being neither of us young, we were rather unwilling it should be known or talked about—that Miss Keir and myself have been engaged for two years; that, God willing, next Saturday, New Year's morning, will be our wedding-day." * * * * * *

No—I was right; it did not slay me. This misery passed by, and destroyed neither my life nor Austin's soul.

God's mercy strengthened me. I was able to help and strengthen him. It was very fortunate that only I was present when the truth came out.

That truth neither James Corrie nor his wife have ever guessed or will ever learn. Why should they? It would only pain them in their happiness. And what blame to them? It was all our own delusion. He is still the worthiest man, and she the noblest woman, we ever knew. God bless them!

Hardy has gone home to his estates, where he intends always to reside. If he is able to carry out one-half of his purposes, no wealthy landowner in England will be more useful, more honored in his generation than Austin Hardy, Esquire, of Netherlands; and widely different as our fortunes are, he and I shall be brothers until death.

For myself, I am now in my old London haunts, finishing my long unfinished book. It will be a different book from what it was to be; different, oh, how different! from what it might have been. But it will be a very tolerable book still—wholesome, cheerful, brave. Such an one as is the "*Io triumphe*" of a great spiritual Marathon—such an one as I never could have written in all my days, had I not, in body and soul, undergone the Water Cure.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE Legislature of New York adjourned *sine die* on the 14th of April. The law for the prevention of Intemperance, of which we gave a synopsis in our last Record, was the most important general act of the session. Opinions have been given and published from eminent legal authorities, declaring the law to be unconstitutional, but no judicial decision has yet been had upon it. The law does not go fully into effect until the 4th of July, though no licenses for the sale of liquor were to be granted after the 1st of May. A law was also passed directing the Canal Commissioners to contract for the repairs and superintendence of the State canals by sections to the lowest responsible bidders: this measure, it is believed, will save nearly half a million dollars annually to the State. A law was passed creating a Board of Railroad Commissioners, who should have a general charge and supervision over all the railroads of the State—investigating accidents, requiring roads to be completed before they are opened, and exercising a general authority.——In Pennsylvania a law has been passed prohibiting the sale of all intoxicating liquors, except beer and domestic wines.——The Legislature of Connecticut met at Hartford on the 3d of May, and proceeded immediately to the election of a Governor, the popular election not having resulted in

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any choice. William T. Miner, the candidate of the Whigs and the American party, was elected, receiving 177 votes, his Democratic opponent, Ingham, receiving 70. Governor Miner's Message was transmitted the next day. It recommends submitting to the people an amendment to the Constitution, extending the right of suffrage to colored persons, and requiring citizens to be able to read and write before being allowed to vote. The Governor also recommends an appropriation in aid of the State Agricultural Society; says the income of the School Fund the past year has been $129,108, making a dividend of $1 25 for each scholar, and thinks it is the duty of the Legislature to encourage education in every possible way. He says he should regard the repeal or modification of the Prohibitory Liquor Law as detrimental to the best interests of the State, observing that the effect of the law has been such as to recommend it to general favor, and that by it crime has been lessened, poverty and misery alleviated, and the happiness of many a fireside restored. The balance in the Treasury at the close of the fiscal year is stated at $36,000. He favors such a remodeling of the Judiciary system as will facilitate the settlement of causes. He says that the Banking Institutions of the State are in a sound and healthy condition; that the military will compare favorably with that of sister States. He expresses the opinion that in the recent election the people reiterated their emphatic condemnation of the act organizing the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas. The Governor devotes a large share of his message to a consideration of the pernicious influence of the immigration of foreigners into this country. After speaking of the large and increasing number of the foreigners thus arriving, he alludes to their character, their training, and their religious sentiments as warranting additional legislation for our own safety on the subject. A large mass of our alien population, he says, after a residence of only five years among us, are but poorly fitted for the duties of citizenship, nor, in his opinion, have they any right to demand that the privilege of citizenship shall be granted to them. Our laws guarantee to them the protection of their persons and property, and furnish the education needed to make them American citizens. The political, military, and social combinations of our foreign population he regards also as a great evil. He thinks furthermore that as a matter of policy connected with the privilege of citizenship, to be conferred upon the alien, we have the right to inquire how far the allegiance due from the members of the Romish Church to their foreign spiritual head is compatible with the allegiance due to their adopted country; and if we find that combinations for political action exist, composed of members of this church, throwing their entire vote one way or the other, as the wishes and feelings or interests of those controlling may dictate; and farther, if we find that these combinations are but instruments in the hands of demagogues, either native born or thrown upon our shores by the revolutionary upheavings of Europe, then a strong reason is found why a longer residence should be required before the alien can be naturalized.——In New Hampshire the American party in State council has adopted a series of resolutions protesting against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Nebraska Bill, and the Fugitive Slave Law, as "violating the spirit of the Constitution, and tending to disunion and the destruction of the free institutions of the country," refusing assent to the admission of slavery into any part of the territory embraced in the Missouri Compromise, and declaring that "any attempt to commit the American party of New Hampshire to the advancement of the interest of slavery, to ignore it as a political question, or to enjoin silence upon them in regard to its evils and encroachments, deserves, and shall receive their earnest and unqualified disapprobation."——Governor Reeder of Kansas Territory has been making a visit to the Eastern States, and in reply to a congratulatory address at Easton, Pa., made a speech containing important statements concerning the recent election in Kansas mentioned in our last month's Record. It was true, he said, that "Kansas had been invaded, conquered, subjugated, by an armed force from beyond her borders, led on by a fanatical spirit trampling under foot the principle of the Kansas Bill and the right of suffrage." He said he had been a warm advocate of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and had always insisted on the protection of the Slave States in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights. The same principle impelled him to claim with equal pertinacity the right of suffrage for the people of Kansas.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 7th of April. The Legislature was still in session, but its proceedings have not been of general interest. No further attempt had been made to elect a United States Senator. Considerable embarrassment had been caused by a decision of the Supreme Court, that a large sale of wharf property made by the city of San Francisco about a year since was illegal, and that no title had been conveyed. Suits against the city to the amount of half a million dollars had been commenced. The recent bank failures had caused a very great depression in the business of the country, and there had been a marked and rapid decline in the price of real estate. The mining prospects were reasonably good, though the rainy season, essential to working the mines, was late. A prohibitory liquor law had passed the Assembly by a vote of 37 to 16, and was awaiting the action of the Senate. The project of a good wagon road from the Sacramento valley across the Sierra Nevada to the eastern boundary of the State, was under consideration.

From the *Isthmus* we have news of the erection of the provinces of the Isthmus, namely, Panama, Azuero, Veraguas, and Chiriqui, into a sovereign State by the Congress of New Granada. It is to be called the State of Panama, and will still be under the control of New Granada in every thing relating to foreign relations; in the organization and service of the standing army and naval affairs; national credit; naturalization of foreigners; national receipts and expenses; the use of the flag and arms of the Republic; all relative to the public lands that the nation reserves; and weights and measures. In other matters of legislation and administration the State of Panama is free to enact that which is permitted by its own constitution.

MEXICO.

Reports have been received that Santa Anna is seriously ill, but they lack confirmation. His death, which was said to be anticipated, would plunge the country into still greater confusion than now prevails. We have confused accounts of the progress of the revolution in various quarters of the country, but they are very inconclusive. At

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Tehuantepec the rebels were in possession of the roads and suburbs, and had made one or two attacks on the place. They are represented as being a wild, lawless, and undisciplined rabble, and as being guilty of the grossest outrages against person and property. The flag of the United States Consulate was stolen by them in the night, but a demand of the Consul elicited a prompt apology from Salinas their leader. In several other Departments it is said the revolutionists have been effectually routed. The greatest obstacle to their success seems to be the distrust entertained of them by the people, as they are generally composed of the worst classes in the country; most of their leaders having long been known as chiefs of brigands.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From *Paraguay* we hear of hostile proceedings on the part of the government toward the United States. The American steamer *Water Witch* has been engaged for nearly two years under Captain Page in exploring the River Parana and its tributaries, and has also been used to remove sundry American citizens who had become involved in difficulties with the government. This proceeding seems to have offended President Lopez, who issued orders forbidding the entrance of any man-of-war into the waters of the Paraguay. Captain Page nevertheless sent the *Water Witch* up the Parana on the 1st of February; but as she was passing the battery at the Paso del Rey she was fired upon, the man at the wheel being killed. She returned the fire, and soon after came to anchor. Representations of the matter were of course made to our government.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The event of the month in England has been the visit of the Emperor and Empress of France, which was accomplished with the utmost ostentation and *eclat*. Having first received the Deputies at the Tuileries and made them a parting speech, the Emperor, with the Empress and a numerous suite, embarked at Calais on the 16th of April on board the screw steamer *Pelican*, and was received at Dover by Prince Albert, who with his usual attendants and the French minister had gone down to meet them. After receiving an address from the Corporation of Dover they proceeded to London by railroad, passed through the city in the Queen's carriage, escorted by a regiment of troops —the streets being densely crowded by an eager multitude—and took the cars at the Paddington station for Windsor. Arriving there at seven in the evening, they were received by the Queen with the usual Court officials and the Lords Palmerston and Clarendon. A state dinner followed, and the town was illuminated in the evening. On the 17th the Emperor received addresses from various corporations, and on the 18th received at the hands of the Queen the investiture of the royal order of the Garter. On Thursday, the 19th, the royal party went to London to receive the address of the municipality. An immense multitude thronged the streets and rent the air with their loud huzzas —hundreds of flags bearing congratulations were suspended along the route of the royal *cortège*, and the utmost enthusiasm pervaded the city. Guildhall had been newly decorated and arranged for the occasion. Two thrones had been erected for the Emperor and Empress at the end of the hall, and the leading members of the British Government, with the diplomatic corps, were in attendance. The Recorder read a complimentary address, to which the Emperor read a brief reply. After the cordial reception he had experienced from the Queen, nothing, he said, could affect him more deeply than the sentiments uttered on behalf of the City of London—for London represented the available resources which a world-wide commerce affords both for civilization and for war. He accepted their praises because they were more addressed to France than to himself, addressed to a nation whose interests were every where identical with those of England, to an army and navy united with theirs by a heroic companionship in danger and glory, to a policy of the two governments based on truth, on moderation, and on justice. He said he had retained on the throne the same sentiments of esteem for the English people he had professed as an exile; and if he had acted in accordance with his convictions, it was because the interest of the nation which had chosen him, as well as of universal civilization, had made it a duty. "England and France," said he, "are naturally united on all the great questions of politics and of human progress that agitate the world. From the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Mediterranean—from the Baltic to the Black Sea—from the desire to abolish Slavery, to our hopes for the amelioration of all the countries of Europe, I see in the moral as in the political world, for our two nations, but one course and one end. It is, then, only by unworthy considerations and pitiful rivalries that our union could be dissevered. If we follow the dictates of common sense alone, we shall be sure of the future. You are right in interpreting my presence among you as a fresh and convincing proof of my energetic co-operation in the prosecution of the war, if we fail in obtaining an honorable peace. Should we so fail, although our difficulties may be great, we may surely count on a successful result; for not only are our soldiers and sailors of tried valor—not only do our two countries possess within themselves unrivaled resources, but above all—and here lies their superiority—it is because they are in the van of all generous and enlightened ideas. The eyes of all who suffer instinctively turn to the West. Thus our two nations are even more powerful from the opinions they represent than by the armies and fleets they have at their command." He concluded by expressing his thanks for the frank and hearty cordiality of his reception, and by saying that they should carry back to France the lasting impression of the imposing spectacle which England presents, where virtue on the throne directs the destinies of a country under the empire of a liberty without danger to its grandeur. The address was received with frequent and emphatic applause. In the evening the Queen, with her imperial visitors, attended the Opera. The next day they visited the Crystal Palace, and on the day following they returned to Paris, where they were received by an immense concourse.——The English Government continues its preparations for a vigorous prosecution of the war. The investigations of the Committee of Inquiry were still prosecuted, and various facts continued to be developed which were far from creditable to the discipline and efficiency of the British army. Nothing, however, had been proved which would warrant any special censure, still less any punishment, of the commander-in-chief. A new fleet, larger and much better fitted for the service than the one of last year, had sailed for the Baltic under Admiral Dundas. Although there is much less exultation in advance than there was last year

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upon the departure of Admiral Napier, the general confidence in the ability of the present fleet to do good service is much greater. It is not forgotten, however, that the Russians have during the winter added very greatly to the defenses of the fortresses on the Baltic, and that their fleet in that sea now numbers 73 vessels, manned by 25,000 sailors and 12,000 marines.——The English Government has effected a loan of sixteen million pounds sterling, payable in eight monthly instalments. It was all taken by the Rothschilds at a rate equivalent to about 87 per cent. for three per cent. consols.——Mr. Layard on the 5th of April made a speech at Aberdeen, on the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector of Marischal College, in which he referred in very strong terms to the indisputable fact that England has lost prestige by the war, that she has proved unequal to the emergency, and is in imminent danger of losing the rank she has hitherto held among the nations. He attributed the disasters of the war partly to the reckless manner in which merit is overlooked in public employments, and passed over to satisfy private and party interests, but mainly to the vicious and defective character of the education provided by the Government, which tasked the memory rather than the intellect, and was not at all fitted to prepare the young for the duties of active life.——Mr. Bright had also made a speech at a meeting of the Peace Society at Manchester, in which he stigmatized the war as utterly needless, and as having been brought upon the country by the ill-temper of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, whose predominant passion was resentment of the Czar for having once refused to receive him as English Minister, and by the utter incompetence of Lord Westmoreland, the British representative at Vienna. He censured the conduct of the war, which, however, he deemed better than the war itself. He denied that it was the interest of Russia to embroil herself with the other nations of Europe, and said that her treaty-stipulations with England had always been faithfully observed. ——Mr. Bouverie, recently appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, has been re-elected by his constituents at Kilmarnock. In his speech he attributed the disasters of the Crimea to the imperfections in the military system of England, and said that he had voted against the Committee of Inquiry because he regarded it as an attempt to overthrow the Government, and as an unconstitutional interference in the management of the war. ——Lord Harrowby, who made a speech in Parliament at the close of the last Session, presenting the reconstruction of Poland as the only effectual means of carrying on the war, has been appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. This step is regarded as indicating a possible change of policy on the part of the Cabinet, as it would scarcely have been taken had not Lord Palmerston substantially concurred in the opinions thus expressed.

FRANCE.

The visit of the Empéror to England created a high degree of enthusiasm in Paris, and his return was welcomed by a popular demonstration. Rumors are still circulated that he intends going in person to the Crimea, but no official intimation of such a purpose has yet been given. The opening of the grand Exhibition of Industry has been postponed to the 15th of May. A good deal of attention has been given, not only in France but throughout Europe, to the publication in the *Moniteur* of an elaborate and evidently official exposition of the military and political conduct of the Allied governments in regard to the war. After stating the motives which led England and France to unite in the war against Russia, the instructions are published which were given to Marshal St. Arnaud when he was intrusted with the command of the French army. The position of Austria is assigned as the reason why the Allied armies did not at once commence operations on the Danube and follow the retreating Russians. They would, moreover, have put themselves at too great a distance from the sea, and would have been in presence of a Russian army of 200,000 men, who would either have awaited them in an advantageous position, or else have, by retreating, drawn them forward into still greater dangers. Without the co-operation of Austria, a campaign beyond the Danube or on the Pruth was impossible. Austria, on the other hand, was not then prepared to go to war, as it was indispensable that she should first secure the countenance and support of Germany. Nor, again, could the Allied generals remain inactive while waiting for the decision of Austria, without a loss of prestige and of moral strength. It was necessary to show an object to the troops, to compel the enemy to fear them, and to excite the ambition and emulation of Europe. It was under such circumstances and for such reasons that the expedition to the Crimea was proposed. The capture of Sebastopol, it was thought, might hasten the *denouement*, and place in the hands of the Allies a stronghold which would be important in negotiating for a peace. Marshal St. Arnaud was ordered to land at Kaffa, about forty miles from Sebastopol. These counsels, however, unhappily were not followed, and the course that was taken rendered it impossible to invest the place. An assault might possibly have succeeded immediately after the battle of the Alma, but the undertaking would have been one of great hazard. Prudence counseled the course that had been taken. The Russians, by keeping open their communication with Simeraphol, and by sinking their fleet at the entrance of the harbor, had added greatly to the difficulties of the siege; and it soon became evident that the place could be taken only after a long struggle, with powerful reinforcements, and at the cost of sanguinary battles. The political necessity of the war is vindicated by citing evidence that Russia has for many years aimed at complete domination at Constantinople and over the Black Sea as the end of her ambition, and by showing that the establishment of such a predominance would be absolutely fatal to the independence of the States of Europe. In resisting this ambition, therefore, England and France were really fighting the battles of every other European State. Their armies and fleets were the *avant-gardes* of Europe; and having first arrived at the theatre of war, they had a right to expect that they would be followed thither by Austria and Prussia. Those two Powers had long hesitated, and had finally asked the Allies if they would still treat for peace on the basis of the four points. After long consideration this proposition was acceded to, and negotiations were reopened at Vienna. Nothing could be more moderate or proper than the conditions of peace proposed. The first, putting an end to the protectorate of Russia over the Danubian provinces, and placing them under the guardianship of the great Powers, would deprive Russia of the means of subjugating their population and dominating Turkey. The second, guaranteeing the free

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navigation of the Danube, would liberate the commerce of all nations, and especially of Austria, from the obstacles it encounters. The fourth, relieving Turkey from the religious protectorate of Russia, would preserve religious freedom, and at the same time destroy the supremacy which the Czar had asserted and exercised. The third, and most important, which had for its object to limit the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea, was necessary for the security of Europe as well as for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Russia had made the Black Sea a Russian lake; she has founded maritime establishments there of the first magnitude, and has placed Constantinople, as it were, in a state of permanent siege. Russia has already lost this supremacy by the war; her fleets dare no longer show themselves in the Black Sea, and her fleet has been sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol. Four men-of-war of each of the three maritime Powers can prevent Russia from ever entering that sea again. In insisting, therefore, upon a formal limitation of Russian power there, the Allies insist on nothing unreasonable—on nothing that they have not achieved. Whether the negotiations should prove successful or not, England and France had proved their moderation by consenting to them, and had rendered certain the co-operation of Austria, if the conference should not effect the restoration of peace.—Such is the substance of the official articles in the *Moniteur*.

AUSTRIA.

We have intelligence from Vienna of the failure of the pending negotiations, and the disruption of the Conference. From the imperfect accounts that have reached us, it appears that twelve sittings had been held. The French Minister, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, repaired to Vienna at the ninth sitting, when an envoy from Turkey was also introduced, and took part in the proceedings; his instructions, which have been published, indicate a jealous care, on the part of the Ottoman Porte, that the independence of Turkey should not suffer detriment from the Allied Powers. The difference, it is stated, took place on the third of the four points—that relating to the limitation of the power of Russia in the Black Sea. The Western Powers, at the eleventh sitting, demanded the absolute neutralization of the Black Sea—the exclusion from its waters of all vessels of war of all nations. After forty-eight hours' consideration, Prince Gortschakoff communicated the absolute rejection of these terms by the Russian government, and refused to admit the principle of the limitation of her fleet. Upon this the Conference was suspended, and both the English and French Ministers were to take leave on the 22d. This result apparently destroys all hope of a speedy termination of the war. Under these circumstances additional importance is due to the alleged unwillingness of Austria to assume a hostile attitude toward Russia. Indeed it is asserted that she refused to unite with the Allies in their demands, and declared her unwillingness to go any further in her exactions than to require that the Russian fleet in the Black Sea should remain in *statu quo;* that the Western Powers should have consuls at Sebastopol, who should be under the immediate protection of their Ministers at St. Petersburg; and that they should also have the right to construct war ports on some part of the Turkish coast.

SPAIN.

A misunderstanding has occurred between the Spanish Cabinet and the governments of England and France. A vessel bought from a Russian by a Spanish subject, was captured as lawful prize of war by a French vessel. The dispute was to be referred to Paris. Lord Howden, the British embassador, is complained of for having protested against the treatment of Protestants in regard to their burial-places. It is stated in the Spanish journals that the government has sent to Washington a full assent to the arrangement for the settlement of the *Black Warrior* difficulty. The question of the National Militia has been settled, an amendment forbidding them to discuss political questions having been adopted in the Cortes by a vote of 165 to 28. There were some attempts at popular disturbance, but they were soon suppressed.

THE EASTERN WAR.

Our advices from Sebastopol are to the 17th of April, and indicate the rapid approach of a crisis. The bombardment of the place had in fact commenced, and continued unceasingly from the 9th; five hundred heavy guns playing day and night upon the fortifications. Notwithstanding this terrible attack—this *feu d'enfer*, as it is strongly characterized by Gortschakoff in an official dispatch—which had continued for more than a week, the fortifications had suffered but little damage, though several Russian batteries had been destroyed. It was believed that the bombardment was to be continued a week longer, at the end of which time the Allies counted confidently on being able to carry the place by storm. One thing is clear, if such an assault should be attempted, it will be one of the bloodiest engagements on record. A heavy engagement was fought on the 22d March between the Russians and French, in which the former lost over 2000, and the latter over 600 in killed and wounded. After the engagement there was a suspension of hostilities for the burial of the dead. The weather had become pleasant, the health of the troops was improving, and a much better state of feeling prevailed in the Allied camps.

CHINA.

Advices from Canton to the middle of February indicate some recent progress on the part of the insurgents. They had invested Canton and destroyed the villages in its neighborhood, though it is said that dissensions among their leaders have prevented an attack upon the city. Many of the southern provinces remain in their possession, and the capital of the empire is said to be closely beleaguered by them. They have held possession of Shanghai for fifteen months. The French have joined the imperial forces, and have been twice repulsed in an attempt to drive the rebels out of this place. The English and American local authorities have abstained from taking part with either of the contending parties, but have concerted measures to protect the interests of their countrymen. Sir John Bowring, the British embassador, has assured merchants, who had made inquiries of him on the subject, that plans for the security and defense of the factories had been agreed upon by the British and American superior naval officers, and had met with the full concurrence of the diplomatic functionaries, who have instructed the consuls to give effect to these arrangements.

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Literary Notices.

Literary and Philosophical Miscellanies, by GEORGE BANCROFT. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The devotion with which Mr. Bancroft has engaged in his labors on American history during the last twenty years, has deprived the public, to a great extent, of the miscellaneous writings that might naturally have been expected from his copious and energetic pen. Few authors of his ability and eminence have so exclusively confined their productions to a specific department. Resisting the temptation to literary diffuseness which, in this country especially, is the besetting sin of ambitious writers, he has wisely selected the field for his exertions, and has applied himself to its cultivation with singular assiduity. Without aiming at the renown of a superficial universality, he has preferred the composition of a single masterpiece which would identify his name with the literature of his country. Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States*, indeed, is a work that indicates an extensive range of thought and study beyond the special department of inquiry, the mature fruits of which it embodies and sets forth in their most general and comprehensive relations. The fancy of the poet, the insight of the philosopher, and the dialectics of the logician are conspicuous in its pages, no less than the sagacity of the historian. The wealth of elegant learning and the habits of profound thought which they display, have often inspired the wish, on the part of Mr. Bancroft's readers, for a collection of his writings on other topics, and particularly in the field of philosophy and general literature. They can not fail to be gratified by the publication of this volume. They will greet it with a prompt welcome, not only as an illustration of the culture and research which have ripened into his great historical work, but on account of the variety, beauty, and intrinsic value of its contents.

The materials which compose the volume are divided into Essays, Studies in German Literature, including poetical translations from that language, Studies in History, and Occasional Addresses. The Essays, which are only three in number, treating of the Doctrine of Temperaments, Ennui, and the Ruling Passion in Death, are models of philosophical disquisition in a popular style, abounding in curious facts and illustrations, argued with exquisite subtlety of reasoning, and wrought with striking felicity of diction.

The Studies in German Literature occupy a wider space. They comprise a brief historical sketch of the development of German culture, analytical criticisms of the principal German writers, and miscellaneous translations from the most celebrated German poets. Since the date of these admirable papers, the study of German literature has made great progress both in this country and in England; its treasures have been freely opened to the common mind; its characteristic features have become incorporated, to a certain degree, with prevailing habits of thought; the finest intellects of our time have passed judgment on its productions; but we shall nowhere find, within the same compass, such a discriminating and comprehensive account of its chief authors, such well-considered decisions on their merits, such a grave and impartial estimate of their influence, and such brilliant illustrations of their peculiar genius, as in these remarkable Studies. Although written at an early period of Mr. Bancroft's literary career—forming, in some sense, the blossoming and first-fruits of his mind—they exhibit the same breadth and sagacity of view, the same philosophical acumen, the same appreciation of universal beauty, and the same combination of ornate and forcible expression which distinguish the efforts of his maturer years. The portraitures of Herder, Richter, Schiller, and Goethe challenge comparison with the most consummate delineations of this kind in our language.

The themes of the Studies in History include the "Economy of Athens," the "Decline of the Roman People," "Russia," and the "Wars of Russia and Turkey." Embodying the results of extensive research, and in some instances enriched with a profusion of curious and recondite learning, these essays are a signal proof of the vocation of the author to historical composition. In point of style they are highly elaborated, uniting a singular conciseness of expression with a pregnant fullness of meaning, arranging the intricate details of obscure questions in a transparent narrative, whose flowing richness beguiles the reader into the possession of a copious store of information, without the consciousness of a painful mental effort.

The last division of the volume comprises various occasional addresses, among which are several specimens of popular eloquence, remarkable for the clearness and force with which the fruits of profound research and meditation are presented to the comprehension of a general audience. The tributes to Calvin, Dr. Channing, and President Jackson are singularly happy in their conception, and clothed in language of artistic beauty and grace. The recent Discourse before the New York Historical Society, on the Progress of the Human Race, forms an appropriate conclusion to the volume.

It is always a hazardous experiment to reproduce the miscellaneous works of a distinguished author, written at a comparatively early period of his development, but presented to the public scrutiny under the searching light of his mature fame. In the present case, however, there is no room for disappointment. Compared with Mr. Bancroft's great historical work, the collection now issued is fully worthy of its companionship. In its own way, it furnishes a scarcely less splendid illustration of his genius than the American History. Its depth and originality of thought, its finished scholarship, its comprehensive wisdom of view, and the vigor and elegance of its diction will secure it a permanent place at the side of that noble monument to his renown.

The Whole French Language is the title of a new manual of education on the Robertsonian system of teaching modern languages, edited by LOUIS ERNST. The author of this system is Professor ROBERTSON, a celebrated teacher in Paris, who has obtained a European reputation by the excellence of his method and the success of his instructions. It claims to combine the most valuable features in the systems of Manesca, Ollendorff, Hamilton, and the older grammatical authorities, while it is free from the defects which diminish the practical utility of those methods. The text on which the volume is founded, is an original and attractive narrative, presenting all the peculiar idioms of the French language, together with a

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complete vocabulary of the words most commonly occurring in familiar discourse. The principles illustrated in this portion of the work are impressed on the mind of the pupil by constant repetition in a series of judicious exercises; and the second part is devoted to a more profound analysis of the language, explaining, in a collection of clear and simple rules, all the difficulties of French grammar and syntax. Professor Robertson's method is strictly progressive. The pupil is led on, by easy and almost unconscious steps, from the rudiments of the grammar to the most complicated forms of the language. The system combines great thoroughness with remarkable perspicuity. No one can master its details, without making such proficiency in the French language as to enable him to enjoy the classical productions of its literature, and with the necessary practice, to speak French with correctness and facility. The volume now issued is equally adapted for the purposes of self-instruction, and for the use of classes under the direction of a competent teacher. We do not hesitate to recommend it to the notice of all who are interested in the advancement of education, believing that its substantial merits will bear the test of a scrutinizing examination. (Published by Roe Lockwood and Son.)

The Most Eminent Orators and Statesmen of Ancient and Modern Times, by DAVID A. HARSHA. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The only representatives of ancient oratory commemorated in this volume are Demosthenes and Cicero. Of British statesmen we have Lord Chatham, Burke, Sheridan, Pitt, Brougham, and others; while Patrick Henry, Fisher Ames, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and Everett are brought forward as examples of American eloquence. The plan of the work includes critical and biographical sketches of the eminent men who figure in its pages, with large extracts from their best orations and speeches. Comments are also made on the characteristic traits of each orator, aiming at a complete analysis and exposition of his peculiar style of eloquence. The remarks of the author on the native statesmen—of whose oratory he gives several choice specimens—are in the main discriminating, but sometimes too highly colored by enthusiastic admiration. His notice of Edward Everett is in an eulogistic strain, but does no more than justice to the merits of that admirable scholar, and refined, classical orator. It is, perhaps, the best tribute to the modest greatness of Mr. Everett that has yet appeared in print, including several critical sketches previously made by other hands. The volume is embellished with a well-engraved portrait of Daniel Webster, furnishing a natural representation of his majestic features.

A History of the Christian Church, by Doctor CHARLES HASE, translated from the German by CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL and CONWAY P. WING. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) Hase is distinguished among German writers on ecclesiastical history for his freshness and geniality. To him, the past is not merely a collection of insignificant details and meagre incidents, but the scene of vital and glowing activity. With pious reverence he wipes the dust from the hoary annals of antiquity, and strives to reproduce them in their original brightness. He regards the development of the Church, not merely in its theological and dogmatic aspects, but as connected with the secular history of the times and the progress of general enlightenment. His fine æsthetic sense reveals to him the manifold forms of beauty and grandeur which have been overgrown with the moss of ages, and even from the arid records of scholastic controversy he educes fresh proofs of the dignity and worth of the human intellect. In regard to the disputed points of modern German theology, his own views bear the stamp of moderation. He has no sympathy with zealots or fanatics of any school. Nor does he fraternize with the skeptical philosophers who subject the positive truths of religion to such a destructive analysis that they are deprived of their vital force and reality. He is eminently devout, trustful, believing. It is true, he regards religion in the light of a natural sentiment, rather than of a logical deduction; but he never obtrudes his own opinions upon the historical student. The work now presented to the American public covers the whole ground of ecclesiastical history, from the original establishment of the Church to the latest developments of current date. The translators have performed their difficult and laborious task with great fidelity. We perceive little to censure in point of correctness; perhaps, indeed, they have aimed to produce a too literal version; and a more thorough melting down of the original into purely idiomatic forms, would have relieved the appearance of stiffness and formality which must often annoy the fastidious reader.

Sermons of the Rev. Ichabod S. Spencer, D.D., with a *Memoir of his Life*, by the Rev. G. M. SHERWOOD. (Published by M. W. Dodd.) The late Dr. Spencer was a model of devotedness, piety, zeal, and success in the pastoral office. Abstaining from every attempt to court popularity, he exerted a weighty and wholesome influence upon a wide circle of society. Of a certain granitic texture of character, he was emphatically a man to wear well. Grave, deliberate, earnest, impressive, he made a permanent mark wherever his presence was felt. In the ordinary sense of the term, he was not a man of learning—he cherished no scholastic tastes—he had no element of the book-worm in his whole composition—no desire for literary distinction; but he was well versed in the writings of a few masterly theologians, he was "mighty in the Scriptures," he was a shrewd observer of character, and, with his intense zeal for usefulness in his vocation, these advantages gave him an eminent success, which was scarcely surpassed by that of his most distinguished contemporaries. As a preacher, he was remarkable for the copiousness and weight of his matter, rather than for any graces or attractions of manner. He was wholly free from affectation—always simple—always himself. His originality of mind prevented him from being the servile copyist of others—prevented him even from following the beaten tracks in his exposition of familiar truths. He presented old subjects in new aspects. Not that he had any love of innovation; from this he was singularly free. He had even a personal abhorrence of novelties, either in opinion or practice; he adhered rigidly to the ancient standards of faith: but every topic which he discussed took its form and coloring from his own mind, giving a perpetual freshness and animation to the themes of his pulpit discourse. The memoir in this volume presents a luminous and deeply-interesting view of his life and character. It is written in a tone of affectionate admiration, but without fulsome panegyric. In the orderly arrangement of its topics, and the equable flow of

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its narrative, it exhibits some of the best and rarest qualities of biographical composition. The sermons, which have been selected from the voluminous manuscripts of the deceased, fully illustrate the characteristics alluded to above. They unfold the leading facts of Christian history, and the principles of Christian doctrine in a great variety of phases; and if not models of sacred eloquence, are superior specimens of homiletic instruction.

Surgical Reports, and Miscellaneous Papers on Medical Subjects, by GEORGE HAYWARD, M.D. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) A judicious collection of original essays by an eminent medical man of Boston. It exhibits the moderation of view, freedom from exclusive theories, scholar-like culture, sagacious discrimination, and chaste decorum of style, which characterize a large portion of the medical literature proceeding from the capital of New England. The papers on Anæsthetic Agents, the Diseases of a Literary Life, Legalizing Anatomy, and several others, possess something more than a professional interest.

Redfield has published an edition, in two volumes, of *The O'Doherty Papers*, by the late WILLIAM MAGINN, edited by the veteran literary mouser, Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE. Maginn was a jovial, reckless, obstreporous varlet, brimful of fun and frolic, with mischief oozing out at every pore; unscrupulous in his satire, brilliant in invective, with erudition that might grace a university, and a passion for genial liquors worthy of a pot-house. Many of his most sparkling effusions are devoted to the praises of wine and "gin-twist." Habitual topers, who are deprived of their favorite beverages by anti-liquor legislatures, may here satiate their thirsty appetites by the "imagination of a feast." Certainly no such seductive champion of Bacchus has appeared in these "latter days." Dr. Shelton Mackenzie has done his part to a charm. If any fault is to be found with him, it is that of sometimes being too lavish of information on points concerning which most readers may be safely supposed to have learned the alphabet. His fancy takes fire at every suggestion of an interesting name or a curious incident, and he discharges his enthusiasm with a rattling volley of chronological, biographical, and bibliographical lore. In all matters of scandal, too, he is perfectly at home, and often enriches the "spice-islands" of the original by highly-flavored anecdotes and innuendoes of his own. As a work of amusement, the merits of this collection are palpable, but it would be indiscreet to commend warmly its moral tone.

Le Curé Manqué, by EUGENE DE COURCILLON (published by Harper and Brothers), combines the attractions of a novel and a book of travels. In the form of a simple autobiographical story, it presents a vivid portraiture of the modes of life and thought and the social and religious customs of the great body of the French people. It aims to give a faithful and striking delineation of the manners of the rural districts of France, similar to the sketches by foreign tourists of the great metropolis. In following out his plan, the author is led to describe minutely the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, as they are observed among a comparatively ignorant and unsophisticated people, who cling to many old usages that have come down to them from time immemorial, and who retain their faith in much that has been discarded by the more enlightened classes of the French population. The narrative is marked by the utmost frankness and simplicity; a vein of dry humor enlivens many of the sketches of character; while the incidents related, though fictitious in their grouping, bear all the marks of reality. As an illustration of domestic life, social features, and mental development, under the influence of the Catholic religion, the volume will reward the attention of every intelligent reader.

The Old Inn; or, the Travelers' Entertainment, by JOSIAH BARNES, Sen. (Published by J. C. Derby.) A series of travelers' stories, purporting to have been related around the fireside of a country hostelry in Vermont, into which the company had been driven by stress of weather. They indicate a writer of more than the ordinary calibre, though he takes refuge for concealment under the shelter of a pseudonym. He need not be ashamed to show his hand or the pen which he wields with decided effect. His stories are well told, free from commonplace, couched in a nervous and impressive style, though in some cases carrying the tragic element to excess.

The Wonderful Adventures of Captain Priest, by the author of "A Stray Yankee in Texas." (Published by Redfield.) Jewels and pearls of native humor fall facilely from the pen of this merry writer. He even brings to light an assortment of fresh puns, which will rejoice the ears of many in the prevailing dearth of good things in that line.

Ticknor and Fields have reprinted WILLIAM HOWITT'S *Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia*, a delightful volume, describing the curious and picturesque features of Australian life, in the animated style characteristic of the author. The work was written on the spot, and is evidently the fruit of personal experience. Every lover of natural description will find it a captivating volume.

Harper and Brothers have issued a new *Book-List*, comprising the titles of their publications in the various branches of literature and science, a classified table of contents, and copious literary and bibliographical notices, prepared, to a considerable extent, for this edition. Apart from its utility as a manual for the book-purchaser, it may be deemed worthy of attention as presenting a brief commentary on many of the most important productions of the current literature.

Harper and Brothers have in press and will publish, from advance sheets, the following works: "*Moredun: a Tale of* 1210." This is the novel attributed to Sir WALTER SCOTT, the romantic account of the discovery of which in manuscript, at Paris, excited so much attention a short time since. The proprietor still maintains that it is a genuine production of the author of *Waverley*.—— "*The Heiress of Haughton*," by Mrs. MARSH.—— The first two volumes of JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM'S amusing and garrulous *Autobiography*.—— *The Biography of Sydney Smith*, by his daughter, Lady HOLLAND.——Autobiography is apparently again becoming the fashion of the day in England. It has always been the rage in France. It is reported that LOCKHART (Sir Walter Scott's biographer and son-in-law) has left a copious Memoir of his own Life and Literary Times, which will speedily be published. ROGERS, the very Nestor of living poets, is said to have prepared his Personal and Literary Recollections, which will appear speedily after his decease. Miss MARTINEAU is engaged, at the intervals of ease from intense bodily suffering, upon her autobiography.

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Editor's Table.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, or thereabouts, worthy Master Samuel Clarke "sometime Pastor of Saint Bennet-Frink, London" took it in hand to set forth "a true and faithful Account of the four chiefest Plantations of the English in America." How he toiled to gather the few scattered materials then accessible, and how he carried his manuscript around from printer to printer before he could find one bold enough to undertake the risk of publishing it to the world, must remain forever unknown. Successful, however, he at last was, and his work, a thin quarto volume of not quite a hundred pages, printed in London, in 1670, "for Robert Clavel, Thomas Passenger, William Cadmus, William Whitwood, Thomas Sawbridge, and William Birch" lies before us, in all the quaint orthography and typography of the time.

The "four chiefest Plantations" described are Virginia, New England, Bermudas, and Barbados. Virginia, we are informed, is bounded on the east by the great ocean, on the south by Florida, on the north by Nova Francia, while toward the west its limits are unknown. A very respectable "plantation" truly, as far as extent is concerned, and a land very inviting to emigrants, since the "Soil is generally lusty and rich, and the Country generally hath such pleasant plain Hills and fertile Valleys, one prettily crossing another, and watered so conveniently with sweet Brooks and chrystal Streams as if Artists had devised them. The Tempreture of the air," we are moreover assured, "after they were well seasoned agreed well with the constitutions of the English;" for though the Summer was as hot as in Spain, and the Winter as cold as in France or England, "a cool Briess commonly aswages the vehemency of the heat."

The Indians, of course, find little favor in the eyes of the good preacher, though his account of them is quite as impartial as could have been expected from a divine of those strenuous days, when speaking of "Heathens and Salvages." They were great and well proportioned men, looking like giants to the new-comers, with "Language well seeming their proportion, sounding from them as it were a great Voice in a Vault." Some measurements are added to confirm this statement: "One of the biggest of them had the calf of his Legg measured, which was three-quarters of a yard about, and all the rest of his limbs answerable thereto." His arrows exceeded by a full fourth part the length of the famous clothyard shafts of the English archers. A picturesque figure must have been presented by these sons of Anak, attired as they were in the "skins of Bears and Wolves." One of them had a "Wolves-head hanging in a Chain for a Jewel; his Tobacco-pipe was three-quarters of a yard long, prettily carved with a Bird, a Bear, a Dear, being at the end sufficient to beat out a man's brains." Besides these spoils of the chase some of them have "Mantles made of Turkey Feathers, so handsomely wrought, and Woven with Thred that nothing could be discerned but Feathers. These were exceeding neat and warm." This bravery, however, belonged only to the chiefs and great men, the "common sort," even as in civilized communities, having "scarce wherewith to cover their nakedness." Some of their ornaments displayed a questionable taste; as for instance, "In each Ear commonly they have three holes, whereat they hang Chains, Bracelets, or Copper," a fashion not wholly gone into disuse in civilized communities, especially among the fairer sex. But what follows is somewhat more objectionable: "Some of their men wear in these holes a small green and yellow coloured Snake, near half a yard long, which crawling and wrapping herself about his neck familiarly kisses his lips: others wear a dead Rat, tied by the tail." Among the pleasant articles of their headdresses are enumerated the wing of a bird, the tail of a rattlesnake, the skin of a hawk, stuffed, with outstretched wings, and the hand of an enemy dried. The worthy Minister of Saint Bennet-Frink was not far wrong in saying that "He is most gallant that is most monstrous to behold."

The moral character of these "truculent Salvages" is described very fairly. "They are inconstant, crafty, timerous, quick of apprehension, and very ingenious. They are soon angry, and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury. They are very strong, of able bodies and nimble. They can lie in the Woods under a Tree by the Fire in the Coldest Weather, and amongst the Grass and Weeds in Summer. They are very covetous of Copper, Beads, and such trash." But notwithstanding this covetous disposition our author acknowledges that "they seldom steal from one another;" yet to this praise he makes a saving reservation that their abstinence from theft arises from "fear lest their Connivers (or sorcerers) should reveal it."

The women find much more favor than the men in the eyes of our historian. "They are careful to avoid suspicion of Dishonesty without the leave of their Husbands. They love their children very dearly, and, to make them hardy, in the coldest Mornings they wash them in the Rivers, and by Painting and Ointments they so tan their Skins that in a year or two no Weather will hurt them." The men are lazy fellows compelling the women to do all the work, making, "Mats, Baskets, Pots, Morters," besides the proper household labors, bearing their "Hunting Houses after them, with Corn, Acorns, Morters, Bagg and Baggage which they use." Very useful to these lazy hunters and warriors are their wives, and it is no wonder that, when they come to the hunting grounds, "every man endeavours to shew his best Dexterity; for thereby they get their wives."

The Minister of Saint Bennet-Frink, as befitted his sacred calling is very severe upon the priests of these Indians. They are, he says, "a Generation of Vipers, even of Satan's own brood;" and quotes a letter from "Mr. Alex. Whitaker, who was a Minister to the Colony, who describes their priests as being none other but such as our English Witches are; living naked in body, as if the shame of their sin deserved no covering. They esteem it a virtue to lie deceive and steal, as their Master the Devil teacheth them." The priests, if the description given of them is accurate, must have presented a figure any thing but attractive. Their faces, we are told, "are painted as ugly as they can devise, and they carry Rattles in their hands. They have a Chief Priest, differenced from the inferior by the Ornaments of his head, which are twelve. Sixteen or more Snake-skins, stuffed with Moss, the Skins of Weesels and other Vermin; all which they tye by the Tails, so as the tails meet

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on the top of their heads like a Tassel, about which a Crown of Feathers; the skins hang down about him and almost cover his face." Perhaps, after all, our author, sturdy Protestant as he was, thought he was giving the finishing touch to his picture of their wickedness when describing their "manner of life" as being "much like that of the Popish Hermits, alone in the woods sequestered from the common course of men."

But though they are represented as standing in great awe of their priests, whose teachings are so abominable, our author affirms that the Indians "honour and obey their Kings, Parents, and Governors, and observe the limits of their own Possessions. Murther is rarely heard of, and Adultery and other gross offences are severely punished." These apparent discrepancies, the worthy clergyman takes no pains to reconcile.

The warlike customs of the Indians, as here narrated are singular enough. Wars are rarely waged for lands or goods, but for women and children. When the two hostile bodies are ready for action, they take their stands at a distance apart of a musket shot, ranged in ranks fifteen abreast. Then ensues a curious scene. Messengers are sent from each party with these conditions: "That whosoever is vanquished, upon their submission within two days after shall live; but their wives and children shall be prize for the conqueror." This preliminary amicably settled, they approach in order, with a "Sergeant on each Flank, and in the Reer a Lieutenant, all duly keeping their places, yet leaping and singing as they go." The battle begins with a discharge of arrows. After these are spent "they joyn together, charging and retiring, each rank seconding the former. As they get advantage they catch the Enemy by the hair of his head, and then down he goes, and with his Wooden Sword he beats out his brains."

The Indian monarch "called Powhattan from the place of his habitation" is represented as keeping up no small state. In every part of his dominions, some of which he acquired by conquest, while some came to him by inheritance, he has a spacious residence. A guard of forty or fifty warriors attended upon him; "every night upon the four quarters of his House doth stand four Sentinels, and every half hour one from the *Corps du garde* doth hollow, unto which each of the sentinels doth answer. If any fail he is extremely beaten." At the corners of his residence stand as sentinels four images—a dragon, a bear, a leopard, and a gigantic human figure, "all illfavoredly made, according to their best workmanship." His will is absolute law, and at his frown the bravest among them will tremble. "Offenders he causeth to be boyled to death, or their Brains to be beaten out with Cudgels, for which yet they will never cry nor complain." The law of descent is singular, the kingly power descending not to the sons of the monarch, but to his brothers, and these failing to his sisters. The king is unrestricted as to the number of his wives, one of whom sits at the head of his bed, the other at the foot; and one of them brings a bowl of water to wash his hands before and after meals; while another waits with a bunch of feathers—a very uncomfortable substitute for a napkin.

Justice has hardly been done to the efforts made at an early period to civilize and christianize the aborigines of Virginia. Among the donations for that purpose, our author mentions two hundred pounds given by Miss Mary Robinson towards building a church, a donation of five hundred pounds, sent to the treasurer by an unknown individual "for the bringing up of some of the Infidel's children in the knowledge of God and the true Religion, and in Trades whereby they may live honestly in the World." Mr. Nicholas Ferrar gave three hundred pounds "to the College in Virginia, to be paid when there should be ten of the Infidel's children placed in it; and in the mean time 24*l.* per annum to be distributed unto three discreet and Godly men in the Colony who should bring up three of the Infidel's children in the Christian Religion and in some good course to live by." The East India Company gave seventy pound, eight shillings, sixpence, "towards the building of a Free Schoole," to which sum various donations from private sources were added. And "an unknown person gave thirty pound, for which there was to be allowed fourty shillings a year forever for a Sermon Preached before the Virginia Company." When was the last time that this perpetual service was celebrated, and where is the Virginia Company that was to be edified thereby forevermore?

"But," thus our good Minister of Saint Bennet-Frink, concludes his account of the "Plantation of Virginia," "notwithstanding all the Courtesies and Kind Usage by the English to them, anno Christi 1621, the treacherous Natives most Perfidiously and Treacherously murthered above three hundred of them, and would have done the like to all the rest, but that God (through his infinite Goodness and Mercy) moved the heart of one of them who was Converted to Christianity, to Discover the same a few hours before it was put in Execution."

The "Plantation of New England," we are told, "is judged to be either an Island surrounded on the north with the great River Canada, and on the south with the Hudson's River, or a Peninsula, these two Rivers overlapping one another, having their rise from two great Lakes, which are not far distant from each other." The harbors are "New Plimouth, Cape Ann, Salem, and Marvil-Head, all which afford good ground for Anchorage, being Land-lockt from Winds and Seas."

The country is painted in rose-color. The air is seldom obscured with mists and fogs; the soil is a warm kind of earth, and though the cold is sometimes great, yet the good store of wood makes the winter any thing but tedious. And besides "neither doth the pinching cold of Winter produce so many ill effects as the raw Winters here with us in England." The country is excellently watered and there are "store of springs which yield sweet water that is fatter than ours, and of a more jetty color, and they that drink it are as healthy and lusty as those that drink Beer." As for the salubrity of the climate, we are told that, "Men and Women keep their natural complexions, in so much as Seamen wonder when they arrive in these parts to see their Countrymen look so Fresh and Ruddy. As for our common diseases they be strangers in New England. Few ever have the Small Pox, Measels, Green-sickness, Headache, Stone, Consumption, etc.; yea, many that have carried Coughs and Consumption thither have been perfectly cured of them." This last assertion sounds strangely to us, to whom this fearful disease stands as the one malady which more than any other sweeps away our best and loveliest.

Good Master Clarke finds plain prose quite in-

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adequate to set forth the animal and vegetable productions of this favored Plantation, and therefore invokes, with no inconsiderable success, the Heroic Muse. He thus describes the trees of New England:

"Trees both on Hills and Plains in plenty be,
The long-liv' Oake and mournful Cypress Tree,
Sky-tow'ring Pines, and Chesnuts coated rough
The lasting Cedar, with the Walnut tough,
The Rosin-dropping Fir for Masts in use;
The Boatmen seek for Oars light neat-grown Spruce,
The brittle Ashe, the ever trembling Aspes,
The broad-spread Elme, whose concave harbors Waspes,
The watry spungy Alder, good for nought,
Small Elder by the Indian Fletcher sought,
The knotty Maple, pallid Birch, Hawthorns,
The Horn-bound Tree that to be cloven scorns,
Which from the tender Vine oft takes its spouse,
Who twines embracing arms about his boughs."

Nor are the forests anywise destitute of trees bearing fruit, as well as those of goodly stature and fair foliage. For—

"Within this Indian Orchard Fruits be some,
The ruddy Cherry and the jetty Plumb,
Snake-murthering Hasel with swéet Saxifrage,
Whose sprouts in Beer allays hot Feaver's rage,
The diar's Shumack, with more Trees there be,
That are both good for use and rare to see."

The vines, he goes on to say, in sober prose, "afford great store of Grapes, very bigg, both Grapes and clusters, sweet and good. Doubtless as good wine might be made of them as at Bourdeaux in France." The Cherries, he acknowledges, "if not very ripe," are not so good as those in Old England, though they grow in clusters like grapes. But the "White Thorn yields Hawes, as big as our Cherries, which are pleasant to the taste."

Our Author's Natural History is somewhat apocryphal. "The beasts," he says, "be as followeth:

"The Kingly Lion and the strong-arm'd Bear,
The large-limbed Moosis with the tripping Lear;
Quill-darting Porcupines and Rockames be
Castled in the hollow of an aged Tree:
The skipping Squirrel, Cony, purblind Hare
Immured in the selfsame Castle are,
Lest red-eyed Ferrets, wiley Foxes, should
Them undermine, if rampered but with mould,
The grim-faced Ounce, and ravenous howling Woolf
Whose meager paunch sucks like a rav'nous gulf,
Black-gittering Otters and rich coated Bever
The Civet-scented Muscat, smelling ever."

Then by way of comment and explanation, we are furnished with the additional information that, "Lions there be some, but seen rarely. Bears are common, which be most fierce in Strawberry time, when they have young ones; they will go upright like a man, climb trees, and swim to the Islands." During these marine expeditions an exhibition takes place which must have been well worth witnessing. "At which time if an Indian see him, he will swim after him, and overtaking him they go to Water-cuffs for bloody noses and scratched sides; at last the man prevails, gets on his back, and so rides him on these Watry plains, till the Bear can bear him no longer."

We are furnished with divers scraps of information in respect to the animals of the country, some of which are quaintly enough expressed. Thus: "In the Winter the Bears retire to the Cliffs of Rocks and thick Swamps, to shelter them from the Cold, where they live by sleeping and sucking their Paws, and with that they will be as fat as they are in Summer." The "Dear keep near to the Sea, that they may swim to the Islands when they are chased by the Woolves. They have commonly three young ones at a time, which they hide a mile from each other, giving them suck by turns; and this they do, that if the Woolf should find one they may save the other." In speaking of the porcupine our author of course relates the story, which is believed by many even to this day, that "he stands upon his Guard against man or beast, darting his quills into their Leggs or Hides if they approach too near him." In treating of the wolf, he incidentally mentions a fact which naturalists have apparently wholly overlooked, that "they have no Joynts from the Head to the Tail." The "Ounce or wild Cat which is as big as a Mungrel, and by nature fierce and dangerous, fearing neither Dogg or Man," in addition to his skill in destroying deer, catches geese in a way worthy of notice: "He places himself close by the water, holding up his bob tail, which is like a Goose's neck, which the Geese approaching nigh to visit, with a sudden jerk he apprehends his desired meat."

A half score or so of very tolerable couplets are devoted to the New England birds. Among them are,

"The princely Eagle and the soaring Hawk,
Within their unknown wayes there's none can chawk;
The Humbird for some Queen's rich Cage more fit
Than in the vacant wilderness to sit;
The swift-winged Swallow, sweeping to and fro
As swift as arrow from Tartarean bow.
When as Aurora's infant day new springs,
There the mounting Lark her sweet layes sings.
The drowsie Madge that leaves her day-loved nest
To fly abroad when day-birds are at rest;
The Silver Swan that tunes her mournful breath
To sing the Dirg of her approaching Death.
There Widgins, Sheldrakes, and Humilitee,
Snites, Dropps, Sea-Larks in whole millions flee."

Touching the bird, named in the last couplet, called "Humilitee or Simplicitee," the author tells the marvelous story that they settle themselves close together, "so that sometimes above twelve score have been killed at two shoots." The poor "ill-shaped loon who sweals his harsh notes," is represented as being "unable either to go or fly," and as having a voice "like a sowgelder's horn."

At the close of his poetical catalogue of fishes, "of which there are great store and much variety," the good parson takes occasion to animadvert upon the slothfulness of the Indians, who force their Squaws

"To dive for cockles, and to dig for clams,
With which her lazy husband's guts she crams."

Besides this clam-digging, the poor squaws are forced "to dive over head and ears for a Lobster, which often shakes them by the hands with a churlish nip, and so bids them adieu." Nor is their case much altered whether they are successful or not; for if their fishing has prospered they "must trudg home two or three miles with a hundred weight of Lobsters on their backs, which done they must dress it, cook it, dish it, and present it, and see it eaten before their faces; and their soggerships having filled their paunches, the poor Wives must scramble for their scraps." On the other hand, if they have caught nothing, "they have a hundred scouls from their churlish Husbands, and an hungry belly for two days after."

Still, the general character given to the Indians of New England is not unfavorable—though with a difference. The Churchers, for example, are "a

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cruel, bloody people, which were wont to come down upon their poor neighbors, bruitishly spoyling their Corn, burning their Houses, slaying their Men, ravishing the Women; yea, sometimes eating a man one part after another whilst he was alive. They live upon Fruits, Herbs, and Roots; but what they most desire is Man's flesh." Truculent-looking savages are they, tall of stature, with long visages, and massive limbs, and "with a Fillip of their finger they will kill a Dogg." But bold as they are, "they dare not meddle with a white faced man accompanied with his hot-mouthed weapon."—The Taranteens are "little less savage, only they eat not man's flesh." They are reckoned as the most potent of the enemies of the English, being supplied with fire-arms by the French. Still with rare candor they are described as "wise, high spirited, constant in friendship one to another, true in their promises, and more industrious than most others." The Pequants "are a stately warlike people, just in their dealings, requiters of Courtesies, and affable to the English." Best of all, perhaps, are the Narragansets—"curious Minters of Wampampeag," which they fashion from shells, and ingenious in the manufacture of bracelets, pipes, and stone pots. "They seek rather to grow rich by industry than famous by deeds of chivalry." The general character of the aborigines is thus summed up: "They are of an affable, courteous, and well disposed nature, ready to communicate the best of their wealth to the good one of another; and the less abundance they have, the more conspicuous is their love. He that receives but a bit of bread from an English hand gives part of it to his Comrades, and they eat it together lovingly. Yea, a friend can command a friend's house, and whatsoever is his (saving his Wife), and have it freely; and nothing sooner disjoins them than ingratitude, accounting an ungrateful person a double Robber, not only of a man's curtesie but of his thanks, which he might have from some another for the same proffered and received kindness." Toward the poor overwrought squaws, our good parson is very tender. In spite of the severe treatment they receive, and the toils they undergo—(maternity itself affording them no respite, for a "big belly hinders no business, nor doth their child-birth hinder much time")—"their carriage is very civil, smiles being the greatest grace of their mirth, and their mild carriage and obedience to their husbands very commendable. Notwithstanding all their churlishness and salvage inhumanity towards them, yet will they not frown nor offer to word it with their Lords, but are contentedly quiet with their helpless condition, esteeming it to be the Woman's portion."

Alas, poor Squaws, the doctrine of Woman's Rights had never been proclaimed to them. Yet their contentment with their lot would seem to have been somewhat disturbed by beholding the kindness and deference with which the English treated their wives; and they were wont to visit the settlers and bewail their unhappy condition. The husbands grew irate with the English women for rendering their wives discontented, and would occasionally visit their houses and make a disturbance on this account. But the good Puritan dames —worthy to have been the mothers of our Revolutionary fathers—were not to be intimidated; for they "take themselves to their Arms, which are the warlike Ladle and the Scalding Liquor, threat'ning blistering to the naked Runaway who is soon driven back by such hot comminations."

But we must bid farewell to the honest minister of St. Bennet-Frink. Of his quaint old volume perhaps the only copy extant in the "Plantations" of which he treats is the one now before us. How little could he dream, when he laboriously gathered up his scanty information, of the mighty State into which these feeble settlements would grow. The few plantations which dared scarcely lose sight of the blue waters of the Chesapeake and Boston Bay, have sent forth their sturdy sons, whose axes have conquered the forests of a Continent. The unknown West is their inheritance. Nova Francia is no longer Gallic, and the "Plantations of the English" have ceased to own the supremacy of the crown. The Indians so powerful and dreaded have past away forevermore, and the fond anticipation with which he closes, has not been fulfilled, that "as the Lord has given a blessing to the Gospel among the Indians," notwithstanding the many obstructions to its progress, even so it "may well be believed that there is a seed of the Gospel scattered among them, which will grow into a Harvest in God's time." Christianity has indeed triumphed, but its followers have not been the red men, who once peopled the continent.

But vain as were his imaginings, and mistaken as were many of his notions, it is not without advantage for us to look back and see how the country which is now ours looked, in the dim distance, to those whose eye was turned hither two hundred years ago.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE new broom not only sweeps clean, but promises to continue doing so. Our new Mayor has made himself a national name. He has come to be regarded as one of the institutions of the country. Vigor and intelligence have given him a prestige which seems sufficient of itself to secure the execution of laws. His name is familiarly known in Maine and Florida. There are even rumors of impassioned letters from lovely Western belles. On the whole, was there ever before a man who earned such universal applause for—doing his duty? As we regard it from our Chair, the enthusiasm and commendation are a caustic satire upon public morals and manners. If a primary school should decree a solid silver medal or a large-paper copy of Sandford and Merton, bound in gilt calf, to the boy who had not told a lie, what an inference of chronic lying in that school would instantly and justly be drawn. Mayor Wood is justly praised. He has shown himself quite worthy his very difficult position. And yet, when we remember that his daily ovation is occasioned by nothing but doing his duty, it must give us serious thoughts about the moral condition of this American metropolis.

Just now we are in the first days of the new law. The matter, so far as we can gather from the gossip around our Chair, seems to be very plain. The Legislature has passed a law. The representatives of the majority of the people of the State have decided to try a new method of suppressing the traffic in ardent spirits, and the consequences flowing from it. Mayor Wood is an officer executive of that law, and his official duty, whatever his desires and convictions may be, is clear enough. During the last few years we have heard more, perhaps, than for many years before, of the neces-

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sity of obeying laws. We shall see, therefore, a universal rallying to the support of the new one. We look for a large and impressive meeting at Castle Garden, to declare that the city of New York is a law-abiding (whatever that may mean) city. We shall expect to hear great statesmen solemnly charging a docile people to conquer their prejudices. In a country whose laws express the average moral sentiment, we shall anticipate a hearty concurrence in all measures which aim at the public well-being.

We, looking from our Easy Chair, shall expect to behold all this, because, in the first place, the law has the same authority with every law that protects our lives and property; and, in the second place, because it aims, however imperfectly, at the reduction of that mass of misery out of which springs annually such a dreadful crop of crime and poverty. Society has certainly the right to protect itself, and Christianity enjoins the duty of helping our brother. And, at any rate, whether we chance to like this particular law or not, let us give it a fair chance. It has, at least, no moral outrage about it. Its tendencies are all to peace, order, and harmony. It is a law which, if it does us no good, can not do us harm. Besides, if we moderate people should wish to make a stand against what we may rather eloquently denounce as a sumptuary law, and should ever be inclined to throw down this Chair as a barricade, there stands this dreadful Mayor Wood, bound to preserve the peace, with a proclamation in his hand, and resolution in his eye, and four months of remarkable government behind him, and requests us, gently and gravely, to do no such thing. On the whole, shall we fling a rung of the Chair at his head? Or, considering those four months, should we rather get the worst of it? Every citizen must be glad, for the sake of the law, and for the sake of the Mayor's reputation, that the two come together; that it falls to the lot of Mr. Wood to foster the new bantling of reform; for though he may not be directly charged with the execution of the law, he is with the quiet and order of the town. The law will be tried, and the Mayor will be tried.

As these heavy blows descend upon the gracious blood of the vine—that most ancient, and honored, and poetic blood—we can not but remember the old legend of the fall of Pan and the Greek deities in Palestine eighteen hundred and fifty-five years ago. They were so lovely, so dear. They were so entwined in imagination and memory with poetic association. They had been so graceful and genial a part of life; the woods were sweeter for the Fauns' piping, and more alluring for the flitting nymphs that faded; the sea was social with the Tritons blowing shells, and the Nereids with delusive eyes; the solitary tree in the meadow was not a lithe tree only, but a hamadryad gliding against the sky; no stream murmured in the fields that did not tempt the wanderer with the fate of Hylas. They fled, they faded:

"The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament—
From haunted hill and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing rent."

Even the most austere of Christian poets could thus touch his loftiest stop in elegy for that other world departed. The German Schiller, too, and Mrs. Barrett Browning, the most religious of female singers, have remembered with a song and a tear the tender magic of that old mythology. Shall we not sigh, then, over the breaking of the goblet which is so wrought into poetry and history? May we not drop a tear into that ruby flood which is flowing so fast away? Perhaps some sensitive German poet, as he strolls on these lovely spring mornings along the vineyarded banks of the Rhine, hears so sad a rustle in the leaves that he pauses to listen, and perceives that those festal ranks thrill without a breeze, and as if by some inward sorrow. Our friends, Mr. Neal Dow and Mr. Horace Greeley, and their compeers, must not forget, in their hour of triumph—at which we do not cavil, and to which Mayor Wood is going to take care that we submit—that the splendid associations of the vine are precisely as much matters of fact as its squalid associations. Literature will still owe to its remembrance an inspiration which it may, or may not, have drawn from the vine itself; and the most cold-watery of poets may hereafter offer that homage to wine which the Christian bards bring to the pagan mythology.

"Great Pan is dead"—and if we follow his bier we will fling our flowers upon it, and recall the days of his splendor; and although Mayor Wood is such as we hope all mayors will always be, he can not summon us for that offense, and happily for us, poetry and the indulgence of sentiment are not yet indictable.

THE coming of Summer, the budding of trees, the singing of birds, and all the blithe pomp of June, remind us of what we can never long forget, that New York has as yet none of those charming rural retreats, in its very heart and embrace, which atone to those who can not escape into the real country, for the absence of trees, cows, and green fields.

It is not hard for a reasonable man to lose his temper as he surveys our politics and policies, unless, haply, he sit in this Easy Chair, which soothes him from all tumults, and calms his nerves. But when you consider that old Gunnybags calls himself a public-spirited citizen, and that his native city professes to be the metropolis of America, it is not difficult to laugh at his pretenses when you remember that the poorer classes of his fellow-citizens have not half the public healthy chances of recreation which are afforded to them in the other great cities of the world; and when you farther reflect that projects which aim to benefit every body are paralyzed by petty political and personal intrigue—that jealousy, spite, and meanness control public movements so that the intelligent and humane recoil, disgusted, from the contact of politics, why, you very naturally ask whether a republican government proposes to do nothing for the people but protect the ballot-box and secure the right of voting to every citizen.

Gunnybags says, in his lofty way, that in this country the people are the government; therefore, if you blame the government, you are only attacking the people.

This is, theoretically and ostensibly, true enough; but, before Mayor Wood, has the city of New York been recently governed by or for the people? Old Gunnybags knows perfectly well that the people have had very little to do with it, and that a knot of lobbying politicians have managed the whole matter. He may retort, with a jingling emphasis of heavy watch-keys, that it amounts to the same thing, because the mass of the self-gov-

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erning people are never much better nor worse than their laws. Then the more the pity that we are lost to the sense of what we owe ourselves. If it is true that we are essentially no better than the mismanagement of affairs around us, let us prolong Lent, and sit down, repentant, in the ashes.

Young Kid pooh-poohs at a Public Park. He says it would be given up to rowdies and b'hoys; that there would have to be a special police to keep it in order; that nobody (of the great family of Somebody) would ever go there; it would be a bad Battery; a second-rate Park; a poor Washington Parade; a race-course, and a pickpockets' promenade.

It is an agreeable picture that young Kid thus paints. But as you gaze, you do inevitably ask yourself, "Ought I to pity so sorely the poor ouvriers of Europe, for whom Versailles, and Fontainebleau, and Windsor Forest, and the Prater, and the Cascine, and the Bois de Boulogne, and the Thiergarten, are freely opened, and one day of rest, sunshine, and recreation secured, if my own countryman, the free and independent American citizen, can not behave himself well enough in public to justify the laying out of a promenade or park?" If he can not, it is surely high time that he was taught how to do it; and as it is hard to teach boys how to swim before they go into the water, so is it hard to accustom a population to respect public places—gardens and galleries, for instance—until they can have a chance to visit them. We are perpetually insulting ourselves, and tamely submitting to the insult.

The truth is, that if there be a Public Park, it is not of the greatest consequence whether Nobody (of the great family of Somebody) goes there or not. A Park is not for those who can go to the country, but for those who can not. It is a civic Newport, and Berkshire, and White Hills. It is fresh air for those who can not go to the sea-side; and green leaves, and silence, and the singing of birds, for those who can not fly to the mountains. It is a fountain of health for the whole city. It keeps all the air sweeter; and it is a siren whose alluring music it is life, and not death, to follow.

Now that a great many noisy, riotous fellows would go there, dear Kid, is perfectly true. But so would a great many sober, pleasant, and respectable citizens. Shall we consider the rowdy more than the respectable? Shall our wives and children not have a breathing-place on Sundays and holidays, because that absurd son of our neighbor's would swagger along, with his unmanly swearing and ridiculous bullying and bravado? Will he smoke, and bully, and swear any the less if there is no Park? Or is the immense majority of the population so rowdy that there is no hope of the success of decency over debauchery, and it would be dangerous to give them a rendezvous? Have they not one now? Is not the Third Avenue, is not the Bloomingdale Road such a place? Are not all decent people kept away by the howling, the fast-driving, the recklessness of life upon those thoroughfares? A Park will not increase this; it will abate it.

And even Nobody (of the Somebodies) would soon learn good habits. There are a good many of the Nobodies, and they would like very well to have a proper promenade. Where can Nobody drive in his carriage for pleasure now? Of all our cities New York is especially fitted for a Park, because it has no available environs. It will be Park or no promenade.

It would be a curious political problem, to be treated historically and with reference to human progress, whether measures of popular benefit were more easily carried in a Republic than in any other country. And we beg any free and independent American citizen, who thinks that freedom is unbounded and willful license, and independence indecency, to remember that an American has duties as well as privileges; of which duties he does not hear a great deal upon the Fourth of July. And one of those duties is a noble self-respect; and another of them is a humane respect for other men; and another is the remembrance of the fact that Governments are for the welfare of the governed; and another is, the remembrance of that other fact, that if he has a right to make a noise in the hotel-room which he pays for, and to fling his boots about the corridor, and to slam his door—so has his neighbor an equal right to his rest, and sleep, and quiet, in the hotel-room, which he pays for.

That reminds us that we received, the other day, an indignant reply to a letter of our ardent friend who made a Western tour in the winter, and gave us some of the details of his impressions. The point of the letter was towering rage, "that any man should pretend to call himself an American, and make such a fuss about the little things of life." Now, if we correctly recall the letter of our friend, it was a protest against the assumption that every disagreeable action was American merely because an American happened to do it in America. Unhealthy dinners, and a swinish way of eating them; bad manners and intolerable selfishness, in general, were not to be accounted peculiarly American—contended our correspondent. If our new friend doesn't agree with him, this Easy Chair most certainly does agree. We are tired of having every thing boorish, and coarse, and unfeeling, called American. If an American citizen—and we follow our winter's correspondent—can not be well-mannered, if he can not conduct himself with Christian charity toward his neighbor, if he can not eat a decent dinner decently; why, then, we prefer to be a decent man and a Christian, and we will sail away in our Easy Chair for the lost Atlantis.

But if we sailed upon any such voyage we might meet Rachel coming to us. For we learn from Kid, who has been sitting for a month in the front row of the parquette surveying Vestvali, whose frame is apparently unconscious that it is a woman's, that Rachel is really coming. Those piercing, weary, sad eyes are to transfix us all. We are to see the greatest tragic actress since Mrs. Siddons; and a woman of more penetrating and subtle power than she. Mrs. Siddons was a Muse. She was grandiose, like Melpomene. Sir Joshua Reynolds's sumptuous picture of her, in the Marquis of Westminster's Gallery, has a certain grandeur which no other actress, except perhaps Pasta, has ever approached. But Rachel is an Afrite, a Lamia. Lehman's portrait of her is a miracle. It is mannered, and French, and artificial; but it represents the essential impression that Rachel always produces. Mrs. Jameson, in her recently-published Commonplace book, says that she was always reminded by Rachel of the old Greek legend of the Lamia, upon which Keats founded his poem. The justice of this impression is found in

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its universality. No man of sensitive temperament could ever have seen much of this great actress, and not have experienced the unpleasant consciousness that there was something snake-like and mystic in her beauty and movement. He would hardly have been startled, had she drooped into a serpent and glided away.

The characteristic of Rachel's power is a tragical intensity which is piercing. She is like a flame. This intensity pervades every thing. It is in the low, concentrated tone of her voice; in the folds of her exquisite drapery; in the form of her features and her face; in the dreadful despair of her eyes, closely set together; in the general sense of smallness in person and feature, which is so far from insignificant that it seems an integral part of her peculiarity. Her face expresses a weary desolation, so that the spectator finds himself painfully curious to know what fearful experience can ever have shown such young eyes a sadness so deep that those eyes can not again escape it, but must forever reveal by their mournfulness the sorrow they have seen. All the lights of her acting are lurid. The gloom of fate is her element; and hence arises her singular adaptation to the representation of the old Greek drama. It is, indeed, in Racine's paraphrase of the Greek story that she appears. But Rachel passes through Racine to the Greeks; and it is not a Frenchman presenting Racine's idea of Phedre that we behold, but the superb victim of an inexplicable Fate. You step out of the glittering corridors of the Palais Royal flashing with France of to-day, and, as your eyes fall upon Rachel, you are in the Greece of legendary ages, in the dim twilight anterior to history.

Rachel's effect upon her audience is no less remarkable than her peculiar genius. It is a triumph of the imperial power of passion. There is no distraction; no conversation; no divided interest. On her great nights in Phedre, women faint in the boxes, and a supernatural silence reigns in the house. It is an influence not to be resisted. It is like the fascination of her eye, rather terrible than beautiful. She appeals to emotions so profound and primeval that you scarcely knew you had them: you thought they belonged to Greek history and forgotten times.

Yet when we say that your interest is so strongly excited to know how such a woman has suffered —what she has seen—what her personal and individual career is—we have indirectly implied the fact that her acting is art, the perfection of art. She does not seem so much mastered by the character she represents as to identify herself with it; but she rather masters it, and holds herself superior. It is as if her own experience taught her the tragedy of Phedre, or whatever other rôle she fills, and she uses the woe of Phedre only as the costume of her own. Hence her acting is never monotonous nor imitative, but always vital. She does not act Thisbe, for instance, in Victor Hugo's *Angelo*, as if she supposed that, under such circumstances, such a woman would act in such a way. But she throws Thisbe as a robe upon Rachel's form, and she covers Rachel's face with the mask of Thisbe; but it is always Rachel's might, and grace, and pathos, that make the dead bones of Thisbe live.

In this sense Rachel is the greatest of artists. It is always Rachel that you have seen, whatever has been the play, just as it is always Raphael and Michael Angelo that we mention whatever may be the particular picture or statue we have seen. Mrs. Siddons is half-confounded in our minds with Lady Macbeth. But the greatest genius stamps its individuality upon all its works. In all human performance of the highest kind there is a distinctive character which is always to be recognized. This character takes its name from the artist, and we have Shakspearian, and Miltonic, and Michael Angelesque, and Raphaelesque. We know Mozart when we have once really heard him, whether it be in Spain with Don Giovanni, or in Rome with the clement Titus. It is usual to say that an actor, to be truly great, must be lost in his part. But it is just the wrong statement of the case. The part must be lost in the actor: otherwise there was never a true dramatic triumph. If an audience were so transported that they believed the stage-villain to be a villain; if it ceased to be art and became to them as nature, the scene would be intolerable. Would you pay money for the intellectual exhilaration of seeing a desolate, imbecile, deserted old man whose daughters spurn him? Could you see the lovely lady murdered by the Moor before your very eyes? The fact that we sit and cry in the boxes, instead of rushing upon the stage and plucking the fond fool from his crime, shows that we are not deceived. It is not Othello that we believe we see, it is Kean who shows what jealousy could do. We should not have any very high respect for an actor's genius who was so identified with his part that we could not recognize the man himself; and yet that is the legitimate triumph of the usual view of genuine dramatic art. That was, indeed, the old Greek idea; for they submitted the actor entirely to the part, and actually concealed him behind a mask. But acting, as a fine art, was quite unknown, so far as we know, to the Greeks. Their theatre, in its aim and means, was entirely distinct from ours.

If, as Kid says, Rachel is really coming, we must all begin to rub up our French. She can not use any other language effectively, and she must be surrounded with men who speak it as fluently as she. Rachel is the one institution which allows no botching. She is all or nothing. We could hear Jenny Lind in concerts, and not sigh too deeply for the opera. But Rachel out of the French is Jenny Lind silent. You may infer her genius and her power, but you do not see it nor feel it. It will be impossible for her to make the triumphal progresses of the singers, because the intelligence of the French language is not widely diffused in our beloved country. She could have ovations in the cities, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and the South; and our tropical New Orleans friends could be frantic, and have good reason for their frenzy. But, elsewhere and on the whole, it would be a very limited career, and a very partial success.

So we shall say to her, if, hurrying over seas in our Easy Chair, we chance to meet the lovely Lamia.

THERE is no doubt that our cities are very handsome, many of them. But there is equally no doubt that there is one kind of ornament of which they are perfectly susceptible, and which we should all be glad to see; and especially in a Republic, where the citizen is the chief and honorable man, it is a kind of apotheosis which is most appropriate. All the great cities of ancient and modern times have decorated themselves with statues of

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their great men. Let us confess, at once, that there are a great many poor ones; a great many bad statues of bad men. Let us also confess that every kind of human performance is liable to abuse. But statues of public men—of heroes, divines, statesmen, artists, inventors, and saints of all kinds—are a kind of visible history. It is sometimes a satirical history, as when in small German capitals of small German States large bronze statues of small German great men are exposed in the public squares. The spectator observes an image of His Benign Transparency Dumkopf XXIII.; and he infers the state of the century, or the half or quarter of a century, from the representative statue. In this sly way popular homage becomes chastened; and in a country where benign transparent Dumkopfs can not erect statues to themselves, with a show of public consent, no man will be likely to achieve bronze or marble immortality until the public good sense has decreed that he has been a power in the State.

The arcade of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence is one of the shrines of Europe. It is thronged with the statues of famous Florentines. They have a peculiar significance now, for they stand reproaching, with their remembered greatness, the Florence that has no famous men. They are like royal ghosts that haunt the palace-chamber, and indignantly plead by their presence for the return of a race of kings. "This was Florence," they seem to say, as the moonlight gives them shadowy life and motion. "This was what makes the name of Florence historical and poetic. Except for us the name had perished upon the lips that pronounce it, like San Marino and Algiers." Indeed, a gallery of statues is the nation's ancestral gallery. Great citizens are not family possessions; nor can their fame, more than their influence, be appropriated. They belong to the State. Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Otis, Franklin, Adams—they are our common national ancestry. This Easy Chair is as proud of each of them as any descendant of theirs can be. And the spur and stimulus, the deep vow and high resolve, which animate the boy who wanders along the gallery of his ancestral portraits, and feels that he holds not only his own fair name in his keeping, but is responsible to the long line of brave men and lovely women, that their fame shall not be tarnished: this the citizen feels as he surveys the public gallery of national genius.

It is an agreeable sign of the times that we are beginning to recognize this truth, and to avail ourselves of this benefit. Already Powers has made a statue of Calhoun for South Carolina; and of Starke, we believe, for New Hampshire. Crawford is busy upon the great Jefferson statue, which will secure the fame of the sculptor while it so worthily commemorates that of the statesman; Horatio Greenough's Washington is one of the great works of American art; Brown has executed Dewitt Clinton; William Story has completed the statue of his father, the famous Jurist; and Richard Greenough has just finished the model of his figure of Franklin, which is to be cast in bronze at Chicopee and erected in Boston. We learn, also, that four other statues of four other great Massachusetts men have been commissioned, to be placed in the cemetery of Mount Auburn, near Boston. It would certainly be better to place them in the city itself than in a graveyard, which necessarily invests them with a certain gloom. But that they are to be made at all is a triumph.

Mr. Richard Greenough, who has just finished the clay model of his Franklin, is a younger brother of Horatio Greenough, and inherits all the genius of his brother. The statue of Franklin resulted from a resolution of several eminent Bostonians that so illustrious a son of their city should not longer silently reproach his native streets with the want of any adequate public monument of his life and services. There were conversations and meetings, and finally a subscription immediately filled up, and a commission to Mr. Greenough.

The work is singularly successful. It is larger than life, and represents Franklin pausing for a moment, leaning upon his cane, with his cocked hat under his arm. The head is a little thrown forward, as in the common bust. The expression of the face is that of mingled benignity and shrewdness—the best possible type of the Yankee character. The costume is rigorously accurate, and is extremely effective and picturesque. The natural ease and repose of the composition are remarkable. It is so very good that there is nothing to be said; nor do we think there can be any question that it is the best portrait-statue yet executed in America. It is to be exposed publicly in some conspicuous place, and will be the first bronze statue, we believe, yet erected in Boston. It would be certainly a worthy work if every State should commission one of its native sculptors (since we are most affluent in that department of art) to make the statue of one or more of its leading historical characters. In Rhode Island we doubt if there is yet any memorial—even so much as a grave-stone—to Roger Williams; and yet no State is more tenacious of a great man's fame, nor more sacredly reveres it. Art is an instinct of nature. As the religious sentiment seeks to invest the worship of the Supreme Being with all the variety and splendor of architecture and painting and music, and as the passion of love compels the whole world to yield its gems and flowers to decorate its homage to its idol; so does the instinct of national filial reverence naturally demand an expression of itself in the production of statues and portraits by which the human aspect of the object of its feeling may become universally familiar. We shall be glad to learn of any other movements in this direction—movements so honorable to the State, and so advantageous to Art and Artists.

Politics lie beyond our Easy Chair. In fact, no chair could hope to continue easy for a long time in which politicians sat, or from which politics were discussed. Yet from our seat we survey the whole field of national interest, not exclusively political, nor exclusively social, nor moral, nor literary. The rise and progress and decline of great organizations affect us little. We see the venerable Whig and Democratic parties apparently somewhat uncertain of their position and bearings, and we see the shadow of the mysterious Sam. But there is one thing that no banded order can affect. We may know-nothing of foreigners in many ways, but we can not escape the charm and the power of intellectual sympathy. American hearts thrill to the touch of English feeling. American minds own the magic of every genius. There are certain sorrows and regrets, as well as joys and triumphs, which are matters of race, as they are also national. No law can make a great man or a noble woman a foreigner. They have the freedom of all times and countries as their special birth-right and dower.

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We must all congratulate ourselves that so much of what is best is beyond the necessity and the scope of political arrangement. There is a kind of upper chamber where we are all peers, of whatever country we may chance to be. No man has precedence of Jonathan in his admiration and appreciation of the great past and contemporary classics. Dickens's humor is for all the world. The sad eye of Thackeray fixes itself upon a sham Persian or Hottentot as it does upon the snob.

Have we not a tear for Charlotte Bronte? Shall that short, sad, solitary life end so soon—shall the promise and hope of noble and earnest books perish suddenly and forever—and we fling no flower upon the grave? Who has read Jane Eyre? who has not? and shall that eye be closed and we not feel the darkness?

Among the female writers of a time so affluent in works of female genius, Charlotte Bronte was, in England at least, the most eminent and powerful. Her only peer in many points was Mrs. Gaskell, the author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," "Cranford," and "North and South." But their genius was very different; and they were peers without being rivals. Among the swarm of English authoresses, the Mrs. Gores, and Mrs. Marshes, and Julia Kavanaghs, and Miss Yonges, and all the other leaders of the circulating libraries, the position of the author of Jane Eyre was like that of Thackeray or Dickens among the Ainsworths and Bulwers. She had the great merit of introducing real life into her books simultaneously with Mr. Thackeray; nor is it surprising that she should have been almost the first person who adequately recognized the great power of that author. Miss Bronte's heroines are neither headless nor heartless, like most of the dramatis personæ of modern novels. They are figures who have stepped out of modern homes, out of contemporary history, into her gallery. And they are discriminated so delicately and well, that they become parts of experience, and her books are known, as great fictions always are, by the powerful characterization, and not by a nameless sweetness which is pleasant to the taste, and leaves no nourishment.

In the day of the apotheosis of second-rate novels, which aim at the satisfaction of a shallow sentimentality, or an equally shallow moral sentimentalism, books so nervous, so earnest, so persuasive and pathetic as "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette" came like a bracing sea air through a sciroco. There is yet to be written a profound statement of the influence and value of the reign of the female novelists. In this country there is nothing more readily and universally grasped and consumed than the last novel. It is an instinct deep as any other, and the best genius of every time has dealt in forms of fiction. But when the unavoidable influence of literature is considered, when you remember for a moment that all the young girls can not devote the leisure of their girlhood to reading tales of life, and character, and feeling, without in some manner confessing their power in their own lives and characters, it will be seen how remarkable a position the female writers hold; and every one among them who writes with the inspiration of a passionate and burning experience, and with the power of genius and sad perception, will be hailed as a national benefactor.

It is from this point of view that Miss Bronte's fame is so eminent. "Jane Eyre" was, like "Vanity Fair" the initial work of a new era. It was the most searching and prodigious novel ever written by an Englishwoman. George Sand's are not more intense, they are more morbid. They were not such stern and earnest—because so self-intelligent and so self-possessed—protests. George Sand's were more crude, fiery, and defiant. George Sand's touch is a tongue of flame, licking with fire, and scorching and scathing. Charlotte Bronte's is a pure and permanent heat that moulded and modified. It seared less, but it searched longer and deeper. Many a woman would see how to be better after reading "Jane Eyre." Many a woman would feel that she was bad after reading "Maufrat," "Lucrezia Floriani," or "Leila." Charlotte Bronte's genius seems to us sweeter and stronger; George Sand's more superb and impassioned.

The novels of the sisters Bronte, of whom Charlotte was the oldest and most gifted, have another and unique excellence. They revealed aspects of English life that were quite unsuspected. They were, like Balzac's *Scenes de la Vie Privée*, disclosures of a state of society which made wise men pause and weak ones shudder; but no man said they were not true. Dickens had done the same thing in other directions, Thackeray was doing the same in still another. The English fiction of the last fifteen years has a dignity and worth that it never had before. It has acquired a seriousness, a depth, an earnest aim which was quite unknown. It has been touched by the tender humanity of the time. That mysterious "spirit of the age" has laid its finger upon it.

Charlotte Bronte's life was sad and solitary. She married toward the close, and the name of Nichol will be carved upon her tomb-stone. She lived among the hills of Yorkshire, and stole into fame suddenly and without prelude. She piped and sang to the world, and the world answered and wept. A biography would probably have little interest, for it is the life which could not be written that would most interest. The description of her little figure—her earnest eye—her smooth brown hair, and her quiet movement—present the woman to us as she must have always seemed. Contrasted with the splendors of De Staël, and the lurid brilliancy of George Sand, and with all the flickering, fading gleams of the female novelists, her light shines pure and planetary. It is by that light that the anxious voyager will head his bark; it is to that calm power that the literature of England will long be indebted for a truer tone, and the lives of Saxon women for a sweeter inspiration.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Our eye rests upon the Paris Easter. Those who danced out the Carnival, and the mid-Lent festival, have put on their black and vails, and tramped to the Madeleine, to St. Roch, and to St. Eustache, for the saying of their Lenten prayers, and they have eaten their Good Friday's pies of tunny-fish. The bishops, and what-nots, of the French Catholic dispensation have washed the feet of the twelve apostles (Parisian ones); they have aided in the chant of the Miserere (a Parisian one); and the great cavalcade of Longchamps has brought in the fashion for spring bonnets.

It is not through inadvertency that we bring so nearly together the Paris priests and the Paris millinery; they enjoy the same week of triumph; Longchamps goes before Good Friday; Lucy Hocquet precedes the Archbishop; the memory

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of yesterday's white hat and feathers takes off the edge from the sorrows of Crucifixion Day.

Have we not a counterpart of the same pretty jumble at home? Are the fingers of Lawson's girls busier any day of the year than on the Friday of hot-cross buns? Does Dr. Taylor's church show any time such strange liveliness of colors as on Easter Sunday—colors wrought out, and harmonized, and decided upon, in the toils and caprices of Holy Week?

But, for the French women, dress is a part of religion; it may be reckoned the grateful bloom of an otherwise unprofitable life. A ribbon and a flower at Longchamps, which charms the eye of the beholder, is a kind of fluttering French prayer of thanksgiving, to be answered by the boon of a week's content. God, in his wisdom, has made plants which bear no visible fruit, and whose only service seems to be to hang out a painted blossom once a year, to please the eye; yet we are grateful, and admire. Let us be grateful too—as we can—for those among our own species who carry so jauntily the Easter flowers and feathers, which, once dropped off, show a withered and fruitless stalk!

We see, or seem to see—looking over seas—the Empress Eugenie arranging her best toilets to astonish the Islanders who will throng about her in Windsor Castle and at Osborne; we see her nerving her frail constitution for the great and the new trial of courtly etiquette, where the dignity of a constitutional and an hereditary Queen will be contrasted with the air and ease of a graceful sovereign only noble by birth, and made Imperial by the imperial will of a lover.

The Emperor, too, who one day rode somewhat lonely, upon his chestnut horse, through the drives of Hyde Park, scarce noticed by the dignitaries of the British realm, will very likely take the pride of a self-made man, in allowing the same dignitaries to approach him, on his royal visit, with familiarity. The Emperor is, however, not without a spice of satire in his composition; and it may well be that, in his present condescension toward some of the haughty scions of British noble houses, he may drop mention of his old stay thereabouts, and of his great misfortune in failing of their acquaintance.

The story of his answer to Berryer, who begged to be excused from attendance at the palace, is old now, and has had its range of the newspaper columns, but it is too good to be dropped altogether from our monthly mirror of other-side matters.

Every body knows who Berryer is—an earnest, eloquent, proud man; the best type existing of those old props of Legitimacy who throve under the Bourbon smiles, and wore endless honors in their button-holes. He was elected long ago to the French Academy, and made one of those forty who wear the highest place it is possible to hold in the literary regard of France. In February last he first took his seat with that body of academicians; and, in virtue of old-established custom, illustrated his initiation in an hour-long speech.

But even in this, and although in the presence of a few guests who were of the Imperial household, he did not forget his life-long attachment to the race of French kings, and spoke an eloquent eulogy upon the profits and the claims of an hereditary monarchy. The Princess Mathilde, who had come to hear the great orator, was of course greatly incensed, communicated her indignation to some of the underlings of State, who immediately gave orders for the suppression of the entire proceedings. The matter, however, came to the ears of the Emperor, who at once annulled the action of the censors, intimating at the same time that the opinions of M. Berryer were curious, but not fearful. Why should not the eloquent antiquarian speak out his theory in the quiet chambers of the Academy?

But this was not all. Every new-coming member into the body of Academicians is required, in virtue of an old established custom, to present himself at the palace, and pay his respects to the sovereign.

M. Berryer wrote a proud note to the Secretary of the Emperor (an old friend of his), setting forth his unfortunate position in respect to the existing dynasty; and, using the third person throughout his courtly letter, begged that his old friend, the Secretary, in view of the embarrassments which might attend his visit—as well to others as to himself—would have M. Berryer excused.

The Secretary returned a prompt reply, regretting sincerely that M. Berryer should have imagined that he would be looked upon in any other light than as a deserving literary man, who had received the compliment of election to the Academy. He begged to assure M. Berryer, on the Emperor's part, that his presence at the palace would have created no embarrassment whatever, and informed him farther, that M. Berryer was at perfect liberty either to follow the old custom of the Academy, or to obey his private inclinations.

The laugh was sadly against the representative of Legitimacy; and from the fact that the correspondence leaked out in an incredibly short time, there is reason to believe that Napoleon enjoyed the joke.

A reputation for *ésprit* is worth a great deal in France—much more than honesty.

While speaking of the French Institute, it may be worth while to make note of another session of the Academy of Political and Moral Science, in which, not long ago, M. Guizot, who is now living the quiet life of a literary worker, took occasion to introduce the subject of M. Vattemare's International Exchanges, and in the course of his speech to give a running comment upon the intellectual progress of the Americans.

It appears to have been short, but appreciative, and highly complimentary. M. Vattemare came in for a very decided and justly-deserved eulogium, for his untiring efforts in behalf of literary exchanges; and it was proposed to take measures for the fulfillment and the perpetuity of that great scheme, which rests now wholly upon the unceasing labor and restless enthusiasm of M. Vattemare alone.

We remember that a few years ago that dignified quarterly, the *North American Review*—very prone to European alliance in matters of literary opinion—took occasion to express a few sneers at the aims and successes of Monsieur Vattemare, basing its damnatory tone upon the coolness with which that gentleman had been treated by M. Guizot, who was at that time the ruling genius of the French government. It did not appear to the stately *Quarterly* that an individual, unsupported by the smiles of the existing dynasty, could be engaged in either a commendable or a promising undertaking. It did not count it worth its while to vulgarize its character by any helping communion

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with an adventurer. Perhaps now, when they learn that a vote of the French Academy, effected by the counsel and praises of M. Guizot himself, has stamped the worthiness of the scheme, they may condescend (the "*North American*" editors) to give it a smile of approval.

We have once or twice taken occasion to allude to the American library, which, under the fostering zeal of M. Vattemare, is growing into full proportions in the city of Paris. It is to occupy a fine hall in the stately Hôtel de Ville, and, if report speaks true, has before this time been thrown open to the public. A strictly national library will be something unique in its kind, and we doubt very much if in any city of America there exists so complete a collection of the political annals of the General Government and of the individual States as are now grouped together in Paris.

Before the reader's eye shall have fallen upon this page, the tidings of the opening ceremony of the Great Exhibition will have brought to his knowledge the weakness of our own share in that display. We shall not be disappointed in this: our medal-worthy things, we have often maintained, are not such as can be sent over ocean, or housed under any such glazed roof as flames over the trees of the Champs Elysées. But we fear there will be much matter of regret on the old London score, of a boastful amplitude of space and very scattered and ill-arranged material. We can not learn that our commissioners have been named, saving a few exceptions, with any notion or inquiry as to their fitness. We can not learn that taste or sound judgment has been looked for in the American representation. We can not learn that either States or cities upon our side of the water have made such provisions, for either artisans or commissioners, as would enlist one or the other very heartily in the rivalry of nations.

Whatever has been done, has been done in a careless, unsystematized, irresponsible way. Some States have sent commissioners, and nothing for exhibition; others have sent merchandise, and no commissioners. We shall expect to hear of a magnificent array of India-rubber; but will not our daguerreotypes on this occasion suffer greatly in comparison with those beautiful photographs which the French artists are producing?

We have before us now a study of trees from the forest of Fontainebleau, in which the rigidity of an old oaken bole is made as true and actual as if we were this spring day sauntering under its shadow. There is another view of distance, four miles away. We seem to look at it from under trees whose leaves flutter, and the summer air simmers on the paper over the landscape that lies below. We wish we were painters, in this time when a man can study nature in his closet, and steal tree-trunks by wholesale, without ever the task of putting his foot to the sod, or smarting under the bites of the forest fleas!

We hear of a panoramic view of the whole range of Mont Blanc, transferred from the mountains themselves to paper, and now gleaming coldly in the Crystal Palace of Paris. It is, of course, the result of several distinct studies, but these have been so artfully joined together, that it is quite impossible to distinguish the line of division; and the eye reposes with single attention upon the great group of mountains, with their mellow snowy light sleeping on them—the jagged cliffs piercing up dark and stern—and in the foreground the green glaciers, with such a crystallic brightness on them that their chilliness seems to come to the cheek.

In the province of Art proper, it is to be feared that the American representation is not imposing, if it be even just. Aside from all other considerations, we are exposed to unfair comparison. The French paintings have undergone severe scrutiny at the hands of the French commission, and we are assured that no less than four-fifths of the offering painters have met with rejection. Unfortunately for us, we have come in under the stranger's privilege, and all pictures, of whatever character, by American artists, have had free admission. And when it is remembered that we have not a few ambitious young students in Paris, emulous of the French style of coloring, it is greatly to be feared that we shall show somewhat scurvy material—good enough, perhaps, in way of promise, and good enough, maybe, as samples of student effort, but giving a very unflattering impression of the successes of American genius in a profession honored by such men as West and Alston.

This mention of American art brings to our mind a little yellow-covered book which has come to our hand with the last batch of Paris newspapers. It bears the title of "The Other World" (*L'Autre Monde*)—not, as some may hastily imagine, the future world of seraphs and cherubim, but the cross-ocean world of America. It is the production of that "Marie Fontenay" to whom we took occasion to allude some months back, as having a very keen scent for *ragouts*, and a very contemptible opinion of American apple-tarts.

She now ventures, in connection with the pseudonyme of "Marie Fontenay," another title, to wit, "Madame Manoël de Grandfort." There is, however, shrewd reason to suspect that this even is a misnomer, and that the veritable note-taker in our country was a male adventurer, who, after an unprosperous visit to the "Other World," has returned to the more congenial world of French dinners and grisettes.

We beg to drop a word of parenthesis about the fashion and the cost of the book before us. It is in duodecimo form, of some three hundred clearly and neatly-printed pages, and forms a part of a newly-issued "Librairie Nouvelle," sold (in France) for one franc the volume.

The company issuing these volumes have caught, at last, a spark of the American publishing enterprise. They state gravely, that a large sale at a low price, will prove equally profitable, for publisher and author, as a small sale at a large price! Entertaining this extraordinary idea, they propose to issue, in the course of the current year, some two hundred volumes of old and new literature, at the uniform price of one franc each, or about twenty cents.

They commence with an edition of ten thousand; some dozen or more have already appeared, among which we may designate works by Theophile Gautier, Lamartine, Madame Girardin, Jules Sandeau, and Gerard the lion-killer. The form of the volumes is compact, and they are easily transportable by mail. Provincial readers will thus be enabled to order their own books, and publishers and authors will escape the fangs of those "middle-men," the booksellers, who have been in the way of absorbing, this long time, more of the actual profits than either printer or writer.

It is a worthy scheme; and although its French

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promoters falsely assume the merit of its creation, we wish them every success.

We return to our pleasant friend, Madame Manoël de Grandfort. She (or he) has letters from New York to New Orleans, where she arrives in time to witness the hubbub of an election. "It is," she says, "a little more or a little less of whisky and of ham which on such occasions decides the victory. Yet this is the country which people call the most independent in the world! Boys, too, of twenty-one, who had no more of intelligence than of beard, and who blushed before a man like a young girl, had the effrontery to present themselves as candidates for Congress!"

We fear that Madame de Grandfort was not treated with the attention which her letters demanded.

"The elections which she had the misfortune to witness," she continues to observe, "were characterized by the usual number of pistol-shots, and the victory of the dominant party was signalized only by a few more burials the next day—nothing more!"

The authoress represents herself as visiting the South, brimful of philanthropy and of a tender sympathy for the enslaved blacks; but after attendance upon one of their evening balls, and an even more intimate association with them upon the plantations, she grows into a sudden change of opinion. They appear to her to be creatures of ignoble and repulsive instincts; an error of nature; *un sombre caprice de Dieu!* (We forbear the putting of her blasphemy in English.)

We fear that Madame de Grandfort was as indifferently treated by the blacks as by the whites.

She is by no means complimentary to the ladies of the Southwest. "French in their mouth," she says, "is rather a jargon than a harmonious language. A stranger visiting a country house is the occasion of a general scampering (*sauve qui peut*) among the ladies of the family. Infinitely more neglected in their education than those of the city, their language is frequently no better than the *patois* of the negroes. It is, indeed, partly owing to a consciousness of their ignorance that they escape the view of strangers. But though they keep themselves out of sight, they are very fond of prying from behind doors and curtains; they even put their ears to the key-hole to overhear conversation, or, if surprised, they laugh among themselves stupidly, without saying a word. In short, aside from their pretty faces, there is nothing about them attractive!"

It would appear that Madame de Grandfort was as little pleased with the ladies into whose company she fell as with the negroes. Indeed, her associations seem to have been uniformly unfortunate, with the exception of certain agreeable communications which she entertained with a French gentleman of New Orleans, who had accumulated a large fortune by peddling pocket-combs, French trinkets, and false hair, up and down the river, from a small valise.

She seems to have derived no little share of her information in regard to the better class of Southwestern society from this successful *merchant*. She eventually, however, tears herself away from the society of this charming person, and entertains us with a few sketches along the Mississippi river. The gambling fraternity, and a steamboat race, form subjects for her very glowing portraitures. The captain under whom she sails is particularly distinguished and beloved for having already blown up four steamers, and successfully scalded some two or three hundred passengers. He drinks whisky (the usual beverage of American gentlemen) without stint, and is a secret party to the gambling frauds accomplished under his eye.

Madame Grandfort does not recognize in the banks of the Mississippi the pictures given by M. Chateaubriand in his American romances; her attention is chiefly occupied by the whisky, the excessively muddy water, and the cards. Mr. Crawford, a distinguished Florida gambler, accomplishes the winning of eighteen thousand dollars at a sitting. The lady voyager is further struck by the barbarous inhumanity of the Americans, and tells us pathetically how the captain interrupted a popish ceremony over an Irish emigrant who had died of cholera, and ordered his summary burial on shore, by the light of pine-wood torches.

She takes occasion to confute the opinion advanced by a distinguished American author, "Mr. Benjamin Park," to the effect that Americans treat the gentler sex with marked deference; she has seen no evidence of it. We suspect she may have experienced none; she doubts their capability for the expression of any polished deference; she regards American manner, generally, as occupying an ill-formed character, between barbarism and an inapt imitation of the cultivated nations of Europe.

Madame Grandfort does not venture all her observations in her own name. She avails herself of the introduction of an imaginative personage into her book, under the name of Julienne—a quick-witted, conceited, accomplished young compatriot, whose fictitious journal supplies her with many notes which could not, with propriety, be credited to a feminine hand.

Madame Grandfort introduces young Julienne into the society of the Bloomerites in the Kentuckian city of Louisville. The young Frenchman is astounded by the speeches and by the whisky-drinking of the Bloomerite ladies; but at length, after urgence, consents to join in a midnight supper, to which the strong-minded young ladies are parties.

The accomplished Julienne becomes at once the cynosure of their admiring eyes; and his French air, speech, cultivation, and refinement possess such indescribable power of fascination, that two Bloomerite victims (the prettiest of the party) fall wantonly at his French feet, beseeching him to take pity, and love them. He has compassion on one (the youngest), and enjoys a midnight stroll with her upon the banks of the Ohio.

We do not know what the Louisville girls may say to this, whether of the Bloomer or of the orthodox party; but our impression is that Madame Manoël de Grandfort has over-reckoned the charms of strolling Frenchmen upon the hearts of Kentucky ladies; and that his impertinences, if ventured, would have much more likely met with a tingling buffet on the ears than with the naming of a midnight rendezvous.

At Cincinnati, a town filled principally with uncouth pork-merchants, Madame Grandfort falls in with a pugnacious son of a hotel-keeper, who informs her that prize-fighting is regarded by the Americans as a most worthy institution, developing the noblest instincts of a true democratic citizen. She attends (in the person of Julienne) one or two boxing-matches, at which the principal inhabitants of Cincinnati are present; and she

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concludes her observations on this head with a sympathetic bewailment of American barbarisms.

We suspect that few American ladies have had the same opportunity of witnessing cock-fights, prize-fights, Bloomerite festivals, and gambling orgies, as Madame Manoël de Grandfort. We regard her authority on these subjects as that of a person entitled to respect.

She does not, however, always write coolly; her temper often gets the better of her judgment. Her disgust for Yankee failings of all kinds is so great, that she is betrayed into a great many declamatory passages which sadly harm her book as a work of art. We imagine her to be a thin, middle-aged lady, unmarried, and of weak digestion—with whom our Western lime-water did not agree.

In her portraiture of American manners she certainly out-Trollopes Trollope. She does not reckon our state as deserving the name of a consolidated nation; she sees in us only a medley of harum-scarum gamblers, cut-throats, pork-merchants, Bloomerites, and eaters of apple-tarts, who hang together by a kind of magnetic sympathy, but who will soon split into a thousand fragmentary bodies.

When this catastrophe shall have occurred, she recognizes some hope of a new and more successful organization—not due to any influences emanating from ourselves, but to those which are foreign—French, and curious!

She takes hope from the fact that an old French civilization still lingers along the borders of the St. Lawrence; French manner has, moreover, grafted itself upon the Creole population of Louisiana; and when the fabric of the Union shall be utterly destroyed (as it will be in less than ten years), the French Canadians and the Southern Creoles will, by their united and superior action, harmonize the brute forces residing in the American character, and rear a beautiful French structure of established policy, adorned by popish ceremonies, lighted with a true Catholic faith, and sustained by Parisian morality, and restaurateurs *à la carte!*

It is a very queer book, that of Madame Manoël de Grandfort.

While we are upon the subject of books, we may spend a paragraph upon a new work just now published jointly by M. Guizot and his son-in-law, Cornelis de Witt. The first contributes an "historical study" of a hundred pages upon the character of Washington; and the last, an historic summary of those events which immediately preceded the formation of the Federal Union.

M. Guizot, as usual, shows a strong sympathy with the old federal politicians of the school of Washington, Adams, and Madison, and a certain implied distrust of the democratic fervor which blazed out in Jefferson, "and which," says he, "has since his time governed the political life of the Western Republic."

As for the minor chat belonging to the Paris papers, it has been latterly quite tame. The literary fancyists, who cooked us a score of dishes out of the merest suicide of a paragraph, have either grown tired of their vocation, or have been awed into silence by the weightier paragraphs about the war, and the weary expectations of the Crimean army.

We see, among these war-waifs, a little estimate in the "*Times*" of the value of a man's limbs—whether foot, finger, or thigh—as regulated by that reverend body at the Horse Guards of London. We learn from it how the "Earl of Errol, a captain in the Rifle Brigade, received a severe wound from a musket-ball in the right hand, which, unfortunately necessitated the amputation of the index finger. For this mutilation—which is but trifling indeed by comparison with others mentioned in this list, and does not involve retirement from the service, or the sale of his commission—Lord Errol has £211 7*s.* 11*d.* On the other hand, we find the Hon. H. Annesley, an ensign in the Scots Fusilier Guards, receiving a gratuity of but £100 7*s.* 6*d.* for one of the most ghastly wounds which it is well possible to receive. A musket-ball passed through his mouth, and occasioned the loss of twenty-three teeth and of a part of the tongue. Surely, if the compensation awarded to Lord Errol for his comparatively trifling wound be right, Mr. Annesley, according to any principle known to civilians, should have received more generous treatment from the War-office. The same apparently unequal distribution reigns throughout the whole list. Ensign Braybrook gets £47 18*s.* 1*d.* for a musket-ball in his right thigh; while Captain Berkeley, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, receives £282 17*s.* 6*d.* for a musket-ball in the right leg. Both of these officers are thrown into the same category of 'severely' wounded. To Captain M'Donald, of the 92d foot, is awarded the sum of £211 7*s.* 11*d.* for a musket-ball in his left foot; while Lieutenant Cahill, of the 49th, receives £71 17*s.* 1*d.* for a musket-ball in his right foot."

It is much better to wear a captain's foot (in England), even if the foot is shot off.

But it is not alone the inconsistency with which the Horse Guards estimate an ensign's toe or a captain's finger which is making sore hearts and angry brains in this day of England's trial. The ferment of British mind (if we may believe the tokens that come to us in every batch of papers) is growing higher and stronger; and the shame with which the great commercial nation of the world were taught to feel that their accredited governors were incapable of the management of a foreign expedition, is yielding to a slow-growing indignation, that will soon have its results written on the parliamentary walls, in language as strong as English courage and as English hope.

The Brights and the Cobdens may indeed mistake their time, and speak in vain just now; and Kossuth, who has turned British journalist, may fail (and probably will) in his effort to quicken the cooling sympathy for Hungary and Poland; but at least one good result will spring out of the present fermentation, and that is the firm and wide-spread conviction that birth, habit, or station, do not of themselves supply sufficient material for British government or for British war; and that manly, practical energy is as needful in Downing Street and the camp as it is in the counting-room. The British capacity that lives in the work-shops and in the offices of eastern London, only wants transmuting by the wand of a liberal reform, and by the annihilation of privilege, to supply commissaries and war-secretaries by scores.

Will not the Imperial visit of that self-made man, Napoleon III., have served as a sort of living testimonial to the hopeful minds of England, that the dry bones of feudal caste and stately heirship are spending their last force, and shake woefully when compared with the firm front which individual energy and skill (albeit lawless in its action) has asserted and maintained?

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Editor's Drawer.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

THIS couplet is rather a free translation of Solomon's remark; but it has a touch of philosophy in it, and counsel worth heeding. One not so wise, nor quite so ancient as he, has said, "It is well to play the fool at times;" and the greatest of men have found it both pleasant and profitable to unbend their minds with innocent disports.

"Stop laughing now, boys, there's a fool coming," said a philosopher while at play with his children: he knew that amusement would be looked upon as folly by one who could not appreciate him. Some men get a great reputation for wisdom by maintaining a profound gravity, frowning on wit and humor, and eschewing a joke as they would swearing.

That was very good advice which the father gave his son on sending him forth into the world. The son was but half-witted, and the father enjoined *silence* as the first of all virtues. The strict compliance of the son with the injunction induced a friend of his to ask him one day, why he never ventured to engage in conversation.

"Oh," said he, "father told me to keep my mouth shut, and nobody would know I was a fool."

So it happened that the first time he broke the rule he let the secret out. It was good advice; those who can not talk sense do better not to talk at all.

But it is greater folly for a man who has wit in him, bubbling up in him, ready to burst out, like new wine in old bottles, or new cider in ventless barrels, to stifle it in his bosom, go with a long face, and speak as if he were in affliction, lest perchance the fools outside should think him a fool too. Be what you are. We have diversities of gifts. It takes all sorts of men to make up a world; and we shall not mend but mar the matter by trying to be what we are not. Besides, there is sheer hypocrisy in it, which even good men are sometimes not ashamed of. There was the Rev. Thomas Fairfield, who lived in New Jersey in those good old times when the Tennents, Gilbert and William, were godly shepherds of the sheep in Freehold and New Brunswick. Now Mr. Fairfield was a very good man likewise, and his face was the index of his heart—cheerful, and at peace with God and man. He had a smile and a word for every man he met; and even when he was in his pulpit, the genial flow of his happy spirit spread like a balm over the people. Mr. Fairfield was a *jovial* man, and every one knew it; but all who knew him knew also that he was a good man, and loved him all the more for the good-nature that shone in every feature of his face. Now it came to pass that Mr. Fairfield, hearing of the fame of Mr. Tennent, went down to Freehold, and sat at the feet of that holy man. The awful gravity, the profound solemnity of the pastor, impressed Mr. Fairfield with a sense of his own shortcomings, and he resolved to be a more sober man. He would go home and be such a man as the wonderful Mr. Tennent.

The first Sabbath after his return he walked solemnly into his church with an unbending form, and a face as sad as if he had been on the way to the burial of his best friends. And when he rose to preach and pray the same deep melancholy sat on his brow, and was reflected to the hearts of his people. He went through the services and came down from the pulpit, where he was met by Deacon Nutman, who asked him,

"Are you well to-day, Mr. Fairfield?"

"Very well, through mercy," replied the minister, without a smile or a pleasant word.

"Your family all well?"

"Quite well, thank the Lord," said Mr. Fairfield, with a deep sigh. The deacon was confounded; but persisting in knowing if possible the cause of his pastor's evident depression of spirits, he ventured to inquire if any thing had occurred during the week past to give him any distress. Being assured there had not, and now provoked at the coldness of his minister, he broke out upon him:

"Well, I tell you what it is, Mr. Fairfield, something has happened, or else the devil's in you, that's all."

Mr. Fairfield gave him his hand, and, laughing heartily, said:

"You are right, Deacon Nutman, the devil was in me, but I will cast him out. I was trying to be like Mr. Tennent; but I will be myself after this, and nobody else."

It was a much better resolution than the one he made at Freehold of putting on a long face, that he might appear unto men to be much better than he was.

"MIND your stops," is a good rule in writing as well as in riding. So in public speaking, it is a great thing to know when to stop and where to stop. The third edition of a treatise on English Punctuation has been recently published, with all needful rules for writers, but none for speakers. The author furnishes the following example of the unintelligible, produced by the want of pauses in the right places:

"Every lady in this land
Hath twenty nails upon each hand;
Five and twenty on hands and feet.
And this is true, without deceit."

If the present points be removed, and others inserted, the true meaning of the passage will at once appear:

"Every lady in this land
Hath twenty nails: upon each hand
Five; and twenty on hands and feet.
And this is true without deceit."

Mr. M'Nair was a man of few words, and wrote to his nephew at Pittsburg the following laconic letter:

DEAR NEPHEW,

;

To which the nephew replied by return of mail:

DEAR UNCLE,

:

The long of this short was, that the uncle wrote to his nephew, "*See my coal on*," which a se-mi-col-on expressed; and the youngster informed his uncle that the coal was shipped, by simply saying, : *col-on*.

HENRY STRICKLAND, whether or not a cousin of our Joe Strickland we can not say, has been making a little book of "Travel Thoughts and Travel Fancies," in which he hits off some things capitally. "In France," he says, "all the men are women, women children, children babies; babies as a general rule, previous to attaining age of six months, decidedly not pretty."

Speaking of the way in which the French spend the Sunday, he says: "Telling a Frenchman he

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should, at any rate, one day in a week, sit still and be quiet, would be as unreasonable as to tell an oyster it should at any rate, one day in the week, run about and wag its tail like a little dog. That is, it would be telling him to do what he can *not* do—what he has nothing in his nature to enable him to do. Then, he should change his nature, you doubtless will say. That is, you are a *Vestiges of Creation* developist, and think that a Frenchman may, by cultivation, be developed into an Englishman. To that there is nothing to be said, except that the theory has not been proved, for, of course, it never can be disproved. It is impossible to prove that an oyster may not, by progressive development become a tail-wagging little dog, by earnestly and constantly desiring to possess a tail; by taking the earliest advantage of the first symptoms of the coming appendage, and then by unremitting and persevering agitation of the young caudal shoot, a real waggable tail may be the result. Still, as I say, the theory wants proof."

In giving advice to young ladies in the choice of a husband, a modern writer utters the following oracles:

"The man who doesn't take tea, but takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money—but decidedly not for love. But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first!"

Every thing relating to the development of such a mind as Daniel Webster's is to be treasured. Professor Sanborn, of Dartmouth College, relates of him that, when Daniel was a mere boy, the teamsters, in passing through the town in which he lived, were accustomed to say, when they arrived at Judge Webster's house, "Come, let us give our horses some oats, and go in and hear little Dan read a psalm." Leaning upon their long whip-stocks, they listened with delight and astonishment to the young orator.

This was in his boyhood. A correspondent sends to our Drawer the following anecdote of the man full-grown and in his glory:

"Mr. Coolidge was a law-student in Mr. Webster's office in Boston, and heard the conversation I am about to mention. The day before the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, Mr. Webster came out of his private office, and throwing upon the table a manuscript which he held in his hand, observed that there was the oration which he was to deliver the following day.

"'How are you pleased with your effort, Mr. Webster?' inquired Mr. Bliss, one of the clerks.

"Throwing out his chin, as was his habit when waggishly inclined, Mr. Webster replied:

"'Well, Mr. Bliss, I think it is a pretty considerably good oration.'

"I thought so too, when, standing under the meridian sun of one of the hottest days in June, I drank in, boy as I was, every word that fell from his lips; and many of those words have rung in my ears to the present hour."

So writes our correspondent; and we could not but mark the contrast between the audiences—the teamsters listening to the boy Dan reading a psalm, and the rapt thousands hanging on his lips at Bunker Hill.

Sometimes it is the misfortune of a city to have an ass for a Mayor. Such was the case about twenty-five years ago with a certain city, which it would be impolitic, not to say impolite, for us to name in this connection. He was so ignorant that the wags sent a book-peddler to him with English grammars immediately after his election; and when he declared he had no use for the book, the peddler said, "Every body tells me you must have it, and study it, too." He came into office, and took his chair in stately dignity. In a few minutes, the clerk laid before him a paper, which the Mayor was requested to endorse as one that had passed under his eye. The clerk remarked:

"It is only necessary that you write your initials upon it."

"My *nishuls*," said the Mayor, "what's my *nishuls*?"

Now it so happened that P was the first letter of both the Mayor's names, and the clerk very innocently replied:

"Oh, Sir, merely write two P's upon the back of this paper."

His Honor the Mayor took the quill in his trembling hand, and, with the perspiration on his brow, wrote "TOO PEZE," and the document is on file in the office unto this day!

His orthography was quite on a par with the Western man who had some cedar trees to sell, and put up a sign in his lot on which was inscribed, "ZETER TREZE."

"Nothing like leather," is a proverb, not very elegant, but very common. The "old spelling-book" which was in use a hundred years ago in England, had the following lines, from which the saw comes:

"A town fear'd a siege, and held consultation,
Which was the best method of fortification;
A grave, skillful mason said, 'In his opinion,
Nothing but stone could secure the dominion.'
A carpenter said, 'Though that was well spoke,
It was better by far to defend it with oak.'
A currier, wiser than both these together,
Said, 'Try what you please, *there's nothing like leather*.'"

Jeremy Taylor, if he never made a line in metre, was a poet. His sermons are full of the outgushings of his glowing heart. Hear him describing the soul struggling toward heaven:

"For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upward, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climbs above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the vibrations and frequent weighings of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down, and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below."

The story of the creation, related by Moses, is

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often cited as one of the finest examples of the sublime in writing. Poets who borrow from the Bible never make any improvement upon it; but in the "World before the Flood," a poem, by James Montgomery, there is one of the neatest fancies we ever happened to meet with. He is describing the successive acts of creative power, which he attributes to those faculties of the Creator analogous to the work performed:

"He *looked* through space, and kindling o'er the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars came forth to meet his eye."

His *look* creates the worlds of light; but when he came to his last and crowning work—the creation of woman—the poet says, "Then God

"Created woman with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her on her face."

PUNS on people's names are the pastime of small wits, and half the plays of this sort are to be set down to the invention of the would-be-witty, rather than to the facts of actual history. Thus it is very doubtful whether the good deacon in this story ever had an existence except in the brain of the punster. He had lost his wife, and was consoling himself by very private but particular attentions to Patience Pierson, a smart young woman in the parish. One day he was bewailing his loss in the ear of his kind pastor, of whose sympathy he was very sure; and the minister said to him, in a tone of deep condolence,

"Well, my dear friend, I can not help you; you had better try and have *patience*—" What more he would have said the deacon did not wait to hear; but thinking the minister had found out his secret, he put in: "Yes, Sir, I have been trying to get her, but she seems to be rather shy!"

The following rests on no better authority:

"Mr. William Payne, a very good fellow, was a teacher of music, in a pleasant town in Massachusetts; and in his school, one winter, was a pretty girl, some twenty years old, named Patience Adams, who having made a strong impression upon Mr. Payne, he lost no time in declaring his attachment, which Miss A. reciprocated, and an engagement was the result. Just as Mr. P.'s attentions became public, and the fact of an engagement was generally understood, the school being still in continuance, and all the parties on a certain evening being present, Mr. Payne, without any thought of the words, named as a tune for the commencing exercise, 'Federal Street,' in that excellent collection of church music, 'The Carmina Sacra.' Every one loved Patience, and every one entertained the highest respect for Payne; and with a hearty good-will on the part of all the school the chorus commenced:

'See gentle Patience smile on Pain,
See dying hope revive again.'

"The coincidence was so striking, that the gravity of the young ladies and gentlemen could scarcely be restrained long enough to get through the tune. The beautiful young lady was still more charming with her blushing cheeks and modestly cast-down eyes, while the teacher was so exceedingly embarrassed he knew not what he did. Hastily turning over the leaves of the book, his eye lit upon a well-known tune, and he called out 'Dundee.' The song began as soon as sufficient order could be restored, and at the last line of the following stanza rose to a climax:

'Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known;
Oh, give me tears for others' woes,
And Patience for my own.'

"Patience was already betrothed; she was in fact his; in about a year afterward they became man and wife:

'Then gentle Patience smiled on Payne,
And Payne had Patience for his own.'"

And away down East, in the State of Maine, Miss Amanda Mann was married, about two years ago, to Mr. A. R. Nott, after a brief courtship, of which the following correspondence was the most original part:

"NOTT TO AMANDA.

"Oh, that I could prevail, my fair, that we unite our lot!
Oh, take a man, Amanda Mann, and tie a 'double knot.'
"Your coldness drives me to despair—what shall I do? ah what?!
For you I'm growing thin and spare—for you I'm a 'pine Nott!'
"If I should hear that you had died, 'twould kill me on the spot—
Yet only yesterday I cried, 'Ah! would that she were Nott!'
"The 'chords' and tendrils of my heart around thee fondly 'twine'—
Amanda! heal this aching smart!—Amanda, oh be mine!
"These very terms, as I opine, suggest united lots—
Let's tie, then, dear, these 'cords,' and 'twine' in hymeneal knotts."

MISS AMANDA MANN'S REPLY.

"This life, we know, is but a span, hence I have been afraid
That I should still remain A. Mann, and die at last—a maid.
"And often to myself I say, on looking round, I find
There's Nott, a man in every way just suited to my mind.
"I fain would whisper him, apart, he'd make me blest for life—
If he would take me to his heart, and make A. Mann a wife.
"Love not, my mother often says; and so, too, says the song—
I'll heed the hint in future days, and love Nott well and long.
'Then, oh! let Hymen on the spot, his chain around me throw,
And bind me in a lasting knot, tied with a single beau!'.

DAVID DITSON was and is the great almanac man, calculating the signs and wonders in the heavens, and furnishing the astronomical matter with which those very useful annuals abound. In former years it was his custom, in all his almanacs, to utter sage predictions as to the weather, at given periods in the course of the revolving year. Thus he would say, "About—this—time—look—out—for—a—change—of weather; and by stretching such a prophecy half-way down the page, he would make very sure that in some one of the days included the event foretold would come to pass. He got cured of this spirit of prophecy in a very remarkable manner. One summer day, clear and calm as a day could be, he was riding on horseback; it was before railroads were in vogue, and being on a journey some distance from home, and wishing to know how far it was to the town he was going to visit, he stopped at the roadside and inquired of a farmer at work in the field. The farmer told him it was six miles; "but," he added, "you must ride sharp, or you will get a wet jacket before you reach it."

"A wet jacket!" said the astronomer; "you don't think it is going to rain, do you?"

"No, I don't *think* so, I know so," replied the farmer; "and the longer you sit there, the more likely you are to get wet."

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David thought the farmer a fool, and rode on, admiring the blue sky uncheckered by a single cloud. He had not proceeded more than half the distance to the town before the heavens were overcast, and one of those sudden showers not unusual in this latitude came down upon him. There was no place for shelter, and he was drenched to the skin. But the rain was soon over, and David thought within himself, That old man must have some way of guessing the weather that beats all my figures and facts. I will ride back and get it out of him. It will be worth more than a day's work to learn a new sign. By the time he had reached the farmer's field again the old man had resumed his labor, and David accosted him very respectfully:

"I say, my good friend, I have come all the way back to ask you how you were able to say that it would certainly rain to-day?"

"Ah," said the sly old fellow, "and wouldn't you like to know?"

"I would certainly; and as I am much interested in the subject, I will give you five dollars for your rule."

The farmer acceded to the terms, took the money, and proceeded to say:

"Well, you see now, we all use David Ditson's almanacs around here, and he is the greatest liar that ever lived; for whenever he says 'it's going to rain,' we know it ain't; and when he says 'fair weather,' we look out for squalls. Now this morning I saw it was put down for to-day *Very pleasant*, and I knew for sartain it would rain before night. That's the rule. Use David's Almanac, and always read it just t'other way."

The crest-fallen astronomer plodded on his weary way, another example of a fool and his money soon parted. But that was the end of his prophesying. Since that he has made his almamacs without weatherwise sayings, leaving every man to guess for himself.

The Harpers used to print the almanacs of one Hutchins, who made them for the Southern market, to the order of a dealer in those parts, who, in giving the order, directed him to put in the predictions of rain and shine to suit the cotton-crop season, so that all who bought the almanacs might have prophecies to suit them, whether they ever came to pass or not. Hutchins made a great hit, and a great deal of money, out of a blunder, that turned out better than could have been expected. He had an assistant, who was at work on the month of July, and called on Mr. Hutchins for the weather, at a moment when he was particularly engaged, and was much annoyed with the demand. "Put in what you please!" he cried out; "rain, hail, thunder, snow, and done with it!"

Sure enough, by one of the strange freaks of nature, July was visited with a cold snap, and all these winter performances came off, according to the programme, and the reputation of the almanac man was made.

ALL the old settlers of Albany—the *first families* of that Dutch and aristocratic capital—will remember "Jimmy Caldwell," who made a great fortune in the tobacco business. He was very much of a wag in his way, and was not over-particular in his choice of subjects upon whom to play his tricks. He had an ancient maiden cousin residing in New York, whom he had often invited to come up to Albany, and visit his wife. But in those days, when as yet no steamboats were known, and a journey between the two cities in a sloop was a voyage quite equal to crossing the Atlantic now, the cousin had never been up the river, the wife had never been down; and so they had never met. At length he received a letter informing him that she would sail from New York at such a time, and in the course of a week or ten days she might be expected at Albany. A few days before her arrival, he said to his wife:

"I don't know as I ever told you this old maid of a cousin of mine is as deaf as a post—you have to hollow so as to be heard a mile to make her understand."

"I'll do my best," said the good wife, "and you know I can speak loud enough when I try."

When Caldwell met his cousin at the wharf, and on his way with her to his house, he remarked:

"You have never heard, I suppose, that my poor wife is very hard of hearing: I have to scream at the top of my voice to make her hear me, and how you will manage to get on with her, I am sure I don't know."

"Oh, I'll make her hear; my voice is good, and I ain't afraid of using it."

Of course neither of the ladies was afflicted with any defect in her hearing, but Caldwell was disposed to amuse himself at the expense of both of them. They met.

"Why, how do you do?" shouted Mrs. Caldwell, as if she was speaking a ship at sea.

"Very well, thank you; hope you are too," screamed the cousin, in a voice that fairly rivaled Madam Caldwell's.

Mr. Caldwell, amused at the success of his scheme, listened to the two old women, who were planted close to each other; and first one would put her mouth up to the ear of the other, and *vice versa* they would shout away as if they would make the dead hear, and not the deaf only. At last, said Mrs. Caldwell, in her sympathy with the deaf old cousin:

"What on earth makes you talk so loud? I ain't deaf!"

"Nor I either," shrieked the old maid; and both of them perceived in an instant that they had been made dupes of by Jimmy Caldwell, who had to take a thorough scolding for putting such a joke upon them.

HOOD, in his "Tale of a Trumpet," makes a very good play, of which we are reminded by this story. A peddler is trying to sell ear-trumpets, and, boasting of their wonderful properties, he says:

"There was Mrs. F.,
So very deaf,
That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap;
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day,
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!"

THESE once celebrated and beautiful lines, as happily conceived as any in the language, were addressed by a gentleman of the house of York, on presenting its emblem, a white rose, to a lady of the house of Lancaster, whose emblem was the red.

"If this fayre rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastryne there.

"But should thy ruby lip it spye,
As kiss it thou may'st deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again."

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THE miserable salaries paid to the clergy in the country have excited considerable remark within a few months past, and inquiries have been instituted to learn the real state of the case. It is ascertained that some of the profession are compelled to engage in secular avocations exceedingly unministerial, one of them being the partner to the village butcher, and actually assisting him in his bloody business before daylight in the morning. Down on the Southeastern coast of Massachusetts is an enterprising divine, whose people are mostly fishermen; he is allowed to use their boats and tackle, his salary being twenty-five dollars a year and half the fish he catches! If he has good luck, he may get on well in the summer, but in the winter it is close shaving. One of his brethren told him the people were a *scaly* set, and advised him to strike for higher wages. He replied, that he "never threw away the small fish till he caught large; he thought the people could do without him easier than he without them." He guessed he would fish in that water a while longer.

This fisherman and fisher of men was as fond of pleasantry as Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Salisbury in 1760, who was married four times, and on his wedding-ring for his fourth marriage he had inscribed:

"If I survive,
I'll make them five."

But he seems to have been too fond of fun, making it not only at the expense of his wives, but of truth also. For it was he who said:

"Perhaps you don't know the art of getting quit of your wives. I'll tell you how I do. I am called a very good husband, and so I am, for I never contradict them. But don't you know that the want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that circumstance alone is exercise and health, and all medicine to all women. But give them their own way, and they will languish and pine, become gross and lethargic, for want of this exercise."

This same Bishop relates that he was burying a corpse, when, he says, "A woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the midst of the service.

"'Sir, Sir, I want to speak to you!'

"'But,' said I, 'I pray you, good woman, wait till I have done.'

"'No, Sir; I must speak to you immediately.'

"'Well, then, what is the matter?'

"'Why, Sir, you are burying a man who died of the small-pox next to my poor husband, who never had it!'"

A HUNDRED years ago, they could get off a good thing now and then, as the following will prove. It was written by Samuel Bishop, who was born in 1731, and is as good as new, and better:

"No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd the board,
And that was filled each night.

"Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby-angel's face.

"John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

"John often urged her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

"When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a Devil portray'd.

"Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

"John stared—with wonder petrified
His hair stood on his pate;
And 'Why dost guzzle now,' he said,
'At this enormous rate?'

"'Oh! John,' she said, 'am I to blame?
I can't in conscience stop;
For sure 'twould be a burning shame
To leave the Devil a drop!'"

THE "Decline and Fall" of one of the most promising sons of upper-tendom is most graphically celebrated in the following poem, which has found its way to our Drawer:

THE FIFTH AVENUE BEAU.

AIR—"*The lass wi' the bonnie blue een.*"

A sight for the tailors was Jonathan Spring,
His waistcoat shone bright as a humming-bird's wing,
And though small were the checks to his banker he sent,
The checks on his pants were of awful extent.
The ladies all sighed as he danced at the ball,
His neckcloth so graceful, his boots were so small,
But heedless he flutter'd—such elegant men
Aspire to the smiles of the great "Upper Ten."
You know, ah! you know, a Fifth Avenue Beau
Shows grand and majestic where'er he may go.
You know, ah! you know, a Fifth Avenue Beau
Shows grand and majestic where'er he may go.

In his boarding-house seated, he lazily yawn'd,
"I fear it's all up, for my linen is pawn'd,
My hatter won't trust me, smart man! as he knew
I ne'er paid a cent on this noble surtout.
I go for free lunch (it is common down town),
And my patronage falls on George W. Browne;
But in ten minutes after, with satisfied air,
I am picking my teeth on the Astor House stair!"
You know, etc.

Next morning, when stroking his whiskers, he cried,
"I must vanish by twilight, but where shall I hide?
Snip thinks he is up to a trifle or so,
They'll see if I leave him a string to his *Beau!*"
A bee-line he drew, and his landlord look'd blue,
Three constables started our friend to pursue,
And loud scream'd the tailor, "He promised to pay
The identical hour that he bolted away."
You know, etc.

They sought him that night, and they sought him next day,
And they sought him in vain, when a week passed away,
In the Bowery and every impossible spot,
Old Cabbage sought wildly, but lo! he was not.
Time fled, and but once he was scented afar
Most gracefully puffing a German cigar,
And the newsboys they grinned as the breeze whistled through
The streaming remains of the gallant surtout.
You know, etc.

(*Slowly and with feeling.*)

At length a queer bundle of tatters was seen
In a field of potatoes near Farmingdale Green;
Can I credit my eyes? 'twas our hero indeed,
Oh, in running so fast, he had quite run to seed.
Sad, sad was his fate; be admonished, ye Beaus,
And do make an effort to pay for your "*clo's.*"
He had hired himself out, at a penny a day,
As a scarecrow to frighten the birds away!
Is it so, is it so, a Fifth Avenue Beau
Shows grand and majestic where'er he may go?
Is it so, is it so, a Fifth Avenue Beau
Shows grand and majestic where'er he may go?

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We have often laughed at the illustrations which we have had occasion to encounter of the truth of the poet's couplet:

"The faults of our neighbors with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practice the same."

A friend mentions an amusing circumstance corroborating this, of which he was himself an eye-witness:

I was standing, he said, in the railroad dépôt at Cincinnati, just as the train was preparing to start. There was a great crowd, as usual, in the building; and all at once a man who had put his hand in his under-coat pocket behind, to take out his pocket-book to pay his fare, exclaimed, his face glowing with excitement:

"I've been robbed! There are thieves about here! Some villain has taken my pocket-book from my pocket, with over a thousand dollars in it!"

"Where did you *carry* your pocket-book, Sir?"

"In my under-coat pocket, Sir, behind."

"Then, Sir, you can scarcely blame the individual who has taken it," replied the other, in a very pompous, self-satisfied, patronizing manner, and in a "voice of warning," intended for the ears of all the by-standers. "Yes, Sir, you offer, if I may say so, a temptation, a premium, Sir, upon theft, by carrying your money in such a place. Now, Sir, I always carry *my* money *here*," he continued, putting his hand into an inside breast-pocket of his coat, "and *there* it is always—"

"*Safe*," he *would* have said; but he suddenly drew out his hand, as if it had been bitten by an adder, exclaiming:

"Why, *my* pocket-book has gone, too! Thieves! Thieves! Thieves! Let no one go out of the dépôt!"

The advice was acted upon, by doing which both pocket-books were recovered, having been found upon the floor, where they had been dropped by the adroit thief, who then mingled in the large and promiscuous crowd.

The fault of both losers had been a lack of personal watchfulness in such a place. Each had "practiced the same:" as the sage Dogberry says, they were "both in a case."

The way in which *Operatic Performances* strike an unsophisticated observer was most amusingly exemplified the other night, between two acts of "*William Tell*," at the Academy of Music, corner of Fourteenth Street; an edifice whose splendor, vastness, and magnificent appointments are enough to dazzle the eyes and bewilder the brains of *any* one unaccustomed to such scenes; to say nothing of a strong-minded countryman, who had not only never entered such a building before, but who now saw around him for the first time an audience of five thousand, fading into a bewildering dimness on all sides, "clad in gorgeous apparel, and shining in beautiful array," and heard for the first time the not less bewildering airs and confused shifting scenes and characters of a *Grand Opera*. But our country friend was too honest to keep his opinions to himself. He "spoke right out in meeting" to the city friend who accompanied him, and who in vain essayed to check him, although he attempted several times to do so.

"It is pretty," said he, "sartain—and splendid—and all that; but somehow or 'nuther it don't seem nat'ral. Not a bit."

"Why so?" asked his friend: "it tells the story, don't it, and with grand music?"

"Wal, y-e-e-s—it *does* tell the story, 'cause you *know* it; but if you *didn't* know it, it wouldn't by a long-shot. Now I know all *about* William Tell, 'cause I've *read* it: it's a story of liberty, and goin' ag'in tyranny; and them stories we've got *by heart* in this country. But ain't it cur'ous to hear him come out to the front there and *sing* to that blasted old Gessler and the rest on 'em? Now sp'osin' I should get mad at you, and want to blow you up, and should ask you to come out to the front door, so that I could fetch you into the street, and there bawl out to you—in *music*, understand—'*You scou-scou-scou-houndrel!*' what would you think of it? Would that be nat'ral? I was at the the-*a*-ter t'other night, and there a fellow got hoppin' mad, but he *talked*, and talked loud and blusterin' tew—but he was in airnest. He didn't *sing* it, when he told a fellow to draw his *swoard*, and see which would gin' in fust! O pshaw! singin' madness, singin' love (afore folks, any how), ain't natur', nor tain't *like* natur', nuther, I guess not. Now did you ever *see* any body do it among your acquaintances?—did you ever do it yourself? Come—honest, now?"

Our plain-spoken countryman's city friend looked round to see if his companion had been overheard, when the curtain began to rise, and he said:

"Wait until you see *this* scene, and you'll change your opinion: it's the very triumph of the Opera."

And it *was*—but it did not satisfy the honest critic's love of "natur'," and we heard him say:

"Let's go; I want to get down to the Westchester Hotel 'fore it shets up—it's a-most ten o'clock."

"Well, *you* slip out; I want to see the Opera out. When shall I see you?"

"In the mornin', 'bout nine, I 'xpect, I'll be down to the store; have them things put up, and send 'em with—"

We didn't hear the rest; but the countryman departed, to the evident relief of his town friend.

As we walked homeward, we could not help but think that there was much of truth in this rough, unhewn criticism; and that some evidence of it might be found in the history of the difficult rise, and more difficult progress of the Opera in this country.

We are continually made aware that *The Ladies* honor the "Drawer" with a very general perusal. It is for *them*, therefore—and especially for young married women—that we renovate the subjoined excellent advice:

"It is no uncommon thing for women to become slatternly after marriage. They neglect dress, except when going abroad, and then perhaps there is a great display of finery, and bad taste in *over*-dressing. Much respect is shown to '*company*,' but apart from this, there is a sort of '*What's the use?*' abandonment; and the compliment which is paid to *strangers*, is withheld from those who are the most likely to appreciate it, and who have the best right to claim it.

"When a woman, with reference to the question of personal adornment, begins to say to herself, 'It is *only* my husband,' she must prepare herself for consequences which she may perhaps regret to the latest day of her life."

Fair readers, this is from a *lady*-writer of wide reputation—one of your own sex; so, without wishing that there was a society for the suppression of *ad*-vice among the *other* vices of the day,

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think whether *this* advice be not good, and "when found" to be so, lay it to heart.

Now that the "Maine Law" is *in*, and Liquors are "out," any old "arguments" in favor of imbibition may be cited as obsolete jokes. The "reasoning" of the following was given by a voluble Major, after dinner one day, at sea—his colloquist an American:

"The world," said he, "is made up of antipathies. Hounds have a natural hatred for foxes—cats for mice—hawks for doves, and women for tailors—John Bull for a Frenchman." (This was before the "Holy Alliance" or the Wars of the Crimea.) "Now, *I* maintain that there is in the human system a *similar* antipathy to cold water—it is not the *motion* but the *element*. If the Atlantic were south-side Madeira, you would never hear of sea-sickness; never, Sir—*never!* But, Sir, the *stomach*, as well as the mind, recoils instinctively from the idea of an illimitable quantity of cold blue salt *water*, Sir. Hence nausea, vomiting—(help yourself, and pass the wine)—and every thing of that kind, Sir."

Not unlike a similar "*spirit*," who said, in answer to the eulogy of a friend upon the virtues of water:

"Well, yes—water's a very good thing; but for a *steady* drink, give me rum!"

But unhappily, in *his* case, as it must be in *all* cases, a "steady" drink made an *un*-"steady" fate for him!

"It is something," said a friend of ours the other evening, in a desultory conversation concerning *Preaching and Preachers*, "to have heard that most eccentric, wandering, half-crazy 'servant of the Lord,' as he used to delight to call himself, Lorenzo Dow. I never heard him but once—but that once I shall never forget.

"It had been given out for weeks before that at a certain day he was to be at the little country town of O——, where I was born and brought up, and was to preach in the morning, in a pleasant shady grove a little off the street, whose few scattering houses gave it the dignity of a 'village.'

"At the appointed hour he was seen coming down the main street, his long brown-yellow hair and terrific beard waving in the wind, and his small wild eye flashing in the light, as he turned toward the gathering, and ascended the rough platform, and walked up to the temporary pulpit, or desk, which had been erected for him. For although his appointments were made six months, and sometimes even *a year* in advance, I believe he never missed one; at least, at this time he had not, for I remember distinctly his mentioning the fact.

"I was present with an elder brother, who was a good deal of a wag, with an eye and ear open to whatever was odd or striking, and his risibles were greatly excited at the hirsute appearance, and independent, off-handed manner of Lorenzo.

"The itinerant expounder took from his pocket a worn and very dirty copy of the Bible—a small quarto—and spread it upon the rough pine-board which made the top of his desk. He then took from another receptacle in his old but capacious coat, a red bandana handkerchief, and wiped his face, which was streaming with perspiration. He then leaned forward, made a short prayer, and prepared to begin his discourse.

"At this time my brother was desirous of changing his position on the tree; so he climbed up to a higher branch, and in doing so detached a dry and withered limb, which fell upon the ground directly in front of the speaker.

"Lorenzo looked up (and as he spoke his red lips were surrounded by the first beard-mustache I had ever seen in my life), and in a voice that must have been a cross between John Randolph's and Daniel Webster's, said:

"'*B-o-o-y-s!* up in the tree there! *be* still—*keep* still—or *come d-o-w-n!* You are like the dogs in the *man*-ger—you won't eat yourselves, and you won't let the *oxen* eat!'

"I needn't say that we were 'hush as mice' during the rest of the sermon—parts of which, by the way, were of exceeding eloquence, if that can be called eloquence which, however rude, has the power of deeply moving the feelings.

"He spoke of the thousands of miles he had traveled, at all seasons of the year, often in storms and tempests, through howling wildernesses; of his perils by water and perils by land, by night and by day; but never had his heart failed him—never had he shrunk from his mission.

"Lorenzo had a keen eye for the humorous, and his satire was of the most biting character. It was Dow who so discomfited a brother itinerant who had remonstrated with him for his eccentricity, both in his matter and his manner:

"'I think,' said he, 'you had better study your Bible a little more; you don't always get the right meaning. I think you was mistaken, for instance, when you told your hearers, the other day, that under the old Jewish dispensation all small crimes were punished with cropping off an ear; that it was a rare thing to find a large assembly gathered together, in our Saviour's time, without finding half of them with their ears off; and that *this* was what Christ meant by saying so often, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"'

"'I never said so!' indignantly responded the itinerant.

"'Well, never mind,' said Lorenzo; 'never mind now; it has all gone by; but a whole congregation is seldom mistaken!'

"Doubtless the whole story was 'made out of whole cloth,' to annoy and hoax the preacher."

One's heart must needs melt over this feeling, appealing colloquy between a store-keeper and his customer:

Store-keeper. "That's a bad fifty-cent piece. I can't take it. It is only lead silvered over."

"Well," replies the customer, "admitting such to be the fact, I should say that the ingenuity displayed in the deception might induce you to accept it. Admire, Sir, the devotion of the artist to the divine idea of Liberty, the idol of us all! He, having wrought her effigy in humble lead, in order to make it worthier of that glorious impression, resorts to the harmless expedient of silvering it over! And shall *we* harshly repudiate his work? Oh, *no*, Sir! you'll *take* it; I know you will!"

"Enough said:" he *did* take it!

"Nothing," said one who knew human nature well, "is more difficult than to make an acceptable *present* in an acceptable *way*." Here is an instance where both were accomplished "*par la gauche*," as the French phrase goes:

A venerable professor in one of our Northern Universities, who was a great antiquary, and fond

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of all rarities "in his line" that could be found on the face of the earth, or under the earth, had *another* affection, almost equal to his pre-eminent *penchant*, and that was, a love for Bologna sausages, of which he had always a supply on hand for his own personal use, whether lecturing upon his favorite themes, or in his study, or "*elaboratory*," as his pupils used to term it.

Now this worthy professor had a nephew who was going abroad, who had lived with him for some time, contributed much to his cabinet of antiquarian curiosities, and had become a confirmed favorite. As he was about to sail, the professor handed him a small roll, saying:

"My dear boy, I thank you for your promise to send me whatever is rare or curious 'in my way,' that you may meet with upon your travels. I do not want them so much for myself—I want them for the benefit of science—for that science of the glorious *Past* which throws, and always will, always *must* throw such a gorgeous lustre upon the *Future*. Meantime, take this" (handing him the 'scroll' to which we have alluded)—"take this. It is but a *small* present; but it may prove useful to you—it may be a God-send—it may save your life!"

The young nephew took the "document," and sailed upon his voyage.

Three years passed away, and the nephew returned home, having in the mean time visited nearly every port in the Mediterranean.

One morning, a few days after his return, he made his appearance at his uncle's mansion, bearing under his arm a small tin box.

The first greeting over, his uncle said to him (he had not for a moment lost sight of the tin box), as he led the way to his museum of antiquated curiosities:

"Well, Ned, what have you got in the box, eh? Something rare, I'll be sworn."

"It *is* something rare," said the nephew; "but *what* it is I am sure I can not tell. I picked it up in Pompeii, but *there* nobody knew what it was."

And he handed the box to the doctor, who received it as gingerly as if it had been filled with mortgages.

"But stop," said the doctor; "we must have Professor G—— here."

The professor was sent for, and came. The box was opened, sundry newspapers were unwound, and its contents were found to consist of one article only. With "spectacles on nose," the doctor examined it with minute carefulness. He turned it over and over, looked at it on all sides and all ends, and in all lights; and having finished his survey, he handed it to the professor.

"What *is* that, Professor G——? It is *very* curious."

The professor examined it as closely as the doctor.

"The *form* is familiar to me," said he; "it *looks* very much like a sausage!"

"So it does—it *does!*" chimed in the doctor. "Don't go, Ned," said he to his nephew, who had his hand upon the latch of the door; "don't go; we shall soon know what it is."

"It *looks* like a sausage," repeated the professor, solemnly; and putting it to his nose, he added, "It *smells* like a sausage!" And then, having tasted it, he threw it from him violently, as if it had been a rattlesnake, exclaiming,

"Doctor, it *is* a sausage—a *Bologna* sausage—and a very *bad* one too!"

Perhaps it *was;* but at any rate it was "*the present*" which the uncle had given the nephew, and which possibly had not greatly improved by having voyaged around the world!

"Never," says the narrator, "was meanness more appropriately rebuked. The uncle was notorious for his penuriousness; his nephew had been a slave to him and his caprices; and his reward, as he was about to leave him, was—a *Bologna sausage*, destined to become a veritable antique!"

Some wag, doubtless by way of satirizing certain schemes for money-making in these days of wild speculation in any thing and every thing, inserted in a daily journal the other day the following attractive advertisement:

"TO CAPITALISTS.—Wanted, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, to go on a Spree!" e.o.d.l.s.t.f.

There was a chance for some one who might be desirous to make a "permanent investment!"

We don't know when we have been more shocked than in perusing the following. It occurred in St. Lawrence county in this State, and is given on the authority "of a gentleman of undoubted veracity:"

"A young man addicted to intemperate habits, during one of his periodical 'sprees' took a sudden notion to pay a visit to his 'sweetheart.' On the evening alluded to, the young lady and a female associate were the only occupants of the house where she resided.

"About ten o'clock in the evening the young man arrived at the house, considerably worse from the use of 'beverages.' His strange manner in approaching the door excited the suspicion of the young ladies, who supposed the house was attacked by robbers. He knocked at the door, and demanded admission; but his voice not being recognized, from the thickness of his tongue, the ladies refused to comply with the demand.

"Determined to force an entrance, he commenced a series of assaults upon the barred and bolted door by kicking and pounding. After a number of desperate kicks, the panel of the door gave way, and the leg of the besieger went through the aperture, and was immediately seized by one of the ladies and firmly held, while the other, armed with a saw, commenced the work of amputation!

"The grasp was firmly maintained, and the saw vigorously plied, until the leg was completely severed from the body!

"With the loss of his leg, the intoxicated wretch fell upon his back, and in that condition lay the remainder of the night.

"In the mean time the ladies were frightened almost to death. With the dawn of morning the revelation was made that one of the ladies had participated in the amputation of the leg of her lover!

"The wretched man was still alive. His friends were immediately sent for, and he was conveyed to his home, where, with proper treatment, he gradually and miraculously recovered, and is now alive and well.

"We hardly credited," says the editor of the journal from which we quote, "the latter part of the story, and contended that the man must have bled to death on the spot, insisting, indeed, that it could not be otherwise. But we were mistaken.

"*The leg was a wooden one.*"

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Comicalities, Original and Selected.



Horrid Boy (*capering about*).—"Oh, look here, Captain! I've found out what Clara stuffs her Hair out with. They're Whiskers like yours!" [*Sensation.*



William.—"There, Amy! What do you say to those for a pair of Mustaches?" Amy.—"Why, I should say that calling those Mustaches was giving to 'Hairy Nothings a Local Habitation and a Name.'" (*For Shame, Amy.*)

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Young Lady (whose birthday it is). "Oh, yes! I have had a great number of nice Presents; but I wonder who sent me this beautiful Bouquet?"

Handsome Party (with mustaches, presence of mind, and great expression of eye). "And can't you guess?" *(Sighs deeply.)*

[*N.B. Poor* Binks, *who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety.*]



UP IN THE WORLD—DOWN IN THE WORLD.

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Fashions for June.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1—5.—Children's Costumes.

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FOR the present month we illustrate a variety of costumes for children. We give merely hints of the styles and fabrics represented, which may, of course, be varied according to the taste of parents. FIGURE 1. *Boy Seated.*—Hat of straw; coat of dove-colored merino, confined at the waist by a cord terminating in tassels; the breast is open, with a *revers;* the sleeves loose, and cut up at the outside; the sides confined by belts covered with galoon trimming similar to that which borders the outline of the garment; the neck is covered by a little ruche, tied with a bow; nansouk under-sleeves; pantaloons, full and embroidered. FIGURE 2. *Girl Standing.*—Hair plaited *à la Grec*, and tied with ribbon; cambric under-sleeves, confined at the wrist; chemisette plaited, with a frill around the neck; dress of tissue, the body plain, cut very low in the neck; sleeves short and puffed; skirt very full; a ribbon is placed berthe-wise, from the shoulders to the middle of the waist, with bows and streamers; straw flat with wreath of rosebuds. — FIGURE 3. *Kneeling Boy.*—Sacque of dark green cashmere, full and confined at the waist by a belt of glazed leather. FIGURE 4. *Girl Standing.*—Hair in curls; muslin chemisette, gathered with a narrow ruche around the neck; sleeves of the same, half-loose and full; dress of dotted Swiss muslin, cut square across and low, with a berthe; skirt full. FIGURE 5. *Girl Seated.* — Dress of pearl-blue glacé silk; sleeves flowing, open in two lozenges in front; body open and low, belted across with four bands; trimming of ribbon quilling around the body; the basque slashed, and ornamented with bows like those upon the sleeves; bonnet of taffeta and lace; Congress gaiters.



FIGURE 6.—MANTILLA.



FIGURE 7.—CAP.

FIGURE 6.—MANTILLA of black lace, drawn from one of BRODIE'S recent importations. It is enriched by two flounces, and the upper portion falling double. It is very appropriate to be worn over light colors.

FIGURE 7.—CAP of deep-pointed Malines lace, trimmed with a wreath of moss roses and leaves. The strings are of No. 22 satin ribbon, with a pearl edge.

We observe that the goods of English manufacture are distinguished by possessing chiefly white, or very light grounds; while those of the French affect the delicate neutral tints upon which their exquisite designs are exhibited with the happiest effect. When the heavier fabrics are worn, especially taffetas—basquines are in as great favor as ever; they are made quite deep, and abound in ornament. Skirts are worn exceedingly full and long; when not flounced, a favorite ornament may be employed to trim the sides of the front seam from the waist down, or it may be returned at the bottom tunic-wise. Bows of ribbon, arranged in loops which overlap each other in successive ranges, *à la Louis XIV.*, are in vogue. Flounces will be much in esteem as ever. Among the tissues to which we refer above, we observe that a large proportion have three, worn *à disposition*. These, in their admirable chintz patterns, are peculiarly tempting. For bonnets, straw-braids, etc., are much employed. The curtains are in some fashioned so as to form a point or peak at the back of the neck: we may mention others as being slashed at this place. Blonde, for face trimming, and used to fall over the brim, retains great favor. As before stated, when a general outline is preserved, the remainder is entirely a matter of taste; for it would be difficult to construct a bonnet which would be unfashionable in the minor details of its arrangements.

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JOHN PAUL JONES.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

WHEN the quarrel between Great Britain and its American subjects resulted in actual war, and blood flowed at Lexington and Concord in the spring of 1775, the "rebels," as the haughty ministers called the resisting colonists, had not a single armed vessel afloat to defend their exposed coast of several hundred miles in extent. Then, as now, the British navy was the right arm of English puissance; and every seaport town of the feeble colonists might have been cannonaded by a hundred guns at the same time. Although a

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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few sons of wealthy merchants and planters had been schooled in the royal navy of father-land, and many American seamen had become somewhat expert in naval warfare by contests with the French during a portion of twenty years preceding the Revolution, yet when the tempest of war burst upon New England, and the wise men of the continent assembled in council, there appeared no reliable material for the organization of a marine force at all adequate for the contingency. So Congress directed its special attention and earliest efforts toward the establishment and support of an army.

The kindling flame of revolution at Lexington, and the thunder-peal from Bunker's Hill sixty days afterward, were signals for rapine which the British heeded with swift alacrity. Boston harbor was the centre from which radiated depredations upon public and private property in all directions; and around Boston harbor soon hovered a bevy of private vessels, manned by brave patriots and armed as circumstances would permit. These first taught the marauders to be circumspect, then cautious, then fearful. Within a few weeks, while the Continental army were piling huge fortifications on land to fence in the tiger of oppression and carnage upon the little Boston peninsula, these privateers made the marine freebooters flee to the protection of the guns of Castle William and of the ships of war in the surrounding waters. Right seemed to give might to the Americans; and a guardian angel appeared to sit at every prow, for they were almost always successful.

The necessity of a coast-guard became apparent, and early in the autumn of 1775, the Continental Congress made a first effort to organize a navy. In October, a Marine Committee were appointed, and an order for the building and arming of several vessels was put forth. In the mean while, the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts had made similar efforts, and Washington had co-operated with the New England people by ordering the construction and arming of six vessels to cruise off the coasts of the Eastern Colonies. These temporary expedients were followed by more permanent arrangements. In December, the Continental Congress issued its first naval commissions, and Esek Hopkins was appointed the commander-in-chief. Among the lieutenants commissioned at the same time was JOHN PAUL JONES, a little wiry man (a Scotchman by birth), not more than five feet in height, and twenty-eight years of age. He was slight in physical stature, with a thoughtful expression, and dark, piercing eyes. No one would have suspected the presence of a hero in that unpretending young man when, with modest demeanor, he received his commission for service in a navy yet uncreated, and in the employment of a nation yet unheralded to the world except in glowing prophecies by political seers, to whom the wish was father to the thought. Yet all the greatness of a true hero slumbered in his brain, his heart, and his sinews; and it needed only the electric spark of opportunity to awaken it to full development. That spark was not long withheld; and when the war for Independence had closed, the sum of his exploits was a large item on the balance-sheet which exhibited the account current of American heroism. He had fought twenty-three battles on the sea; made seven descents upon Great Britain or her Colonies; snatched from her navy, by conquest, four large ships and many tenders, store-ships, and transports; constrained her to fortify her home ports, to desist from cruel burnings in America, and to change her barbarous policy of refusing to consider captured American seamen as prisoners-of-war, and torturing them in prisons and prison-ships as "traitors, pirates, and felons."

Some British writers delight in calling John Paul Jones a "corsair" and "pirate"—"a ruffian who would have fought under the colors of the Dey of Algiers as readily as under those of His Most Christian Majesty or of Congress"*—while Americans, influenced by the memory of his deeds, and assured by the truths of history, regard him as a hero and patriot worthy of a conspicuous place in the nation's Valhalla. In the language of our Declaration of Independence, we say, "Let facts be submitted to a candid world."

Our hero was the youngest of five sons of John Paul, a gardener, who lived with Mr. Craik, of Arbigland, in one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots on Solway Frith. The cottage of his birth, in a grassy glade among umbrageous trees, is yet preserved with care, and many pilgrims sit beneath its porch in every summer time. It is a very humble cot, and the gardener of Arbigland was a very humble man; and so Folly and Fiction conspired to account for the greatness of the son of John Paul and Jenny Macduff, by claiming for him a noble lineage. Regarding the brand of illegitimacy as more honorable, when connected with aristocracy, than the title to birth-right in lawful wedlock, his most ardent admirers called him a son of the neighboring Earl of Selkirk. That well-meant pretense was foul calumny. It stabbed female virtue and tarnished the morality of a Christian gentleman. The gardener's son vindicated his mother's chastity during his lifetime; and by his deeds proclaimed to the world the significant fact—which worshipers of aristocracy are slow to believe—that it needs not the blood of a peer, created but yesterday by royal patent, to give paternity to a true NOBLEMAN.

> "What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
> Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

John Paul the younger was born on the 6th of July, 1747. His childhood and earliest youth were passed among the most beautiful and romantic scenery on the southern coast of Scotland. Near his father's cottage the blue waters of the Nith came flowing into the Solway from the north, and from the banks of the estuary

* See *Pictorial History of England* during the reign of George the Third, vol. i. p. 397.

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that received them arose the huge granite pile of the steep Criffel. Away eastward to farthest point of vision, where the sparkling Esk pours its tribute, the Frith was spread out; and southward and far seaward the Cumberland shore stretched away and faded in dim perspective. In the shadowy distance, vailed in blue, the lofty summits of the Helvellyn, the Skiddaw, and the Saddleback appeared solemn and mysterious, like ever-vigilant sentinels. Such were the features of nature daily unvailed to the eye of young Paul; and his eager ear was charmed by local legends, or the tales of ocean perils, excitements, and exploits, narrated by the bonneted seamen who frequented the Frith. These stirred the heart of the child. His unfledged ambition became restless, and, borne upon the wings of imagination, it hovered with delight over valorous achievements in perspective, and listened with the ear of perfect faith to the world's future applause. In the little bays and inlets on the Kirkcudbright shore he manœuvred tiny fleets, himself "High Admiral of the Blue;" and among his companions in martial sports he was ever regarded as one born to command.

The sea was the mysterious world toward which the thoughts of young Paul were continually tending. It was the frequent burden of his dreams; and in every seaman he beheld a hero and coveted exemplar. At length his great desire was satisfied. At the age of twelve years he was apprenticed to a shipping merchant of White Haven (the principal port of the Solway), and soon afterward sailed for the Rappahannock, in Virginia. At Fredericksburg, on the bank of that stream, John's elder brother had been settled for several years, and at his house young Paul spent most of his time while on shore, in the study of navigation and other subjects pertaining to a successful life on the ocean. His sprightliness, integrity, and sobriety commended him strongly to his master. But business losses soon compelled that gentleman to release the apprentice, and at the age of sixteen years he was master of his own actions.

At that period there were several White Haven vessels engaged in the African slave-trade. Thirsting for adventure, young Paul sought and obtained the appointment of third mate in one of those slavers. His skill as a seaman and knowledge as a navigator attracted the attention of his superiors and the owners, and at the age of nineteen years he was promoted to first mate of the *Two Friends*, one of the largest of the White Haven vessels engaged in that trade. But he had become disgusted with the cruel business. That manly justice and all-pervading humanity of his character, planted at his birth and wonderfully fruit-bearing in his maturity, were outraged; and abandoning the prospect of certain official promotion and great pecuniary gains, he left the vessel, at Jamaica, in 1768, and returned to Scotland as a passenger in a brigantine bound for Kirkcudbright. On the voyage, the captain and mate sickened and died, and, at the earnest solicitation of the crew, John Paul took command, and safely navigated the vessel, with its valuable cargo, into its destined haven. The owners were grateful to the young man for the preservation of their property, and at once made him master of the vessel. As such he made two voyages to the West Indies. During the second, an event occurred which had an important influence in shaping his destiny. At his command, the carpenter of the vessel, a mutinous and insolent fellow, was flogged in the usual way, and at the end of the voyage was discharged. He shipped in a Barcelona packet, where he died, and Captain Paul's envious enemies at home circulated the report that the carpenter's death was caused by the excessive punishment inflicted by his commander. The story, often told and always embellished, gained general credence. Paul was regarded with suspicion by those whom he respected as his best friends; and, after engaging for a little while in the coast trade, he abandoned Scotland forever.

Captain Paul commanded a London vessel in the West India trade for about eighteen months; and after engaging in commercial speculations, at Tobago, on his own account, for a short time, he went to Virginia to take charge of the estate of his brother, who had died childless and intestate. The roseate hues of childhood's dreams concerning life on the sea had become mellowed into russet, and even graver autumnal tints, by the pencil of reality; and, charmed by the climate and the amenities of Virginia life, he resolved to abandon the ocean and seek happiness upon the plantation. Yet he seems not to have shared in his brother's estate; and when history next speaks of him, he was living in penury near Fredericksburg. The tempest of the American Revolution was then gathering strength, and the muttering thunders of its wrath were heard all over the land. These stirred the latent energies of the hero in the soul of Captain Paul. He had chosen America for his home, and he resolved to fight for its liberties. In homely garb, and bearing a kind word of recommendation from Doctor (afterward General) Hugh Mercer, of Fredericksburg, he traveled on foot to Philadelphia, appeared before the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress, and offered his services in the navy about to be created. For reasons never explained, he now affixed *Jones* to his name. The Committee had never heard of John Paul Jones. Silas Deane shook his head in distrust. John Langdon had heard of John Paul in the harbor of Portsmouth, but to him *Jones* was a myth. But Richard Henry Lee knew the young man and his history, and urged his suit. It was successful; and on the 22d of December, 1775, John Paul Jones was commissioned a lieutenant in the American navy, first on the list, his credentials bearing date the seventh of that month.

The command of the sloop *Providence* was offered to Lieutenant Jones; but being unacquainted with such craft, he preferred service

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in a larger vessel with subordinate station. He became the first lieutenant of the *Alfred*, a clumsy merchant ship that had been purchased by Congress and transformed into a frigate, pierced for thirty guns, and manned by three hundred men. That vessel, with six others taken from the merchant service and armed, were all fitted out in the Delaware, and composed the fleet of Commodore Hopkins, the Commander-in-chief.

The *Alfred* was anchored off the foot of Walnut Street. On a brilliant morning, early in February, 1776, gay streamers were seen fluttering from every mast-head and spar on the river. At nine o'clock, a full-manned barge thrided its way among the floating ice to the *Alfred*, bearing the Commodore, who had chosen that vessel for his flag-ship. He was greeted by the thunders of artillery and the shouts of a multitude. When he reached the deck of the *Alfred*, Captain Salstonstall gave a signal, and Lieutenant Jones, with his own hands, hoisted a new flag prepared for the occasion. It was of yellow silk, bearing the figure of a pine-tree, and the significant device of a rattlesnake, with the ominous words, "Don't tread on me!" By this act, John Paul Jones won the high honor of hoisting the first ensign ever displayed on board an American man-of-war. He was then in the twenty-ninth year of his age; and, as events afterward proved, he was far better qualified for Commander-in-chief of the navy than he in whose honor the cannons roared, and people shouted, and streamers fluttered, and a broad flag was thrown to the crisp breeze on that winter morning.



HOISTING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The primary object in fitting out that little squadron in the Delaware was the defense of the coast below, which, during the autumn of 1775, had been ravaged by Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia. He had been driven from Williamsburg, the capital, by the exasperated patriots, and in revenge he employed the little British flotilla which gave him shelter, in devastating the defenseless coast of lower Virginia. His crimes in that sphere of action culminated when, on the 1st of January, 1776, he laid the flourishing town of Norfolk in ashes. He depredated without fear of molestation by water, for ice had closed the Delaware before the American squadron was ready for sea. That frost-barrier was removed at the middle of February; and on the 17th of that month the Continental fleet left its anchorage at Reedy Island and sailed for the Bermudas, contrary, however, to the instructions of Congress, "to cruise off the southern coast." Two sloops from New Providence were captured, and their crews assured Commodore Hopkins that the forts of the island (Nassau and Montagu), where Nassau now stands, were very weak, and contained a large quantity of munitions of war. It was a tempting prize, and the Americans sought to secure it. Hopkins neglected proper strategy suggested by Jones, and the whole squadron appeared off the harbor on the 17th of March. The governor rallied the people to the defense of the fortress and town, and during that night he removed one hundred and sixty barrels of powder beyond the reach of the invaders. On the following morning the squadron entered the harbor, under the direction of Jones, who had been there in the merchant service. The people fled, and the governor and two other gentlemen were made prisoners. With these, and almost a hundred cannons and military stores, the fleet weighed anchor the same afternoon, and bore away for the New England coast. The governor was a valuable captive, and was afterward exchanged for Lord Stirling, of the Continental army, who was made prisoner at the battle near Brooklyn the following year.

When off Block Island, on its way to Narraganset Bay, the little fleet captured two small vessels, and soon afterward fell in with the British frigate *Glasgow*, of twenty-nine guns. Then occurred the first regular battle by vessels of the American navy. It was a running fight of several hours, during which the *Alfred* alone won

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any honor. The *Glasgow* escaped, and the damaged squadron, with its two prizes, ran into New London harbor. From thence it stole around to Narraganset Bay, and anchored in the river a little below Providence. Congress censured Hopkins for his disobedience of orders and inefficiency in the affair with the *Glasgow*, and in March, 1777, after a fair trial, he was dismissed from the service. Two other commanders in the squadron were tried for not aiding the *Alfred*. One was acquitted; the other was cashiered, and the command of his vessel (the *Providence* sloop-of-war, with twelve guns) was given to Jones. Commodore Hopkins had no blank commissions, and so he wrote the new appointment upon the back of Jones's commission, received from Congress. In that little craft our hero performed many brave exploits. For several weeks he cruised between Boston harbor and the Delaware; sometimes convoying American vessels bearing troops and provisions, and at others annoying the numerous British vessels that hovered along the New England coast. He sometimes had severe encounters, but by superior seamanship he managed to escape much harm, if he did not achieve victories.

Early in August, 1776, Jones received a captain's commission from Congress, and toward the close of the month he sailed in his little craft on a six weeks' cruise eastward. While far at sea, in the latitude of the Bermudas, he chased the *Solebay* frigate, supposing her to be an English merchantman. He came very near being captured himself, for at one time he was within pistol-shot of his stranger antagonist. With consummate skill he kept without the range of her heavy guns, and escaped uninjured. Soon afterward, while lying to off the Nova Scotia coast, and his men were fishing, the British frigate *Milford* came bearing down upon him. Jones immediately made sail, to try the relative speed of the vessels. Assured of the superiority of the *Providence*, he shortened sail and allowed the *Milford* to gain on him. The enemy commenced firing at long distances, and occasionally rounded to and discharged a broadside. This was kept up from ten in the morning until sunset, without damaging the *Providence*. "He excited my contempt so much," said Jones, in his dispatch to the Marine Committee, "by his continual firing at more than twice the proper distance, that when he rounded to to give a broadside, I ordered my marine officer to return the salute with only a single musket." Jones lost sight of the *Milford* at twilight, and the following day he ran into the harbor of Canso, dispersed the fishing vessels, destroyed the ships at the wharves, seized the tory flags, and then shot across Chedabucto Bay and made two descents, at different points, upon Madame Island, with the same destructive energy. After a cruise of forty-seven days, he entered Newport harbor, having captured sixteen prizes, destroyed many small vessels, and spread alarm all along the coasts of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

While at the east, Captain Jones was informed that about a hundred American prisoners were at hard labor in the coal mines on Cape Breton. He now proposed an expedition for their liberation and the capture of the coal fleet, which would sail for New York in November. The plan was approved, and by order of Commodore Hopkins he sailed in command of the *Alfred*, on the 2d of November, accompanied by the *Providence*. He made several captures, and among them was an armed vessel laden with winter clothing for the British troops in Canada. This was an important prize; for when it arrived at Dartmouth, the destitute army under Washington was shivering on the banks of the Delaware. Jones failed in his humane endeavor to release the American prisoners, for the harbors of Cape Breton adjacent to the coal mines were frozen when he arrived. After alarming the people of Louisburg, destroying considerable property at Canso, and making his name a terror to the fishermen of Nova Scotia, he sailed for Boston with five prizes under convoy, and one hundred and fifty prisoners on board the *Alfred*. He fell in with the *Milford*, which gave chase and captured one of his prizes. With the others he reached Boston in safety on the 15th of December, having only two days' water and provisions left.

The temper and patriotism of Captain Jones were severely tried after his return from this successful cruise. Instead of being rewarded by promotion, he was mortified by degradation and injustice. Commodore Hopkins, then suffering the displeasure of Congress, though not yet deprived of his commission, was jealous of the rising fame of Jones, because it was deserved; and using his delegated power as commander-in-chief of the navy, he gave the command of the frigate *Alfred* to Captain Hinman, and ordered Jones back to the sloop *Providence*. In the arrangement of rank also, Jones was dishonored, by being placed *eighteenth* on the list of captains, when he was entitled, as senior lieutenant, to be the *sixth*. This was grievous injustice to a brave man, and his sensitive soul felt the indignity keenly; yet, unlike Arnold, who had been similarly treated, he did not allow his private resentments to rise superior to his public duties. He submitted, but not in silence. He wrote a spirited remonstrance to the Marine Committee, and that body commissioned him for a cruise in the *Alfred* with a small squadron in the Gulf of Mexico. Hopkins would not recognize the appointment. Jones was not to be foiled. He made a journey by land to Philadelphia, and in person explained his case and asked for justice before the Marine Committee. They antedated his commission as captain, but that did not open to him that coveted door of rank and promotion which he sought. His importunities were constant, but consistent, and finally the committee abandoned the Gulf expedition, ordered three large vessels to be purchased for the use of Congress, and authorized

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Jones to take command of either of the three which he might choose. There was much delay, and the subject of rank still greatly annoyed Jones. That annoyance aroused all the energies of his mind, and he wrote a series of letters to the Marine Committee, in which he manifested the most subtle statesmanship and administrative talent. He suggested many things concerning regulations in the navy, the relative rank of officers in comparison with the land service, the establishment of dock-yards, and the appointment of competent superintending commissioners, which showed a breadth of forecaste and wise prudence really astonishing. His suggestions received the most respectful attention, and his plans were generally adopted. The committee clearly perceived that they were dealing with no ordinary man, and that any neglect of such a character would be treason to the best interests of the country.

Jones had returned to Boston, and while waiting for the purchase of the three ships ordered by Congress, that body gave him an honorable proof of its confidence by ordering him to proceed to France in the French merchant ship *Amphitrite* (which had brought military stores to the colonists), with officers and men, to take charge of a large vessel to be purchased by the American commissioners in Paris. A highly flattering letter to the commissioners was given to him, which concluded with the injunction "not to disappoint Captain Jones's wishes" on that occasion. But the dream of glory which this commission awakened in his mind was soon dispelled. The commander of the *Amphitrite* made objections to taking Jones and his companions on board, and the project was abandoned for the time.

The summer was now advancing, and Captain Jones was restive in inaction. He importuned Congress to allow him to serve his adopted country in some capacity, and on the 14th of June that body, by special resolution, invested him with the command of the *Ranger*, a new ship built for the naval service at Portsmouth. At the same time it resolved that the national flag of the United States should be composed of "thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the *union* be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Captain Jones soon afterward raised the new ensign of the republic over the decks of the *Ranger* with his own hands, as he did the colonial flag on board the *Alfred* about eighteen months before. This was probably the first display of our national flag from the mast of a vessel belonging to the new-born empire.

Captain Jones was not ready to depart until the 1st of November following, when, with a good crew, eighteen heavy guns, very little spare rigging for the ship or provisions for the men, and "only thirty gallons of rum" to drink on the voyage, he sailed from Portsmouth for France. He captured two prizes on the way, chased a fleet of ten sail for three days, and arrived safely at Nantes in December. He immediately forwarded the letter of the Marine Committee to the commissioners at Paris, covered by one from himself, in which he expressed an earnest desire to be useful to the American cause, and suggested the employment of single vessels, or squadrons of small size, and at great distances apart, as the most effective method for annoying the British. This was the mode of warfare which he afterward adopted while making his wonderful cruises in the northern waters. On the receipt of his letters, the commissioners invited Captain Jones to Paris, whither he went with joyous alacrity; for he had been informed that a large ship called the *Indien*, intended for his use, was almost completed at Amsterdam.

Early in 1776, Silas Deane, a delegate in Congress from Connecticut, and one of the earliest members of the Marine Committee, was sent on a secret mission to Paris, to sound the French government on the subject of extending aid in money, arms, and men to the revolted colonists. That aid was hoped for, not because a Bourbon king was suspected of love for a people struggling for freedom, but because the revolt, if sustained, would seriously damage England and benefit France, her ancient and abiding enemy. Deane's suit was quite successful, if abundant promises could be relied on. He was joined in December following by Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee, as associate commissioners, and these were the men before whom Jones appeared. As yet, the French government had made no public avowal of its friendship for the colonists, and French duplicity was endeavoring to conceal the fact of its secret sympathy from English jealousy. But the concealment was gossamer-like, for the American commissioners were as free to act in Paris in carrying out measures against Great Britain as if they had been in Philadelphia; and they were in daily friendly intercourse with the Count de Vergennes, the French premier. This was well known to the British ministry.

The conference between the commissioners and Captain Jones was long, friendly, and important. But disappointment was again in his pathway to glory. The *Indien* had been sold to France, because the British minister at the Hague had warmly remonstrated against the equipment of that vessel for the "rebel" service in a Dutch port, and the government of Holland was unwilling *then* to give offense to England; so Jones departed for Nantes, to make a cruise in the *Ranger* until something better should offer. Before he left, he had a long conference with the French minister concerning the employment of a Gallic fleet under D'Estaing, then preparing to sail for America. Jones communicated a plan of operations in a letter to Silas Deane, which formed the basis of D'Estaing's instructions.

The time had now arrived when the French government could no longer conceal its intentions. On the 6th of February, 1778, a treaty

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JONES BEFORE THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS.

of alliance between France and the newly-proclaimed republic was concluded at Paris; and eight days afterward the flag of the United States, displayed by the *Ranger*, was saluted by nine guns from the flag-ship of the French admiral Piquet. This was the third time that the American ensign had been specially honored in the hands of the Kirkcudbright sailor. The act now had great significance, for it was a virtual acknowledgment by a representative of a great European power, of the independence of the United States.

Early in April, 1778, Captain Jones sailed from the harbor of Brest for a cruise along the coasts of the British islands. He ran into St. George's Channel, capturing or destroying every vessel that fell in his way, and spreading the wildest alarm along the shores of Ireland, Wales, and the north of England. With a daring equaled only by his consummate nautical skill, he entered Belfast Lough on a windy night, to surprise and capture the British sloop-of-war *Drake*. The strong breeze freshened to a gale, and foiled the invader. He then crossed the broad channel, and on the evening of the 22d of April anchored the *Ranger* between the Isle of Man and White Haven. With two armed boats he then proceeded to avenge some of the burnings in America, by endeavoring to destroy the shipping in the harbor where he first put on the suit of a sailor-boy, nineteen years before. Again he was foiled, not by the winds, but by the extreme humanity of one of his officers and his men, and the treason of a private who

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seems to have volunteered in the expedition for that very purpose.

Jones commanded one of the boats, with fifteen men, and Lieutenant Wallingsford the other, with the same number. They left the *Ranger* at midnight, and just before dawn reached White Haven. Each boat was supplied with combustibles; and it was arranged to fire the vessels in the harbor (then more than two hundred in number) at separate points, and to apply the torch to the town. The port was guarded by two batteries, mounting fifteen pieces of artillery each. These Jones undertook to secure, while Wallingsford prepared for the conflagration. Jones scaled the breastworks of one of the forts at the dark moments before dawn, secured the sentinels, and spiked the guns without alarming the people. Then, with a single follower, he proceeded to the same duty at the other fort, a quarter of a mile distant, leaving his crew to fire the shipping on that side of the harbor. On his return, he found his plans all frustrated. Lieutenant Wallingsford thought it wrong to destroy the private property of the poor people, and the volunteers of Jones's immediate party had lost their fire, and could do nothing. The day had now dawned, and the deserter had alarmed the town. The people, panic-stricken, flew to the forts, but the spiked guns were powerless. Jones was exasperated to the last degree; and seizing a firebrand in a neighboring house, he kindled a flame on board one of the largest ships that lay in the midst of others. To make the destruction sure, he cast a barrel of tar upon the fire. The people, seeing the smoke, rushed toward the wharf, when Jones, with a pistol in each hand, and entirely unsupported, kept the multitude at bay until he got quietly into his boat, and under cover of the dense smoke that crept over the waters, escaped, with his companions, to the *Ranger*, without the sacrifice of a life or limb. It was a cruel attempt, and can not be justified even by the law of retaliation acknowledged in the bloody code of war. It was an act akin to the destruction of New London by Arnold, when the spires of his birth-place were almost in view. It was within sight of Paul's native shores, where a loved mother and sisters dwelt securely, and he could almost see the tall trees of Arbigland that sheltered him in childhood. In the town he sought to lay in ashes, were companions of his youth—his friends and benefactors—who would all have been involved in the common ruin. He pleaded the necessity of teaching the English "that not all their boasted navy could protect their own coasts," and to assure them that the scenes of distress which they had occasioned in America might soon be brought home to their own doors. That plea was a palliation, but it had no force with the people of White Haven. To them the name of John Paul Jones became the synonym of all wickedness, while David Freeman, the deserter, was called the saviour of White Haven.

Jones now resolved to visit the scenes of his boyhood—not to embrace mother and sisters, and, in friendly intercourse with neighbors, recall the pleasures of early youth; but to impress his friends and his enemies with a sense of his power, and to benefit his adopted country by securing a notable prisoner for exchange. The Earl of Selkirk, his father's early friend, was the intended victim. His beautiful mansion stood embowered upon a wooded promontory that penetrated the Dee, known as St. Mary's Isle, and near the town of Kirkcudbright. The *Ranger* boldly anchored in the channel of the Solway at noon-day, and, with a single boat and a few followers, Jones proceeded to attempt the capture of the Earl. On landing, he was informed by some laborers that his lordship was absent from home. In disappointment, Jones ordered his men back to the boat, when Simpson, his lieutenant, a large and fiery man, proposed carrying off the plate of the Earl, in imitation of the English on the American coasts. The generous soul of the commander was shocked at the idea of petty plunder like that. There seemed to be dignity—encouraged by the usages of war—in burning a fleet or destroying a town, but sordid meanness was involved in the robbery of an innocent family of its paltry silver. And then old associations came crowding upon his memory, and quickened the pulses of his heart. He was standing beneath the very oaks and chestnuts that sheltered him in boyhood's pastimes; and from the hand of Lady Selkirk he had, in early youth, received nothing but kindness. He could not do it; and again he ordered his men to the boat. Simpson hotly expostulated, and the menacing murmurs of the seamen, who longed for prize-money, made Jones perceive it to be expedient to yield. He ordered the business to be done as delicately and expeditiously as possible. While they were gone, the commander paced the green sward beneath those old familiar trees, and there formed that plan of justice which he afterward faithfully executed. When the prizes of the *Ranger* were sold, Jones bought the plate of the Earl of Selkirk, and restored it safely to the owner, accompanied by a letter to his lady replete with the noblest sentiments of chivalric honor. The Earl publicly acknowledged the act; and yet writers have been base enough to blazon the robbery on the page of history, but artfully to conceal the fact of restoration.

Jones's descent upon St. Mary's Isle spread great terror throughout the neighborhood, and the frightened burghers of Kirkcudbright dragged a venerable twenty-four-pound cannon to the beach at twilight, and kept it pointed all night long, with deadly intent, upon what they supposed to be the hull of the dreaded cruiser. Dawn revealed the fact that the hated object was an innocent rock, and that the *Ranger* had departed from the Frith. She was then far away in the Irish sea, and at sunset the next evening was battling manfully with the English sloop-of-war *Drake*, off Carrickfergus. After a bloody contest of an hour and a quarter the

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JONES AT ST. MARY'S ISLE.

British ship struck its colors. With his prize, and two hundred prisoners, Jones sailed around the north of Ireland and down its western coast, in search of adventures. He entered the harbor of Brest on the 8th of May, and there he wrote his extraordinary letter to Lady Selkirk.

Jones's cruise taught England the useful lesson that her marauding policy was a bad one, for the Americans possessed the will and the power for ample retaliation. The gallantry and daring of the brave captain found a responsive eulogy in the heart of every Frenchman, and throughout the kingdom his name was an equivalent for brilliant heroism. Yet at this full meridian of coveted glory, a cloud of disappointment appeared. The American commissioners at Paris praised Jones to his heart's content, and he drew upon them for something more substantial, to pay the expenses of his crew and prisoners, and to refit the *Ranger* and *Drake* for sea. The Continental treasury and credit were then both low. The commissioners had a meagre bank account, and Jones's draft was dishonored. For more than a month he

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was in great distress; when wealthy private friends relieved him, and he prepared for another cruise. Almost every hour he conceived new enterprises, all directed against the British Isles. In the mean while, a brilliant sun-ray of glory burst upon his path. The *Indien*, built at Amsterdam, was now the property of the French government. England and France had not yet declared war against each other, and that vessel, useless to the French government, was offered to Jones. Franklin wrote that she would be fitted out at Brest, and would sail under the colors of the United States. The French Minister of Marine invited Jones to Paris to complete the arrangements, and with a joyful heart he hastened thither, but to grasp another apple of Sodom. The war decree went forth. France needed all her vessels, and Jones could not be placed in command of so fine a ship as the *Indien*, in the French service, without producing great murmurs among the naval officers of the kingdom. There was a double disappointment in this, for, in expectation of having command of a larger vessel, Jones had relinquished that of the *Ranger*. During the summer and autumn of 1778 that brave officer was upon the soil of France without a ship, instead of being upon the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, commensurate in its appointments with his merits and skill.

Jones could never brook inaction. He at last became disgusted and half starved with the innutritious aliment of official promises. He complained, remonstrated, denounced the French Minister of Marine, and finally wrote a direct appeal to the king. He could have had employment in large ships as a privateer, but he refused all offers of the kind, because, as he expressed it, he was "a servant of the Imperial Republic of America, honored with the friendship of Congress, and could not serve either himself or his best friends in any private capacity." Dr. Franklin, who was always the firm friend of Jones, urged his suit for employment, at the French court, and received assurances that a fine ship should be purchased immediately for the use of Jones. Relying upon this promise the captain's letter was not handed to the king, and the impatient sailor was directed to go to L'Orient, and choose a vessel from among a number there. He asked for a fast-sailing ship, for he "expected to go in harm's way." Day after day and week after week he waited for official orders to purchase, until he became almost frantic with desire, and heart-sick with hopes deferred. One day, while in a coffee-house at L'Orient, he picked up a copy of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, the production of Dr. Franklin. His eye rested upon the maxim, "If you would have your business done, *go*; if not, *send*." It was an electric spark, which kindled new and burning resolutions in the breast of the chafed hero, and he resolved to "go" to court, and not to "send" any more letters. He soon stood in the presence, first of the Minister of Marine, and then of the king himself. His appeal was listened to with respect, and his importunities were heeded, for the sagacious ministry perceived that Jones might be exceedingly useful to France by annoying the English. The *Duc de Duras*, a ship of forty guns, was immediately purchased at L'Orient, and in compliment to Dr. Franklin, and commemorative of the influence of his maxim, Jones named the vessel *Bon Homme Richard*. It was a half worn-out merchant ship, quite unseaworthy, and inadequate to the service in which it was to be engaged. But Jones was glad to find employment in any public vessel, for he could not endure the corrosion of the rust of inaction.

A little squadron of three vessels besides the *Richard* was soon in readiness at L'Orient, each ship bearing the American colors. The crews were mostly Frenchmen, except that of Jones's flag-ship, which consisted of about four hundred. It was a medley of representatives of almost every nation of Europe, and even some Malays, while the number of Americans did not exceed eighty. When the squadron was almost ready for departure, the American frigate *Alliance* arrived with Lafayette, and at Jones's request, that vessel was added to his little fleet. It proved an unfortunate alliance, for Landais, her commander, was a bad man, and greatly injured the service. Jones could not foresee trouble, for he was unwarned; and he was preparing to weigh anchor, and proceed toward the British waters, when he was delighted by the intelligence that Lafayette, charmed by the narratives of the Commodore's exploits, had asked and obtained leave to accompany the expedition with seven hundred land troops. It was further announced to Jones that the chief object of the cruise would be the destruction of Liverpool, and other large seaport towns of Great Britain. It was precisely such an enterprise as he then coveted, and visions of glory and renown cheered his spirit. Suddenly the political kaleidoscope turned again. Information had reached the French court that Spain was about to join the alliance against Great Britain, and an invasion of England, for the purpose of general conquest, was to be the next important move of the Continental chess-players. Lafayette would be needed on that more extended field of operations, and the expedition against Liverpool was abandoned. Again disappointed and mortified, Jones was ordered to cruise in the Bay of Biscay, as a sort of coast-guard for France. Then he first experienced the evils of a connection with Landais; and after a short cruise he returned to L'Orient, barren of any special honors in his vocation.

The French government and the American commissioners were now as anxious for Commodore Jones to be afloat as he was for adventure, for war was progressing vigorously. On the 14th of August, 1779, the Commodore left L'Orient with a squadron of seven sail, on a cruise off the coasts of Great Britain. He was not out of sight of land before Landais became disobedient and insolent. There was a fine field for valorous achievements before the little fleet,

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but the insubordination of the commander of the *Alliance*, and its unhealthy influence upon others, crippled its energies and greatly impaired its usefulness. A heavy storm scattered the squadron. The *Bon Homme Richard* and *Alliance*, with two smaller vessels, after taking some prizes off the English and Irish coasts, were joined at Cape Wrath, on the northern shores of Scotland. Doubling the headlands beyond, they sailed through Pentland Frith, between the north of Scotland and the Orkneys, and early in September spread great alarm along the eastern coast of Jones's native country. He finally entered the Frith of Forth, with the intention of capturing some shipping at Leith, menacing the town with the torch, and demanding a heavy ransom "toward the reimbursement," as Jones said, "which Britain owed to the much-injured citizens of the United States." Late in the afternoon of the 16th of September the little squadron of four vessels was distinctly seen from Edinburgh Castle. The wildest alarm soon spread along each bank of the Forth, for Jones was regarded as a pirate as savage and cruel as any old Scandinavian sea-king. He prepared a message to the magistrates of Leith, demanding a heavy contribution, and threatening the town with instant destruction if a favorable answer should not be given in half an hour. Early the next morning the *Bon Homme Richard* appeared, bearing directly toward Kirkcaldy, on the northern shore. The people believed that he was coming to plunder and destroy; and, at their earnest solicitation, the minister of the town, an eccentric, and not always a very reverential man, led his flock to the beach, and kneeling down, thus prayed for deliverance from the approaching cruiser:



PRAYER ON THE BEACH AT KIRKCALDY.

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"Now, deer Laird, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile piret to rob our folk o' Kirkcaldy, for ye ken they're poor enow already, and hae naething to spare. The wa the ween blaws, he'll be here in a jiffie, and wha kens what he may do? He's nae too guid for ony thing. Mickle's the mischief he's dune already. He'll burn their hooses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark; and, waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain may tak their lives! The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna thol't it! I canna thol't it! I hae been lang a faithfu' servant to ye, Laird; but gin ye dinna turn the ween aboot, and blaw the scoundrel out o' our gate, I'll na staur a fit, but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae, tak yere wull o't."

While the minister was praying the white caps began to dot the Frith. A heavy gale swept over the waters, and Jones was compelled to abandon his enterprise, and put to sea. The summons for the magistrates of Leith was never delivered; and the good people of Kirkcaldy always regarded that timely gale as an answer to the earnest prayer of Mr. Shirra. In after years, when complimented for the power of that appeal, the old minister would humbly say, "I prayed—the Laird sent the weend!"

But the Providence that protected the people of Leith and the neighborhood did not shield the convoy of the Baltic fleet from Jones's wrath, less than a week afterward. Leaving the Forth, he cruised off the mouth of the Humber and the adjacent coasts, and destroyed many coal vessels bound for London. On the morning of the 23d of September he unfortunately fell in with the *Alliance*, with which he had parted company a few days before. His squadron then consisted of that vessel, his own, and the *Pallas* and *Vengeance*. He had been anxiously watching for the Baltic fleet; and on the afternoon of that day it appeared off Flamborough-Head, forty sail in number, and convoyed by the new ship *Serapis*, mounting forty-four guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, of twenty guns. The apparition of the American squadron in the northern horizon caused much alarm and confusion in that merchant fleet, and Jones hastened to profit by it. Again the perverse Landais was his evil genius. When Jones signaled the squadron to form a line of battle for attack, Landais refused compliance. Jones then pressed sail on the *Richard*, and made chase, followed by the *Pallas* and *Vengeance*. The canvas of all was but slightly bent by the gentle land-breeze at sunset, which scarcely dimpled the smooth bosom of Bridlington Bay. When the English perceived escape to be quite impossible, their two armed vessels prepared for action. Slowly the *Bon Homme Richard* and *Serapis* approached each other, and at twilight they were not yet within the reach of each other's guns. They were so near the land that hundreds of people, who had collected on the shores, saw the marine duelists approach for conflict.

For a little while the pall of night lay black upon the land and water. All was darkness and silence; and the excited, half-breathless spectators on the shore saw no signs of the lightning and the thunder that were soon to burst from the brooding gloom in the east. Then the golden disc of a full moon arose above the arc of the North Sea, away toward the shores of Denmark, and upon the shimmering curtain of pale light around it the forms of the two hostile vessels, black as ravens, were sharply penciled. Slowly they approached each other, like dioramic figures. Up went the red ensign of the British navy, instead of the cross of St. George, and was nailed to the flag-staff of the *Serapis*. Sluggishly in the gentle breeze fluttered the stripes and stars over the *Richard*, as she rounded to on the larboard quarter of her antagonist, within pistol-shot distance. A glitter and a glare flashed over the dark waters as the lower deck ports of the *Serapis* were triced up, and displayed two complete batteries, and a well-armed spar deck, all lighted and cleared for action. The *Richard* displayed her heavy guns at the same time, when the English commander hailed, "What ship is that?" Jones hurled an eighteen-pound shot in reply, that went crashing through a port of the *Serapis* and splintered a gun-carriage on the leeside of her lower deck. The tempest-cloud was now riven, and the lightning and the thunder of two heavy broadsides flashed and boomed over the smooth waters. Thus was begun one of the most terrible sea-fights recorded by history.

The *Richard* had a gun-room battery on her lower deck, of six old eighteen pounders, which had served faithfully in the French navy for thirty years. At the first discharge two of them were bursted, killing almost every man in the gun-room, and partially demolishing the deck above, while the heavy round-shot of the *Serapis* made severe breaches in the decaying timbers of the old vessel. Jones instantly ordered his lower deck ports to be closed, and that battery was abandoned. The firing was incessant, and each ship strove earnestly to gain an advantage, in position, over the other. There was not wind enough to aid skillful seamanship, and in a few minutes the *Richard* ran into the *Serapis* on her larboard quarter, and their spars and rigging became entangled. The great guns of the combatants were now almost useless, and Jones, at the head of his Americans, attempted to board the enemy. After a sharp and close contest on the quarter-deck, he was repulsed, and Captain Pearson, of the *Serapis*, who could not see the American flag in the midst of the smoke, cried out, "Has your ship struck?" Jones instantly replied, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

The vessels now separated, and Jones made an attempt to lay the *Richard* athwart the hawse of the *Serapis*. He failed, and a moment afterward the two ships lay broadside to broadside, the muzzles of their guns touching each other. The *Serapis* was much the better sailer, and

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FIGHT ON THE DECK OF THE SERAPIS.

Jones's hope of success was in his present position, so he lashed the ships together, and in that close embrace they poured their terrible volleys into each other with awful effect. It was now half-past eight in the evening, and the conflict had raged for an hour. It grew more furious as the flow of blood increased; and from deck to deck of the entangled vessels the combatants rushed madly, fighting like demons with pike, and pistol, and cutlass. Jones seemed almost omnipresent—now directing the gunners, now urging the musketeers in the tops to vigorous action, and at times engaged in the thickest of a terrible hand-to-hand fight. The *Richard* and her crew suffered terribly, yet they fought on. She had been pierced by several eighteen-pound balls below water, and leaked badly; yet her pumps were untouched, and the warning voice of her carpenter was unheeded.

A new enemy now appeared. When the

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Richard gave chase to the *Serapis*, and the *Pallas* bore down upon the *Countess of Scarborough*, Landais placed the *Alliance* at a safe distance, and with the seeming disinterestedness of an umpire he looked calmly on when the unequal contest began. When it had raged for about two hours, and the moon had ascended high enough in the unclouded sky to flood the vessels and the sea with light and make their condition clear, he ran down toward the grappled ships under easy sail, fired a broadside into the *Richard's* quarter, and killed several of her men. As he ranged past her larboard he gave another raking fire, with fatal effect; and thus he continued pouring death upon that crippled, shattered, sinking ship, while her signal-lights of recognition were in full view, and despairing voices from her deck shouted supplications, in God's name, for him to forbear, for he was bruising the wrong vessel. It was the *right* ship for him. He made no mistake, but was practicing foulest villainy —blackest treason. He hoped to kill Jones, make an easy prize of the *Serapis*, and gain all the honors of a great victory. There was a God of justice who defended the right, and the miscreant failed. The courage of Jones quailed not in that dreadful hour, nor were his wonderful efforts slackened, though the guns of the *Alliance* had swept many of a fine corps of marines from the *Richard's* poop, and had aided the enemy in silencing every one of his great guns except two nine-pounders on the quarter-deck. Soon the commander there was badly wounded, and his men were scattered. Jones took his place, collected a few brave fellows, and shifted one of the larboard guns to a proper position. These were the only cannons fired from the *Richard* during the remainder of the action. They swept the deck of the *Serapis* with grape and cannister shot, and against her main-mast double-headed shot were hurled with destructive effect. The marines in the tops of the *Richard* soon killed or dispersed those of the enemy, and they cast hand-grenades with such energy and success, that the *Serapis* was set on fire in a dozen different places at the same time. One of the grenades ignited some cartridges, and the explosion killed twenty men, and maimed as many more.

In the midst of the appalling scene, when both ships were on fire, the wounded carpenter of the *Richard* said she must sink. The frightened gunner ran aft to pull down the American flag, but a round shot had carried away the ensign-yard an hour before. Then the gunner cried "Quarter! for God's sake quarter! Our ship is sinking!" He continued his cries until Jones silenced him by hurling a discharged pistol at his head, which fractured his skull, and sent him headlong down the hatchway.

"Do you call for quarter?" shouted Captain Pearson to Jones.

"Never!" responded the lion-hearted Commodore.

"Then I'll give none," replied Pearson, and immediately sent a party to board the *Richard*. They were met at the rail by Jones, with pike in hand, and supposing he had many like him at his back, the enemy retreated. At that moment there was the sound of many feet rushing to the upper deck of the *Richard*. The master-at-arms, influenced by either treachery or humanity, had released all the prisoners on board. One of them had escaped to the *Serapis*, and informed the commander of the utterly crippled condition of the *Richard*. Encouraged by the intelligence, Pearson renewed the battle with increased vigor. The situation of Jones was now extremely critical. His ship was sinking; his heavy guns were all silenced, except where he was fighting; one of his own squadron was treacherously sailing round and raking his shattered vessel with deadly broadsides; some of his officers were determined on surrendering; others were crying for quarter; and a large number of prisoners were free to do as they pleased. Nothing ever appeared more hopeless than his prospect of success. But he had resources within himself, at such an hour, possessed by few men. He saw the affright of the prisoners at the idea of sinking, and ordered them to the pumps to save their lives. As he expected, the first law of nature overcame their desire for liberty and duty to their king. They obeyed, and did not attempt to take advantage of the few efficient men left of the *Richard*.

Suddenly, now, the flames began to creep up the rigging of the *Serapis*, and in their glare, and the full light of the moon, Jones saw that her mainmast had been hewn almost asunder by his double-headed shots. He immediately renewed the assault at that point, and the tall mast reeled. Captain Pearson perceived his danger, and lacking the courage and obstinacy of Jones in the moment of great peril, he struck his flag, and surrendered to his really weaker foe. "It is painful," he said, in a surly manner, to Jones, "to deliver up my sword to a man who has fought with a halter around his neck." Jones preserved his temper, and courteously replied, as he returned the weapon: "Sir, you have fought like a hero; and I make no doubt but your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner." Even so it happened, for knighthood awaited Captain Pearson, at the hands of King George the Third, because of his bravery on that occasion. It is said that when Jones was told of the honor conferred upon his antagonist, he remarked: "Well, he deserves it; and if I fall in with him again, I will make a lord of him!"

For almost three hours the battle had raged with unabated fury, and fire was now rapidly consuming both ships. All hands were at once employed in extinguishing the flames. Soon after the English commander went on board the *Richard* the vessels were disengaged. The entangled spars and rigging had kept the hewn mast of the *Serapis* from falling; now it went down, with a terrible crash, carrying with it the mizen topmast. The *Richard* was damaged past

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recovery. Jones said, in his report, "The rudder was cut entirely off, the stern-frame and transoms were almost cut entirely away, and the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the mainmast toward the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description; and a person must have been an eye-witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin which every where appeared." Prisoners and men were all transferred to the *Serapis*, and on the evening of the 25th, the wreck of the *Bon Homme Richard* went down into the deep valleys of the North Sea.

The Baltic fleet had escaped behind Flamborough-Head during the fight, because the *Alliance* and *Vengeance* were remiss in duty; but the *Countess of Scarborough* had surrendered to the *Pallas* after an hour's conflict, notwithstanding the wicked Landais had poured some deadly shots into that victor also, during the fight, and killed several of her men. After tossing about on the North Sea for ten days, Jones ran into the Texel with his little squadron and prizes, a few hours before eleven English ships of war, that had been sent after him, appeared in the offing.

The victory of the *Richard* over the *Serapis*, and the other extraordinary exploits of Jones during his remarkable cruise, caused a burst of applause wherever the facts were known. He was received at Amsterdam with the wildest enthusiasm. Crowds pressed around him with huzzas and compliments wherever he appeared. The cautious Franklin, who always took enthusiasm by the throat when it tempted him to toss up his cocked hat, wrote to him from Passy: "For some days after the arrival of your express, scarce any thing was talked of at Paris and Versailles but your cool conduct, and persevering bravery during that terrible conflict. You may believe that the impression on my mind was not less strong than that of others; but I do not choose to say in a letter to yourself all I think on such an occasion." The English Ministers were, of course, terribly enraged; but its liberal press and its best statesmen spoke out manly applause; and the epithet "Pirate," applied to Jones by the Premier, and echoed by Sir Joseph Yorke, the British Minister at the Hague, was hissed with scorn by every generous man. The French King gave him a flattering reception at court, and a few months afterward presented him with an elegant gold-mounted sword, upon which, in the midst of blended emblems of France and America, was the honorable inscription: VINDICATI MARIS LUDOVICUS XVI., REMUNERATOR STRENUO VINDICI—"Louis XVI. rewarder of the valiant assertor of the freedom of the Sea." In America his name and deeds were uttered by every tongue, and eight years afterward—tardy justice it is true—the American Congress gave him a gold medal in commemoration of his great victory.

We need not dwell upon the important political events which were hastened by Jones's taking refuge in a Dutch port while Holland was at peace with England, for it is a record of history that the rupture between those two governments was accelerated by that act. Nor will we stop to view the course of Landais, whom we may meet in the Western hemisphere in after years; nor follow the brave Commodore through all his vexations, until he was deprived of the command of the trophy of his valor, the *Serapis*, and transferred to that of the *Alliance*, to subserve the interests of wily diplomatists, and, without a squadron, reduced to the mortifying alternative of being driven from the Texel or battered by the cannons of a Dutch fort. While awaiting a fair wind to leave that "purgatory," as he called it, Jones received from the French Minister of Marine, through a peer of France, an offer of a commission to command the *Alliance* as a privateer, under the French colors. The indignation of the high-souled Commodore at this proposal was boundless. He regarded it as a premeditated insult, and refused it with the



GOLD MEDAL AWARDED TO JONES.

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haughtiest disdain. "It is a matter of the highest astonishment," he said, in his letter of refusal to the Duke, "that after so many compliments and fair professions, the court should offer the present insult to my understanding, and suppose me capable of disgracing my present commission." To Dr. Franklin, in whose care he sent the epistle, he wrote: "I hope the within copy of my letter to the Duc de la Vauguyon will meet your approbation; for I am persuaded that it never could be your intention or wish that I should be made the tool of any great rascal whatever, or that the commission of America should be overlaid by the dirty piece of parchment which I have this day rejected! They have played upon my good-humor too long already, but the spell is at last dissolved. They would play me with the assurances of the personal and particular esteem of the king, to induce me to do what would render me contemptible even in the eyes of my own servants. Accustomed to speak untruths themselves, they would also have me to give under my hand that I am a liar and a scoundrel. They are mistaken; and I would tell them, what you did to your naughty servant: 'We have too contemptible an opinion of each other's understanding to live together!'" These were the indignant expressions of a noble nature—the words of a man who had become painfully acquainted with the hollowness of Bourbon professions, and the false honor of Bourbon satellites. His letter brought an obsequious apology, and many sweet words, which softened Jones's anger, but did not deceive his judgment. He, however, changed the resolution he had made of returning to America; and at the close of December he was in the British waters, making even heavy line-of-battle ships tremble at his presence, for he was regarded as

"A malignant comet, bearing in its tail
Death, famine, earthquakes, pestilence and ruin."

But the *Alliance* was a poor sailer; and after a short and fruitless cruise, Jones anchored in the harbor of L'Orient. There he found the *Serapis*, and at once he solicited Dr. Franklin to buy her for the American service, and to have the damaged *Alliance* thoroughly repaired. The Minister of Congress had no power, either in instructions or money, to comply. Jones was troubled, for he was anxious to be on a cruise with a squadron, or at least in a worthy ship. Ostensibly to urge the sale of his prizes, but chiefly for the purpose of seeking aid from the French government in accomplishing what Franklin could not authorize, he appeared at court, where he was graciously received by the king, flattered by the great, and caressed by the fair. He had the pardonable vanity of loving praise and personal honors, and while he despised the courtiers who hovered around royalty, he was not unwilling to partake of the pleasure, at times, of basking in the sunlight of kingly favor. His stay in Paris was not long, but it was sufficiently protracted to allow his evil genius, Landais and an influential American, who seemed to delight in intriguing against Dr. Franklin, to work great mischief at L'Orient. The officers of the *Alliance* were in a state of mutiny on Jones's return, and had chosen Landais as their commander. Jones was not much chagrined, however, for he saw in this movement a chance for him yet to have command of the *Serapis*, to carry stores and arms from France to the United States; and he did not very warmly second the efforts of Dr. Franklin and the French government to arrest Landais, and prevent his sailing.

Landais departed in the *Alliance*, and Jones was soon afterward placed in command of the *Ariel*, another vessel laden with arms and munitions of war for the army under Washington. After great delay, he left L'Orient early in October, and thirty hours later he encountered a terrible gale. The *Ariel* was dismantled by the wind, and reduced to a mere hull, with nothing but her bowsprit left, and in that condition she was held by anchors to the windward of the reef off Penmarque Point for sixty hours. Jones then worked her into L'Orient without the loss of a man. There again he plied Dr. Franklin and several French magnates with letters concerning the command of a larger ship, service in the British waters, and prize-money: but he was ordered to America, with dispatches for Congress (the arms were so much damaged in the gale that they were not sent), and early in December he was ready to sail. He gave a splendid entertainment on board, put to sea, and arrived at Philadelphia on the 18th of February, 1781, after an absence of more than three years. On the voyage he fought and conquered an English armed vessel, but he was compelled to write in his journal: "The English captain may properly be called a knave, because, after he had surrendered his ship, begged for and obtained quarter, he basely ran away, contrary to the laws of naval war, and the practice of civilized nations." This reminds us of the complaint of a British officer, that Marion would "not fight like a gentleman or Christian."

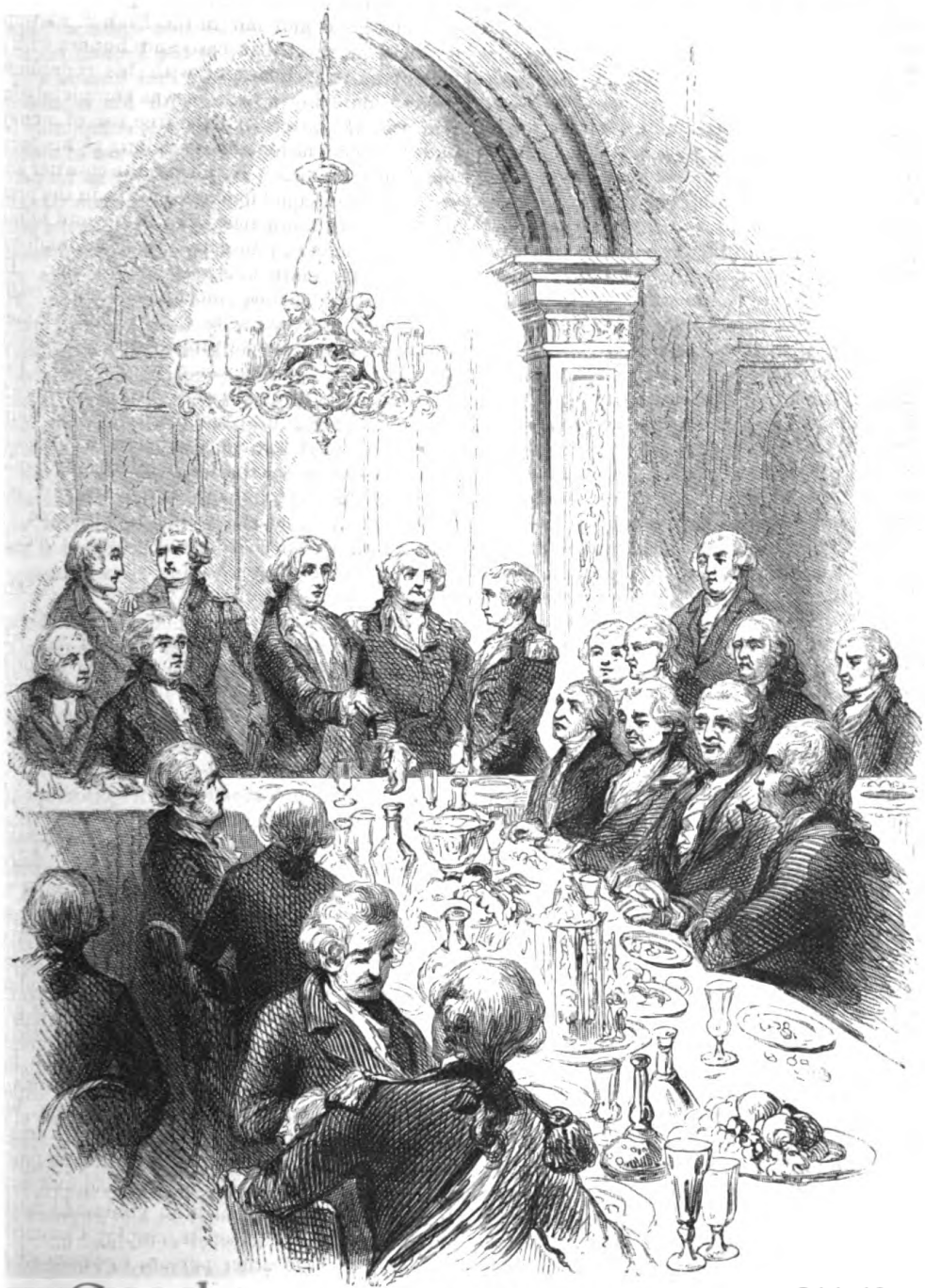
Jones was received at Philadelphia with every demonstration of respect, and twenty-four hours after his arrival he was summoned before the Board of Admiralty, to give information concerning the tardy arrival of the *Alliance*, and other vessels, that were to bring French arms and stores. Much to his satisfaction, he found Landais in utter disgrace, and himself high in favor with Congress. Before he left France, he was intrusted by the king with a small packet for Luzerne, the French Minister at Philadelphia. It contained the cross of the Military Order of Merit, to be given to Jones if Congress should consent. While he was preparing his answers for the Board of Admiralty, Congress resolved that his capture of the *Serapis* "was attended with circumstances so brilliant as to excite general applause and admiration." It was also resolved—

"That the Minister Plenipotentiary of these United States at the court of Versailles com-

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municate to his Most Christian Majesty the high satisfaction Congress has received from the conduct and gallant behavior of Captain John Paul Jones, which have merited the attention and approbation of his Most Christian Majesty; and that his Majesty's offer of adorning Captain Jones with a cross of Military Merit is highly acceptable to Congress."

A few days afterward, M. Luzerne gave a splendid entertainment to the members of Congress and the most distinguished citizens of Philadelphia; and in their presence he, in the name of his king, knighted our hero, and invested him with the decoration of the Military Order of Merit. That was an hour of proud triumph to Jones, and he felt remunerated for many vexations and disappointments. Although he was a Republican in sentiment, to his heart's core, his vanity was always delighted with the title of Chevalier, which his knighthood gave him, and in all the vicissitudes of after-life he wore that badge of honor. A few weeks later, on the adoption of the report of the Board of Admiralty by Congress, Jones was further hon-



JONES INVESTED WITH THE ORDER OF MILITARY MERIT.

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ored by a resolution that thanks should be given him "for the zeal, prudence, and intrepidity with which he hath supported the honor of the American flag."

In June following, Jones was appointed commander of the new ship-of-the-line *America*, then in progress of construction at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It was the largest ever owned by Congress, and Jones felt that he was thus virtually made chief captain in the navy, with the implied relative rank of rear admiral. He was satisfied that Congress had done what it could in his favor, and he left Philadelphia for Portsmouth with delight. On his way he visited the camp of Washington, in Westchester County, near the Hudson, and was cordially received by the Commander-in-chief. Jones displayed his decoration at his button-hole, and Washington courteously suggested that it might offend some of the staid New England people. The Commodore tucked his jewel beneath his waistcoat, and hastened to Portsmouth, only to experience more vexatious delays and severe disappointments. The work on the *America* was progressing at a snail's pace, and months rolled away before she was ready to be launched. The day when that event would take place had almost arrived, when a French squadron that was to convey a part of Rochambeau's army to the West Indies entered Boston harbor in a storm, and one of the finest of the vessels was stranded and lost. The beams of peace were now glimmering in the eastern horizon, and the *America* might not be wanted for active service. So Congress embraced the opportunity to testify to France its gratitude for its alliance, and at once presented that fine new ship to the king. Jones was greatly disappointed, yet he manifested a thoroughly patriotic spirit. On the 5th of November, 1782, he displayed the French and American flags over the stern of the *America*, launched her into the waters of Portsmouth harbor, and the next morning formally delivered her into the keeping of her future commander.

The dream of glory which had so often flitted before the vision of the brave Chevalier now vanished again, and he obtained permission to accompany the French fleet to the West Indies as a volunteer. After an absence of several months he returned to Philadelphia, sick and dispirited, but was soon restored to vigor under the soothing care of the Moravian Sisters of Bethlehem. In the autumn following he sailed for France in a packet-ship, with authority from Congress to obtain all prize-money to which himself and those who had served under him were entitled. His proceedings in the matter were to be under the direct supervision of the American Minister at the French court. The packet was driven by a gale into Plymouth harbor, but the preliminary treaty of peace having been signed before his arrival, the "pirate" was allowed to journey to London, and from thence to Paris, without molestation. No doubt many in England would have been glad to award him the fate of Captain Kidd at Execution-dock.

With his usual zeal and perseverance Jones prosecuted the business of his mission, in the midst of many vexations and disappointments, and finally brought it to a close, and found himself with money in both pockets, early in the autumn of 1785. Although accused of exacting excessive commissions for services as agent in procuring the prize-money, his accounts were approved by Mr. Jefferson (then American Minister in France), and subsequently by Congress. He had some difficulty with the Board of Treasury concerning them, but that Commission concluded to allow his claims, inasmuch as he had received and spent the money.

The Chevalier now became quite a "lion" with the great and fair in the French metropolis, and he reveled in ease and honors with a delight quite inconsistent with his republican professions. For a time he was completely intoxicated by flattery and the free use of money, and the dream lasted almost as long as his purse remained plethoric. He played the courtier and the lover with equal fondness, until, in the presence of a great practical man, king and ministers were suddenly forgotten. That man was Ledyard, the eminent American traveler. He had conceived a magnificent scheme of traffic in furs between the Pacific coast of North America and China, and he proposed a partnership with Jones. The Chevalier saw a glorious harvest of gain and adventure in the enterprise, and heartily entered into the plan. It was found impossible to secure the co-operation of capitalists to a sufficient extent, and after considerable progress had been made, the enterprise was abandoned. That rich field of commerce was left for John Jacob Astor and others to occupy, a quarter of a century later.

The magic spell of royal enchantment being now broken, Jones started for Copenhagen, to attempt the settlement of some accounts with the Danish government in relation to prize-money; but his funds failed when he had proceeded as far as Brussels, and he turned back. In the summer of 1787 he visited the United States, when he procured the final settlement of his accounts, and busied himself for some time in planning various schemes for the good of his adopted country. Among others, he submitted to Mr. Jay, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, a plan for releasing many American seamen who had been captured by Algerine corsairs, and were suffering the horrors of barbarian slavery on the African coast of the Mediterranean Sea. He asked for authority to execute his plans; but the government, then in the midst of great political and financial entanglements, could not second his benevolent efforts. After a little affray in the streets of New York with his old enemy Landais, Jones sailed for Europe, bearing to Mr. Jefferson dispatches of much importance to himself. One was an order to procure the gold medal which Congress had awarded to the Chevalier; and another contained instructions for Mr. Jefferson to employ Commodore Jones, or some other person, to prosecute cer-

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tain claims for prize-money at the court of Denmark.

Jones passed several days with Mr. Adams in London, and then hastened to Paris. On the evening of the day of his arrival he had an interview with Mr. Jefferson; and he left the presence of the minister with his mind filled with a more brilliant vision of glory than his ambition had ever ventured to aspire to. The Empress of Russia was then waging war against the Turks, and her fleet in the Black Sea had met with some severe reverses. The Russian minister at the French court at once intimated to Mr. Jefferson his earnest desire to procure the services of the Chevalier for his royal mistress. He had written to his government, that "If her Imperial Majesty should confide to Commodore Jones the chief command of her fleet on the Black Sea, with *carte blanche*, he would answer for it, that in less than a year Jones would make Constantinople tremble." This intimation Mr. Jefferson communicated to the Chevalier, and his imagination was fired by the prospect of glory, wealth, and honor that awaited him. But having learned, by sad experience, some of the subtle arts of diplomacy, he concealed his emotions. When the Russian minister sounded him on the subject he was coy, and pretended to be indifferent, while he was burning with impatience to grasp the coveted prize. A few days afterward he received his credentials from Mr. Jefferson to visit the court of Denmark on the subject of prize-money; but on the morning of his departure he took the precaution to breakfast with a Polish friend, where he was sure to meet the Russian minister, who held that golden apple he so much desired.

The Chevalier was cordially welcomed at the Danish court. He supped with the royal family and threescore of guests, flirted with the Princess Royal, who honored him with her smiles, and received the homage of the assembled grandees. But when he attempted to enter upon the business of his mission he found many difficulties, and he finally made a formal abandonment of the negotiations. On the same day he received a patent from the king for an annual pension of fifteen hundred crowns, as an acknowledgment "for the respect he had shown for the Danish flag while he had command in the European seas." The coincidence was unfortunate, and the enemies of the Chevalier openly charged him with receiving a bribe. The patent proved to be a worthless piece of parchment, for Jones never received a thaler from the king. The true reason for his suspending the negotiations, doubtless, was the fact that the Russian minister at Copenhagen had made a direct proposition to Jones to enter the naval service of Catharine with the relative rank and pay of a major-general. He requested the Chevalier to repair immediately to St. Petersburg to receive from the Empress his commission, and instructions to take command on the Black Sea, under the directions of Prince Potemkin, then with a large army in southern Russia. Although the Chevalier aspired to the rank of rear-admiral, and did not like to be second in command, yet he accepted the proposition; and with a thousand ducats in his pocket, placed there by the Russian minister to defray the expenses of his journey, he set out for the Romanoff court, by way of Sweden, in mid-April, 1788.

Having remained a single day in Stockholm, Jones went to Gresholm to embark; but there was too much ice in the Gulf of Bothnia to allow him to cross it, or even to reach the Aland Islands in the Channel. Impatient to receive the awaiting honors, and believing Catharine to be as anxious as himself for the inter-



JONES CROSSING THE BALTIC.

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JONES BEFORE THE EMPRESS CATHARINE.

view, he resolved to attempt doubling the southern points of the ice-field in the open Baltic. For that purpose he hired an open passage-boat about thirty feet in length, and a smaller one as a tender. His boatmen were not aware of his intentions until they were opposite Stockholm at twilight, when they refused to venture. With a pistol in each hand, the Chevalier declared he would shoot the first man who should dare to disobey his orders, and they complied. All that night they had a pleasant voyage, and early the next morning they saw the far distant shores of Finland marking a dim, irregular line upon the horizon. All that day they skirted along the ice with a strong wind from the Swedish shore. During the succeeding night it increased to a gale. In the gloom the small boat was swamped, and the two men in it were rescued from drowning with great difficulty. Jones's courage never forsook him in the hour of danger. All night long he sat at the stern as coxswain, and watched his little compass calmly by the light of a carriage lantern. On the fourth day of the voyage they entered the Finland gulf, and arrived at Revel in safety.

Having well rewarded his boatmen and pro-

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vided for their return, Jones pressed forward toward the Neva, and arrived at the Russian capital on the evening of the 4th of May. There, unexpected honors were prepared for him. Nobles, statesmen, and foreign ministers crowded to see him, and pay homage to his genius and fame. Their admiration had been increased by his last daring adventure in the Baltic, and the court was enthusiastic in its reception of the hero. Catharine invited him to a private audience; and two days after his arrival, he was publicly presented by Count Segur, the French embassador, to the Empress, who sat in state in the midst of many of the nobility of both sexes, and the imperial guards. His reception was all that his heart could desire, and his happiness was made complete by receiving the coveted commission of rear-admiral in the Russian navy. That appointment excited the jealousy of other foreign officers in the service of the Empress, and thirty commissioned Englishmen threatened to resign rather than be associated with that "English pirate and smuggler." Their bluster was disregarded, and on the 7th of May the Chevalier left St. Petersburg for the head-quarters of Prince Potemkin, bearing a letter from the Empress to that functionary, and having his pockets well filled with ducats to defray the expenses of his journey.

Potemkin was proud and haughty; so was Jones. Yet they met with a determination to be pleased with each other, and all would have went well had not the jealousy of other foreign officers, whom Jones superseded, caused trouble. The Chevalier's worst enemy was the Prince of Nassau, Liègen, a needy adventurer with very moderate talents, but whom Potemkin delighted to honor. The prince was then preparing for an important movement against the



ATTACK ON THE TURKISH GALLEYS.

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Turks. One of the keys to power in the Black Sea was the strongly fortified town of Oczakow, at the junction of the Dneiper and Bog, then in possession of the Mussulmans. Potemkin had determined to attack it by land and water. The Russian navy capable of operating in the Liman, at the mouth of the Dneiper, consisted of the line-of-battle ship *Wolodomer* and other smaller vessels, and a flotilla of gun-boats. Jones was placed in command of the fleet, and Nassau of the flotilla. By great efforts Potemkin had effected an apparently friendly relation between the different commanders; and at about the middle of June, while the army was concentrating in front of Oczakow, he ordered an attack to be made upon the Turkish fleet. In the engagement that ensued, Jones displayed the greatest skill and valor, and the victory achieved would have been far more decisive if he had been the sole commander. On the 1st of July, the siege was commenced upon the doomed town by the combined land and naval forces. Having placed his flag-ship in proper position, Jones entered an armed boat and dashed like a furious rocket into the midst of some Turkish galleys within gunshot distance of the enemy's flotilla and the heavy guns of the batteries of Oczakow. With that fearless energy which always marked him in the hour of great peril, the Admiral led his men to quick and complete victory over two of the galleys, one of which belonged to the Capitan Pacha. The Turks were utterly dismayed by his mad courage, which seemed as indifferent to danger as if inspired by their own dark fatalism. They shrank in terror at his approach. In the midst of an incessant cannonade he fired four other galleys, and then returned to the *Wolodomer* with fifty-two prisoners, without losing a man. Nassau, in the mean while, who had participated in the fight, had hastened to the headquarters of Potemkin to tell of the brilliant victory and to magnify his own exploits.

When the rewards for valor were distributed, Rear-admiral Jones received the decoration of the order of St. Anne, the gratuity of a year's pay, and a gold-mounted sword. Nassau, Potemkin's favorite, was decorated with the higher military order of St. George, and enriched by the gift of a valuable estate having almost four thousand serfs upon it. The Admiral was dissatisfied, and was not slow in making his feelings known to Potemkin. He also ventured, during some subsequent naval operations, to express his opinions freely concerning proposed measures, forgetting that he was dealing with a man who was really the Czar of Russia in power, for he was the acknowledged master of the Empress. His enemies, who concealed their real feelings from Potemkin, were at the same time busy at the ear of the prince with plausible stories concerning Jones's ambition and independence. They even told him that the Admiral had ridiculed his operations on land in the siege of Oczakow, and was endeavoring to win officers to his interest, so as to supersede Potemkin. While the prince was irritated by these reports, Jones happened, injudiciously, to object to some order from head-quarters, and in his frank manner, as if addressing a French or American officer of equal rank with whom he was co-operating, he concluded a note to Potemkin with these words: "Every man who thinks, is master of his own opinion; this is mine." Potemkin was not in the habit of allowing any body to have an opinion but himself; and the practical commentary upon that unfortunate text, which Jones was compelled to read, was the arrival of Admiral Mordwinoff the following day with orders to take command of all the naval forces, and bearing the following significant note to the Chevalier from the offended prince: "According to the special desire of her Imperial Majesty, your service is fixed in the northern seas; and as this squadron and flotilla are placed by me under the orders of Vice-admiral Mordwinoff, your excellency may, in consequence, proceed on the voyage directed, especially as the squadron in the Liman can not now, on account of the advanced season, be united with that of Sevastopol."

Jones well knew that remonstrance would be in vain, and that a multiplicity of words would make his case worse; so, after procuring from Potemkin a complimentary letter to the Empress, and assurances of his friendship, the Admiral departed for St. Petersburg, where he arrived at near the close of December. In the mean while, Oczakow had been stormed at a time of extreme cold; the Turks had become panic-stricken; the town and fortresses had surrendered, and thirty thousand persons, without distinction of age or sex, had been cruelly massacred by order of Potemkin. When Jones heard of it, he rejoiced that he had been spared participation in a scene of such foul inhumanity; and he was further comforted by the intelligence that his successor had been guilty of many gross blunders in the management of the fleet and flotilla, and was in utter disgrace with the haughty Potemkin.

Jones obtained an interview with the Empress on the day after his arrival, and asked for employment. She was gracious in her manner, but told him he must wait for the arrival of Potemkin. The impatient Admiral employed the seven weeks' delay in forming projects for his future course. He laid plans before Catharine for extending her commercial relations with Christendom, and for pushing her conquests in the direction of Constantinople—the goal of Russian ambition even to this day. These plans were submitted to Potemkin, on his arrival, and were dismissed with a compliment. The Admiral soon perceived that his popularity at court was waning. Slanders of every kind had been circulated by the English in the Russian capital during his absence, and he had no means at hand for refuting them except simple denials. The jealousies of other foreigners aided in poisoning the mind of the Empress, and at length (as was afterward proven)

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a person high in esteem at court bribed a worthless woman to accuse the Admiral of the crime of having made an indecent assault upon her daughter. Already invitations for him to dine at court had become less and less frequent. Now his name was stricken from the list of guests; and when, early in April, he went to pay his respects to the Empress, he was unceremoniously driven away. His friends suddenly abandoned him. Every door was shut against him. People avoided speaking to him in the streets. His servants left him; and in that capital where, only a year before, he had been courted and honored by all ranks, he had but one solitary friend, who shut his ears to the voice of malice and falsehood. That friend was Count Segur, the French Embassador, who knew him well and felt certain of his innocence. He was not that real enemy, a *passive* friend, but exerted himself continually and successfully in disabusing the mind of Catharine and procuring the restoration of the brave Admiral to her favor.

New projects now revolved in the teeming brain of Jones. New visions of glory appeared in his dim future, and he again dreamed of honors to be won as commander of the Russian navy in the Black Sea. But envy and malice never sleep, and are ever busy. English influence was potential at the Russian court. The Empress was convinced of the innocence of Jones, but she deemed it expedient not to give him employment that might alienate the allegiance of other foreign officers. Instead of giving the Admiral a commission for active service, she furnished him with a furlough for two years, and a passport to leave the country. His air-castles, built upon the unsubstantial foundations of royal favor, disappeared in a moment. There was no alternative, for the occupant of the throne of Peter never allows reason to dispute with the imperial will. So, toward the close of August, 1789, John Paul Jones left the Russian capital forever; comforted somewhat by the knowledge that his salary was to be continued during his absence. Count Segur took special pains to give a favorable construction to the Admiral's absence from Russia, both at St. Petersburg and at Paris; and M. Genet, who afterward became conspicuous as the Embassador of the French Republic to the United States, was ever his warm and active friend. The caprices of Catharine and the favoritism exercised by Potemkin were so well known throughout Europe, that the leave of absence given to Jones did not affect his character unfavorably. He was soon made aware of the fact; for all the way from the borders of Russia, he was everywhere treated with the distinction due to his rank and services.

While at Warsaw, Admiral Jones became personally acquainted with the noble Kosciuszcko, who was then deeply engaged in preparations to cast off from the neck of unhappy Poland the yoke of Russian oppression. With that patriot, the Chevalier conferred on the subject of his entering the navy of Sweden against Russia; an event which Catharine seemed to apprehend. The Rear-admiral had been taught, by bitter experience, that in the battle of public life under monarchies, "Every man for himself" was the general rule of action; and, while he would never have raised his arm against France or the United States, he was willing to win honor and emolument for himself under any Continental flag but that of the Crescent. He never entered the Swedish navy, however; and a little later the treachery of Prussia caused the dreadful event in Polish history which elicited from the pen of Campbell the burning words:

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell!
And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszcko fell!"

The active life of Admiral Jones was now drawing to a close, and his brilliant and destructive onslaught upon the Turkish galleys remained his last notable exploit in his profession. For a time he enjoyed a season of leisure at Amsterdam, and engaged in his favorite pastime of letter-writing. Of all his epistles written at that time, none were more creditable to his head and heart than one which he addressed to Mrs. Taylor, his eldest sister. His mother had been long dead, and only two of his immediate family remained. He yearned to visit them, but a fear of personal violence at the hands of the people of Great Britain, who had been taught to hate him as a monster of cruelty, kept him from their warm embraces. In his letter he expressed an earnest desire to be useful to his sisters and their children; wished he "had a fortune to offer to each of them;" and, concerning his orphan nieces he said, "I desire particularly to be useful to the two young women, who have a double claim to my regard, as they have lost their father."

Toward the close of April, 1790, Admiral Jones visited London to close the business of a speculation in which he had been engaged with Dr. Bancroft, and received, as his share of the operations, about sixteen thousand dollars in notes and money. He remained there only long enough to transact his business, and then hurried to Paris. In July, he addressed a long vindicatory letter to Prince Potemkin, the chief object of which seemed to be to procure the coveted decoration of the Order of St. George, to which his exploits while in command of the fleet before Oczakow fairly entitled him. At the same time, he called Potemkin's attention to some new naval projects; hinted at the probability of Catharine's favorite becoming a Sovereign of Europe; and begged him to accept a copy of the gold medal awarded to the Chevalier by the American Congress. Jones was anxious to return to the Russian navy, and he thus cautiously sought to accomplish his object through the good-will of the all-potent Prince. But Potemkin never favored the Admiral with a reply, and he remained in comparative inaction until the following spring, when he made a direct application to the Empress to be recalled to her service. Catharine was as silent

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as Potemkin, until, through Baron Grimm, her secret agent in Paris, Jones submitted some promising improvements in naval construction, and asked for employment. Then Catharine replied, that a general peace in Europe appeared probable, and that when she needed the services of Rear-admiral Jones she would communicate directly with him. Now faded away his last ray of hope of ever again walking the quarter-deck of a Russian man-of-war, and the disappointed Admiral dismissed Catharine and all her retinue from the sphere of his aspirations.

Long exposure to peculiar hardships in various climates, and the chafing of a hot and restless spirit in a delicate body, had implanted in the system of Admiral Jones seeds of disease which now rapidly germinated. The fatal shears of Antropos clipped the wings of his ambition for glory in battle, and he began to contemplate higher and holier things. The lion and the bear of his passions quietly lay down with the lamb of his affections, and the young child of purest emotions led them where it pleased. Reminiscences of early years wove a web of melancholy delight around his whole being, and he yearned for the love of his family and friends. As the splendor of earthly magnificence paled before the light of true appreciation, his soul turned with tenderness to the mild radiance which beamed from a higher sphere. His letters to his eldest sister at this time were full of pleasant thoughts, and kindly, religious sentiments. A coldness between his sisters troubled him. "My grief is inexpressible," he wrote, "that two sisters, whose happiness is so interesting to me, do not live together in that mutual tenderness and affection which would do so much honor to themselves, and to the memory of their worthy relations. Permit me to recommend to your serious study and application Pope's 'Universal Prayer.' You will find more morality in that little piece than in many volumes that have been written by great divines:

> 'Teach me to feel another's woe,
> To hide the fault I see;
> That mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me!'"

Sometimes his disease would abate, and hopes of returning health would cheer him. Then would come yearnings for the path of human glory. Ambition made many cartoons of new plans, and he contemplated a ceremonial visit at the Court at Versailles. But the tempest of that great Revolution which soon swept away the throne, all royalty, and the flower of the aristocracy of France, was then gathering strength, and he never saw the face of Louis XVI. again. Then his sympathies were greatly excited in behalf of captive Americans among the Algerines; and he urged Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, to induce his government to take measures for their immediate ransom. His stirring petition was heeded, but he did not live to see its fruits. His disease made rapid progress, yet his mind retained its vigor, and he kept up an extensive correspondence until the spring of 1792, when his vitality rapidly failed. Early in the summer his malady assumed the fatal form of dropsy in the chest. The Queen's physician attended him, and a few kind friends cheered his last hours. Among these were Governeur Morris (then United States Minister at the Court of Versailles), Colonel Blackden, and Beaupoil, a French officer, who greatly admired the character of Jones.

Colonel Blackden at last assumed the office of friendly adviser, and performed the painful and delicate duty of urging the Admiral to settle his worldly affairs and prepare for death. On the 18th of July Jones made a schedule of all his property. Two notaries were then sent for, and Governeur Morris proceeded to draw the last Will of the dying man, according to the invalid's own dictation. His veneration for titles, which had been one of the weaknesses of his character, disappeared, and in a clear voice he directed his friend to write: "Before the undersigned, notaries at Paris, appeared John Paul Jones, citizen of the United States of America, resident at Paris, lodged in the street of Tournon, No. 42, at the house of M. Dorbergue, hussier audiancier of the tribunal of the third arrondissement, found in a parlor in the first story above the floor, lighted by two windows, opening in the said street of Tournon, sitting in an arm-chair, sick in body, but sound of mind, memory, and understanding, as it appeared to the undersigned notaries, by his discourse and conversation, who in view of his death has made, dictated, and worded, to the undersigned notaries, his testament as follows:" Then he proceeded to bequeath all his property, amounting, probably, to about thirty thousand dollars, to his two sisters and their children, and made Robert Morris of Philadelphia (the great financier of the Revolution) his sole testamentary executor. He signed his Will at about eight o'clock in the evening, when his friends, after witnessing it, withdrew, leaving him still seated in his "arm-chair." His physician arrived soon afterward. The arm-chair was vacant, and the little parlor was deserted. On entering the adjoining bedroom he found there the lifeless body of his patient, the face upon the bedside and the feet resting upon the floor. A few hours after his spirit had departed, a commission arrived from the Government of the United States, appointing him its agent to treat with the Regency of Algiers for the ransom of all captive Americans. How the sight of it would have soothed his pillow in his dying hour!

When the death of Admiral Jones was made known in the National Assembly of France, that body passed complimentary resolutions, and decreed that twelve of its members should appear in the funeral procession. Two days after his death his body was placed in a leaden coffin, in order that it might be conveniently taken to the United States, or Russia, if either government should claim it. It was followed

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SIGNING THE WILL.

to the tomb by quite a large concourse of citizens, and the stipulated deputation of the National Assembly. The funeral obsequies were performed at the serene and solemn hour of twilight, and the ceremonies were concluded by a funeral oration pronounced by M. Marron, a French Protestant clergyman, who said:

"Legislators! citizens! soldiers! brethren! and Frenchmen! We have just returned to the earth the remains of an illustrious stranger, one of the first champions of the liberty of America; of that liberty which so gloriously ushered in our own. The Semiramis of the North had drawn him under her standard, but Paul Jones could not long breathe the pestilential air of despotism; he preferred the sweets of private life in France, now free, to the éclat of titles and honors, which, from an usurped throne, were lavished upon him by Catharine. But the fame of the great man survives; his portion is immortality. And what more flattering homage can we offer to the manes of Paul Jones,

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than to swear on his tomb to live or to die free? Let this be the vow and watchword of every Frenchman!

"Let neither tyrants nor their satellites ever pollute this sacred earth! May the ashes of the great man, too soon lost to humanity, enjoy here an undisturbed repose! May his example teach posterity the efforts which noble souls are capable of making, when stimulated by hatred to oppression.

"Friends and brethren! a noble emulation brightens in your looks; your time is precious; your country is in danger! Who among us would not shed the last drop of his blood to save it? Identify yourselves with the glory of Paul Jones, in imitating his contempt for danger, his devotion to his country, and the noble heroism which, after having astonished the present age, will continue to call forth the veneration of ages to come!"

In this manner, and in the midst of the terrible waves of a bloody Revolution then surging fearfully over Paris, the son of the humble gardener of Arbigland was hidden away from mortal vision, at the age of forty-five years. Neither the government of the United States nor that of Russia ever claimed his remains for burial or monumental honor, and the place of his sepulchre is unknown to the present generation!

TAYLOR'S BATTLES IN MEXICO.

ON the 8th of March, 1846, General Taylor broke up his camp at Corpus Christi in Texas, and marched toward the Rio Grande. In the eyes of the Mexicans, the movement was an act of war. Though Texas had been ten years independent and unmolested by the Power which still claimed a nominal sovereignty over her; though she had solicited and obtained admission, over a year before, into the family of the United States, Mexico still regarded her as a dependency, and protested against the occupation of her territory by our troops as an invasion of Mexican soil. Furthermore, Mexico denied that Texas extended to the Rio Grande, as asserted in the treaty which followed the battle of San Jacinto; and persisted in regarding the River Nueces as the proper southern boundary of her rebellious province. When, therefore, the United States army, not content with occupying Corpus Christi and the whole of Texas to the north of the Nueces, began to march southward, the double affront roused the Mexican spirit to fever heat, and preparations were instantly made for war.

Fully apprised of the temper of the southern republic, our little army, about 3500 strong, struck their tents at Corpus Christi with alacrity and glee. They were in perfect condition and discipline. Among their officers they counted several who had fought thirty years before on the northern frontier; and a large proportion of the men had been inured to the hardships of warfare in the campaigns against the Indians. The recruits, full of youthful ardor and hope, promised themselves to make up for their want of experience by excess of zeal and valor. All had unbounded confidence in their general. Nor was their trust misplaced. Old "Rough and Ready" was a model republican soldier. Never doubting his own powers, he acted and spoke with invariable decision and energy. Though fully conscious of the importance of maintaining discipline, he was always accessible to the lowest private in his army; and neither in his mode of living, nor even in his dress, did he draw any distinction between himself and the troops he commanded. Danger he had begun to affront fearlessly when his cheek was smooth as a girl's; now that his brow was furrowed, his head grizzled, and his face bronzed by southern suns, old "Zach" grinned at the whistle of bullets as composedly as if he had been ball-proof. No Spartan lived more plainly than he. The coarsest food was his usual fare, and the sod his favorite bed. "I saw him," says a volunteer, "sitting in front of a soiled and ragged tent, dressed in an old linen coat and trowsers, twirling a straw hat between his fingers, and dictating to some one within the tent:" not more composed, however, then than he was when he stood in the thick of the fight at Resaca de la Palma, or amidst the rain of balls at Buena Vista. He had a wagon which accompanied him throughout the campaign—a clumsy, hard-seated, low-backed Jersey concern, which he had bought by way of luxury; but it was generally occupied by a wounded soldier, while the General sat on his old gray. As a commander he was daring, prompt, and unshakable in his purpose; all the army knew that when he had said a thing, no power on earth could alter it. At the same time he was careful of his men. While he commanded, no lives were needlessly risked for the sake of glory. "If the enemy oppose my march, in whatever force," he wrote to the Secretary at War, "I will fight him." But at Palo Alto he would not suffer his infantry to advance within range of the Mexican guns till the day was nearly decided.

On the 11th March the last of the troops left Corpus Christi for Point Isabel. They set out in high spirits, but the trials of the march soon put their endurance to the test. Eight days they toiled over a country cursed by Heaven. A broiling sun overhead—beneath, a desert, with here and there a patch of rank prairie grass, but generally paved with what resembled hot ashes to the weary feet of the soldiers: no water, save stagnant pools or glassy lakes filled with a salt, unwholesome liquid: not a sign any where of life or animated nature. Day after day young men fell in the ranks overcome by the heat, or sat down to die by the roadside, as reckless of life as of glory. Many a poor fellow who left Corpus Christi full of vigor and martial energy, closed his career before the army reached the Arroyo Colorado. It was not till the 19th that the advance-guard encamped on the border of that stream. There the sol-

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diers' hearts were roused by the appearance of ranchero cavalry on the south bank, and the sound of many bugles betokening the long-expected enemy. Men forgot their fatigue at the first blast. Weapons were cleaned, spirits cheered, nerves braced for battle. It came not, however. When the gallant Worth, at the head of some light artillery, dashed into the river, expecting to hear the roar of cannon and the splash of shot around him, all was silent on the opposite shore, and for this time the army was balked. The rancheros had fled. On the troops pushed, over better ground in some respects, but disputing the space for their tents at night, and their blankets in the morning, with huge rattlesnakes. At length they reached the Matamoras road, and from thence to the Rio Grande the country sensibly improved. Pomegranate, fig, and orange groves smiled in the distance. Cattle were seen toiling in cultivated fields; poultry and game tempted the soldier as he thought of the hard fare of the past few days. Above all, in front, rolled the blue waters of the Rio Grande: nothing marvelous as a river to those who had come from the shores of the Hudson and the Mississippi, but a stream of fresh water suggestive of cool bathes and plenteous draughts to these tired and thirsty bands. Especially was it hailed with joy as the Mexican border, which the enemy could hardly fail to defend.

General Taylor had selected Point Isabel for his dépôt, and with the train and a party of dragoons had left the army for thence on striking the Matamoras road. On his approach the Mexican residents of the village on the Point gallantly fired their houses and fled. Fortunately for our army the dragoons arrived in time to stop the conflagration; the dépôt was established, and General Taylor returned to the main body, which marched on the Rio Grande opposite Matamoras. Crowds assembled on the Mexican bank to see the Stars and Stripes hoisted for the first time within sight of the Rio Grande: in all their domestic wars the good people of Matamoras had never known such a period of excitement. Within hail of each other two armies were encamped, each waiting for the other to commence the work of death. Each saw the muzzle of the enemy's cannon, but shrunk from applying the match to its own. The whole month of April was spent in this way—the Mexicans in the city of Matamoras, and the forts erected on the banks of the river; the Americans in their camp, and a fort which was being constructed on the Texas side under the directions of Major Mansfield. Alarms frequently roused our army, and the men flew to arms anticipating a surprise; but, notwithstanding the peremptory orders that had been sent to the Mexican general Arista, he would not cross the river. Parties of ranchero cavalry, headed by the famous bandit Romano Falcon, scoured the vicinity; and in one of their expeditions fell in with Colonel Cross, a gallant officer, who was taking his afternoon ride. The old man was pulled off his horse and robbed of his arms, purse, etc.; then, it is said, the rancheros proposed to take him a prisoner to Matamoras; but their savage leader, indignant at the humane proposal, instantly rushed upon him and beat his brains out with the butt of his pistol. Lieutenant Porter, who was sent to look for him, was surprised by the same party, and having been wounded in the thigh, was butchered with one of his men. A few days afterward, Captain Thornton, who had been sent out with a party to reconnoitre, was captured and carried to Matamoras. Stragglers from the camp were sure to be trapped by the vulture rancheros. These incidents embittered the feeling of our men, and the intercourse which had been at first instituted with the city was broken off.

On 1st May, General Taylor decided to relieve Point Isabel, which was threatened by the Mexicans and was inadequately garrisoned. He left to hold the new fort (since called Fort Brown) the 7th infantry and two companies of artillery, in all 500 men, under Major Brown; and, at four in the afternoon, marched with the rest of the army. Peals from the church-bells at Matamoras, and loud shouts from the spectators who lined the Mexican side, testified the enemy's delight at what they called "Taylor's flight." Several Mexican regiments instantly crossed the river—a body of cavalry, under General Torrejon, had already crossed above the city—and Taylor was hardly out of sight before the forts on the south side opened fire on Major Brown's position. Clouds of smoke arose from the four batteries opposite to Fort Brown, and round shot and shells rained thickly upon its walls and parapet. The little garrison were not dismayed. The 18-pounders were brought to bear on the batteries immediately opposite, and in thirty minutes two of the guns were dismounted, and the upper batteries silenced. A few shot were fired at the city, but the distance was too great and the practice was discontinued. Indeed, it was soon found that the quantity of ammunition in the fort was barely sufficient for defense in case of assault; and it was accordingly resolved to sustain the fire of the lower batteries without replying. The delight of the Mexicans at having, as they believed, "silenced Fort Brown," was even greater than that produced by the "flight of Taylor." Nothing, it seemed, was now wanting but an assault; but for this they were not yet prepared. Shells and shot were rained from a safe distance. Arista erected a new mortar battery behind the fort on the Texan side, and played with admirable accuracy upon the work; without, however, effecting any greater result than a mere annoyance. Bomb-proofs of the most primitive description had been erected—stakes being laid on pork barrels, and several feet of earth placed upon them—and to these the besieged fled when a shell made its appearance in the air. For six days the Mexican batteries kept up an incessant fire. On the third day a shell struck the parapet, exploded, and a cloud of dust arose; when

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it blew away, Major Brown was seen lying on the ground, his right leg torn completely off by a fragment of the shell. The soldiers crowded around him; but their dying chief cried: "Men, go to your duties! Thank God! the country has not lost a younger man." His leg was amputated, but to no purpose—the wound was mortal.

The next day the Mexicans approached within range of the 6-pounders; and, for the first time since the beginning of the siege, the defenders had an opportunity of replying. It was done with such effect that the assailants precipitately retired. Arista then summoned the garrison to surrender. Captain Hawkins, who succeeded Major Brown in the command, replied that, not being familiar with the Mexican language, he was not very sure of the meaning of General Arista's letter; but if it was a request to surrender he must positively decline. Then the shot and shells poured into the fort with greater fury than ever. The men were constantly occupied in watching for them, and at last joked familiarly about their Mexican visitors. The cook said the rascals had spoiled his coffee by throwing a shell into the pot. Still, the fatigue of watching was beginning to tell on the little party. Unless relief came, they must yield at last. Eight days had elapsed since Taylor marched, and they had no news of him. The anxiety of the garrison was worse than the Mexican fire. On the afternoon of the 8th, in the intervals between the discharges from the batteries, cannonading was heard in the direction of Fort Isabel. A tremendous shout from the fort welcomed the sound. They knew Taylor was coming. They knew a battle was being fought. On its fate depended their own and that of the whole army. Their anxiety can be conceived.

The evening before, the defenses of Fort Isabel being completed and a garrison left for its defense, General Taylor marched with 2111 men and ten guns, two of which were 18-pounders, in the direction of the Rio Grande. The men were boiling with excitement and ardor for the battle. At noon next day a long shout arose from the advance-guard. They had come in sight of the Mexican army in order of battle. Apprised by his scouts of Taylor's movements, Arista had marched to meet him, chosen his ground, and drawn up his army in a most advantageous position. The spot he had chosen is a plain about three miles in extent, bounded by chaparral, or brushwood, and clumps of dwarf mosquito trees, called, by contrast with the more diminutive shrubs of the country, Palo Alto, or high timber. The plain itself is covered with long rank grass, reaching to the muzzles of the field-pieces; but not a hillock or an elevation of any kind breaks the level of its surface. At the extremity of this plain the Mexican army spread from side to side. On either wing the cavalry were posted, their bright uniforms and lances glancing in the noonday sun; between them were solid columns of infantry, with cannon at intervals. Gaudy flags and pennons waved over each regiment; conspicuous among all was the banner of the celebrated Tampico battalion, floating proudly over as fine a body of men as ever carried a musket. 'Twas a fine sight, this army, about six thousand men in all, in perfect discipline and equipments, glittering with bright steel and tinsel ornament, and evidently as eager for the fray as our own. The lancers on the left wing, under General Torrejon, were especially admired. There were a thousand of them, gallant fellows, on fine horses, full of fight, and splendidly equipped.

When the enemy was signaled, General Taylor ordered a halt, and bade the men quench their thirst at the pools by the roadside. The colors were then unfurled, and the infantry officers reminded their men of the significant sentence in the last general order: "The General enjoins upon the infantry that their main dependence must be in the bayonet." There was not in that army, small as it was, one man who doubted what the result of the battle would be.

At two o'clock the troops advanced in two wings. The right was composed of the 3d, 4th, and 5th infantry, Ringgold's battery, a few dragoons under May, and two 18-pounders under Churchill; in the left was a battalion of artillery serving as infantry, Duncan's battery, and the 8th regiment of infantry. As they marched forward, Lieutenant Blake, of the topographical engineers, galloped out from the line alone toward the enemy, never drawing rein till within one hundred and fifty yards of their front; he then dismounted, calmly adjusted a telescope, and made a minute observation of their force; which concluded, he rode back as coolly as if on parade. Poor fellow! he had braved the fire of the whole Mexican army to fall ingloriously the next morning by an accidental shot from his own pistol.

When our troops had advanced within seven hundred yards of the Mexicans, a stream of fire ran along their line, and round shot and canister came whizzing through the air. 'Twas the first of the battle. Swift as thought, Duncan and Ringgold replied with far greater precision; and the terrible 18-pounders under Churchill roared louder than all. Through and through the solid Mexican masses the round balls cut lanes, and as the serried ranks closed over the bodies of their fallen comrades, fresh discharges mowed them down in their turn. Taylor's infantry were prudently kept out of range; and the enemy's pieces, directed against the batteries, were too ill aimed to do much mischief. Galled by the American fire, and thrown into confusion by the unsteadiness of their horses, Torrejon's lancers begged to be led against the foe. Arista ordered them to turn the American right, which rested against a clump of chaparral. They instantly disappeared from the field of battle, and came sweeping round the clump in headlong haste. But the movement had not escaped the eye of Taylor. Before they wheeled round, the 5th moved

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rapidly toward the point where they must reappear; and when the lancers emerged from cover, our fellows awaited them in square. On they came, unslinging their escopetas as they rode, and firing a harmless volley into the square. For a moment there was silence; then a rapid discharge from the 5th shut them from view, and when the smoke rose the lancers had broken, and with many an empty saddle were in full retreat. A loud cheer from the 5th hailed the failure of the charge. The Mexicans were not beaten, however. After retiring a short distance, they re-formed and moved in the direction of Taylor's train. At the same time two pieces of artillery, which had followed them, were brought up against the 5th. The moment was critical. In double-quick time the 3d infantry hastened to protect the train, and two of Ringgold's guns, under Lieutenant Ridgely, flew over the plain to meet the Mexican artillery. Both were perfectly successful. The terrible volley they had encountered from the 5th had made the lancers cautious; a very few shots from the 3d put them to flight; and at the same moment Ridgely opened on the Mexican artillery before they had time to unlimber. So well aimed were his guns, that the Mexicans turned at the first fire, and sought refuge behind the chaparral.

All this time the roar in the front had never ceased. It was now arrested by a singular accident. The wadding of the guns, falling into the long dry grass, set it on fire, and immense clouds of blinding smoke arose from the plain. In a twinkling the whole battle-field was in a blaze, and neither combatant could see his foe. A dead silence ensued. Both commanders availed themselves of the pause to change their position—Taylor to pursue his advantage, Arista to escape the murderous fire of our artillery. The latter turned his whole line at right-angles to his former position; the former pushed forward his right wing, until Ringgold's guns stood on the very spot at first occupied by Torrejon's cavalry. So profound was the silence that the creaking of the wheels of the gun-carriages, as twenty yoke of oxen drew them heavily forward, could be heard distinctly. There was a moment of fearful suspense, when no one could tell how or where the battle would burst forth anew. At length a gap in the smoke disclosed to Duncan's sharp eye the Mexican masses moving silently down along the chaparral against the American left wing. In a few moments the whole force, with 1000 ranchero cavalry, in good order, would have fallen resistlessly upon the 8th and artillery battalion. There was no time for hesitation. Urging his horses to a hand gallop, Duncan tore round the burning prairie, under cover of the smoke, till he neared its left side; then rapidly unlimbering, with match lighted, and guns pointed, he awaited the foe. A puff of wind lifted the vail of smoke; the cavalry were within musket-shot, sweeping along with steady tramp. The Mexicans hardly saw the unexpected adversary when a thundering discharge from the whole battery assailed them. Reeling beneath the shock, men and horses rolled over in the plain: the advance was checked. Behind the horse, however, the infantry moved steadily and rapidly forward, the Tampico battalion pressing eagerly to the front. Duncan was unsupported. A vigorous charge would have carried the battery. General Taylor saw the danger, and ordered up the 8th, with Ker's dragoons, to support the guns. But the men whom Duncan led sought no support. Dividing their aim, one section poured its volleys into the dense columns of Mexican foot, while shells and grape from the other crashed through the disordered ranks of the horse. Valliant as they were, the assailants could not advance under that deadly rain of shot.

Meanwhile the action had been resumed at the other extremity of the plain. Ringgold's battery and the 18-pounders reopened their fire upon the masses in front of them. In return, the Mexican artillery poured a stream of canister upon the guns. The range was closer than at the beginning of the battle, and on both sides the practice was murderous. In the excitement of the moment, Colonel Payne begged Lieutenant Churchill to allow him to sight one of his pieces. He had hardly done so when he heard his name pronounced in a plaintive voice behind him. Turning hastily, he saw Major Ringgold lying on the ground, mortally wounded. A shot had mangled both the gallant soldier's legs, and laid bare the bones. Payne rushed to his side. "Take this," said the dying man feebly, resting his head on his left hand, and removing with his right a chain from his neck, "for my sister." Thus fell one of the best artillery men in the army. Beside him lay Captain Page, his face torn away by a cannon-ball. The Mexicans had got the range perfectly, and though their firing was slower than Churchill's, it never slackened.

Still, in many portions of the line a wavering was visible. On the American right, their preponderance of metal enabled Churchill and Ridgely to do terrible execution; on the left, Duncan had just received a fresh supply of ammunition, and followed the retreating masses with shell and canister. Desperately did the Mexicans struggle against the irresistible torrent which drove them back. Over and over again Torrejon rallied a squadron of cavalry for a charge, but each time an unerring shot from the batteries dispersed them. The fate of the day was sealed. As night fell the retreat of the Mexicans became undisguised; their batteries ceased firing, and under cover of the darkness their troops withdrew out of range into the chaparral. Thus was won the day of Palo Alto.

Worn out by fatigue, many of the men lay down where they stood, and fell asleep before the smoke had risen from the battle-field. The surgeons and their aids, with torches, hastened in search of the wounded, stumbling over corpses, and guided by the groans of those

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whom the shot had laid low. The plain was strewed with bodies. Fifty-six Americans had fallen, nine of them to rise no more; the Mexican loss, which was far greater, has never been accurately determined. Arista set it down at 252 killed, wounded, and missing; but it was probably nearly double that number.

As the Mexican surgeon-in-chief had fled with his instruments, the wounded were left to die on the field; the damp night saw many a brave spirit succumb to the agony of thirst and loss of blood.

Before daybreak next morning Taylor and his officers were astir. Though the men had encamped on the field, nothing was known of the position of the Mexicans; the attack might be renewed at break of day. But the dawn burst on a deserted plain. The enemy had fled, leaving his wounded on the field.

Several hours were consumed in providing for these, and preparing for the march. It was not till one P.M., that the army advanced toward the river. It was late in the afternoon, and the General had begun to think Arista had fallen back on Matamoras, when a sudden rattle of musketry, followed by the heavier boom of cannon in the front, revealed the presence of the enemy. A few miles from the Rio Grande the Matamoras road intersects a ditch or ravine, about sixty yards wide and four feet deep, called Resaca de la Palma. In front it resembles an irregular quarter-moon, with the horns to the north, from which side the army was advancing. With the exception of the narrow road, the whole space inclosed by the ravine, as well as its outside borders, is covered with thick chaparral, in every portion of which, with guns planted so as to sweep the road, the Mexican army awaited Taylor's approach. They had received reinforcements that morning, to replace the losses of the day before; and the ardor of the new troops, joined to the confidence inspired by the undoubted strength of their position, had quite dispelled the moral effect of their recent defeat.

The day was fast declining, and Taylor was anxious to reach Fort Brown. The Mexican army, about three times his strength, was, in his eyes, a mere obstacle to be overcome as a matter of course. A few minutes sufficed for his plans, and to rest the troops. He then sent forward Ridgely's light battery along the road, and the 3d, 4th, and 5th infantry deployed as skirmishers through the chaparral toward the ravine. Ridgely advanced under a sheet of flame to within three hundred yards of the nearest Mexican battery; then, rapidly unlimbering, he opened fire as vigorously as usual. The skirmishers forced their way through the tangled brushwood with such alacrity that they kept pace with the flying artillery, and engaged the enemy at the same moment. On their side, the Mexican batteries thundered away, and the infantry, posted in the ditch and under cover of the thicket around it, poured in a destructive shower of ball. It was clear that the cannon would not decide this contest, as it had the one of the day before. Now was the time for the infantry to recall Taylor's injunction. Well did they remember it. Bursting furiously from the chaparral, the gallant 3d and 4th leaped into the ravine, bayoneted or drove back the Mexicans stationed there, and proceeded to form in the hollow. Rallied by their officers, the Mexicans returned to the charge before our troops had formed, and again the steel line drove them back. Onward then our brave men rushed to the foremost Mexican battery, and carried it with the bayonet.

But the road was untenable. The powerful batteries in the rear of the ravine swept it with constant discharges. Ridgely had enough to do to keep off the cavalry with his pieces, and, as it was, his men were falling rapidly under the the iron hail to which they were exposed. It was clear that the fate of the day depended on the capture of the Mexican guns. "Captain May," roared Taylor, riding up to the dragoons, "you must take that battery!" "I will do it, Sir!" was the reply; and the next moment May and his squadron were thundering down the road. Ridgely's batteries were in the way, the men stripped to the skin, loading and firing amidst the rain of shot like very devils. "Wait, Charley," said their commander to Captain May, "till I draw their fire." The air was rent by the ring of the light guns, followed instantaneously by the stunning roar of the enemy's batteries; then the artillerymen limbering up, May dashed gallantly forward, far ahead of his troop, through the ravine, and straight over the battery. The guns were taken. Dearly bought, however. In the act of cheering on the men, the gallant Inge had been struck by a ball in his throat, and silenced forever. Over the Mexican guns they had captured, the dragoons had fallen so thickly that May could only rally six men to hold them. Seeing this, the Tampico battalion charged with the bayonet, and May was obliged to cut his way back to the lines with one prisoner, General De la Vega. But his glorious exploit was not destined to be fruitless. Just as the Mexicans retook the pieces, Colonel Belknap, with the 8th, and part of the 5th, charged up the road, and fell upon the enemy with a yell. Over the cannons and round the carriages a desperate fight with the bayonet began. Man to man, and foot to foot, every inch of ground was contested with desperate obstinacy.

The cold steel was doing the work all over the field. The infantry had rushed through the ravine, and were attacking the Mexicans on their own side. A party of the 4th, headed by Captain Buchanan, stormed an intrenchment containing a cannon, and drove off the gunners. A squadron of Mexican horse immediately charged them. They fired, and Corporal Chisholm shot down the commanding officer. "Water, water!" cried the dying Mexican, in piteous tones. The corporal instantly stooped down and placed his canteen to his lips. He had scarcely risen when a Mexican ball laid him beside his expiring foe.

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On another side M'Intosh, with the 8th, made a similar attack on a party of Mexicans ensconced behind the chaparral. This was so thick that the men could not force their way through it. M'Intosh alone, carried forward by his horse, penetrated to the Mexican side. He was instantly surrounded by a host of foes. One man thrust his bayonet through his mouth till it came out below his ear; another ran him through the arm; and a third pinned him to the earth with a thrust through the hip. At that moment an attack from another side diverted the attention of his assailants. Duncan's battery had crossed the ravine, and threatened them in flank. M'Intosh rose from the ground, and Duncan, without looking at him, called upon him for support. The wounded man could barely articulate; he tried to say, "Show me my regiment, and I will give you the support you need."

The whole army had by this time crossed the ravine and driven back the Mexicans from its border. For a time the contest was maintained with the bayonet; but despite the valor and numbers of the enemy, in a hand-to-hand conflict victory was sure to rest with the men of the north. They fought with a ferocity which appalled the Mexicans. From bush to bush, from sod to sod, they forced them back, seemingly as unconscious of fatigue as of wounds. First one side, then another gave way. The lancers, scattered and dismayed, began to charge fitfully and recklessly, losing men and gaining no advantage. At last, Duncan's and Ridgely's batteries took up a commanding position on the south side of the ravine, and opened a fire of grape on the broken masses. This finished them, and the rout became general. The whole army, with Arista at its head, sought safety in flight. His camp was taken, with all his correspondence and munitions of war. He had barely time to rally a few lancers when the dragoons and the light batteries were on his heels.

Over the plains, with the wings of terror, scrambled the fragments of the Mexican army, throwing away accoutrements, knapsacks, and arms, to increase their speed. Horse and foot, Tampico veterans and splendid lancers, were all huddled together in confused masses, no man knowing his companion, or thinking of aught but flight. For close behind them rumbled the light artillery of the victors, halting ever and anon to pour a deadly shower of grape upon their helpless bands. On another side, the light infantry and dragoons pressed hotly upon the hindmost, slaking the savage fury a battle engenders in the soldier's breast. There was no pity for the slayers of Ringgold, or the brutal assassins who would have murdered M'Intosh. With bayonet and sabre, with grape and canister, they were driven like sheep to the banks of the Rio Grande. There new dangers awaited them. Boats could not be found for a tithe of the fugitives. Crowds rushed headlong into those that were there, and swamped them. Others dashed into the stream, and perished in the waves. To add to all, the defenders of Fort Brown, who had spent a day of maddening anxiety within hearing of the battle, assailed the flying host with showers of shot as it reached the river.

Over one hundred Americans were missing next morning when the roll was called. Thirty-nine had been killed. The Mexican loss was very great. Some said that 750 had fallen on the field; others, who are perhaps nearer the truth, set down the number at 500. But to this must be added the list of those who perished in the flight at the hands of the pursuers, or in the waters of the Rio Grande. All next day the United States troops were busily engaged in burying the dead; night came on before the sod was trodden down over the last grave.

A few days were spent in repairing the damage of the battles of the 8th and 9th May, and fortifying Fort Brown. Then Taylor prepared to cross the river and attack Matamoras. Dissensions and strife distracted the Mexican camp. Arista was for retreating without striking a blow; some of his officers recommended a bolder course; but others, influenced by the political intrigues at work in the army, seconded the suggestion of their chief, and Matamoras was evacuated. Haggard and sullen, the remnant of the Mexican force slunk out of the city at dusk on the 17th, and began to move slowly southward. As they marched, some vented openly their anger at the timidity of the general; others gave way to grief at the misfortunes of their country; a few committed suicide in rage, and General Garcia died of a broken heart. Of the splendid army which had made such an imposing appearance at Palo Alto, barely 1800 disorganized troops remained. Meanwhile Taylor crossed the Rio at leisure and invested Matamoras, awaiting reinforcements.

It was not till the last days of July that he felt strong enough to advance into the interior. By that time, strong bodies of volunteers had landed at the Brazos, and had Taylor possessed means of transportation, he might have led ten thousand men against the enemy. As it was, he resolved to do the work with little more than half that number. Pushing up the river to Camargo early in August, he reviewed his army there, discharged all sickly and discontented men, and selected from the volunteers the Mississippi, Tennessee, 1st Ohio, and Kentucky regiments of infantry, two regiments of Texas horse, the Baltimore battalion, and the remnant of the Louisiana "three months' volunteers," to accompany the regulars. The rest he stationed at various posts along the river. On the 19th August, General Worth, who had rejoined the army at Camargo, marched to Cerralvo, and the two other divisions under Twiggs and Butler followed shortly after. The march to Point Isabel had been severe, but it was nothing to this. Fever and other diseases had weakened the volunteers in the camp at Camargo; heat and thirst now threatened to put an end to their

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CAPTAIN MAY'S DRAGOON CHARGE.

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miseries. In five days, Butler's division—all raw men—marched seventy-five miles, for the most part through a barren country, where no water could be had, and the thorny chaparral was the only vegetation visible. At the close of each day the men staggered as if drunk—breaking the ranks constantly to rush to holes in the earth in search of stagnant water, but seldom finding the boon they sought. Scores of fine fellows died by the roadside, and were hastily thrust into pits dug at night, and covered over with a few handfuls of dry earth. A whole month elapsed before the army marched from the village of Marin toward the dark towering line of the Sierra Madre, and encamped within a few miles of Monterey. A squadron of Mexican horse had constantly hovered round them; and from their scouts they knew that



THE ATTACK ON MONTEREY.

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Ampudia, who had succeeded Arista in command of the army, was not far distant. Early on the 20th September, Taylor rode forward with the cavalry toward Monterey, never halting till within range of its guns. He was adjusting his glass to examine the defenses, when a puff of smoke rose from the brow of the citadel, and a shot whizzed through the air close over his head. The sound re-echoed through the mountain gorges, startling the main army, and stirring the young blood of the volunteers. "Forward!" was the cry; and soon the last division encamped opposite the city in a grove called San Domingo.

The prospect was striking and lovely. Between the city and the camp stretched a fertile valley laid out in corn-fields, orange and acacia groves, and sugar-cane; all exhibiting a high state of cultivation, and wearing an air of luxury. The city itself, half-vailed by thick foliage, gleamed brightly in the sun, as its rays glanced upon the smooth marble-like stucco which covered the houses. A tall spire near the centre marked the situation of the Cathedral; elegant residences and large factories dotted the outskirts. On the east a silver stream, a tributary of the Rio Grande, emerged from the hills behind Monterey, and wound itself through the plain, in the rear of Forts Teneria and Diablo. These were the easternmost works of defense. Opposite the centre of the city, and advanced a short distance in the plain, the citadel, with frowning bastions bristling with guns, reared its formidable front; on the west, two hills—Independencia and Federacion—on the north and south of the river, were crowned each with a fort and a battery mounted with cannon, and commanding that side of the place. Behind all rose the tremendous peaks called the Saddle and Mitre Mountains. Lofty spurs of the Sierra Madre, they resembled giants standing over the lovely town at their feet, ready, in case of need, to roll enormous rocks from their summit and overwhelm its assailants. At the foot of those mountains ten thousand Mexicans—horse, foot, and artillery—were assembled to avenge the defeats of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and defend the queen city of the North. Taylor had but 6645 men, including officers. The Mexicans lay securely in their forts, and behind defenses of great strength; our men were in the open plain. They had cannon and munitions of war in abundance; Taylor had four light batteries of six pounders, three howitzers, and one useless ten-inch mortar without a platform.

Sunday night (20th September) set in dark and cloudy with a drizzling rain. The plan of attack had already been organized. Worth, with his division and the Western Texans, had marched through the corn-fields toward the western extremity of the city to attack the heights of Federacion and Independencia. Taylor, with the main army, menaced the east end. Day broke bright and clear, and after breakfast, at the drum's beat, the army advanced from the camp. It is said that it was not General Taylor's intention to attack, but only to create a diversion in favor of Worth. If so, fate overruled his plan. Major Mansfield of the Engineers, who was in advance reconnoitring the forts, sent word to Colonel Garland to come forward, having, as he believed, discovered a practicable point for attack. The latter instantly descended the slope at the head of the 1st and 3d infantry, Bragg's battery, and the Baltimore battalion, followed as he went by the piercing eye of Taylor, who sat like a statue on the ridge of the hill. In breathless silence the army watched the steady march of those brave men advancing on as desperate an enterprise as history records. Before they had neared the point designated by Mansfield, the citadel had opened a terrible fire on their right flank; and the moment after a battery in front sent a shower of ball and shell into their ranks. On they marched, never wavering, till the distance between them and the garrison was so short that they could distinguish the faces of the gunners. Then Fort Teneria, hitherto silent, poured in a deadly volley, enfilading them on the left. The advance did not burn a cartridge. Against such defenses Bragg's battery and muskets were as useless as popguns. Dreadfully cut up, and in some confusion, the infantry dashed into the suburbs, and sought cover behind the walls of the nearest houses. But every spot was exposed. From behind walls and from house-tops volleys of musketry assailed them as fiercely as the cannon. The advance broke. Barbour had fallen; Colonel Watson, in the act of cheering on his men, was struck down by a ball in his throat, and immediately afterward his regiment, the Baltimore battalion, despairing of success, fled in disorder. Bragg was seen in the midst of the hail coolly unbuckling the harness from his dead horses. The 1st and 3d, scattered and separated, sought wildly some point where they could use their weapons. But no one knew where he was, or whither to go. To stand still was certain death; they turned and fell back. As they emerged from the lane, a body of lancers fell with heavy swoop on their broken ranks, mangling the wounded and doing considerable damage among the fugitives.

Meanwhile Taylor, ignorant of Garland's fate, had ordered the Mississippi, Ohio, and Tennessee volunteers of Butler's division, with the 4th infantry, to move by the left flank toward the point of attack. Dividing as they approached, the 4th marched directly on Fort Teneria; but before they had approached within musket-range a tremendous volley laid low one-third of the men, and the rest fell back. Decidedly the fate of war was against the assailants. In the midst of the confusion, Taylor rode up, and learning how matters stood, ordered Butler's division to fall back, and Garland to withdraw his men from the field. He was not obeyed. A singular accident had changed the fortune of the day. When the 1st broke under the cross-fire of the

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citadel and Fort Teneria, two companies, under Captain Backus, found shelter in a tannery, and immediately clambered to the roof, which they found to their delight overlooked the fort. Just as the 4th gave way, Backus opened a galling fire upon the Mexican gunners. At that moment Quitman's brigade of Tennessee and Mississippi volunteers were advancing in the track of the 4th against the work. Backus saw the opportunity, and, urging his company to load and fire rapidly, shot down man after man at the Mexican guns. Ten minutes would do it: on came the Brigade, cut up by the citadel fire, but spared the fatal volleys of the fort: the roof of the tannery was wreathed in smoke. At 100 yards Quitman gave the word to charge. A tremendous shout rose along the plain, and the gallant volunteers swept like a flame up the slope, over the parapet, through an embrasure, and into the fort. Nothing could resist those bayonets. As they rushed in, the Mexicans rushed out. Teneria was safe. The news reached Taylor just as Butler was preparing to fall back: he dispatched an aid at full gallop to countermand the movement. At the head of the Ohio regiment of volunteers, Butler then pressed forward toward the centre of the city; and at the same time Garland re-formed his men, and made a second charge more desperate than the first. But it was impossible to contend against the batteries. Fort Diablo and the citadel pelted the advancing columns; every street was raked by cannon; every house was a battery, whence unseen foes poured in a deadly fire on the assailants. After prodigious loss, a retrograde movement was ordered. The regular infantry fell back on Fort Teneria; their comrades on the camp. The first day's work, at the west end, was over. It had cost nearly 400 men.

General Worth had been more fortunate. After an uneasy night, stray shots from skirmishers rousing the bivouac every few minutes, he had debouched at an early hour from the corn-fields and advanced toward the Saltillo road. There a strong party of lancers awaited him, supported by several companies of foot. As Hay's Texans approached, leading the column, the Mexicans couched their lances and swept down upon them. Two companies of the Texans dismounted and took a position behind a fence; the others vainly endeavored to withstand the charge. Pressing forward with resistless force the lancers rode through the line, scattering the Texans, and bore down on Smith's light infantry, which was deployed as skirmishers. These firing hastily and without aim, failed in checking the foe. On they came, their bright pennons floating, and their horses covered with foam, when the dismounted Texans opened fire. Not a shot was lost. Those unerring rifles rang not in sport. Saddle after saddle was emptied, and the front rank pulled up. At that moment Duncan had unlimbered his guns, and poured a deadly discharge of canister over the heads of the skirmishers into the lancers' ranks. They broke instantly and fled. After them, in hot haste, ran Smith's skirmishers and the artillery. Man after man was picked off as they galloped up the hillside. The Colonel, a gallant fellow, who had vainly endeavored to rally his men, was seen to fall from his horse, struck by a bullet, and to roll down the slope.

Master, by their defeat, of the Saltillo road, Worth detached Captain Smith, with 300 men, to storm the height of Federacion, on which stood Fort Soldado and a battery of two guns. At noon they advanced stealthily through the corn-fields toward the river. Discovered by the enemy, a rain of shot was poured down upon them, splashing the water into their faces as they crossed the stream; and almost at the same moment a body of Mexican infantry were seen descending the height to meet them. Worth, perceiving the movement, instantly dispatched the 5th and 7th, by different lines, to divide the attention of the enemy, and support Smith. As soon as they arrived, the latter began to ascend the slope, seeking cover under crags and bushes, and firing irregularly at the Mexican sharpshooters overhead. Here the Texan rifle came into beautiful play. The Mexican aim was bad, the balls passing over the assailants' heads: the latter did not lose a shot. Upward they crept, clinging to roots and bushes, narrowing their circle as they approached the summit, and picking off the enemy's advance; till, at last, the crest gained, they fell upon the Mexicans with the bayonet, and drove them headlong toward Fort Soldado. A glorious cheer rent the air as the stars and stripes were run up over the Mexican flag-staff. The 5th and 7th, seeing that the battery was carried, and that the enemy was flying toward Soldado, wheeled, and advanced in double-quick time upon that point. It was a race between them and the Mexicans. Both entered the fort almost at the same moment, the low parapet offering no serious obstacle. Within, the struggle did not last five minutes. In less than that time the few who resisted were shot or bayoneted, and the bulk of the garrison was in full flight down the hillside. The whole height was taken, almost without loss.

As the United States flag rose in the air, a terrific fire from the forts on Independencia Hill opened upon it. Showers of grape tore up the ground. In reckless fury the Texans, following close on the heels of the flying Mexicans, toppled many a man ere he reached the plain. In the midst of the conflict a storm burst overhead; the thunder roared as loud as the cannon, and a hurricane swept over the height. War seemed to rage above as well as below.

The night was wet and, on the mountain heights, piercingly cold. Many of the men had neither food nor blankets. But a small portion of the work was done. At three next morning a small party, under Colonel Childs, marched to storm the other height. Silently they groped their way in the darkness to its base, and began to climb through the mist which enveloped the

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whole acclivity, observing the utmost precaution to prevent detection by the enemy. So well did they manage that the first ray of daylight piercing the morning fog found them close to the summit, and within a few yards of the only picket the Mexicans had thought fit to throw out. The latter fired hastily, and fell back. The storming party gave them a volley in return, and charged vigorously upward, reaching the summit just in time to see the Mexicans, bewildered and panic-struck, throw their cannon down the declivity, and scamper toward the Bishop's Palace. The redoubt was carried as easily as the forts on Federacion. There only remained the Bishop's Palace, situate on the same hill (Independencia), and the most important of the defenses on that side of the city.

It was a work of great strength; solid walls of masonry, mounted with a howitzer and cannon, and well garrisoned. Fearing the loss of life, Worth forbade any attempt to storm it, but directed a field-piece to be drawn up to the redoubt, and brought to bear. In two hours a 12-pounder was partly dragged partly carried to the summit—a height of 800 feet above the plain—and opened with shell and shrapnel on the Palace. No visible results were produced. Signs of a sortie were, however, soon apparent, and a body of light infantry were thrown out as an advance along the road to the redoubt, while the riflemen and the rest of the main body lay in wait on both sides of the pathway. These preparations were hardly made before a squadron of lancers were seen sweeping up the hill at full gallop. The advance fired and fell back. The Mexicans, mistaking their manœuvre, pressed on the faster, till the troops on both sides were enabled to close to the right and left, and deliver their fire at close range. Stunned by this unexpected discharge, the lancers turned their horses' heads back toward the Palace. The infantry instantly followed with the bayonet. Down the hill they ran, almost side by side with the foe, keeping pace with the horses, and rapidly approaching the Palace. The officer vainly endeavored to carry out Worth's order, and restrain their men. Their blood was up, the enemy was in full flight, and nothing could stop them. Pell-mell with the Mexicans they rushed up to the walls; Ayers soon found an embrasure, through which he leaped, followed by his men, while Bradford entered by the priest-cap. The fall of the Federacion, and the capture of the redoubt, had destroyed the *morale* of the garrison: they did not wait to dispute the entrance of the Palace, but, spiking their guns, fled precipitately to the city. Great havoc was committed among the flying masses by the riflemen and Duncan's pieces. Thus fell the last of the defenses on the west side. The tug of war had now come.

At the dead of night, Fort Diablo was evacuated. As soon as the fact was discovered, Quitman hastened to occupy it with the Mississippi regiment. Thus early on 23d, a cross-fire was opened on the city from the Bishop's Palace on the west, and from Teneria and Diablo on the east. Simultaneously, bodies of riflemen on both sides began to force their way through the streets toward the Gran Plaza, which served as the Mexican head-quarters. The streets were barricaded with mason-work pierced for musketry, and every second house had on the roof a sand-bag battery, from whence showers of bullets were poured on the assailants. The Mexicans fought obstinately. Grosser mismanagement on the part of generals, or nobler courage on that of soldiers, were never witnessed. Taught by the losses of the first day, Taylor gave special directions to Colonel Davis, of the Mississippi volunteers, and to the other officers of the advance corps to husband their men. He himself was seen, as usual, in the midst of the bullets, coolly directing this house to be occupied, or that street to be abandoned. Worth, on his side, was equally careful. On east and west the riflemen were directed to crawl over the housetops, exposing themselves as little as possible, and to pick off every Mexican visible. The order was literally obeyed by the Texans. Meanwhile the infantry cut their way into houses with the ax, and slowly advanced, battering a passage for themselves through the walls. With dismay the enemy perceived that the besiegers enjoyed as complete a shelter as the besieged; and that their strong position was useless to check the steady advance of the Americans. The scene in the Gran Plaza and its environs was frightful in the extreme. Men, women, and children (for many, trusting in the strength of the place, had not removed their families) were huddled together, smitten with panic, and shrieking whenever a ball whizzed over their heads. There was no concert among the officers. The inner barricades were well garrisoned, and whenever the Americans appeared in a street a hail of bullets was poured upon them; but neither the Commander-in-chief nor any one else seemed capable of planning an offensive movement. The hand of fate was laid heavily upon the city. Already the sack had commenced. In many of the houses groups of Mexicans were surprised, and old men and young girls were seen clasping the knees of the officers and praying for protection against the soldiery. Elsewhere the native women, with manly courage, were tending the wounded and carrying munitions to the barricades. The end was approaching. When night fell, the assailants had hemmed in the garrison, and two blocks were the only interval between Worth's sharpshooters and the Gran Plaza. A mortar, under Major Monroe, had been sent to the west end, and was served at intervals during the night on the Cathedral. A very few hours of daylight would have enabled it to blow up the building, which was filled with powder.

But Ampudia had already decided to surrender. Early on the 24th, a bugle sounded, and a messenger, bearing a flag of truce, approached the forts with proposals for a capitulation. He was gladly received by Taylor, who

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was anxious to spare further effusion of blood; hostilities were suspended, negotiations commenced, and, on the day following, Monterey surrendered.

Thus fell the stronghold of Northern Mexico, and one of the best fortified places in America. It had stood many a siege; for thirteen days had been vainly attacked by the Spanish troops in the War of Independence; and was considered impregnable by the native soldiers. Yet Taylor's army, composed, according to Ampudia, of a couple of thousand regulars, with "a band of adventurers without valor or discipline," stormed it in three days, at a loss of only 158 killed and 368 wounded—the besieged losing over 1000 men. On the 26th the evacuation commenced, and on the 29th General Worth was installed as military Governor of Monterey. Its appearance resembled a vast burial-ground. Putrid corpses tainted the night air, and the howl of the wolves, which were attracted from the chaparral by the scent, echoed dismally through the suburbs. Many of the citizens had fled with the army; only a few woe-stricken families were left to pass under the yoke of the conqueror.

An armistice terminated hostilities till the 13th November. By that time Santa Anna—who had returned to Mexico—had mustered a powerful army at San Luis Potosi, and was expected to march against Monterey. Taylor, intending to act on the defensive only, proposed to occupy a line stretching from Saltillo to Tampico, which fort had been evacuated by the Mexicans; and, in pursuance of this plan, marched on Saltillo and Victoria, and occupied them without resistance. His plans were frustrated by a requisition from General Scott depriving him of Worth's and Twiggs's divisions of regulars. Thus reduced to a force of some 5000 men—all of whom, except a few dragoons and artillery, were volunteers—Taylor was compelled to abandon his projected line, and to content himself with one stretching from Saltillo to the mouth of the Rio Grande. December, January, and part of February, were spent by the army in awaiting the Mexican attack. It was known that Santa Anna would advance from San Luis to expel the invaders; his force was fairly estimated, and the wide disparity, in point of numbers, between the two armies was not concealed from the troops. Yet there was no thought of retreating; on the contrary, when Taylor determined to advance southward from Saltillo, and to occupy Agua Nueva, eighteen miles nearer the foe, the whole army marched in high spirits. It was subsequently found that the force under Taylor—including Wool's division, which had joined the main army—was too small to hold Agua Nueva, and a retrograde movement was ordered to the pass of La Angostura, a narrow defile near the hacienda of Buena Vista. There the army awaited Santa Anna's approach.

It was on the 22d of February—Washington's birth-day—that the Mexican advance made its appearance, rolling before it clouds of dust. It had suffered dreadfully on the road from San Luis from cold and want of supplies; but allowing for these sources of loss, the army led by Santa Anna can not have numbered less than 20,000 men, including 4000 cavalry, and twenty pieces of artillery; and the sufferings of the march made the soldiers all the more eager for the battle. Disappointed in not finding Taylor at Agua Nueva as he had expected, Santa Anna proclaimed that he had fled, and ordered the cavalry in pursuit. The Mexicans had already had one experience of Taylor's flights—a second was at hand. When the lancers reached the Angostura, they found the pass guarded by Washington's battery of eight pieces, and very properly halted. The correspondence, since so famous, between the two generals, then took place; and on receipt of Taylor's laconic letter, Santa Anna commenced the attack.

The advantage of position was all on the side of the United States army. The pass itself was so narrow that Washington's battery could guard it against almost any force; impassable gullies and ravines flanked it on the west, and on the east the mountains gradually rose to a height of some 2000 feet. The only spot on which a regular battle could be fought was a plateau on the east of the pass, which stretched from the precipitous mountain slope nearly to the road, terminating on that side in several ridges and ravines. This plateau gained, the pass might have been turned; and accordingly Santa Anna's first thought was to master it. A strong body of light infantry was dispatched, in the afternoon of 22d, to climb the mountain side which commanded the plateau; but the moment the manœuvre was perceived, a party of Taylor's riflemen ascended the opposite ridge to keep them in check. The Mexicans opened fire, and the Kentuckians replied; and thus, as each body strove to overtop the other, both ridges were soon covered with smoke. Foiled in his object, Santa Anna awaited the morning to commence operations in earnest; and Taylor, fearing an attack on Saltillo, set out to complete the defenses of that point during the night.

At two o'clock in the morning the American pickets were driven in, and at break of day the Mexican light infantry, on the ridge above the plateau, led by General Ampudia, commenced charging down into the ravine which separated them from the Kentuckians. They had received reinforcements during the night, and were at least eight to one. Fortunately, General Wool had anticipated the movement, and Lieutenant O'Brien was ready at the foot of the hill with a piece of cannon. A very few discharges, well-aimed, sent the Mexicans back to cover. Then the main army advanced; two columns, under Pacheco and Lombardini, supported by lancers and a 12-pounder battery in the rear, marching directly toward the plateau, and a third moving against the pass. Wool had disposed the army

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almost in a line across the plateau from the pass to the mountain: Washington's battery being on the right, and O'Brien's on the left wing, the infantry and a squadron of dragoons in the centre, and the volunteer cavalry inclined slightly to the rear on the right and left. About nine in the morning Pacheco's column debouched from a ravine, and began to form coolly on a ridge of the plateau. General Lane hastened forward, skirting the mountains with the 2d Indiana volunteers and O'Brien's battery to meet them. At two hundred yards O'Brien opened with terrific effect; the close columns of the Mexicans were plowed by his shot. But the reply was steady and almost equally effective Raked on the left by the 12-pounder battery, and assailed by a storm of bullets from the masses rising out of the ravine, the volunteers fell thickly round their colors, and, after some minutes, the Indiana volunteers could stand it no longer, and fled in spite of Lane's efforts to rally them. O'Brien was left almost alone with his guns. He fired one last discharge, then hastily limbering up, followed the flying infantry over the plateau.

It had like to have been a fatal movement; for Lombardini gaining the southern edge of the plateau at that moment, the two Mexican columns united, and the lancers, who swarmed on the flanks, galloped down with fell swoop on the volunteers. To add to the danger, the Indiana regiment in its flight became entangled with the Arkansas volunteers, who caught the panic and fled likewise. Their loss in a fight where the enemy was over four to one was severely felt. However, nothing daunted, the 2d Illinois, under Colonel Bissell, received the Mexican fire, and returned it as fast as the men could load. The dragoons, who could do no service in such a conflict, were sent to the rear; but a couple of guns, under Trench and Thomas, were brought to bear, and every shot cut like a knife through the Mexican columns. Still, it was impossible for such a handful of men to check an army of thousands: the enemy poured down the plateau, and, passing between the mountain and the Illinoisans, turned our left, and poured in a flank as well as a front fire. Eighty men having fallen in twenty minutes, Colonel Bissell gave the word of command to face to the rear, and the gallant regiment, as cool as if on drill, faced about, marched deliberately a few yards toward the ravine—Churchill walking his horse before them—then turned and resumed firing.

Meanwhile the lancers were driving the Indiana and Arkansas volunteers off the plateau, and cutting off the riflemen in the mountain from the main army. These, perceiving the danger, and trusting that the lancers would be checked by the Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, toward which they were approaching, abandoned their position, and came running down the mountain side, with a view of cutting their way back to the batteries. But the mounted volunteers made but a brief stand against the impetuous charge of the lancers; and Ampudia's light infantry no sooner saw the riflemen move than they followed close on their heels, firing as they went. The slaughter of our poor fellows was dreadful; the Texans were annihilated. In one confused mass, riflemen and volunteer cavalry, Arkansans and Kentuckians were driven back by the advancing columns of the enemy, and little was wanted to complete the rout. Vainly did the officers try to rally the fugitives. No sooner had a handful of men been persuaded to halt and turn than a volley from the Mexicans scattered them. Thus fell Captain Lincoln—a chivalrous spirit, who was struck to the earth by two balls in the act of cheering on a small party of Kentuckians to hold their ground.

At this perilous moment the rattle of musketry was drowned by a tremendous roar of cannon in the direction of the pass. The Mexicans under Villamil had approached within range, and Captain Washington, who had sworn to hold the pass against any odds, was keeping his word. The gunners had been wild with ardor and suspense all morning; they were now gratified, and though three guns had been taken from the battery, they poured such a murderous fire upon Villamil's column as it approached through the narrow pass, that, after wavering a moment, it scattered, and most of the men sought refuge in the ravines. The moment they broke the 2d Illinoisans, who had been stationed at the pass, eagerly followed their colonel, Hardin, to the plateau, to share the dangers of their comrades. Almost as soon M'Kee's Kentuckians and Bragg's battery came plunging through the gullies on the west of the pass and joined them; while Sherman's guns were speedily brought up from the rear. Thus the 1st Illinoisans were saved, and grape and canister mowed down the Mexican masses at the foot of the mountain.

Still, the light infantry under Ampudia were pressing on by the left to the rear of Wool's position. In half an hour the pass might have been turned. Most providentially at that moment Taylor arrived with Davis's Mississippi riflemen and May's dragoons. The former barely stopped an instant for the men to fill their canteens, then hastened to the field. Boiling with rage, Davis called on the Indiana volunteers to form "behind that wall," pointing to his men, and advance against their enemy. Their colonel, Bowles, the tears streaming down his face, finding all his appeals fruitless, seized a musket, and joined the Mississippians as a private. Time could not be lost; Ampudia was close upon them; Davis formed and advanced with steady tread against a body more than five times his strength. A rain of balls poured upon the Mississippians, but no man pulled a trigger till sure of his mark. Then those deadly rifles blazed, and stunned the Mexican advance. A ravine separated them from the enemy; Davis gave the word, and, with a cheer, down they rushed and up the other side; then forming hastily, with one awful volley they

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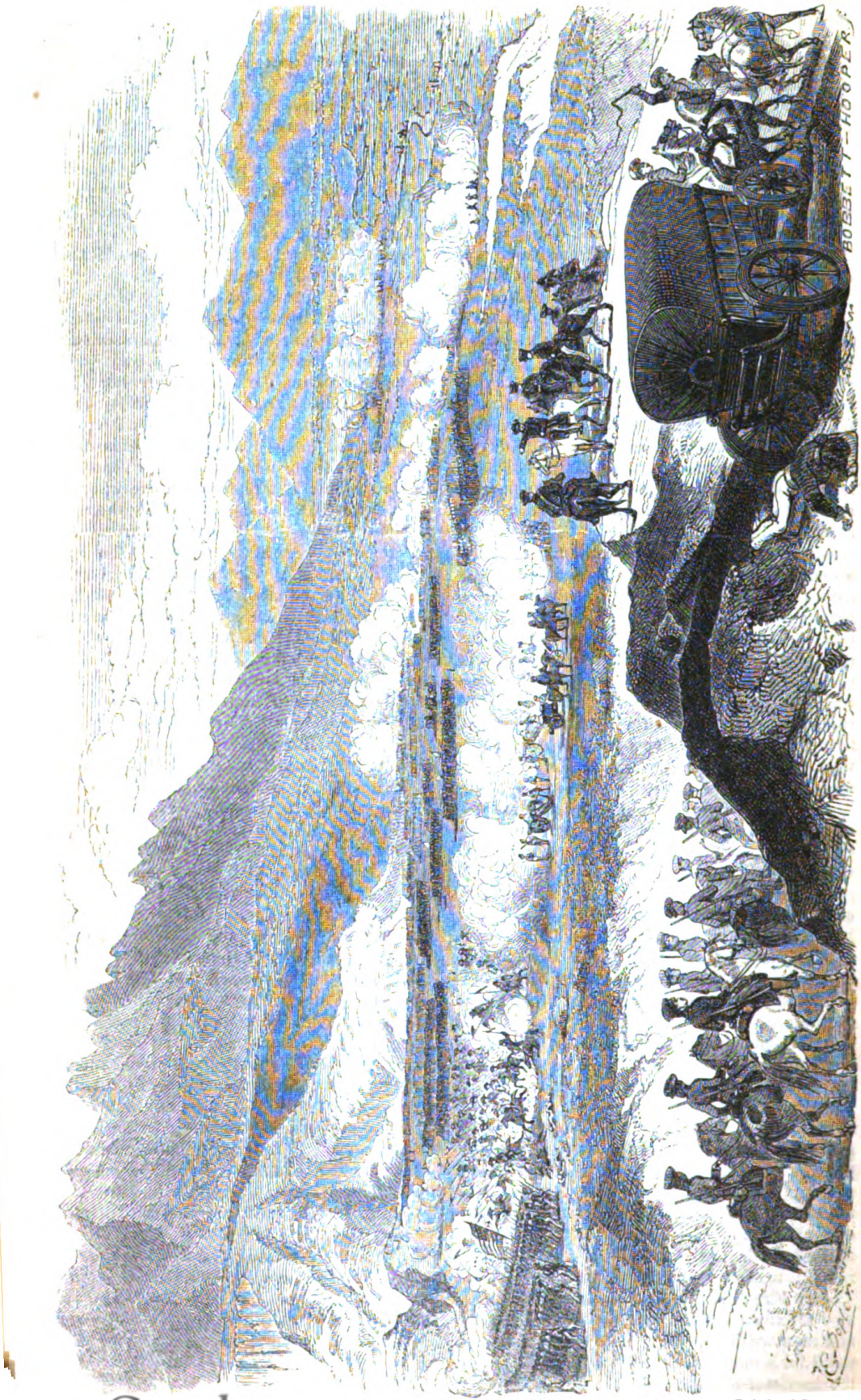
shattered the Mexican head, and drove them back to cover.

But the cavalry had crept round the mountain, and were descending on the hacienda. They were Torrejon's brigade, splendid fellows, mostly lancers, and brimful of fight. Opposed to them were Yell's Arkansas and Marshall's Kentucky mounted volunteers—less than half their number. Hopelessly these brave fellows stood, firing their carbines as the foe approached; but the last man was still taking aim when the lancers were upon them like a whirlwind. The brave Yell was dashed to the earth a corpse, and Lieutenant Vaughan fell from his horse, pierced by twenty-four wounds. Huddled together in a confused mass, Mexicans and Americans dashed side by side toward the hacienda, engaged in a death-struggle as they galloped onward, and enveloped in a cloud of dust. One tall Mexican was seen, mounted upon a powerful horse, spearing every one that came within reach, in the drunkenness of battle; while here and there a Kentuckian, with native coolness, loaded as he rode, and brought down man after man. In less time than it takes to read these lines, the horses' hoofs were rattling over the streets, shrieks and shouts heralding their approach. Amidst the din, the crack of rifles from the roofs of the houses told that the little garrison were holding their own. Through and through the hacienda the Mexicans swept, disengaging themselves from the volunteers just in time to escape a charge from May's dragoons, which came clattering down the ravine to the rescue. Reynolds followed with two pieces of flying artillery, and Torrejon himself, badly wounded, and minus several of his best men, was glad to escape to the mountains.

Meanwhile Major Dix had snatched the colors of the 2d Indiana volunteers from the hands of their bearer, and bitterly swore that, with God's help, that standard should not be disgraced that day. "He would bear it alone," he said, "into the thick of the fight." Roused by his words, a few men rallied around him, and joined the Mississippi rifles on the plateau. The gallant 3d Indiana were there, and Sherman had brought up a howitzer. Enraged at the failure of the attack on the hacienda, a fresh body of lancers now charged these troops, advancing in close column, knee to knee, and lance in rest. In breathless haste, the volunteers were thrown across the narrow ridge, in two lines, meeting at an angle near the centre. Not a whisper broke the silence as the Mexicans approached, and the intrepid bearing of men, whom nothing could have saved from destruction if the charge had been vigorous appaled the lancers. Within eighty yards of the lines they actually halted. At that instant the rifles were raised: a second—an awful second—elapsed. Then "Fire!" and a blaze ran round the angle. The Mexican column was destroyed. Horses and men writhed on the plain. The rear rank stood for a moment, but a single discharge from the howitzer scattered them too, and they fell back. For the first time during the day fortune seemed to favor the Americans. Hemmed in on two sides, and driven to the base of the mountain, five thousand Mexicans, horse and foot, with Ampudia's division, were being slaughtered by nine guns, which never slackened fire. Their fate was certain; when a flag of truce from Santa Anna induced Taylor to silence his batteries. 'Twas but a ruse. Santa Anna asked "What General Taylor wanted?" Before the answer reached him, the Mexicans had made good their escape to the rear.

Notwithstanding the parley, one Mexican battery continued its fire upon our troops. This was the 18 and 24-pounder battery of the battalion of San Patricio, composed of Irishmen, deserters from our ranks, and commanded by an Irishman named Riley. Harassed by this fire, and perceiving the enemy's treachery, Taylor sent the Illinoisans and Kentuckians, with three pieces of artillery, in pursuit of Ampudia. They hurried forward along the heads of the ravines; but to their horror, as they neared the southern edge of the plateau, an overwhelming force of over 10,000 men, comprising the whole of Santa Anna's reserve, emerged from below and deployed before their firing. To resist was madness. The volunteers discharged their pieces, and rushed precipitately into the nearest gorge. Its sides were steep, and many rolled headlong to the bottom. Others were massacred by a shower of bullets poured from Mexicans who clustered on both ridges above. In the midst of the carnage, Hardin, M'Kee, and many other brave officers fell, vainly trying to seek an exit for their troops. At the mouth of the ravine, a squadron of lancers were ready to cut off their escape. Down the sides poured the Mexican infantry, slaughtering the wounded with the bayonet, and driving the helpless mass before them. Above, pale as death, with lips clinched, O'Brien and Thomas stood to their deserted pieces. Once before that morning, the Mexican shot had left the former alone at his gun; for the second time, the fortune of the day seemed to depend on his single exertions. If he could hold the enemy at bay for a few minutes, there would be time for other batteries to come up. Ball after ball tore ragged gaps through the advancing host. After each discharge, O'Brien fell back just far enough to load and fire again, praying in an agony that help might come. He was wounded himself; all his men were killed or wounded; but he flinched not before the surging wave of Mexicans till the clack of whips and the rattle of wheels were heard behind him. Then—for he knew it was Bragg urging onward his jaded horses—the brave fellow aimed one deadly volley of canister, and abandoned his pieces. The next moment Bragg unlimbered and opened a telling fire. Sherman followed, and Davis and Lane coming up at a run, the crack of rifles was heard away to the extreme left. On the right, the well-known roar of Washington's guns startled the foe. It was the death-warrant of the lan-

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BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

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cers, who were penning our volunteers in the ravine. Out came the remnant, leaving crowds of dead, and not one man wounded, in the horrid trap, and hastily scaled the side of the plateau. Taylor was there, coolly picking the balls out of his dress, and Wool rode wildly backward and forward, urging on the rear ranks. But it was needless. At Bragg's third discharge, the whole body of the Mexicans broke, and dashed pell-mell into the ravine whence they had come.

This was the last of the battle. Davis and Bragg followed the enemy a short distance; but the San Patricio battery still commanded the southern edge of the plateau, and the troops were so fagged that they could hardly walk. Night was coming on, and the firing ceased. The men lay down where they stood; and a few, overcome by fatigue, slept side by side with the dead and the wounded. It was a dark, gloomy night, and a bitter wind swept from the mountain. Not far in the distance the wolf's howl broke dismally on the ear, and the vultures flapped their wings overhead. Nothing was known of the Mexican army; no one could say what the morrow might bring forth. With anxious eye the officers looked for the dawn.

It came at last; and to their inexpressible delight, the first streaks of light in the eastern sky revealed a deserted camp. The Mexicans had fled. An army of over 20,000 men, comprising the flower of the Mexican troops, had been beaten by 4600 Americans, over 4000 of whom were raw volunteers. Such a cheer as rose from the pass of Angostura on that February morning never before or since re-echoed through the dark gorges of the Sierra Madre.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

TO me it has always appeared a strange and grievous oversight in Mr. Carlyle to have omitted, in the book of Heroes, the Hero as Man of Fashion. If the Poet, the Soldier, the Prophet, the King, why not he also whose sway, often as peremptory as theirs, rests on the far slenderer basis of popular taste; hence arguing, in him who maintains it, capacities, if not superior to theirs, at all events heroic in their way? Small wonder, forsooth, that cold steel, muscularly driven into the flesh, should impel howling humanity to own the soldier a hero; that the coward in us, quaking over visions of immortality, should grant to a Mohammed or a John Knox a patent of heroism; that scalding words of Dante should light heroic fires in coldest breasts; but that a man, clothed with no visible majesty of mind, backed by no bayonets, pretending to no inspiration from above, should raise himself to be popular lawgiver, pronouncing finally on vital matters of feeding, dressing, conversing, bowing, dancing, singing, love-making, marrying, burying, behaving generally—that his decrees, without other ground or motive than his own private notion of the Fitting, should yet be as peremptory as the ukase of a Czar, this appears a startling example of heroism, in the Carlyle sense of the word. Beyond all doubt, a real leader of



BEAU BRUMMELL.

fashion must be a great man. Not good, perhaps, oftenest radically bad; shamming, if not truly exhibiting puerile weaknesses, mental obliquities; for the most part inordinately prone to love of self, and self alone; scornful of such qualities as men call great, noble, magnanimous; nevertheless abounding in some excellences as rare as they. A popular sovereign essentially. Reigning by tenure of most delicate fibre; no guards, no castles, no spirit of conservatism, not even a ray of gratitude to rely on in the hour of insurrection; every thing, in short, against him—popular fickleness, ambitious rivalry, inevitable scandal, and, sooner or later, exhaustion of his own resources. Yet all the bowstrings and scimetars of Asia have not brought forth despots more confidently despotic than some men of fashion the world has seen.

Such, in some sort, was George Brummell—snobbishly baptized Beau Brummell. The son of a secretary of Lord North, not unfairly suspected of picking and stealing, in those days of noble peculators; his mother the youngest child of a lottery-office keeper; heir to dirty sentiments on both sides. Your true hero dates from the cradle; strangles his nurse, refutes Locke on the Understanding, or draws problems in mud with finger-stump. George is known to have cried because his juvenile stomach was not infinitely distendible, and a time came when he could swallow no more of Aunt Brown's dam-

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son tart. In a few years, cries again; no more for damson tart or finite stomach; but—read it well—over a letter from his father addressed curtly—"George," same post bringing one for his less disorderly brother beginning—"My dear William." Read it again and again; such tears of heartfulness are rare—in truth, this is the only evidence that Brummell ever had a heart. Wisely, most wisely does his honest biographer, Captain Jesse, dilate on each separate tear as it wells down his hero's cheek. The *fons lachrymarum* survived the flow, it is true, but this was the last time it was stirred by any cause but selfishness. From Eton to Oxford, where the hero develops, cuts old friends because they study at "vulgar colleges;" "acts," says his biographer, "on the plan of making intimacies with men of high birth and connections." Among other scamps, meets the Prince of Wales, fresh from lies to Parliament, insolence to his father, filth in his home; of course makes his conquest, whence in due course comes for young George Brummell, just turned of sixteen, and "the correctest man in Oxford in point of dress and manners," a cornetcy in the Tenth. That Brummell was deficient in physical courage, or, in plainer Saxon, a coward, I make no question. Lavender and scented soap sometimes scrub the epidermis of brave men, but not often. Brummell insulted, never fought. That he did not know the men he was set to command, is not true; he knew perfectly well a large blue-nosed trooper, in front or rear of whom Cornet Brummell's station was on review days; but take away that blue nose, with its carbuncles, and the men of the Tenth to him were total strangers. All which did not in any wise impair his efficiency as a British officer, as these latter days have abundantly proved. Unhappily for his military prospects, the Tenth were ordered by relentless Horse Guards to Manchester—city of bobbins and tape, broadcloth and printed cottons—where ladies go 'ome at night, and rich men build foine 'ouses. "I really," said Captain Brummell to the Prince, "could not go to Manchester." "Oh, by all means," was the answer, "do as you please, Brummell; do as you please." The hero did as he pleased, and doffed the epaulet.

Redevenu gros-Jean, plain Mr. Brummell, with thirty thousand pounds of his own—fruit of his father's pickings—took a small but recherché (Jesse is responsible for the epithets) establishment in Chesterfield Street, and resolved to live quietly. Quietly, did I say? Parsimoniously, contemptibly. But one French cook; a single pair of bays; dinners rarely twice a week. For all this frugality, George Brummell now began to fulfill his Life-Mission, to be the leader of English fashion, the true Hero of the day. Not by any means a dandy. "A dandy," saith the scholiast on Teufelsdrockh, "is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office, and existence consists in the wearing of clothes." None such was the ex-captain of the Tenth. Hessians and pantaloons, or top-boots and buckskins, with a blue coat and light or buff-colored waistcoat, the whole fitting to admiration, of a morning; of an evening, a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons, which buttoned to the ankle, striped silk stockings, and an opera hat; nothing more, in short, than the ordinary costume of a London gentleman of the period:



BEAU BRUMMELL AND HIS TAILOR.

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such was the attire of Brummell. He was not careless of dress; noticing every solicism in his friends, asking the Duke of Bedford, with awful solemnity—finger and thumb holding out the lapel of a much-prized *chef d'œuvre*—"Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?" even comparing the obsequious Jesse, in orthodox black coat and white waistcoat, to a magpie; and stooping curiously to speculate whether Lord Alvanley's leathers were boots or mere slippers. But his horror of eccentricity was heroic. It has even been doubted whether he can fairly be classed with those great men who carried reforms in tailoring, or compared with geniuses like Beau Nash. But on this point history is positive. Brummell was the Schwartz, the Watt, the Fulton of starch. Before him, the white neckcloth was worn without stiffening; hence, of course, yielding to every motion of the cervical and thoracic muscles, and invariably welding into the form of a rope before bedtime. Brummell came, and neckcloths were starched. Standing before his cheval glass, with shirt-collar erect—of prodigious height, a sort of breastwork hiding neck, face, and even forehead—the Brummell cravat was gently applied to the throat. At first it measured a foot in width. Soon, bending down with artistic hand the collar, chin too began to descend with slow and regular pulsations; cravat to crease, firmly but gradually; till, at length, the twelve original inches compressed to less than four, the crisis of tying arrived. Napoleon was beaten at Waterloo, Shakspeare wrote more than one dull play, Homer was known to snooze, and it did happen that Brummell failed in the tie. "These," said his valet, bearing from his boudoir a bundle of crumpled linen, "are our failures." Unlike Robert Bruce and other heroes, Brummell never made a second attempt to tie a neckcloth; if not unexceptionable at first, it was thrown aside to the laundress. But in his youth, and full vigor of his intellect, he generally succeeded at once—an achievement indisputably heroic.

It was on the strength of boot toes that Beau Nash commenced the reputation which gained him a public funeral and a monument; neckcloths had much to do with Brummell's accession to the kingship of fashion; less, however, say his biographers, than good-humor, correct taste, perfect breeding, and sarcastic wit. No question but a private gentleman, whose judgment on The Proper in the minutiæ of dress, etiquette, and so forth, gave the law to Carlton House, must have been a Hero, with or without cravats; not so clear, however, that at first the favor of that unspeakably vile mortal, Prince George of Wales, was not the prime cause of his elevation. Whether or no, he soon defied competition, out-Princing the Prince. "The Prince," said the king of tailors to a customer, "wears superfine, and Mr. Brummell the Bath coating; it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John; suppose we say the Bath coating—I think Mr. Brummell has a trifle the preference." He had, in fact, a trifle the preference over every one in London at the time. A duchess thought it necessary to warn her daughter to be careful of her behavior when "the celebrated Mr. Brummell" approached her. A lord considered himself well treated when Brummell gave him his arm from White's to Watier's. A creditor was paid by a bow from the window of the Club-house, and a salute, "Ah! how do you do, Jemmy?" Not he the man to make little of the rank fortune had bestowed on him. The story of Mrs. Johnson-Thomson is hackneyed; perhaps less so that anecdote of his, of a dinner given him "by a person of the name of R——." "He wishes me to notice him," said Brummell, "but desired that I should make up the party myself; so I asked Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepoint, and a few others, and the affair turned out unique; there was every delicacy in or out of season; the celery was perfect, and not a wish remained ungratified; but, my dear fellow, conceive my astonishment when I tell you that Mr. R—— had the assurance to sit down and dine with us!" Which, after all, is only an English version of Molière's sarcasm:

ELIANTE. Il prend soin de servir des mets fort delicats,
CELIMENE. Oui; mais je voudrais qu'il ne s'y servit pas.
C'est un fort méchant plat que sa sotte personne,
Et qui gâte à mon goût tous les repas qu'il donne.

These were the days of his glory. He could go at night to the house of a great academician, knock till the neighborhood was awakened, and when his victim protruded his head, incased in woolen nightcap, from an upper window, gravely inquire:

"Pray, Sir, is your name Snodgrass?"

"Yes, Sir," would the wearer of the nightcap reply, "my name is Snodgrass."

"You don't say so? Snodgrass! Snodgrass! A very odd name that, upon my soul. Good-night to you, Mr. Snodgrass."

He could ask a gentleman who offered him his carriage to go to a party: "But, my dear fellow, pray how are you to go? You would not like, perhaps, to get up behind? And yet it will hardly do for me to be seen in the same carriage with you."

The houses of the British nobility he could regard as inns: to be visited with valet and portmanteau, with or without invitation, and to be spoken of afterward as "good houses to spend one night in."

Impudence, doubtless, went for much in this despotism of his. They say that in Minnesota and parts of Iowa men object to being snubbed and slighted; but in haunts of civilization, the contrary, as every one knows, is the case, and polished humanity feels a sort of canine gratitude for wrongs of this nature. 'Twas long before "the Prince" rebelled against the Brummell yoke. The story of "George, ring the bell" has never been authenticated, and was always denied by Brummell; but of his slights to Mrs. Fitzherbert there is no question, nor of the free-and-easy way in which he lived with his patron. Contempt thus bred—as the copy-book warns youth must be the case—the rest was ob-

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vious. "I made him what he is, and I can unmake him," was quite the remark that Brummell might have been expected to utter with regard to the future King. Just the sort of saying, too, to irritate a brainless Prince, who knew how much truth it contained, and had not forgotten the hours he had spent in Brummell's cabinet, studying the beau's style of dress and mode of using the resources of the toilet. Moore declares that George quarreled with his friend, because the latter had

> "Threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
> To cut him, and bring the old King into fashion."

Cut he was, in the most brutal and rude way, by the First Gentleman of Europe. Soon afterward, George accepts an invitation to a ball given by Brummell and three friends. At the door all four are waiting to receive the Regent, who walks in, does not see Brummell, but exchanges civilities with his three friends. On parting this unspeakably mean creature observes to a companion: "Had Brummell taken the cut I gave him good-humoredly, I would have renewed my acquaintance with him." Of the two, the Man of Fashion is by far the most respectable in every way.

At first, he cared little about the cut. London—that is to say, fashionable London (Brummell begged a friend whom he met one day in the city never to whisper that he had seen him there)—was divided between the two; some standing firm to the Prince, others supporting the Hero in his disgrace. Then it was that great people who gave parties make up their minds beforehand which they would invite—the Prince or Brummell; the shrewdest of the dowagers invariably alternating between the two—Wales on Tuesday, the Leader of ton on Thursday. Then it was, too, that Brummell retaliated on the mean-spirited scion of the House of Guelph for a premeditated insult by the famous question: "Alvanley, who is your fat friend?"

George Guelph was undoubtedly corpulent: wore stays, it is said, and consumed acids to preserve his person from obesity, but without success. George Brummell, on the contrary, was perfect in point of figure and *tournure*. His face was not handsome, though intelligent; hair light brown, whiskers English; his hand beautiful; nose broken by a fall from his horse, whence, from a *retrousée* or other plebeian mould, it became Roman; eyes full of fun and wit. With these advantages, for some time he



A BROADWAY BRUMMELL. A BOWERY BRUMMELL.

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kept the heir-apparent at bay, and continued to issue decrees on the fashions from Chesterfield Street. One great advantage over his rival was his insensibility to love affairs. Except in hot weather, Brummell never even flirted; and then, a letter of the Voiture order satisfied his longings. Love on Bath post leaves the heart pretty free: whence, while George was adding folly to crime in obeying his passions, Brummell's head was unconfused by any turbulence of his. He had, as was ascertained afterward, a box full of locks of hair; bundles of letters; a few portraits; together with other mementoes commonly given by women who desire to give more substantial tokens of regard. But he was himself wonderfully phlegmatic on such points, and the ladies probably went to all the expense of the tender affair.

Worst for Brummell was inexorable want of money. Thirty thousand pounds are a large sum; but with care and exertion it can be spent. Brummell spent it. The Man of Fashion fulfilled his destiny by losing ten thousand —his last shilling—at Watier's. "Would to God," said he, "some one would bind me never to play again!" Small use, when the ten thousand check had been signed, and the Jews and shaved paper were his only resource.

It is a nice question whether a heartless man can feel any honorable impulse? whether, all things equal, a seducer would object to forge a note? Weight of aristocratic authority is, of course, on the affirmative side of the house; but lordly honor is something so different from the article current in America—where, in the words of the admirable Jesse, "refinement of manners and gentlemanly bearing can not be common to any very large proportion of the upper classes, and can not be expected"—that the general proposition can scarcely be resolved thereby. Refined, most gentlemanly Jesse doubts not but Brummell expected to win money enough at Brooke's to make good what he stole; it would have been shrewder to deny the theft. For if men about town had on tip-tongue the how and the where George Brummell got his friend to endorse a note, proceeds to be divided equally between them, pocketed the whole, and lost it that night at play, the rest of mankind would have gone to their graves in ignorance of the peccadillo, had there been no Jesse to record it. His dupe storms; earns the cognomen of Dandy-killer by merciless persecution of poor George.

A drizzly day in May. Brummell sits contemplative in his room in Chapel Street, Park Lane. A gorgeous room that, glittering with exquisite Sèvres china and ormolu; a few paintings, portraits of Lord North and George the Third; ditto books, De Grammont, Chesterfield, Heloise and Abelard, likewise a Shakspeare notable for its binding; snuff-boxes of fabulous cost in every corner. Valet enters with cold fowl and claret from Watier's. "Sirrah, this note to Scrope Davies:"

"My dear Scrope—Lend me two hundred pounds; the banks are shut, and all my money is in the three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning.

"Yours, George Brummell."

The answer brief, fit response to such request:

"My dear George—'Tis very unfortunate; but all my money is in the three per cents.

"Yours, S. Davies."

At the Opera, as usual, that evening, nothing denoting the plot; but at nine the Man of Fashion, in the carriage of "a noble lord," tears over the road to Dover, leaving the mail far behind. Next morning, at the classic hour for promenade, George Brummell, on the quay at Calais, thinks the chalk cliffs of Old England have been overpuffed by poets; and the Sheriff of Middlesex prepares leviathan posters as follows:

"A Catalogue of a very choice and valuable assemblage of Specimens of the rare old Sèvres Porcelain, etc., etc. Ten dozen of capital old Port, Sixteen dozen Beauvais, Burgundy, Claret, and Still Champagne; the whole having been nine years in the cellar of the Proprietor, etc., etc. The genuine Property of a Man of Fashion gone to the Continent."

The refugee from justice must live; may dispense with beef, beer, and such luxuries; but can not do without ormolu, satin, and buhl. Five-and-twenty thousand francs spent in these necessaries, and thus in course of time, by dint of severe begging, Brummell is himself again at Calais. Lord This and That, grateful no doubt for having been walked with or bowed to, write civil notes on gilt-edged paper, inclosing promises to pay on behalf of that meritorious institution the Bank of England. Brummell condescends to acknowledge the note, but does not refer to the inclosure till he asks for more. Lives quietly, so regularly that when the workmen see his flowing brocade dressing-gown and velvet beret cross the passage from his bedroom, they know it is twelve o'clock, and trudge off to dinner. Two hours for dressing; a couple more for reading—for which purpose the *Morning Chronicle* and Reviews suffice, with Levizac's French Grammar, wherein, said the aforenamed Scrope Davies, he was stopped, like Bonaparte in Russia, by the elements. At five, he dressed for dinner at six. Not even for Lord Westmoreland, his creditor for frequent loans, would the Man of Fashion consent to "feed" at an earlier hour. Being a pauper, Dorchester ale, with a *petit verre*, and a bottle of the best claret were his usual beverage when alone; but he counted largely on invitations to dinner from passing Englishmen. As he grew older, gluttony grew upon him; he had not the heart to refuse an invitation, no matter what the hour of "feeding."

Walking with Lord Sefton on the quay, a vulgar-looking Englishman bows to him. "Sefton," said the indignant Brummell, "what can that fellow mean by bowing to you?" "To me? he is bowing to you, for I know no one in Calais." At next turn they pass the Englishman again, who, this time, grasps the horrified Man of Fashion by the arm, and stutters: "Don't

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forget, Brum, don't forget, goose at four—goose at four." That day Brummell bought his goose dear enough.

Spite of ingratitude so monstrous as to be hardly credible, insolence likewise not by any possibility to be exaggerated, for fourteen years this hero lived on the fat of the land, in gross idleness, without a penny unbegged. Once in a while he was called to account. One morning a gaunt *militaire*, whose nasal organ had been shot or lopped off on the field of Salamanca or Vittoria, called on Brummell, and without preface, addressed him as follows:

"Mr. Brummell, I have heard that you have been kind enough to spread a report about the town, affecting my position in society here, by stating that I am not a retired officer, and never held a commission; in fact, that I am neither more nor less than a retired hatter."

The old soldier spoke truth. The Man of Fashion thought nothing of announcing that So-and-so, whom he disliked, had been a butler, So-and-so a snuff-dealer, So-and-so a hatter. But, without changing a muscle, he lied thus:

"I am sorry, very sorry, that any one should have supposed that I could have been guilty of such a breach of good-manners. I can assure you there is not a word of truth in the report."

And as the appeased son of Mars retreated to the door, he added:

"For, now I think of it, I never in my life dealt with a hatter without a nose."

He had a fat, wheezy terrier, named Vick, whom he is said to have loved. Taken ill, the hero called in two doctors to see the beast: they declared Vick must be bled. "Bled!" cried her owner; "I shall leave the room; inform me when the operation is over." Bled or not, Vick died, and Brummell declared he had lost the only friend he had in the world. This from a man living in gorgeous luxury at the expense of his friends, is beyond question heroic.

Soon death began to narrow their circle. First died John Chamberlayne, who, from pure charity, had regularly made him an allowance, and whose executors were pestered out of their lives by letters from the Man of Fashion, praying a continuance of the gratuity; next, the Duchess of York, a lovely character, whose goodness to the wretched exile had never flagged, and for whom—give him the credit of every semblance of gratitude—he had spent much time in patching a screen. Others, living, tired of giving to one who knew so little of the art of receiving. The King himself passed through Calais and did not see Brummell. 'Tis said the Man of Fashion sent his Majesty some snuff and Maraschino, knowing his tastes; and the story went that George requited the civility by giving him a few pounds. But Monsieur Leleux, Brummell's landlord, was positive he had received no money from the King; for "when he had any he always paid some portion of his bills," and he did nothing of the kind at this time. Well might the honest *marchande de tabac* on the corner "wonder le roi George did not take bettare care of his frandes."

Time went on, and the gorgeous furniture of Brummell's apartment began to fade. No money. No credit. No friends at Calais. Starvation clearly in prospect. Then began the Man of Fashion to wish to be a consul, to make out ship's papers, and deal in miniature diplomacy. The Duke of Wellington petitioned on the subject, applied to William the Fourth, and the pauper was accordingly gazetted as British Consul at Caen. This was in 1830, Brummell being at the time fifty-two years old.

Easier to appoint him consul than get him away from Calais, where he owed every one money, from his valet to his banker; after much financing and higgling, at length—his furniture, ormolu, buhl, and all, sold for the benefit of his creditors, and three hundred and twenty of the four hundred pounds salary allowed the Consul at Caen assigned to a trustee for their benefit—he threw himself into the diligence and slept all the way to Paris. There, a few days spent in old-style enjoyments, dinners with Stuart de Rothesay, Talleyrand, suppers with Madame de Bagrathion, Montrond, etc., an order to Dabert for an enameled snuff-box, to cost twenty-five hundred francs, and, at last, post-chaise and relays of fast horses at every stage from Paris to Caen. "Landlord, the best rooms, the best dinner, the best Lafitte!" So saying, the consul, with a fixed income of eighty pounds—two thousand francs—a year, installed himself in the capital of Lower Normandy. There the former friend of the Prince of Wales was well received. There live a host of English at Caen—men of small incomes and large laziness, whom the cheap fare of that city suits admirably—these were rejoiced at the advent of so distinguished a countryman. Frenchmen too, who had heard of him, were glad to learn from his own lips the secrets of his success as a Man of Fashion. Visitors poured in upon him, and his pristine fame seemed to dawn once more upon his path.

Heaven intended him to make enemies. One Jones gave a dinner to which he was not invited. "Sir," said Brummell to a friend who called on him, "I will go to the Jones's to-night."

He had a *pâté*, a *pâté de foie gras*, the *chef d'œuvre* of the ablest of the dynasty of French cooks. He had brought it with him from Paris, and at each stage he had examined it with fatherly tenderness, lest the jolting should have injured it. It had stood for some days in his cupboard, being relished by anticipation. This *pâté* Brummell dispatched to Jones with a civil note.

The answer was, of course, an invitation to dinner. At the canonical hour the guests sat down; soup, fish, *entrées*, were discussed, even *rôti*; but to the horror of the consul, his *pâté*, like Goldsmith's, was not to be seen.

In the passage, on his way home, Brummell took the servant aside, and inquired confidentially of the *pâté*.

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"Monsieur," said Isidore, "is keeping it for Master Henry's birthday."

"Go," cried Brummell, in a perspiration, "go back to the kitchen, and say that I particularly desire to see the *pâté de foie gras*."

It was brought. "Feeling," said the hero afterward to a friend, "that it would have been a sin to leave it with such people, I ordered him to put it into the carriage, and followed it without delay. As I cut into it this morning I felt quite justified, for I never inserted my carving-knife into such another."

Installed in snug lodgings in the house of the cousin of an ex-Minister of Charles X., his credit slightly improved by the consular dignity, common sense and economy might have secured to Brummell a comfortable old age. But the Man of Fashion was not dead in him. Three shirts and three neckcloths a day, boots as brilliantly polished as mirrors, soles always blacked as well as upper leathers, valet, dinner parties, and so forth, to him were essentials of life. In six months he protests he is reduced to utter distress for want of a few miserable francs. Relieved, part by generous friends, part by sale of watch and plate, he struggles a little longer. Still the leader of fashion at Caen; parading the streets in blue coat with velvet collar, buff waistcoat, black trowsers, and refulgent boots; brown silk umbrella always cased in tight fitting silk envelope; hat jauntily founded on one side of his head, not to be removed even to a lady. A staunch conservative in politics. When Louis Philippe passes through Caen, and a dinner and ball are given in his honor, Brummell is asked if he had been to "the King's ball?"

"What King?" he inquires, vastly surprised.

"What King! The French King, Louis Philippe, to be sure."

"Oh! the Duke of Orleans, you mean; no, I did not go, but I sent my servant."

Doomed by this time, however, to graver concerns than jests. A prospect arising of a vacancy in the consulates of Havre and Leghorn, short-sighted Brummell wrote to Lord Palmerston to say that the office of Consul at Caen was a sinecure, and might safely be abolished. Herein he was strictly correct. The story goes that the only occasion on which he had acted in a consular capacity was in marrying a couple. A few weeks afterward, while he was in the hands of Isidore his valet, and *en chemise*, his door was violently burst open, and the infuriate lady whom he had made a wife rushed in calling for protection against her "brute of a husband."

The consul rose and wrapped his dressing-gown around his person, with face eloquent with outraged modesty.

"Madam," said the Man of Fashion, "you will be good enough to call to-morrow; I will consult my chancellor. For the present," he added, pointing to his bare legs, "you perceive—"

The consulate was abolished. Barely recovering from the shock, a stroke of paralysis laid him prostrate. Creditors pressed him hard, driving him at times to take refuge in the bedroom of his kind landlady. Hard to say how the battle might have ended had not kind friends in England once more come forward and paid his debts. This the time at which the Man of Fashion, writing to Miss Amable, his landlady's daughter, quoted Fitzpatrick's lines:

> "Whate'er they promised or professed
> In disappointment ends;
> In short there's nothing I detest
> So much as all my friends."

A few months more, and one day at the table d'hôte of the Hotel d'Angleterre, poor Brummell starts at feeling his soup trickle down his chin, not into his mouth. Napkin over his face, he rushes to his room, where his glass shows him his mouth drawn up on one side to his ear. A second paralytic stroke: many more dreary days in his room, debarred from whist, legitimist tea parties, the *Cours Caffarelli*. Lucky, even then, to find a physician willing to attend him with care from mere regard for what he had been.

No more now a Man of Fashion. Friends in England had raised him a life annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds ($600), enough for a bachelor at Caen; but what could suffice for a man of his habits? Glad enough, now, to beg half-a-dozen shirts from the banker Armstrong. Pitiful, very pitiful, that letter of his to his old chum Alvanley, closing thus:

"My old friend King Allen promised, at least it was so represented to me, to send me some habiliments for my body, denuded like a newborn infant—and what a Beau I once was!"

Another change in his life-drama. One morning a rough hand grasps his shoulder in bed and bids him rise. Roused, gendarmes and huissiers surround him; unless he can pay odd thousand odd hundred and odd francs odd centimes, to jail he must go. Small avail, then, to burst into tears, like a poor weak old man as he was; not even the favor of garbing himself leisurely in his faded clothes can be granted him. He must dress quickly and in public. Thence to a room in the common jail, with three malefactors for companions, and a truckle bed for furniture. Doors closed and bolted, the once Man of Fashion almost ceases to be a man at all in his agony.

A week afterward misery had galvanized life into some odd corner of his heart, and he wrote to thank a friend for kindnesses offered to him in his affliction. In the postscript he says: "You will perceive the extremities to which I am reduced, I am about to seal to you *with a wafer!* Do not even whisper this indecorum, for I may again frequent the world."

A few francs obtained from a fellow-prisoner, he purchased a looking-glass; wrote fiercely to Armstrong for Esprit de Savon, and a "boot-jack that shuts up;" and ordered two quarts of milk per diem for his toilet. A hero to the last!

Once more his old friends clubbed together and sent to Caen the sum required to set him

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free. Eleven weeks from the time of his incarceration he made his reappearance at an evening party; the company surrounded him with compliments and good wishes. "Messieurs," said the Man of Fashion, looming up a trifle, "this is the happiest day of my life; for I have got out of prison, and have eaten salmon for dinner." One gentleman, who had been instrumental in releasing him from his troubles, he did not visit. Meeting him in the street, he apologized on the ground that "his visiting cards, which were always made in London, had not yet arrived." His indignant friend retorted: "No apologies, Mr. Brummell. Had you called, I could not have returned your visit; for my cards are made in China, and will not come to hand for some time." The King had subscribed liberally to the fund. Some one, conversing with Brummell shortly afterward, asked him if he had been intimate with William, when Duke of Clarence and in the British navy: "I can not say I was," was the reply. "The man did very well to wear a cocked hat, and walk about the quarter-deck, crying 'Luff!' But he was so rough and uncivilized that I was obliged to cut him."

Poor Brummell, from cutting princes, had come to hobnobbing with Jew tailors, Norman gargoltiers, Cockney snobs, for the sake of a glass of Champagne or St. Julien. A few, very few, stray relics of his heroship left—primrose gloves, patent blacking imported expressly from Paris at five francs the bottle, Eau de Cologne, oil for his wigs, Rheims biscuits. These vestiges it was Armstrong's business to eradicate, as utterly irreconcilable with the income of the impoverished gentleman.

In the days of his glory, when men said oftener Brummell and the Prince than the Prince and Brummell, he had often declared that no one but a savage could wear a black neck-tie. Weekly scrimmages with the washerwoman, to rescue his linen from her clutches without payment, had long ago reduced him to one white neckcloth a day. Now a lady who knew him well, noticing his haggard appearance one morning, observed that his looks would be improved by a black cravat. Next day, to the horror of Caen dandydom, Brummell appeared in the Rue St. Jean with a black silk handkerchief in room of his cherished cambric.

Patent vernis, too, he yielded, under threats of fresh imprisonment from "the scoundrel Mulet," an impudent varlet who expected to be paid for his merchandise. On other points he held out. When Armstrong sent him a cotton dressing-gown, he tore open the window and threw it into the yard, declaring that he had not come to that. Eau de Cologne, oil for his wig, and Rheims biscuits for his lunch, he could neither buy nor do without; he begged them, first at one store then at another. Fancy the gaunt old man, ragged and threadbare, hobbling into a perfumer's and begging, for the love of old times, a small bottle of Jean Marie Farina! A Hero still!

The rest sickens. Not clothes only, but soul and mind were in rags. Memory gone, tact vanished, pride—last flickering of heroism—extinguished; morbid gluttony sole survivor of past characteristics. To think of the crazy farce in which the poor creature delighted—having his door opened and great people announced—Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Alvanley, Lord Sefton, and others he had known long ago, mostly now under the sod; while he, crouching over a miserable fire, to warm his shivering limbs, gabbled courtly phrase and worn-out compliment! His turn, now, to feel the measure the Man of Fashion had so often meted out. His paralytic jaws were incessantly in motion. Some brutal Frenchman, irritated by the noise, turned savagely on him: "Mr. Brummell, if you must chew incessantly, at least chew in time!"

Another brute sent him a printed caricature of himself, in his rags and his dirt, with the following lines beneath it:

"Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold,
My pins are weak, and I am growing old;
Around my shoulders this worn cloak I spread,
With an umbrella to protect my head,
Which once had wit enough to charm the world,
But now possesses naught but wig well curled.
Alas! alas! while rain and wind do beat,
That great Beau Brummell should thus walk the street!"

One single pleasing incident left. One cold winter morning arrived at the Hotel d'Angliterre a lady without luggage or servant. Landlord, skilled in judging men and women, pronounced her to be "de la haute volée;" showed her to a private room with extra civility. Briefly acknowledging his offices, the lady asked if she could see Mr. Brummell without being seen by him. "Nothing easier," was the reply; "he must pass your door on his way to the table d'hôte. I will meet him and engage him in conversation as he passes; from your room you can see him distinctly, without the slightest fear of detection. The plan was carried out. Brummell was detained a few moments; when the landlord rejoined the *inconnue*, she was in an agony of tears, and almost speechless. That evening she left precipitately for Paris. No one ever knew who she was, or what romantic tale she had in her heart when the spectacle of poor old Brummell stumbling down stairs harrowed it so cruelly.

They gave him a keeper—a "cursed old woman"—and forbade his going out. But infirmities came thick and heavy; his presence was loathsome. A happy day it was when Mr. Armstrong succeeded at last in procuring admission for him into the Hospital du Bon Sauveur. "A prison! a prison!" the poor crazy old creature muttered between his teeth, as the heavy gates opened and the fiacre drove up to the door. Pleasant—in so long a catalogue of sorrowful events—to find that at last, in the hands of the excellent Sisters of Charity, he recovered his spirits, and, in some measure, his reason. "I have," he said, "all I wish to eat, and a large fire. I never was so comfortable in all my life."

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'Twas the bright flash of the dying lamp. On the 30th March, 1840, he died without a groan.

Such the Hero as Man of Fashion. A mournful, grievous, instructive history. A fit theme for some idle Carlyle to expand into a chapter to be tacked to the end of a fresh Sartor Resartus.

Have we a Brummell among us? Walk up Broadway, from Tenth Street upward; up Fifth Avenue; go to the Opera on grand nights; scan dress and style; note the behavior of those thin-legged, mustached youths, who flutter round ladies, or stand apart in solemn groups, composed with feeble artistic skill; read the expression, or gange the vacancy of those faces, and say if any there could have invented starched neckcloths!

THE BEAUTY.

OLD as I am, I love to look upon a pretty woman. All the long years that I have spent at my desk—pondering over stocks, balancing speculations, and summing up given columns of figures—have not been able to wither that old natural spring that bubbles out of my heart at the sight of beauty.

I have a locket in one of the remotest corners of my large secretary at home—a corner never profaned by bills, or notes, or money. A yellow packet of letters lies there, a bunch of withered jasmine, and on top, with its face downward, lies the locket. This locket was once a splendid affair. The back is of blue enamel, on which is inlaid a golden cipher. Underneath the enamel lies a tress of sunny hair, not gummed or twisted, according to modern fashion, into a torturing, rigid love-knot, but loosely folded in the same wavy curl that it had when it hung from the head that now sleeps. The other side of the locket contains a miniature. Dark, moist, violet eyes; rich sunny hair, heavy as spun gold, hanging down in bewildering loops; tender, pale cheeks, through which faint roses peep; full, quivering lips, capable of expressing every thing silently, and making their prerogative of speech a superfluity, while, from within, one catches the gleam of the dearest little teeth half disclosing themselves.

Well, I got that lock of hair from her. She gave me that bunch of jasmine. They are all that are left to remind me of her now.

This miniature has not any thing whatever to do with my story. I am not going to give you the history of that single love-passage in my life. I have alluded to it only that you may see that the dried-up old bachelor—that "old Troy," as he is usually called—has had his tender moment, and may be excused for still finding his heart beat time to the harmony of womanly beauty.

When Constance Brevier "came out," at a great ball given at her own house for the occasion, I do believe that I was very near making an old fool of myself, and falling over head and ears in love with her. She was just sixteen, and ravishingly beautiful. I will not attempt to describe her. You must imagine the smallest feet, the sweetest eyes, the most delicate hands, the lithest figure, the brightest hair, the merriest laugh, and call your imagination Constance Brevier.

When Constance Brevier "came out," New York felt it to be an event. Her father, who was her only surviving parent, was a banker of enormous reputed wealth. His house was a palace. His equipages were numerous and unexceptionable, and his only daughter surpassingly lovely. You may be sure that many a young man, as he made his toilet that evening, had wild dreams of carrying off that splendid prize.

I went rather early to the house, and arrived there before any of the guests. I found Constance in the large drawing-room, walking up and down before a long mirror, and admiring herself undisguisedly.

"Oh! Mr. Troy," said she, bounding toward me as I entered, "how do you like my dress? Isn't it pretty? Madame Larami says that she never made one like it before."

"I think it is charming, my dear Miss Constance," I answered; "but I suspect that you lend quite as much charm to the dress as it lends to you."

"Oh! get away, you shocking old creature! You think that because I am only just coming out, you can quiz me as much as you please. But I'm not so inexperienced as you think. I have received a love-letter," she added, in an important tone.

"Indeed! Who from? One of the young gentlemen at Mr. Besom's school?"

"No; nothing of the sort!" she cried sharply, flushing up with indignation at such a suspicion. "It was from— Well, never you mind who 'twas from; but he's *so* handsome! Oh! and the letter is beautifully written!"

"When did you get this letter?" I inquired, gravely; for it seemed to me rather a dangerous sort of thing for this young creature to be commencing so early with *affaires du cœur*.

"Oh, about a year ago, when I was at Madame Cancan's school. He shot it up on the roof of the house with an arrow, and I ran up and got it. It was *so* romantic! You can't think how the other girls envied me."

"I've not the slightest doubt of it. What did you learn at Madame Cancan's, Constance, besides love-letters?"

"Well," she answered, musingly, and counting on her fingers, "I learned French, and music, and the use of the globes, and all the fashionable dances. Besides, you know, they say that Madame Cancan's young ladies know how to enter a room better than those of any other school."

"I am delighted to hear such a favorable account of Madame Cancan's establishment," I said, somewhat bitterly, as I turned at the sound of Brown's whistle outside, to see who the arrival was.

"Oh, there's Croton Poole!" shrieked Con-

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stance, as the young man passed in on his way to the dressing-room. "Croton! Croton!" she cried, running into the hall, "I'm not engaged for the German. Do ask me before the others come!"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Croton Poole, doffing his Gibus hat with a composed smile. "Consider yourself engaged to me for the German."

"I can give you the third waltz too, if you like," she continued, with an attempt to be careless which was entirely nullified by the girlish anxiety of her tone.

"The third waltz?" repeated Mr. Poole, reflectively. "Let me see—yes; I think I am disengaged for the third waltz. Shall I have the honor—?"

"Certainly!" cried Constance, delightedly. "Croton, how do you like my dress?"

Mr. Croton Poole turned lazily round on the stairs, which he was just ascending; glanced calmly over the fairy-like figure that stood below, waiting so anxiously for his fiat:

"Too many roses!" he said at last, and leisurely walked up stairs, leaving poor Constance utterly petrified by this sudden blow.

"It's only his fun," she said to me, half apologetically, while the tears stood in her eyes. "You can't think how funny Croton is when he likes."

I thought, as we went into the room together again, that Master Croton was in all probability the dashing young archer, against whose arrows even Madame Cancan's roof was not safe.

The ball was a splendid one. Flowers seemed to have been rained over the rooms. The soft light of the myriads of wax tapers lent a charm even to the most tender complexions; and splendid silk brocades, and innocent *tarletane* skirts, rustled against each other in the crowded rooms with a voluptuous sound.

"The German" commenced at one o'clock, and then it was that Croton Poole appeared in all his glory. Up to this period he had condescended to few dances. His waltz was languid; his polka redowa indolent. In the intervals, he leaned against the scagliola pillars, and watched Constance, who never seemed to tire, swimming through the rooms. But when that universal movement began; when that bringing of chairs down from unknown and mysterious corners in the fourth story commenced; when the bad male dancers began to look hot and anxious in the search for partners; when the plain young ladies, who had not been asked, assumed an expression utterly condemnatory of dancing, indicating that if they had a thousand offers of partners they would not so condescend; in short, when all quiet non-dancing people were ruthlessly routed out of their corners in order to make room for the performers, and the German cotillion reigned triumphant, then it was that Croton Poole awoke from his lethargy, and became the life and soul of the revel.

He instantly enthroned himself upon a dictatorial eminence, and ruled every thing. He made people sit closer, whether they would or no, in order to form the circle. He ordered the musicians what to play, and even bearded the immortal Kammerer himself. Then, seizing the fairy-like Constance, he whirled her for a few turns round the room, and proceeded to lead the first figure of THE GERMAN.

What mazes he threaded, what intricacies he invented that evening! People, without knowing how, or why, or wherefore, found themselves suddenly forming wreaths of flowers and arabesque patterns upon the floor, from which some simple evolution was to evolve them. Then there were figures in which pretty bright-colored flags floated about the room, in the course of being distributed to the various dancers. The lady held one set, the gentleman the other, and each set corresponded in patterns and numbers to the other. The lady gave her flags to the gentlemen, and the gentleman gave his flags to the ladies, and then each gentleman rushed about eagerly to find the lady who held the flag corresponding to his, and having found her, they both whirled off in a wild waltz or a determined polka.

Throughout this wonderful performance, of which he was the director-in-chief, Croton Poole maintained a splendid self-possession. Nothing seemed to disturb the equanimity of his temper. There was a dogged Englishman, who did not understand the dance, and who, true to his national prejudices, would hold on when he was told to let go, and let go when he was told to hold on, and eventually involved himself in such a maze of difficulties, that the only way he had left to get out of them was to stand perfectly still, in the centre of the room, and collect his scattered senses; even over him Croton Poole seemed to possess some magical influence, for I saw him absolutely assist in "the basket-figure" without a blunder before I went away.

Of course it was easy for any one to see that Croton Poole and Constance Brevier would precipitate themselves into what the world calls an "engagement." Croton was rich, dashing, and good-looking; Constance would in all probability get a very large fortune from her father; and all the world knows that these are all the items which modern society deems necessary to the constitution of a happy marriage. Constance, however, loved Master Croton. He had a certain sort of affection for her, I thought, but his calmness was so sublime, his self-possession so perfect, that I doubt if he could ever feel any thing even approaching to passion.

It is not, however, with Constance Brevier's golden moments that I have to deal. The terrible lesson that I read in her life is only to be found in those darksome days that followed so quickly upon the sunshine of her youth.

Mr. Brevier failed, compromised with his creditors, and for a brief time seemed to rise beyond his difficulties. It was a deceitful calm. New York was paralyzed one morning when it learned that Mr. Brevier had issued a million of false stock in the Crambambuli Railroad, of

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which he was director, and had fled the country. Heartless to the last, he had left his daughter penniless and alone. The splendid palace and its gorgeous furniture were sold, and Constance had to descend from a life of Eastern luxury to the equivocal comforts of a second class boarding-house.

Though public execration fairly engulfed the name of Brevier, and a hundred thousand tongues consigned it each day to perdition, the world seemed to have discrimination enough not to visit the sins of the father on the child. Constance was still asked out, and taken on summer trips by her old acquaintances, and was still the belle of the ball-room. As to Croton Poole, that acute young gentleman and excellent dancer sheered off the instant Brevier's first failure was made public. A pretty little quarrel between him and Constance one evening at the Opera, was easily managed, and proved an excellent excuse, and the pair parted forever.

There was a great change, however, in Miss Brevier's position, even though she still reigned supreme as "The Beauty." She went every where, and every where a host of young men dangled in her train. But their *devoirs* and her dresses had undergone the same transmutation. They danced with her, and flirted with her, and drove her out sleighing, and took her to the theatre; but then, when they had sufficiently amused themselves, they went off and married some one else. Her toilet was changed also. The rich dresses of Honiton lace had quietly glided into simple *tarletane;* you saw that the white gloves, however well "breaded," were not fresh, and you recognized the old blue crape skirt under its various disguises of different trimmings.

Still, Constance seemed merry enough, for she was yet young, and doubtless had wild, vague hopes of conquering some *millionaire* by the mere force of her charms. I, however, watched her sadly, with a sad presentiment of her melancholy fate. She had very little to live on; a mere pittance which she inherited from her mother; and but for the presents kind people made her, and the many visits she made in the summer and sometimes in the winter, she would not have been able to sustain herself decently. Her father she never heard of. He was either dead, or was leading a life of selfish enjoyment on his ill-gotten gains in some obscure corner of the world.

Years rolled on, and bore with them the flower of "The Beauty's" cheeks. She was still elegant-looking, but the lips began to be compressed, and rarely opened but to emit some bitter sneer. Constance saw with terror that her life was about to be a failure; that when her appearance had vanished, her friends would fly too, and leave before her that long, gloomy prospect of a lonely life. The old ball-dresses that she wore were still more faded. The lace began to be cottony, and the handkerchiefs which it edged were no longer made of impalpable cambric. You might sometimes, I think, detect a mosaic bracelet on her arm, and she now began to talk of her bills at Madame Larami's—a sure sign that she did not deal there.

There was something terribly melancholy to me in witnessing the decay of this woman. Yet what was to be done? She was useful for nothing. Madame Cancan had taken good care of that. She was extravagant, and whatever money she had was spent on cheap finery—for she still clung hopelessly to society. She was doomed.

Even the sloth sometimes loses its hold on the bough to which it clings, and falls to the ground; and the time came when Constance was deserted by that society that ebbs and flows like the sea. Once she floated upon the topmost wave, beautiful as a nautilus expanding its sails to the sun; but the tide receded as the hours wore on, and left her gasping and dying on the lonely strand!

Shortly after her disappearance from society I lost sight of her for a number of years. I heard that she had gone South, to live upon a plantation belonging to some distant relative of hers; and people when they spoke of her sighed and shook their heads. I did not then know why.

One day I was sitting in my room talking with Croton Poole, who had married a Southern heiress, and was now a portly middle-aged man with a family of five children. He had called on me about the transfer of some stock, and we talked the matter over as we smoked a couple of Cabanas. In order to illustrate to him some fact connected with the transaction, I went to my secretary to look for a certain document. In turning over the papers, the locket I mentioned to you before fell out. It caught Croton's eye. He sighed, and gave a sad smile.

"I have one too," said he; "the only thing of hers I kept."

"Was it—?" I interrogated.

"Yes; Constance Brevier. Poor girl! I loved her very much once, and I do believe she loved me. But my family would not hear of the match after her father's failure. Have you heard what has become of her?"

"No. They told me, three or four years ago, that she was South; but I heard since that she had left Charleston, where she was staying—Oh! here's the statement of the Company."

And Constance Brevier was soon forgotten by both of us, money-getting creatures that we were.

"There's a woman in the hall wishes to speak with you, Mr. Troy," said the servant, interrupting us in the midst of an elaborate calculation of the profits of the Patent Phosphoric Gas Company for the past half year. "I told her you were engaged, but she said she wanted to see you only for a few minutes."

"Show her up," I growled, angrily enough. "Poole, you have no objection, I suppose."

"Not at all," said Croton, laughing; "only I hope I am not indiscreet in remaining."

I was preparing some equally witty retort to this sally, when the door opened, and my visitor

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entered. She remained a pace or so inside the door, as if some spell impeded her farther entry. She was a very queer-looking woman indeed. She had on a dirty colored calico dress, with a great many flounces on the skirts; but here and there the stitching of the flounces had given way, and they hung in ragged festoons about her heels. She had on a queer, rumpled, old black bonnet—such as strong-minded women wear—and inside were soiled, blowzy, rusty-stemmed calico roses. Her gloves were kid, but black with age, and seemed to have belonged to a man from their size; while about her thin, discolored neck a handkerchief of many colors, from which all the gayety had not been washed, was folded.

I knew in a moment that she had come to beg. I knew it by those suppliant hands folded across her chest in their gigantic gloves. I knew it by that timid, guilty step. I knew it by that long, sharp nose tipped with red, and those dull, hopeless eyes, that spoke so plainly of many a dollar of charitable money spent upon the fatal brandy bottle.

"Well, my good woman," said I, impatiently enough I fear, "what do you want?"

"Don't you know me, Mr. Troy?"

"I really am not aware—" and I looked curiously into that wrecked and reckless face.

She laughed. She was not surprised. Few people would know her now. She had been very unfortunate, but it was not her fault. She blamed her father for it entirely. Nevertheless, she had many a time and oft danced with that gentleman sitting near the fire, Mr. Croton Poole.

Poor Croton—how his portly figure quivered at these words.

"Gracious Heavens!" he cried; "you surely are not Constance Brevier?"

"That's my name," she answered calmly. "I'm glad I met you here. I'm very poor—almost starving; and I know you'll assist me." And her dull eyes lighted up with a gleam of drunken hope.

Poole covered his face with his hands. I never saw a man so completely shocked. A few moments before he had been recalling a lovely, blooming girl, and lo! the reality of his dream enters, an uncleanly old woman, who begs, and smells of brandy.

Shall I tell you how we tried in vain to reclaim the poor creature from the influence of the terrible passion by which she was dominated—how we surrounded her with every possible comfort except that one for which she longed? Shall I describe to you that awful death-bed around which the visions of the inebriate thronged in terrible profusion? It were better not, but I do wish that Madame Cancan had been there to see. That amiable instructress of youth would have seen the result of making young ladies ornamental instead of useful.

Oh, Madame Cancan! if you would only teach your pupils how to take care of themselves!

WHAT WE EAT.

THERE was a strange and yet wondrously beautiful idea prevailing among some nations of antiquity, that the souls of the departed were ever and anon permitted to return to the earth, and to revisit the places they had loved most dearly. Cunning magicians of Egypt built upon this faint foreshadowing faith in a life to come a weird charm that curdled the blood of the credulous, and yet, now and in another form, soothes the heart of the faithful. They professed to know the magic art of lighting an ever-burning taper within the huge stone coffins that held the embalmed body, so that the soul, when it came from its new, mysterious home, could look—who will say with what feelings?—upon the frail house in which it once had lived and loved.

Such a light the faith of our day and of our land, with a charm not of earthly power, but from on high, has placed in our souls, that we may there ever behold our own sinful heart.

But science also has lighted up the flesh coffin in which our heaven-born soul is confined for a while, that we may read there the solemn lesson that our days are but as grass, as a flower of the field. The body of proud man, so wonderfully made, so carefully nursed, is after all but a loan from our great mother Nature. A loan, too, not for the brief space of fourscore years and ten, but for a short, fleeting moment. Every instant some slight particles leave the beauteous structure to return to the bosom of their first home. Dust returns to dust not only in the last great hour, when the black, bitter drop falls from the sword of the Angel of Death, and the soul of man is carried up to the throne of the Almighty. Not a second passes that does not teach the same mighty lesson. Man dies continually, and all life is but a consumption of matter.

But by the side of death there is life ever present—thanks to Him who breathed this breath into man, formed of the dust of the ground, and made him a living soul. And as "we shall not all sleep, but shall all be changed," so, day by day also, our body is changed, and we spend our lives in growing and passing away, in an eternal binding and loosening of the elements that form God's noblest creation.

This destruction and restoration is constantly going on as long as life continues to dwell in us. For to live is but to be active, and every employment of force is a consumption of material. The decaying and vanishing substance has to be replaced, and for that purpose we take food. We eat, then, not only to satisfy the craving of hunger, but to build up and replace what has been lost. If we eat to live, the art to eat is in truth the art to live. For food does more than merely prevent destruction, and supply again and again the parts that have been destroyed. It furnishes not only the sinews, the blood, and the bones of the hardy laborer, it supplies also the brain of the statesman and the scholar, it gives fuel to the lamp of genius

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in the poet and the artist. Thus we can say in more than one sense, Tell us what you eat, and we will tell you what you are! For as our food is, so is not only our body, but our mind also, our heart and our character.

Modern science especially has taught us that it is not an accident, nor a mere national peculiarity, which gives the English laborer such a superiority over the slower son of Erin, but the better food to which he is accustomed. It is the question of meat *versus* potatoes. Nor is it difference of race alone, or the influence of soil and climate, that marks the earth-eating Otomak with savage stupidity, the vegetarian Hindoo with gentle, dreamy indolence, and the wild hunter of the Far West with cruelty and a restless desire for battle. Other food, other manners. "Eat lotus, and you will forget your country," said the Greeks. The Punic armies lost their ancient valor and noble spirit amidst the luxuries of Sicily; and Germany sent, century after century, the flower of her nobility, the bravest of her children to succumb, not to the sword of the enemy, but to the "sweet figs of the South."

Food, then, makes the working body and the thinking mind; it inflames or calms our passions, it fills the soul with proud energy or darkens it with melancholy and timid fear. It not only sustains, but makes man, and by this strange, mysterious power, it has become the subject of anxious, scientific researches. The quantity, which depends mainly upon climate and occupation, interests the economist, its quality the physiologist. We can not count any longer upon the abundance of Eden or the miracles of the desert; we must not continue in ignorance. The Arabs of Algiers complained to a French general that formerly they had lived in quiet and happiness; peace and ignorance had dwelt among them, and they had been grateful for such blessings. Since the arrival of the French, however, days of trouble and sorrow had come; and alas! they were compelled to labor, and, still worse, to learn and to study! So it is with ourselves. We sigh in vain for the happy days of our first father. Draconic laws alone, we fear, could make us return to the black soup of the Spartans, and yet we would not tickle our throats, like the later Romans, with peacock feathers, to reject dish after dish, until insensibility makes an end to the process of gorging. We shrink with horror from the terrible cannibal, and look with pity upon the effeminate, rice-fed Indian.

The first question, it is true, relates simply to the removal of that strange pain which we call hunger. It dwells not in the stomach only, for that may be filled to the utmost and the sensation still continues; but it extends over the whole body, as the satisfaction of its cravings soothes and pleases the entire structure. If hunger is not appeased by food, high fever follows, great debility, the loss of teeth, and finally insanity, with terrible pain and madness. Even the healthy man can not be longer than three days without eating and drinking, and the mere diminution of food produces a painful sensation. The strict fasting which the religion of most Eastern nations prescribes at certain seasons is almost invariably followed by headache, fever, and weakness. Continued famine produces, besides its own pains and pangs, most fearful diseases, especially the so-called hunger-typhus. Even in our day this dread scourge of mankind has been known in Silesia, Ireland, and India. It loosens the silver cords of life, and severs all ties of love and affection. Dull, dire insensibility at last gives way to raging madness, and ends in unutterable anguish.

We must, however, not only earn our bread in the sweat of our brow, but overcome the curse also that the earth shall bring forth to us thorns and thistles—the ground being cursed "for our sake." So we have now to learn what will support millions living on an area that in days of yore barely maintained a few hundreds. Science has taught us, that as clay produces one plant and sand another, so man also requires a variety of food to provide for all the elements of which he is made. We were led to think of this by experiments first made in agriculture. Here Liebig discovered the great laws of Nature, and curious proofs were soon not wanting to confirm his theory and to amaze the uninformed. A German prince—would they were all so well employed!—tried the simple oat-plant, and truly wonderful were the results he obtained. Depriving the soil in which it grew of flint, it remained lying prostrate on the ground, pale and dwarfish; giving it no lime, it never grew beyond the second leaf, while the want of natron arrested it at the third. Without phosphorus it grew up, looking well and hearty, but it produced no fruit; without iron it gained neither strength nor color. The absence of magnesia left it weak and prostrate; the want of manganese reduced it in size and strength, and suffered it to produce but few and sterile blossoms. Similar results were obtained with animals also: bees that were fed upon pure sugar gave no wax; eggs hatched by artificial heat lacked the oil oozing from the hen's close feathers, and brought no chickens; dogs fed upon bread only would not survive; and if they received nothing but sugar, they died as soon as if they had perished by famine.

The same laws were found, at last, to apply even to man. Arrow-root, for instance, although most nutritious and palatable in itself, does not sustain human life unless it be mixed with other ingredients; and to sentence a criminal to live upon arrow-root alone, would be to condemn him to certain death by lingering, torturing starvation. Men fed with potatoes alone, would die, with a full stomach, in a few months, and from sheer want of nutrition. Lean meat, without fat and condiment, produces the same effect; but if we can drink coffee with our potatoes, or add other spices to the meat, we may thus obtain the necessary azote, and prosper. For even the spices and condiments which we use, are

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not mere luxuries, but absolute necessities. Thus it was once the law of Sweden that soldiers condemned to die should be kept in prison well-provided with bread and water, but receiving no salt. Their sufferings were horrible, and, after perhaps six weeks, they hailed the coming of death as a release from intolerable anguish.

Still, we have learned that science alone does not guide us safely in the selection of food. If we ate only to live, we might appoint the chemist our cook, and erect large laboratories as kitchens for the million. There casein would be prepared and fat, starch and gluten in their simplest forms. But we eat not to feed only, but to enjoy. The same great Ruler on high, who has turned the curse that drove us from Eden into a blessing, has deigned to give a higher dignity and a nobler nature even to the humble duty we owe to our earth-born body. He has placed watchmen at the very entrance, that try and test whatever approaches before they admit it within. The eye sees the food, and chooses according to form and shape; the nose decides by odor and fragrance, with exquisite delicacy of perception; at last, when these two ordeals are safely passed, the tongue, that keenest of judges, tastes with a thousand invisible nerves, and according to its incorruptible judgment, grants or refuses admittance. The eye may be trained into compliance with man's unnatural tastes; the nose may be deceived by powerful odors; but the tongue wears not the bondage of human justice, and is infallible as it is faithful. Nature has thus endowed us with a mere bodily want—hunger; but, kind mother as she is, she has added a higher sense, to be controlled by the mind and to react upon the intellect. She has given us taste, the sense that makes the appeasing of the appetite an enjoyment, and induces us to employ our ingenuity in making food subservient to higher purposes than mere animal gratification.

Thus it is that science is but an imperfect guide, and that the instinctive or well-trained taste also must be consulted. That this is not a vain and idle theory has been proved at but too painful expense. One instance will suffice. In the year 1679 Papin cooked bones in pots of peculiar construction into a jelly, and claimed the merit of having discovered a new and wonderously cheap kind of food. His sovereign, Charles II., was disposed to accept the fatal gift, and impose it by law upon his people, but, fortunately, the evil was averted by ridicule. A long and solemn procession of dogs appeared at court, with petitions round their necks, in which they implored the king to leave the bones to their own unfortunate race. But the same experiment was repeated with more, though not better success, in the sad days of the French revolution. A distinguished chemist, d'Arcet, established the doctrine that bones, cooked for many hours, would give at least half as much food as pure, costly meat. The theory was sound, and the invention met with applause. Bone-soup became all the fashion; it inundated hospitals, alms-houses, and prisons. But nobody liked it except d'Arcet. Was it prejudice or idle fancy? Startling, however, was the fact, that starving dogs even refused the much-praised soup, and at last a grocer reported in the public papers that rats had broken into his store, and there committed most terrible havoc. They had eaten his flour and his rice; they had not spared the paste of his labels and the leather of his shoes; but, oh wonder! they had not touched his bone-soup extracts! A committee was at last chosen to inquire into the matter; men like Dupuytren and Magendie took part in the researches, and after many years of careful and anxious investigation, they reported against the new substitute. It appeared that bread and meat given with the bone-soup had been only as good as without it and no better; that dogs had died of starvation before they would eat the new soup; and that, chemically speaking, the intense heat required to extract the gluten from the bones destroyed their nutritive power.

Thus it was that taste obtained a signal victory over science, and showed the importance of those instincts with which we have been endowed by the wise beneficence of Nature.

This sense may, of course, be educated as well as other senses, subject as it is to the influence of habit and early training. As the eye that should see from childhood up nothing but caricatures, and the ear that should hear only dissonances, would soon be little able to enjoy the beauties of music and painting, so taste also may be equally spoiled by the constant use of raw material or over-refined delicacies. Hence the difference of taste in barbarous nations and in the more civilized. Low races love low food, and cooking may be as bad and as good as music. The higher the culture of a nation the better its food. Not that it must needs be more artificial and choice—for here also simplicity is the highest of arts—but it will be most perfectly adapted to the exact purposes for which it is used, and produce the greatest enjoyment at the same time that it fulfills most completely the primary end of sustaining the body. Viewed in this light the food of a people will show its higher or lower state of civilization, and become an important aid in judging of its rank among the nations of the earth. The extravagance and sinful waste of the Romans is but an evidence of their decline; and the races of the wilderness, that swallow earth or devour their fellow-man, may, from that simple fact alone, be safely placed lowest in the scale of mankind.

Thus the choice of food betrays the more or less noble nature of man, in the individual as well as in the nation. Brutish races feed like brutes, and ignoble man eats ignoble food, like worms or spiders. For as the mind has its own great laws of beauty, so has the palate. The Chinese show their want of perception of the beautiful, not more in their worship of detestable deities and the cruel mutilation of their

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women, than by eating, as their greatest delicacy, the nests of swallows and the flesh of disgusting fetid trepang. The Mongol who fattens rats and mice like pigs, butchers them with care, and carries them on long white poles to market, is as good evidence against his race as the cruelty that stains the pages of his history, and the dark ignorance that broods over his mind. The Otomak, who fills his stomach with vile clay, is by this custom alone stamped as the refuse of mankind; and the patient Hindoo will be a slave of the well-fed European as long as he lives upon vegetables only. Even the races that eat nothing but meat, give a one-sided expression to their character. They become cruel, impatient, and blood-thirsty; with them neither body nor soul fulfill perfectly the great laws of nature.

In this aspect the question, What do we eat? is not without interest or importance.

As man is the lord of creation, he draws his food from the three kingdoms of nature: he lives on earth, on plants, and on animals. It was, however, not always so, for in paradise man was evidently instructed to live on vegetables only. "Every herb bearing seed, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed," were assigned to him for meat by the express words of the Almighty. There is no nation on earth that does not preserve some faint, feeble memory of an early age of unclouded innocence and happiness; and wherever this is found, tradition mentions the abstinence from animal food as one of the marks of this golden age, when plants were

> "The food of man,
> While yet he lived in innocence and told
> A length of golden years, unfleshed in blood,
> A stranger to the savage arts of life,
> The lord and not the tyrant of the world."

It has been surmised, and not without good reason, that the form of our mother earth may have undergone such a change at the deluge, as to render flesh better suited to be meat for man. Before that dread event animal food was eaten only by those whose sins brought such awful judgments upon the world. When the bow of the Lord appeared in heaven, and the great covenant was made between God and "every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth," permission was granted to eat animal food. The word of God shows us distinctly both the original grant and the new extension: "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you . . . even as the green herb have I given you *all* things." Still, animal food is even now but sparingly used in Eastern countries, and by some nations held in utter abhorrence. All great legislators of the Orient have, moreover, forbidden the use of certain animals, whom they call unclean. Moses, Manu, and Mohammed, proscribed them alike; Buddhism makes the killing of a living animal sinful. Nor does any nation on earth yet subsist on animal food only; even the lowest in the scale of civilization, those who live as fishermen and hunters, mix some vegetables with their diet. The Greenlander and the Esquimaux has his berries and his spoon-wort, the great luxuries of his brief summer; and the northwestern Indians, when first known, raised already maize and wild grains. The stunted native of Siberia gathers, during autumn, large stores of roots, with which he improves his fish and his meat during winter, and the miserable Arouak digs for roots and bulbs, which he reduces to powder and bakes into bread.

The early races were beyond doubt mainly hunters, and subsisted on the animals they had killed. Like carnivorous animals, they also required large quantities of this food, which generally contains but little fat, and this made again constant and violent exercise indispensable for the purposes of digestion. Hence the poor captive lion wanders restlessly up and down in his narrow prison, not from a thirst of liberty, as roving fancy would like to have it, but from a far lower animal instinct. Hence, also, the restless activity of the hunter, that drives him over hill and dale, a propensity still increased by the vast tracts of land he requires for his support, as much more life is destroyed than what is immediately needed. Where man lives by the chase, the earth can be but thinly settled, and culture make little progress. The deserts of our Far West, and the South American pampas, are such vast plains, with few animals, and still fewer men living upon them. Nor can races be long-lived as such, that subsist only on the spontaneous productions of nature, adding neither by skill nor by labor to her inherent power. Hence the gradual but sure extinction of the Red Man of our continent, and the natives of all countries to whom agriculture is unknown. They roam through their grassy deserts, and vie with the fierce beasts of the wilderness in swiftness and brutal cunning. They can not rest; for as the huge whale must leave his own mysterious home and follow—a willing, giant slave—his almost invisible food through the wide ocean, so the Indian also must ever remain in the track of the retiring animal, and learns at best to train the wild horse, the better to pursue the frightened herd across the wide prairie. His life is spent in pursuit, his hands are ever reeking with blood. Hard-hearted and blood-thirsty, he soon enjoys with equal zest the last torments of his prey, and the anguish of the enemy he has killed. The unceasing struggle for his daily food adds, it is true, to his physical strength, and the constant danger steels his heart with undaunted courage: he learns to endure heat and cold, pain and death itself, with unwavering fortitude. But he pays dearly for these virtues. Where every one must daily and hourly think how to support his own life, the mind soon becomes selfish, and the heart unfeeling; social virtues are unknown, and the sweet bonds of affection are easily broken. The care for his own existence makes his eye look with jealous watchfulness at every intruder; his roving, restless life de-

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prives him forever of the blessings of a home. His thoughts are ever bent upon murder, his talk is but on arms and adventures. He learns at best only how to dress skins and to fashion weapons: he trains his senses to surpassing keenness. He sees the faint vapor rising from a stream afar on the prairie, and scents, with unfailing accuracy, the track of his game or a hostile party. Romance has in vain tried to gild the sad picture. The Indian's fancy is filled with battle and bloodshed; hatred, vengeance, and thirst for destruction, are his prevailing emotions. Inhumanity is with him a virtue; barbarous insensibility the greatest triumph of his pride. Skulls and scalps are his ornaments, and the torture of a captive his highest enjoyment. And miserable as his life upon earth is, so is his idea of the future. The god of the Scandinavian of old, and of the red Indian of our day, is alike a great hunter; paradise a hunting-ground abounding with game; and ceaseless feasting the great joy of heaven! Few are, however, fortunately, the races on earth that live by the chase only, and rapidly passing away as the woodman's ax is heard in the forest, and the bee builds the first home in the wilderness. Still, all nations but the worshipers of Buddha eat the flesh of animals, and through the wide realm of creation scarcely a single family escapes the universal slaughter. Even the lowest and most disgusting to eye and palate find a house where they are welcomed, and a race that hails them as benefactors. Worms and insects must furnish food, and grace the table not of the poor only, but of the wealthy.

The common rain-worm is carefully gathered in China, and, raw or roasted, considered most palatable food. Still, it is the poor mainly that appreciate, by the side of pleasant taste, the cheapness of such provisions. But what shall we say to the gourmet who praises the luscious woodsnipe, and still more the black mass from the inside, that he carefully places on his toast and eats with a feeling akin to veneration? He is eating the worms that live in the snipe's intestines! Of equal value is the famous palm-worm of the West Indies, which, roasted on tiny spits and richly spiced, forms one of the best dishes of luxurious dinners. Its near relation, the grugru worm of Java, is said to be richer still and more delicate. Nor do costly silk-worms escape the fate of all that is eatable; freed from their cocoons, and daintily dressed, they are highly honored and largely swallowed by the noblemen of Madagascar. The Chinese, with their incredible power of overcoming all natural instincts, go here also farthest; they raise the larvæ of blue-bottle flies in heaps of putrid fish near the sea-coast, and value the produce more highly than the facility of obtaining it would lead us to believe. They place themselves thus, with all their boasted, central superiority, on a level with the poor Indians of the Orinoco, whom the traveler Schomburgk saw eagerly dig in the ground for grubs and worms. It is true they ate them raw, while the children of the Flowery Kingdom dress their worms with spices and sauces. Centipedes, eighteen inches long, were eagerly devoured by the Indian companions of the great Humboldt, and leeches adorn the tables of the very princes of Japan.

Turning to worms and their kin in the great ocean, we find that the higher orders of oysters and other shell-fish are eaten by nearly all nations. But leaving the more familiar kinds aside, it would seem that scarcely a single inhabitant of the sea, from the mere shadow of a jelly to the roughest and toughest of shell-fish, is spared by the insatiable hunger of man.

The shapeless red sea-nettles, that hang without shell on the sides of submarine rocks or float about at the mercy of waves, were a favorite dish as early as the times of Aristotle, who praises their hard, firm flesh in the wintry season, while the more fastidious Apicius recommends them as best in September. Now they are mainly eaten in Italy and the south of France, where they divide the attention of seafaring men with the countless medusæ that sail in crowds through the ocean. Roasted in oil, after flour has been strewn on them, they are as palatable as they are nutritious. The tough and indigestible sepia, which in Venice the poor only venture to cook, is a favorite dish of the Greeks, especially during their fasts. They cut them lengthwise and cook them fresh in saltpetre, which gives their meat a bright-red color, or they dry them and eat them at leisure, cooked with herbs and dressed with lemon-juice, oil, and pepper. The smaller varieties, which are rarer, are said to be better and more delicate. Sea-urchins crowd in vast numbers all around the shores of Europe, Africa, and the East Indies; they feed upon crabs and sea-nettles, and are, in return, eaten by millions. Their bright saffron-yellow bodies may be seen in every market from the Ganges to the Loire, and from Benares to Marseilles. They furnish an ample proportion of the daily bread of the lower classes. But in all that pertains to a due appreciation of sea-worms—if that term is admissible—the Chinese must again be acknowledged as feast-masters. They ascribe to mollusks peculiar virtues, and pay most extravagant sums for their favorite kinds. Among these the trepang holds probably the first rank—an ugly, shapeless, fearfully-smelling holothuria of Indian seas. Thousands of Malay, English, and American vessels are annually busy in those waters to catch the disgusting, worm-shaped animal. Its principal homes are the coral-banks of the South Sea and Australian waters; but Chinese fishermen go as far as New Guinea, and American ships to the Caroline Islands, in pursuit of this favorite of the Chinese taste. The greatest market for the trepang is Macassar, where not less than thirty-six varieties are exposed for sale, the choicest of which bring incredible prices. The worm is caught either by long pointed sticks, that are thrust down at

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random, or is brought up from the deep by skillful and well-paid divers. In Sumatra they are thrown alive on heaps of coral lime, which induces them to disgorge their whole contents; at other places they are cooked for two whole days, when they begin to resemble calf's-foot jelly, and, by the aid of powerful spices, become fit for the table.

Not much more attractive to the stranger is the favorite dish of many a European nation—roasted or pickled snails. The slimy, slippery form of these animals makes them to most persons peculiarly repulsive, but their extraordinary nutritive power and excellent taste has long since served to defeat all prejudice. While the Ashantees, and other nations of lowest grade, smoke them and eat them as daily food all the year round, the higher races employ them only as relish or for special occasions. The Romans already valued the cochlearia, and fattened them with bran and wine until they reached truly gigantic dimensions. In our day, also, they are prescribed as eminently useful to sufferers in consumption, and all Southern Europe affects them during the times of annual fasting. In Switzerland and Italy the traveler finds large establishments, where they are carefully raised, and either disposed of at home, or potted and sent by millions to foreign countries. The red snail makes a capital broth for weak persons; the *pomatia* may be found in all countries. In Venice all snails are eaten, at least by the poor; in France the *vignot et guignette* is consumed in incredible numbers.

If the palate has, like the eye, its laws of beauty, which would lead it to prefer nobler forms, insects ought to be eaten as little as mollusks. They are rarely blessed with a beauty that is intended for other senses but the sight; their long, dry bodies, their restless, countless feet and quaintly-shaped heads are interesting in their ugliness, but far from attractive to the hungry. What natural taste could lead us to carry to the mouth a larva, that changes its shape from day to day, now looks dry and dark, and to-morrow bursts and pours forth a yellow, dismal fluid? Like a true Proteus it defies all knowledge of its next shape, and, in all stages, inspires disgust rather than desire. Still, insects are eaten, but their lowest kinds only by the lowest races of mankind. Tschudi saw the natives of Peru hunt assiduously in the forests of hair on the heads of their children and eagerly devour the minute game—a taste which they share with the Hottentots and other African tribes. New Caledonians prefer spiders to all common food; and the amiable inhabitants of New South Wales catch even moths (*Euplaca hamata*), remove the gray powder on their tiny bodies, and roast them in masses. Bees—which civilized nations deprive of the fruit of their labor—are eaten in Ceylon as spice, and on account of the fragrant odor they give to the breath. The pleasant acid taste of ants tempts many races of Brazil and the East Indies; and even in other more fastidious countries, the old and the feeble consume them under an impression that they strengthen the spinal marrow! The acid they contain bears a striking resemblance to that of the lemon; and many a European has learned, in Java and Eastern countries, to thrust his arm into a hill of white ants and to eat the quaint food without cooking and dressing. The huge termites, however, those skillful artists of Africa, require, even at the hands of the natives, a more careful treatment. They are caught as they fall into the water in calabashes, and roasted like coffee-beans in huge iron pots; then they are flung, by the handful, into their mouths. The Hottentots also are fond of them, and admire their fattening power. In the East Indies they are caught by thousands and baked in pies, which are brought to the public markets—a custom which prevails in South America also, where they are sold after having been roasted.

Locusts furnish the favorite food of many numerous races of Africa; some nations live exclusively on them, but, it is said, they rarely grow older than forty years, and mostly die a miserable death, produced by fearful diseases. Alfred Cole tells us in his graphic manner how a whole kraal of Caffres once died after having consumed an unusual quantity of locusts. We read, not without wonder, that even in classic Greece this repulsive food was not rejected. The same Athenians that, later, wore golden crickets in their hair as proof that they were natives on their own soil, like the insects themselves, ate the smaller varieties skillfully dressed. But we must remember that antiquity also was not always faithful to the first laws of beauty and humanity. Were not their costliest fishes fattened upon the bodies of slaves thrown into the ponds for that horrible purpose? In one day the locusts are rarely seen, but at long intervals, and permanently only in the Orient. There the Arabs resort to them in years of famine; they dry and grind them to powder, and bake them with flour into cakes or roast them in butter. Legs and wings are always rejected, the bodies are often preserved in vinegar, and are considered a rare delicacy. In Germany, where, in 1748, they committed incredible ravages, the eggs at least were eaten and highly prized.

Ascending in the scale of animals, we see with lessened surprise that reptiles are eaten with eagerness all over the world, and neither want of beauty nor abundance of venom protects them against omnivorous man. In vain they assume all manners of oddest shapes; in vain they move, creeping, and hopping, and sliding; although they suggest to us, by form and motion, all that is false and unfair, hideous and horrid, even God's curse of the serpent does not shield it, and from the humble frog of the pond to the colossal crocodile of Egypt, they all are but so much food for their master.

The old Mexicans loved the speckled salamander, and ate it with Spanish pepper; the Spaniards learned the odd fashion, and as late

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as the sixteenth century the ugly creature was brought to their markets and roasted for the table. Vipers are a favorite dish of Italians to this day; Celsus recommends them as wholesome and luscious; in China they are salted and pickled. The lizards of this continent are a most delicate dish, and not long since the leguana of the Antilles was brought in large numbers to South Carolina. At home they are raised and fattened upon chicory and rice. Snakes also find a ready market in Eastern countries. The giant of Java, well nigh ten feet long and of the thickness of a man's arm, infests the pepper-plantations, and its venom is fatal; still it is caught and eaten with relish. The huge boa constrictor is said to furnish an exceedingly fat meat, and the negroes of its native country prefer it to the daintiest food of the white man. The anaconda of Brazil supplies the table of the poor, though the Portuguese only use the rich fat it contains. The natives of South America eat almost all snakes, and the Far West has taught many a fastidious palate from over the sea to relish, with the red Indian, the fatal rattlesnake of our own country.

Frogs are such familiar food, that no city-market now is without them; but toads are probably valued as food only in Surinam. Turtles also prevail, from the table of the fat alderman of London to the far ends of the world; the best are said to be those of the Indian Sea, where a fish, an echineis, is trained to catch them. Crocodiles, however, are not so popular abroad, though at home highly valued on account of their delicate flesh and excellent eggs. Herodotus already speaks with fervor of the huge giants of Elephantine in the Upper Nile, where they are still caught with an angle and universally eaten in spite of their strong musk odor. Even the alligator of the Southern States is by no means despised, and finds ready admittance with black and white.

There is no limit, we believe, to the victims furnished by the realms of air and water; modern skepticism knows no longer the meaning of clean and unclean. Among quadrupeds, a shrinking shyness alone distinguishes here and there between the right to eat and the propriety. Rats and mice, that shun the light of day, are eaten only by Mongol races: as here also the rule is maintained, that nobler nations love nobler food. It is sad for the honor of mankind, that we must still include man himself in the list of animal food; but there is comfort in the sure hope that the rapidly fading horror will soon vanish entirely, as the faint, blushing dawn of Christianity is seen to rise from every shore, from every ocean.

As nations advanced in culture and civilization, the dwellers in the desert became nomadic shepherds. Hunters no longer, they were still without a home and a hearth of their own, for they had to wander with their herds from pasture to pasture. Armed only for purposes of defense, they thought on more peaceful pursuits, but rarely of war and of murder. New cares began to occupy their mind, and new virtues were developed by the entire change in their mode of life. The herds demanded their constant care and kindness, the easily exhausted pasture required foresight for coming wants. The tribes of the Desert even learned to plant trees around the precious well, and the necessity of taming and preserving the animals by whom they were supported fostered the higher qualities of patience and perseverance. The great question of Mine and Thine made itself felt in all its widely extended importance; neighbors had to be reconciled, and mutual aid to be rendered. Thus they were led to impose laws at home, and to establish social intercourse with others. Tribe was bound to tribe, and family to family. Servants, intrusted with weighty and responsible duties, must be obedient and faithful; hence the nomade's family became the bond of sweet and sacred affection, the centre of all his duties on earth, the one great interest of his life. The honor of their father, the patriarch, was the honor of all; filial piety the first duty. What interested one concerned all; and thus the relation of friend or foe, the feelings of hatred and vengeance, were handed down from generation to generation. They began to cherish the memory of their forefathers, and tradition begat history.

The hunter had honored strength and cunning above all virtues; even now the greatest warrior is his chief, whose merits are counted by scalps. Nomadic nations honor age, because it gives experience and wisdom; they respect their father and love their brother. The great ideas of Family and Faith begin to shed their benign light upon the humanized race; they have a common code upon earth, a common God in heaven—their Lord is their shepherd, who leads them by the still waters in green pastures.

But their life also is yet one-sided, and in its very liberty much too restricted. One pasture is like another; each family is but a copy of the next, and all tradition remains ever alike. They have still no home, and with it neither new wants nor new blessings. Hence their mind and their language remain equally imperfect. As the unbounded steppe is but a repetition of the same prairie, so the fancy of nomadic nations roams but over an infinite variety of the same first elements. The camel, the horse, the tent, and the family find a thousand varied forms and expression, but they exhaust the wealth of their language. To rest in the cool shade by still waters is still the highest ideal of happiness, and a God who rules in patriarchal severity over his family, his chosen people, their loftiest conception. Such are still the Arabic Bedouin and the wandering Mongol.

Soon, however, the races of men learned to subdue the wild grass, the despotic power of the steppe. They tamed the plants of the earth, and thus they learned to tame the powers of nature, and lastly themselves. So striking was

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this change, so manifest its blessings, that all nations of antiquity worshiped with grateful reverence the donors of grain as the gods themselves. The old Germans looked upon their giant Thor as a tiller of the soil that he had wrested from icy winter, in spite of fierce storms and terrible tempests. He had brought his beloved children the precious grain, and with it order and happy peace.

Demeter, crowned with golden ears of corn, was the great goddess of the Greeks, whom they celebrated in awful mysteries as the giver of law and virtue. Even Peru had its legends of similar import, and the Christian of our day yet hopes for the time when swords shall be beaten into plowshares.

Agriculture brought man that first blessing of all, a home; the constant dependence on wind and weather, on rain and sunshine, pointed ever to Him from whom come all good and perfect gifts. Comfort, wealth, and even luxury rewarded his labors, trade and commerce arose to carry his products from land to land, and law and justice regulated his manifold relations to neighbors and distant connections. There was but one step left; the transition from agriculture to industry, when man made himself master not only of the products, but even of the hidden powers of nature. Then only he became truly and fully the Lord of Creation.

In the vegetable world we find that our own great mother Earth furnishes us largely and readily our daily bread. Fruit trees grow mainly in tropic regions, and it seems as if nature had placed the first fruit fully prepared right by the side of the cradle of man. Trees of this kind are, even now, found in greatest perfection, where nations are living in a state of utter helplessness. The bread-fruit tree gives not only well-leavened bread, but also animal milk, and three are sufficient to support a man from season to season. Ten suffice for a family during lifetime. And yet the indolent South Sea Indian dreams of a paradise, where his favorite fruit will hang ready cooked on the tree! All over the tropics these giant trees, requiring no care and attention, offer their inexhaustible wealth to the low and lazy native of those countries. He has no motive for work, no inducement to think and to reflect. Truly, the curse that condemns us to labor, though it be in the sweat of our brow, is a blessing above all others!

The banana and the pisang begin, like the palm-tree, to supersede by degrees the bread-fruit tree. Whether they bear cocoa-nuts, dates, or sago, they are ever ready to feast the hungry and to shelter the houseless. Nations live, in peace and security, on the branches of the Mauritius palm, others take a single leaf of the pisang to cover their person. Even the sombre pines of the North become fruitful and eatable under the burning sun of the tropics, and the Chili pine on the slopes of the Andes supplies the natives with inviting seeds in its cones. One large tree thus maintains eighteen persons for a year, and requires no cutting down and no replanting! Figs furnish food from the Atlantic to the far East, and dates are well known as the bread of the desert. With civilized nations, however, the fruit of trees is no longer daily bread; it shares with roots and bulbs the purpose of adding and giving a zest to food of more substantial nature.

Roots and bulbs require already a certain amount of labor, and mark thus a second stage in the progress of man, as shown in his vegetable diet. The eye, that before and in Paradise looked up the lofty tree, and thence freely and without consciousness of guilt to his Maker, is now bent in shame and remorse upon the ground. The lotus of the ancients that made them forget their sweet home, and the palma of India, are probably among the earliest roots thus eaten. On this continent the mandisca sustains thousands of starving nations, and eatable ferns are almost the only food of the savages of New Zealand. In Europe the potato occupies nearly the same position; there, also, it is the last resource of famishing masses. The poor peasant and the down-trod laborer are set to perform the hardest task ever imposed upon man; to produce the largest amount of work with the smallest supply of food, which requires, moreover, the greatest labor of digestion among all plants that are eaten! Its nutritive power is extremely small, and if Mohammed Ali could dispatch a water-melon of forty pounds after a substantial dinner, the capacity of an Irish stomach for the reception of his favorite dish is hardly less astounding. It is true that, as a substitute for grain, the potato has done most excellent service to suffering mankind. If it can not avert famine, it lessens at least its horrors. As late as the year 1770 the harvest failed in Bohemia, and 180,000 human beings died a miserable death by starvation, while over 200,000 migrated to Silesia, where they knew they would find the means of subsistence. But except as a last resort it has nothing to recommend it; enfeebling the health and weakening the constitution of the consumer, it breaks the energy of nations, and all the miseries of that baneful curse of Europe, the Proletariat, are connected with the much-praised tuber. Dressed in humble gray like a Sister of Charity, and claiming to be the friend of the poor, the comfort of the needy, it is still one of the fatal gifts that the discovery of this continent bestowed upon our race. America gave to Africa its slave-trade; it brought upon the Red Man death and extinction by brandy and painful disease. To Europe it gave tobacco and potatoes, two plants of mysterious charm and most doubtful use.

Last in the order of vegetables that serve us as food, come the grasses, the true bearers of civilization. It was a great thought indeed, the plan of combining in one great mass the thousand of tiny single blades that are needed for the support of a nation. Each stalk is so trifling—only a straw!—and yet even without toil and tilth, they furnish food for countless

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races. From the stunted growth in northern regions, to the thick forests of lofty bamboos on the banks of the Ganges, rocking their rich crowns in gentle, fragrant breezes, they are plants of beauty and priceless value. More than two millions of square miles are covered with vast oceans of waving grass in steppes and prairies. Neither human dwellings nor shrub or tree break the vast, monotonous plain, where silence reigns supreme, and the wind only travels on noiseless wings. Small portions only are inhabited. The Indian and the Gaucho roam uncontrolled over the llanos in South America, as the Red Man of the north hunts still on the westernmost prairies. The enchanted oases of Africa, and the unknown steppes of Russia, Mesopotamia, and Persia, teem with nomadic nations. The Bashkir and the Tartar, the Kirghis and the Mongol, graze their countless herds of sheep, and carefully milked horses, on the grass steppes of Eastern Asia. Even the fens of old England, and the marshes of Germany, vie with the sadly-neglected plains of Spain in maintaining innumerable herds.

Of the more valuable grains, which the hand of man intrusts to the mysterious bosom of our mother earth, every nation prefers the one or the other, and in each land the favorite is called by the exclusive name of corn. The first use made of such fruits was probably that of the old races of Asia, who roasted a flour made of linseed and mixed it with honey. The same food became, at a later period, the bread of the Helots in Sparta. All these grasses came from Asia, if maize be not due, as is believed, to America. But as every man has his favorite dish and food, so, from time immemorial, every nation also has had its own characteristic plant, which it has carried with it in all migrations, and which it cultivates wherever it settles. The Greek took the vine to his most distant colonies, the Persian his cypress; the Arab can not live without his date, nor the Mohammedan without opium. The Roman brought wheat to all portions of Europe, the Gipsy has carried the fatal datura from India even to the great Mississippi, thus mingling a curse with so many blessings. In like manner we find that the whole Orient lives upon rice, which in the East becomes his sole daily food. Least nutritious of all grain-bearing grasses, and only in large quantities answering its purpose, it is the last of these grasses that have been carried from the Orient to Western countries. In Europe we find that northern and western nations prefer wheat, Germany rye, and Scandinavia barley. To these Spain adds spelt, and Scotland even oats, as an addition to other flour in bread. Africa raises durrah, a gigantic millet, and America maize.

Great, however, as are the blessings that have every where followed in the wake of grain-bearing grasses, few nations live on vegetables only. Whether they live upon the banana, rice, or potatoes, in all cases they must consume immense quantities in order to sustain life. There is little carbon in plants, and the larger portion of their substance goes to produce hydrogen, which has to be expelled by respiration. Hence grass-feeding animals spend their whole life in eating and sleeping, or, at best, in rumination. Besides, there is no moral element in plants. No part of a plant, nor any shape it may assume in the boundless profusion of nature, is distasteful or disgusting. It is always, from the most brilliant to the humblest, the friend of man. It never conveys to us the idea of being ugly or repulsive. But this very uniformity is a defect, as far as its relations to man are concerned. All plants are more or less alike, however great the difference in size and individual shape may appear. There is but one form and one life common to all. Hence the same uniformity extends also to those who live upon, and therefore, as it were, consist of, these ever-repeated forms and conditions. All vegetarians eat the same elements of food, and all soon become wondrously alike. It is not so with the animal kingdom. Although here also, as in the whole of nature, nothing is absolutely ugly, still different animal forms produce different impressions upon our mind. One man faints at the sight of a spider, the other eats it; and what we look upon with delight disgusts our neighbors. Hence it was not in vain that a tooth for meat was added to our grinders. Nature has thus pointed out the way, and the law of nature is here also a moral law. Every well-tried experiment has, so far, proved that a mixed diet is, beyond doubt, the best for all practical purposes for which man is intended—a doctrine which Cabanis, in his immortal work on the relations of man's physical condition to his moral state, has most brilliantly proven.

It may not be amiss, finally, to refer to some more extraordinary articles of food upon which man is found to live, under peculiar circumstances. He resorts to them under the impulse of both famine and extravagant luxury. Satiated with all that nature affords him, he ransacks the world to find stimulants for his over-burdened appetite. He takes the acids of plants and of animals, their fat, or their special secretions. Vegetables also afford him acids or powerful infusions. Even the mineral kingdom must contribute its share. Salt, however, seems to be indispensable for all living existence. No plant can grow without it; animals die a miserable death when deprived of the precious addition to daily food; and so it is with man: for respiration, and for the production of heat, salt is to him also the one great condition.

In times of want and famine, man is compelled to resort to the simplest and least inviting productions of nature. In northern countries, where neither grass nor trees cheer the eye, all the mountains and all the vast plains are covered with gray moss, which the natives grind for a support of themselves and their cattle during the long, unbearable winter. Algæ, also, and lichens, must serve the same purpose, from the inhospitable shores of Iceland to the

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boundless steppes of the Tartars. The Lapps and northern Finns take, in times of famine, the tender inner bark of the less resinous pines, soak it in water, and, if possible, mix it with rye-flour. This "Borkbrod" is, of course, but little nutritious, and yet it must serve often for whole years as their only food. The miserable Indians of California used, in like emergencies, to steal even the leather used by the missionaries for shoes and for harness.

A diseased taste alone can lead to the use of resin, and yet the Bedouins and African nations subsist not rarely upon gum-arabic, that exudes from cuts in the bark of the Egyptian mimosa. Near the Urals, the resin of certain larches drops in spring from the branches, and is eagerly eaten as spice, or for its medicinal virtues.

Only the very lowest of races eat earth. Humboldt tells of the unfortunate Otomaks and Jarures, on the banks of the Orinoco, among whom some poor nomadic tribes live upon ants, gum, and earth. It is a mild, fatty clay, probably full of infusoria, and answering the double purpose of serving as a kind of ballast that weighs on the great nerve of the stomach, and of supplying a small amount of actual food out of the large mass of organic matter with which the rind of the earth is every where filled. Nor is this remarkable custom confined to cannibal nations. TheTunguses, near Ochotsk, and the natives of Kamtschatka, also, eat a variety of fine white clay, resembling butter; while, in the Eastern Ocean, the same earth is put upon leaves, and thus swallowed. In Samarang, in Java, a well-known earth, called tana, is sold in the market, in skillfully-curled rolls, like those of cinnamon. All through the Tropics, in fact, and in hot countries, there seems to prevail a fondness for certain varieties of earth, although the abundance of nature's production would surely not seem to require such strange assistance. In Europe, the use of clay or earth has frequently been resorted to in times of famine. Germany saw it employed during the Thirty Years' War; and as late as 1793, necessity drove suffering men to mix it with rye or oats in their bread. The mountain-flour of Finland and Sweden is a fine flint earth, often mixed with lime, and enters—as a matter of taste rather than necessity—into their bread, so that hundreds of wagon-loads may be seen to convey the strange food from county to county. The strangest, however, of all mineral foods is probably arsenic, the well-known poison. In Upper Austria the miners and peasants, old and young, strew arsenic like salt on their bread, and eat it, without injury, to preserve a youthful and blooming appearance!

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER LXII.

MR. AND MRS. CLIVE NEWCOME.

THE friendship between Ethel and Laura, which the last narrated sentimental occurrences had so much increased, subsists very little impaired up to the present day. A lady with many domestic interests and increasing family, etc., etc., can not be supposed to cultivate female intimacies out of doors with that ardor and eagerness which young spinsters exhibit in their intercourse; but Laura, whose kind heart first led her to sympathize with her young friend in the latter's days of distress and misfortune, has professed ever since a growing esteem for Ethel Newcome, and says, that the trials and perhaps grief which the young lady now had to undergo have brought out the noblest qualities of her disposition. She is a very different person from the giddy and worldly girl who compelled our admiration of late in the days of her triumphant youthful beauty, of her wayward generous humor, of her frivolities and her flirtations.

Did Ethel shed tears in secret over the marriage which had caused Laura's gentle eyes to overflow? We might divine the girl's grief, but we respected it. The subject was never mentioned by the ladies between themselves, and even in her most intimate communications with her husband that gentleman is bound to say his wife maintained a tender reserve upon the point, nor cared to speculate upon a subject which her friend held sacred. I could not for my part but acquiesce in this reticence; and, if Ethel felt regret and remorse, admire the dignity of her silence, and the sweet composure of her now changed and saddened demeanor.

The interchange of letters between the two friends was constant, and in these the younger lady described at length the duties, occupations, and pleasures of her new life. She had quite broken with the world, and devoted herself entirely to the nurture and education of her brother's orphan children. She educated herself in order to teach them. Her letters contain droll yet touching confessions of her own ignorance and her determination to overcome it. There was no lack of masters of all kinds in Newcome. She set herself to work like a school-girl. The piano in the little room near the conservatory was thumped by Aunt Ethel until it became quite obedient to her, and yielded the sweetest music under her fingers. When she came to pay us a visit at Fairoaks some two years afterward she played for our dancing children (our third is named Ethel, our second Helen, after one still more dear), we were in admiration of her skill. There must have been the labor of many lonely nights when her little charges were at rest, and she and her sad thoughts sat up together, before she overcame the difficulties of the instrument so as to be able to soothe herself and to charm and delight her children.

When the divorce was pronounced, which came in due form, though we know that Lady Highgate was not much happier than the luckless Lady Clara Newcome had been, Ethel's dread was lest Sir Barnes should marry again, and by introducing a new mistress into his house

* Continued from the June Number.

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should deprive her of the care of her children.

Miss Newcome judged her brother rightly in that he would try to marry, but a noble young lady to whom he offered himself rejected him, to his surprise and indignation, for a beggarly clergyman with a small living, on which she elected to starve; and the wealthy daughter of a neighboring manufacturer whom he next proposed to honor with his gracious hand, fled from him with horror to the arms of her father, wondering how such a man as that should ever dare to propose marriage to an honest girl. Sir Barnes Newcome was much surprised at this outbreak of anger, he thought himself a very ill-used and unfortunate man, a victim of most cruel persecutions, which we may be sure did not improve his temper or tend to the happiness of his circle at home. Peevishness, and selfish rage, quarrels with servants and governesses, and other domestic disquiet, Ethel had of course to bear from her brother, but not actual personal ill-usage. The fiery temper of former days was subdued in her, but the haughty resolution remained, which was more than a match for her brother's cowardly tyranny: besides, she was the mistress of sixty thousand pounds, and by many wily hints and piteous appeals to his sister Sir Barnes sought to secure this desirable sum of money for his poor dear unfortunate children.

He professed to think that she was ruining herself for her younger brothers, whose expenses the young lady was defraying, this one at college, that in the army, and whose maintenance he thought might be amply defrayed out of their own little fortunes and his mother's jointure: and, by ingeniously proving that a vast number of his household expenses were personal to Miss Newcome and would never have been incurred but for her residence in his house, he substracted for his own benefit no inconsiderable portion of her income. Thus the carriage-horses were hers, for what need had he, a miserable bachelor, of any thing more than a riding horse and a brougham? A certain number of the domestics were hers, and as he could get no scoundrel of his own to stay with him, he took Miss Newcome's servants. He would have had her pay the coals which burnt in his grate, and the taxes due to our Sovereign Lady the Queen; but in truth at the end of the year, with her domestic bounties and her charities round about Newcome, which daily increased as she became acquainted with her indigent neighbors, Miss Ethel, the heiress, was as poor as many poorer persons.

Her charities increased daily with her means of knowing the people round about her. She gave much time to them and thought; visited from house to house, without ostentation; was awe-stricken by that spectacle of the poverty which we have with us always, of which the sight rebukes our selfish griefs into silence, the thought compels us to charity, humility, and devotion. The priests of our various creeds, who elsewhere are doing battle together continually, lay down their arms in its presence and kneel before it subjugated, by that overpowering master. Death, never dying out; hunger always crying; and children born to it day after day—our young London lady, flying from the splendors and follies in which her life had been passed, found herself in the presence of these; threading darkling alleys which swarmed with wretched life; sitting by naked beds, whither by God's blessing she was sometimes enabled to carry a little comfort and consolation; or whence she came heart-stricken by the overpowering misery, or touched by the patient resignation of the new friends to whom fate had directed her. And here she met the priest upon his shrift, the homely missionary bearing his words of consolation, the quiet curate pacing his round, and was known to all these, and enabled now and again to help their people in trouble. "Oh! what good there is in this woman," my wife would say to me, as she laid one of Miss Ethel's letters aside; "Who would have thought this was the girl of your glaring London ball-room? If she has had grief to bear, how it has chastened and improved her!"

And now I have to confess that all this time, while Ethel Newcome has been growing in grace with my wife, poor Clive has been lapsing sadly out of favor. She has no patience with Clive. She drubs her little foot when his name is mentioned and turns the subject. Whither are all the tears and pities fled now? Mrs. Laura has transferred all her regard to Ethel, and when that lady's ex-suitor writes to his old friend, or other news is had of him, Laura flies out in her usual tirades against the world, the horrid wicked selfish world, which spoils every body who comes near it. What has Clive done, in vain his apologist asks, that an old friend should be so angry with him?

She is not angry with him—not she. She only does not care about him. She wishes him no manner of harm—not the least, only she has lost all interest in him. And the Colonel too,

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the poor good old Colonel, was actually in Mrs. Pendennis's black books, and when he sent her the Brussels vail which we have heard of she did not think it was a bargain at all—not particularly pretty, in fact, rather dear at the money. When we met Mr. and Mrs. Clive Newcome in London, whither they came a few months after their marriage, and where Rosey appeared as pretty, happy, good-humored a little blushing bride as eyes need behold, Mrs. Pendennis's reception of her was quite a curiosity of decorum. "I not receive her well!" cried Laura. "How on earth would you have me receive her? I talked to her about every thing, and she only answered yes or no. I showed her the children, and she did not seem to care. Her only conversation was about millinery and Brussels balls, and about her dress at the drawing-room. The drawing-room! What business has she with such follies?"

The fact is, that the drawing-room was Tom Newcome's affair. Not his son's, who was heartily ashamed of the figure he cut in that astounding costume, which English private gentlemen are made to sport when they bend the knee before their Gracious Sovereign.

Warrington roasted poor Clive upon the occasion, and complimented him with his usual gravity, until the young fellow blushed, and his father somewhat testily signified to our friend that his irony was not agreeable. "I suppose," says the Colonel, with great hauteur, "that there is nothing ridiculous in an English gentleman entertaining feelings of loyalty and testifying his respect to his Queen: and I presume that Her Majesty knows best, and has a right to order in what dress her subjects shall appear before her: and I don't think it's kind of you, George, I say, I don't think it's kind of you to quiz my boy for doing his duty to his Queen and to his father too, Sir—for it was at my request that Clive went, and we went together, Sir—to the levee and then to the drawing-room afterward with Rosey, who was presented by the lady of my old friend, Sir George Tufto, a lady of rank herself, and the wife of as brave an officer as ever drew a sword."

Warrington stammered an apology for his levity, but no explanations were satisfactory, and it was clear George had wounded the feelings of our dear simple old friend.

After Clive's marriage, which was performed at Brussels, Uncle James and the lady, his sister, whom we have sometimes flippantly ventured to call the Campaigner, went off to perform that journey to Scotland which James had meditated for ten years past; and, now little Rosey was made happy for life, to renew acquaintance with little Josey. The Colonel and his son and daughter-in-law came to London, not to the bachelor quarters, where we have seen them, but to an Hotel, which they occupied until their new house could be provided for them, a sumptuous mansion in the Tyburnian district, and one which became people of their station.

We have been informed already what the Colonel's income was, and have the gratification of knowing that it was very considerable. The simple gentleman who would dine off a crust, and wear a coat for ten years, desired that his children should have the best of every thing: ordered about upholsterers, painters, carriage-makers, in his splendid Indian way; presented pretty Rosey with brilliant jewels for her introduction at Court; and was made happy by the sight of the blooming young creature decked in these magnificences, and admired by all his little circle. The old boys, the old generals, the old colonels, the old qui-his from the club, came and paid her their homage; the directors' ladies, and the generals' ladies, called upon her, and feasted her at vast banquets served on sumptuous plate. Newcome purchased plate and gave banquets in return for these hospitalities. Mrs. Clive had a neat close carriage for evenings, and a splendid barouche to drive in the Park. It was pleasant to see this equipage at four o'clock of an afternoon, driving up to Bays's, with Rosey most gorgeously attired reclining within; and to behold the stately grace of the old gentleman as he stepped out to welcome his daughter-in-law, and the bow he made before he entered her carriage. Then they would drive round the Park; round and round and round; and the old generals, and the old colonels, and old fogies, and their ladies and daughters, would nod and smile out of their carriages, as they crossed each other upon this charming career of pleasure.

I confess that a dinner at the Colonel's, now he appeared in all his magnificence, was awfully slow. No peaches could look fresher than Rosey's cheeks—no damask was fairer than her pretty little shoulders. No one, I am sure, could be happier than she, but she did not impart her happiness to her friends; and replied chiefly by smiles to the conversation of the gentlemen at her side. It is true that these were for the most part elderly dignitaries, distinguished military officers with blue-black whiskers, retired old Indian judges, and the like, occupied with their victuals, and generally careless to please. But that solemn happiness of the Colonel, who shall depict it—that look of affection with which he greeted his daughter as she entered, flounced to the waist, twinkling with innumerable jewels, holding a dainty pocket-handkerchief, with smiling eyes, dimpled cheeks, and golden ringlets! He would take her hand, or follow her about from group to group, exchanging precious observations about the weather, the Park, the Exhibition, nay, the Opera, for the old man actually went to the Opera with his little girl, and solemnly snoozed by her side in a white waistcoat.

Very likely this was the happiest period of Thomas Newcome's life. No woman, save one perhaps fifty years ago, had ever been so fond of him as that little girl. What pride he had in her, and what care he took of her! If she

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was a little ailing, what anxiety and hurrying for doctors! What droll letters came from James Binnie, and how they laughed over them: with what respectful attention he acquainted Mrs. Mac with every thing that took place: with what enthusiasm that Campaigner replied! Josey's husband called a special blessing upon his head in the church at Musselburgh; and little Jo herself sent a tinful of Scotch bun to her darling sister, with a request from her husband that he might have a few shares in the famous Indian Company.

The Company was in a highly flourishing condition, as you may suppose, when one of its directors, who at the same time was one of the honestest men alive, thought it was his duty to live in the splendor in which we now behold him. Many wealthy city men did homage to him. His brother Hobson, though the Colonel had quarreled with the chief of the firm, yet remained on amicable terms with Thomas Newcome, and shared and returned his banquets for a while. Charles Honeyman we may be sure was present at many of them, and smirked a blessing over the plenteous meal. The Colonel's influence was such with Mr. Sherrick that he pleaded Charles's cause with that gentleman, and actually brought to a successful termination that little love affair in which we have seen Miss Sherrick and Charles engaged. Mr. Sherrick was not disposed to part with much money during his lifetime—indeed he proved to Colonel Newcome that he was not so rich as the world supposed him. But by the Colonel's interest, the chaplaincy of Boggly Wollah was procured for the Rev. C. Honeyman, who now forms the delight of that flourishing station.

All this while we have said little about Clive, who, in truth, was somehow in the background in this flourishing Newcome group. To please the best father in the world; the kindest old friend who endowed his niece with the best part of his savings; to settle that question about marriage and have an end of it; Clive Newcome had taken a pretty and fond young girl, who respected and admired him beyond all men, and who heartily desired to make him happy. To do as much would not his father have stripped his coat from his back—have put his head under Juggernaut's chariot wheel—have sacrificed any ease, comfort, or pleasure, for the youngster's benefit? One great passion he had had and closed the account of it: a worldly ambitious girl—how foolishly worshiped and passionately beloved no matter—had played with him for years; had flung him away when a dissolute suitor with a great fortune and title had offered himself. Was he to whine and despair because a jilt had fooled him? He had too much pride and courage for any such submission; he would accept the lot in life which was offered to him, no undesirable one surely; he would fulfill the wish of his father's heart, and cheer his declining years. In this way the marriage was brought about. It was but a whisper to Rosey in the drawing-room, a start and a blush from the little girl as he took the little willing hand, a kiss for her from her delighted old father-in-law, a twinkle in good old James's eyes, and double embrace from the Campaigner as she stood over them in a benedictory attitude; expressing her surprise at an event for which she had been jockeying ever since she set eyes on young Newcome; and calling upon Heaven to bless her children. So, as a good thing when it is to be done had best be done quickly, these worthy folks went off almost straightway to a clergyman, and were married out of hand—to the astonishment of Captains Hoby and Goby when they came to hear of the event. Well, my gallant young painter and friend of my boyhood! if my wife chooses to be angry at your marriage, shall her husband not wish you happy? Suppose we had married our first loves, others of us, were we the happier now? Ask Mr. Pendennis, who sulked in his tents when his Costigan, his Briseis was ravished from him. Ask poor George Warrington, who had his own way, Heaven help him! There was no need why Clive should turn monk because number one refused him; and, that charmer removed, why he should not take to his heart number two. I am bound to say, that when I expressed these opinions to Mrs. Laura, she was more angry and provoked than ever.

It is in the nature of such a simple soul as Thomas Newcome to see but one side of a question, and having once fixed Ethel's worldliness in his mind, and her brother's treason, to allow no argument of advocates of the other side to shake his displeasure. Hence the one or two appeals which Laura ventured to make on behalf of her friend, were checked by the good Colonel with a stern negation. If Ethel was not guiltless, she could not make him see at least that she was not guilty. He dashed away all excuses and palliations. Exasperated as he was, he persisted in regarding the poor girl's conduct in its most unfavorable light. "She was rejected, and deservedly rejected, by the Marquis of Farintosh," he broke out to me once, who was not indeed authorized to tell all I knew regarding the story; "the whole town knows it; all the clubs ring with it. I blush, Sir, to think that my brother's child should have brought such a stain upon his name." In vain I told him that my wife, who knew all the circumstances much better, judged Miss Newcome far more favorably, and indeed greatly esteemed and loved her. "Pshaw! Sir," breaks out the indignant Colonel, "your wife is an innocent creature, who does not know the world as we men of experience do—as I do, Sir;" and would have no more of the discussion. There is no doubt about it, there was a coolness between my old friend's father and us.

As for Barnes Newcome we gave up that worthy, and the Colonel showed him no mercy. He recalled words used by Warrington, which I have recorded in a former page, and vow-

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ed that he only watched for an opportunity to crush the miserable reptile. He hated Barnes as a loathsome traitor, coward, and criminal; he made no secret of his opinion; and Clive, with the remembrance of former injuries, of dreadful heartpangs; the inheritor of his father's blood, his honesty of nature, and his impetuous enmity against wrong; shared to the full his sire's antipathy against his cousin, and publicly expressed his scorn and contempt for him. About Ethel he would not speak. "Perhaps what you say, Pen, is true," he said. "I hope it is. Pray God it is." But his quivering lips and fierce countenance, when her name was mentioned or her defense attempted, showed that he too had come to think ill of her. "As for her brother, as for that scoundrel," he would say, clinching his fist, "if ever I can punish him I will. I shouldn't have the soul of a dog, if ever I forgot the wrongs that have been done me by that vagabond. Forgiveness? Pshaw! Are you dangling to sermons, Pen, at your wife's leading-strings? Are you preaching that cant? There are some injuries that no honest man should forgive, and I shall be a rogue on the day I shake hands with that villain."

"Clive has adopted the Iroquois ethics," says George Warrington, smoking his pipe sententiously, "rather than those which are at present received among us. I am not sure that something is not to be said, as against the Eastern upon the Western, or Tomahawk, or Ojibbeway side of the question. I should not like," he added, "to be in a vendetta or feud, and to have you, Clive, and the old Colonel engaged against me."

"I would rather," I said, "for my part, have half a dozen such enemies as Clive and the Colonel, than one like Barnes. You never know where or when that villain may hit you." And before a very short period was over, Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., hit his two hostile kinsmen such a blow as one might expect from such a quarter.

CHAPTER LXIII.

MRS. CLIVE AT HOME.

As Clive and his father did not think fit to conceal their opinions regarding their kinsman, Barnes Newcome, and uttered them in many public places when Sir Barnes's conduct was brought into question, we may be sure that their talk came to the Baronet's ears, and did not improve his already angry feeling toward those gentlemen. For a while they had the best of the attack. The Colonel routed Barnes out of his accustomed club at Bays's; where also the gallant Sir George Tufto expressed himself pretty openly with respect to the poor Baronet's want of courage: the Colonel had bullied and browbeaten Barnes in the parlor of his own bank, and the story was naturally well known in the city; where it certainly was not pleasant for Sir Barnes, as he walked to 'Change, to meet sometimes the scowls of the angry man of war, his uncle, striding down to the offices of the Bundelcund bank, and armed with that terrible bamboo cane.

But though his wife had undeniably run away after notorious ill-treatment from her husband; though he had shown two white feathers in those unpleasant little affairs with his uncle and cousin; though Sir Barnes Newcome was certainly neither amiable nor popular in the City of London, his reputation as a most intelligent man of business still stood; the credit of his house was deservedly high, and people banked with him, and traded with him, in spite of faithless wives and hostile colonels.

When the outbreak between Colonel Newcome and his nephew took place, it may be remembered that Mr. Hobson Newcome, the other partner of the firm of Hobson Brothers, waited upon Colonel Newcome, as one of the principal English directors of the B. B. C., and hoped that although private differences would, of course, oblige Thomas Newcome to cease all personal dealings with the bank of Hobson, the affairs of the Company in which he was interested ought not to suffer on this account; and that the Indian firm should continue dealing with Hobsons on the same footing as before. Mr. Hobson Newcome represented to the Colonel, in his jolly, frank way, that whatever happened between the latter and his nephew Barnes, Thomas Newcome had still one friend in the house; that the transactions between it and the Indian Company were mutually advantageous; finally, that the manager of the Indian bank might continue to do business with Hobsons as before. So the B. B. C. sent its consignments to Hobson and Brothers, and drew

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its bills, which were duly honored by that firm.

More than one of Colonel Newcome's city acquaintances, among them his agent, Mr. Jolly, and his ingenuous friend, Mr. Sherrick, especially, hinted to Thomas Newcome, to be very cautious in his dealings with Hobson Brothers, and keep a special care lest that house should play him an evil turn. They both told him that Barnes Newcome had said more than once, in answer to reports of the Colonel's own speeches against Barnes, "I know that hot-headed, blundering Indian uncle of mine is furious against me, on account of an absurd private affair and misunderstanding, which he is too obstinate to see in the proper light. What is my return for the abuse and rant which he lavishes against me? I can not forget that he is my grandfather's son, an old man, utterly ignorant both of society and business here; and as he is interested in this Indian Banking Company, which must be preciously conducted when it appointed him as the guardian and overseer of its affairs in England, I do my very best to serve the Company; and I can tell you, its blundering, muddle-headed managers, black and white, owe no little to the assistance which they have had from our house. If they don't like us, why do they go on dealing with us? We don't want them and their bills. We were a leading house fifty years before they were born, and shall continue to be so long after they come to an end." Such was Barnes's case, as stated by himself. It was not a very bad one, or very unfairly stated, considering the advocate. I believe he has always persisted in thinking that he never did his uncle any wrong.

Mr. Jolly and Mr. Sherrick, then, both entreated Thomas Newcome to use his best endeavors, and bring the connection of the B. B. C. and Hobson Brothers to a speedy end. But Jolly was an interested party; he and his friends would have had the agency of the B. B. C., and the profits thereof, which Hobsons had taken from them. Mr. Sherrick was an outside practitioner, a guerrilla among regular merchants. The opinions of one and the other, though submitted by Thomas Newcome duly to his copartners, the managers and London board of directors of the Bundelcund Banking Company, were overruled by that assembly.

They had their establishment and apartments in the city; they had their clerks and messengers, their managers' room and board-room, their meetings, where no doubt great quantities of letters were read, vast ledgers produced; where Tom Newcome was voted into the chair, and voted out with thanks; where speeches were made, and the affairs of the B. B. C. properly discussed. These subjects are mysterious, terrifying, unknown to me. I can not pretend to describe them. Fred Bayham, I remember, used to be great in his knowledge of the affairs of the Bundelcund Banking Company. He talked of cotton, wool, copper, opium, indigo, Singapore, Manilla, China, Calcutta, Australia, with prodigious eloquence and fluency. His conversation was about millions. The most astounding paragraphs used to appear in the "Pall Mall Gazette," regarding the annual dinner at Blackwall, which the directors gave, and to which he, and George, and I, as friends of the court, were invited. What orations were uttered, what flowing bumpers emptied in the praise of this great Company; what quantities of turtle and punch did Fred devour at its expense! Colonel Newcome was the kindly old chairman at these banquets; the Prince, his son, though a director too, taking but a modest part in these ceremonies, and sitting with us, his old cronies.

All the gentlemen connected with the board, all those with whom the B. B. C. traded in London, paid Thomas Newcome extraordinary respect. His character for wealth was deservedly great, and of course multiplied by the tongue of Rumor. F. B. knew to a few millions of rupees, more or less, what the Colonel possessed, and what Clive would inherit. Thomas Newcome's distinguished military services, his high bearing, lofty courtesy, simple but touching garrulity—for the honest man talked much more now than he had been accustomed to do in former days, and was not insensible to the flattery which his wealth brought him—his reputation as a keen man of business, who had made his own fortune by operations equally prudent and spirited, and who might make the fortunes of hundreds of other people, brought the worthy Colonel a number of friends, and I promise you that the loudest huzzas greeted his health when it was proposed at the Blackwall dinners. At the second annual dinner after Clive's marriage some friends presented Mrs. Clive Newcome with a fine testimonial. There was a superb silver cocoa-nut tree, whereof the leaves were dexterously arranged for holding candles and pickles; under the cocoa-nut was an Indian prince on a camel giving his hand to a cavalry officer on horseback—a howitzer, a plough, a loom, a bale of cotton, on which were the East India Company's arms, a Brahmin, Britannia and Commerce with a cornucopia were grouped round the principal figures: and if you would see a noble account of this chaste and elegant specimen of British art, you are referred to the pages of the "Pall Mall Gazette" of that year. I remember J. J. eying the trophy, and the queer expression of his shrewd face. The health of British Artists was drunk apropos of this splendid specimen of their skill, and poor J. J. Ridley, Esq., A. R. A., had scarce a word to say in return. He and Clive sat by one another, the latter very silent and gloomy. When J. J. and I met in the world, we talked about our friend, and it was easy for both of us to see that neither was satisfied with Clive's condition.

The fine house in Tyburnia was completed by this time, as gorgeous as money could make it. The Testimonial took its place in the centre of Mrs. Clive's table, surrounded by satellites

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of plate. The delectable parties were constantly gathered together, the grand barouche rolling in the Park, or stopping at the principal shops. Little Rosey bloomed in millinery, and was still the smiling little pet of her father-in-law, and poor Clive, in the midst of all these splendors, was gaunt, and sad, and silent; listless at most times, bitter and savage at others; pleased only when he was out of the society which bored him, and in the company of George and J. J., the simple friends of his youth.

His careworn look and altered appearance mollified my wife toward him—who had almost taken him again into favor. But she did not care for Mrs. Clive, and the Colonel, somehow, grew cool toward us, and to look askance upon the little band of Clive's friends. It seemed as if there were two parties in the house. There was Clive's set—J. J., the shrewd, silent little painter; Warrington, the cynic; and the author of the present biography, who was, I believe, supposed to give himself contemptuous airs, and to have become very high and mighty since his marriage. Then there was the great, numerous, and eminently respectable set, whose names were all registered in Rosey's little visiting-book, and to whose houses she drove round, duly delivering the cards of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Newcome, and Colonel Newcome—the Generals and Colonels, the Judges and the Fogeys. The only man who kept well with both sides of the house was F. Bayham, Esq., who having got into clover, remained in the enjoyment of that welcome pasture; who really loved Clive and the Colonel too, and had a hundred pleasant things and funny stories (the droll odd creature) to tell to the little lady for whom we others could scarcely find a word. The old friends of the student-days were not forgotten, but they did not seem to get on in the new house. The Miss Gandishes came to one of Mrs. Clive's balls, still in blue crape, still with ringlets on their wizened old foreheads, accompanying Papa, with his shirt collars turned down—who gazed in mute wonder on the splendid scene. Warrington actually asked Miss Gandish to dance, making woeful blunders, however, in the quadrille, while Clive, with something like one of his old smiles on his face, took out Miss Zoe Gandish, her sister. We made Gandish overeat and overdrink himself in the supper-room, and Clive cheered him by ordering a full length of Mrs. Clive Newcome from his distinguished pencil. Never was seen a grander exhibition of white satin and jewels. Smee, R. A., was furious at the preference shown to his rival.

We had Sandy M'Collop, too, at the party, who had returned from Rome, with his red beard, and his picture of the murder of the Red Comyn, which made but a dim effect in the Octagon Room of the Royal Academy, where the bleeding agonies of the dying warrior were vailed in an unkind twilight. On Sandy and his brethren little Rosey looked rather coldly. She tossed up her little head in conversation with me, and gave me to understand that this party was only an *omnium gatherum*, not one of the select parties, from which heaven defend us. "We are Poins, and Nym, and Pistol," growled out George Warrington, as he strode away to finish the evening in Clive's painting and smoking room. "Now Prince Hal is married, and shares the paternal throne, his Princess is ashamed of his brigand associates of former days." She came and looked at us with a feeble little smile, as we sat smoking, and let the daylight in on us from the open door, and hinted to Mr. Clive that it was time to go to bed.

So Clive Newcome lay in a bed of down and tossed and tumbled there. He went to fine dinners, and sat silent over them; rode fine horses, and black Care jumped up behind the moody horseman. He was cut off in a great measure from the friends of his youth, or saw them by a kind of stealth and sufferance; was a very lonely, poor fellow, I am afraid, now that people were testimonializing his wife, and many an old comrade growling at his haughtiness and prosperity.

In former days, when his good father recognized the difference which fate, and time, and temper, had set between him and his son, we have seen with what a gentle acquiescence the old man submitted to his inevitable fortune, and how humbly he bore that stroke of separation which afflicted the boy lightly enough, but caused the loving sire so much pain. Then there was no bitterness between them, in spite of the fatal division; but now, it seemed as if there was anger on Thomas Newcome's part, because, though come together again, they were not united, though with every outward appliance of happiness, Clive was not happy. What young man on earth could look for more? a sweet young wife, a handsome home, of which the only encumbrance was an old father, who would give his last drop of blood in his son's behalf. And it was to bring about this end that Thomas Newcome had toiled and had amassed a fortune! Could not Clive, with his talents and education, go down once or twice a week to the City and take a decent part in the business by which his wealth was secured? He appeared at the various board-rooms and City conclaves, yawned at the meetings, and drew figures on the blotting paper of the Company; had no interest in its transactions, no heart in its affairs; went away and galloped his horse alone; or returned to his painting-room, put on his old velvet jacket, and worked with his pallets and brushes. Pallets and brushes! Could he not give up these toys when he was called to a much higher station in the world? Could he not go talk with Rosey—drive with Rosey, kind little soul, whose whole desire was to make him happy? Such thoughts as these, no doubt, darkened the Colonel's mind, and deepened the furrows round his old eyes. So it is, we judge men by our own standards; judge our nearest and dearest often wrong.

Many and many a time did Clive try and talk with the little Rosey, who chirped and prattled

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so gayly to his father. Many a time would she come and sit by his easel, and try her little powers to charm him, bring him little tales about their acquaintances, stories about this ball and that concert, practice artless smiles upon him, gentle little bouderies; tears, perhaps, followed by caresses and reconciliation. At the end of which he would return to his cigar; and she, with a sigh and a heavy heart, to the good old man who had bidden her to go and talk with him. He used to feel that his father had sent her; the thought came across him in their conversations, and straightway his heart would shut up and his face grow gloomy. They were not made to mate with one another. That was the truth; the shoe was a very pretty little shoe, but Clive's foot was too big for it.

Just before the testimonial, Mr. Clive was in constant attendance at home, and very careful and kind and happy with his wife, and the whole family party went very agreeably. Doctors were in constant attendance at Mrs. Clive Newcome's door; prodigious care was taken by the good Colonel in wrapping her, and in putting her little feet on sofas, and in leading her to her carriage. The Campaigner came over in immense flurry from Edinburgh (where Uncle James was now very comfortably lodged in Picardy Place with the most agreeable society round about him), and all this circle was in a word very close and happy and intimate; but woe is me, Thomas Newcome's fondest hopes were disappointed this time: his little grandson lived but to see the light and leave it; and sadly, sadly, those preparations were put away, those poor little robes and caps, those delicate muslins and cambrics over which many a care had been forgotten, many a fond prayer thought, if not uttered. Poor little Rosey! she felt the grief very keenly; but she rallied from it very soon. In a very few months her cheeks were blooming and dimpling with smiles again, and she was telling us how her party was an *omnium gatherum*.

The Campaigner had ere this returned to the scene of her northern exploits; not, I believe, entirely of the worthy woman's own free will. Assuming the command of the household, while her daughter kept her sofa, Mrs. Mackenzie had set that establishment into uproar and mutiny. She had offended the butler, outraged the housekeeper, wounded the sensibilities of the footmen, insulted the doctor, and trampled on the inmost corns of the nurse. It was surprising what a change appeared in the Campaigner's conduct, and how little, in former days, Colonel Newcome had known her. What the Emperor Napoleon the First said respecting our Russian enemies, might be applied to this lady, Grattez la, and she appeared a Tartar. Clive and his father had a little comfort and conversation in conspiring against her. The old man never dared to try, but was pleased with the younger's spirit and gallantry in the series of final actions which, commencing over poor little Rosey's prostrate body in the dressing-room, were continued in the drawing-room, resumed with terrible vigor on the enemy's part in the dining-room, and ended, to the triumph of the whole establishment, at the outside of the hall-door.

When the routed Tartar force had fled back to its native north, Rosey made a confession, which Clive told me afterward, bursting with bitter laughter. "You and papa seem to be very much agitated," she said. (Rosey called the Colonel papa in the absence of the Campaigner.) "I do not mind it a bit, except just at first, when it made me a little nervous. Mamma used always to be so; she used to scold and scold all day, both me and Josey, in Scotland, till grandmamma sent her away; and then, in Fitzroy Square, and then in Brussels, she used to box my ears, and go into such tantrums; and I think," adds Rosey, with one of her sweetest smiles, "she had quarreled with Uncle James before she came to us."

"She used to box Rosey's ears," roars out poor Clive, "and go into such tantrums, in Fitzroy Square and Brussels afterward, and the pair would come down with their arms round each other's waists, smirking and smiling as if they had done nothing but kiss each other all their mortal lives! This is what we know about women—this is what we get, and find years afterward, when we think we have married a smiling, artless, young creature! Are you all such hypocrites, Mrs. Pendennis?" and he pulled his mustaches in his wrath.

"Poor Clive," says Laura, very kindly. "You would not have had her tell tales of her mother, would you?"

"Oh! of course not," breaks out Clive; "that is what you all say, and so you are hypocrites out of sheer virtue."

It was the first time Laura had called him Clive for many a day. She was becoming reconciled to him. We had our own opinion about the young fellow's marriage.

And, to sum up all, upon a casual rencontre with the young gentleman in question, whom we saw descending from a Hansom at the steps of the Flag, Pall Mall, I opined that dark thoughts of Hoby had entered into Clive Newcome's mind. Othello-like, he scowled after that unconscious Cassio as the other passed into the club in his lacquered boots.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE FAMILY FEUD PROGRESSES.

At the first of the Blackwall festivals, Hobson Newcome was present, in spite of the quarrel which had taken place between his elder brother and the chief of the firm of Hobson Brothers and Newcome. But it was the individual Barnes and the individual Thomas who had had a difference together; the Bundelcund Bank was not at variance with its chief house of commission in London; no man drank prosperity to the B. B. C., upon occasion of this festival, with greater fervor than Hobson Newcome, and the manner in which he just slightly alluded, in his own little speech of thanks, to the notorious differences between Colonel Newcome and

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his nephew, praying that these might cease some day, and, meanwhile, that the confidence between the great Indian establishment and its London agents might never diminish, was appreciated and admired by six-and-thirty gentlemen, all brimful of claret and enthusiasm, and in that happy state of mind in which men appreciate and admire every thing.

At the second dinner, when the testimonial was presented, Hobson was not present. Nor did his name figure among those engraven on the trunk of Mr. Newcome's allegorical silver cocoa-nut tree. As we traveled homeward in the omnibus, Fred Bayham noticed the circumstance to me. "I have looked over the list of names," says he, "not merely that on the trunk, Sir, but the printed list; it was rolled up and placed in one of the nests on the top of the tree. Why is Hobson's name not there?—Ha! it mislikes me, Pendennis."

F. B., who was now very great about City affairs, discoursed about stocks and companies with immense learning, and gave me to understand that he had transacted one or two little operations in Capel Court on his own account, with great present and still larger prospective advantages to himself. It is a fact, that Mr. Ridley was paid, and that F. B.'s costume, though still eccentric, was comfortable, cleanly, and variegated. He occupied the apartments once tenanted by the amiable Honeyman. He lived in ease and comfort there. "You don't suppose," says he, "that the wretched stipend I draw from the 'Pall Mall Gazette' enables me to maintain this kind of thing? F. B., Sir, has a station in the world; F. B. moves among moneyers and City nobs, and eats cabobs with wealthy nabobs. He may marry, Sir, and settle in life." We cordially wished every worldly prosperity to the brave F. B.

Happening to descry him one day in the Park, I remarked that his countenance wore an ominous and tragic appearance, which seemed to deepen as he neared me. I thought he had been toying affably with a nursery-maid the moment before, who stood with some of her little charges watching the yachts upon the Serpentine. Howbeit, espying my approach, F. B. strode away from the maiden and her innocent companions, and advanced to greet his old acquaintance, enveloping his face with shades of funereal gloom.

"Yon were the children of my good friend Colonel Huckaback, of the Bombay Marines! Alas! unconscious of their doom, the little infants play. I was watching them at their sports. There is a pleasing young woman in attendance upon the poor children. They were sailing their little boats upon the Serpentine; racing and laughing, and making merry; and as I looked on, Master Hastings Huckaback's boat went down! *Absit omen*, Pendennis! I was moved by the circumstance. F. B. hopes that the child's father's argosy may not meet with shipwreck!"

"You mean the little yellow-faced man whom we met at Colonel Newcome's," says Mr. Pendennis.

"I do, Sir," growled F. B. "You know that he is a brother director with our Colonel in the Bundelcund Bank?"

"Gracious Heavens!" I cried, in sincere anxiety, "nothing has happened, I hope, to the Bundelcund Bank?"

"No," answers the other, "nothing has happened, the good ship is safe, Sir, as yet. But she has narrowly escaped a great danger. Pendennis," cries F. B., gripping my arm with great energy, "there was a traitor in her crew—she has weathered the storm nobly—who would have sent her on the rocks, Sir, who would have scuttled her at midnight."

"Pray drop your nautical metaphors, and tell me what you mean," cries F. B.'s companion, and Bayham continued his narration.

"Were you in the least conversant with city affairs," he said, "or did you deign to visit the spot where merchants mostly congregate, you would have heard the story, which was over the whole city yesterday, and spread dismay from Threadneedle Street to Leadenhall. The story is, that the firm of Hobson Brothers, and Newcome, yesterday refused acceptance of thirty thousand pounds worth of bills of the Bundelcund Banking Company of India.

"The news came like a thunderclap upon the London Board of Directors, who had received no notice of the intentions of Hobson Brothers, and caused a dreadful panic among the shareholders of the concern. The boardroom was besieged by colonels and captains, widows and orphans; within an hour after protest the bills were taken up, and you will see, in the city article of the 'Globe' this very evening, an announcement that henceforward the house of Baines and Jolly, of Job Court, will meet engagements of the Bundelcund Banking Company of India, being provided with ample funds to do honor to every possible liability of that Company. But the shares fell, Sir, in consequence of the panic. I hope they will rally.

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I trust and believe they will rally. For our good Colonel's sake, and that of his friends, for the sake of the innocent children sporting by the Serpentine yonder.

"I had my suspicions when they gave that testimonial," said F. B. "In my experience of life, Sir, I always feel rather shy about testimonials, and when a party gets one, somehow look out to hear of his smashing the next month. *Absit omen!* I will say again. I like not the going down of yonder little yacht."

The "Globe," sure enough, contained a paragraph that evening announcing the occurrence which Mr. Bayham had described, and the temporary panic which it had occasioned, and containing an advertisement stating that Messrs. Baines and Jolly would henceforth act as agents of the Indian Company. Legal proceedings were presently threatened by the Solicitors of the Company against the banking firm which had caused so much mischief. Mr. Hobson Newcome was absent abroad when the circumstance took place, and it was known that the protest of the bills was solely attributable to his nephew and partner. But after the break between the two firms, there was a rupture between Hobson's family and Colonel Newcome. The exasperated Colonel vowed that his brother and his nephew were traitors alike, and would have no further dealings with one or the other. Even poor innocent Sam Newcome, coming up to London from Oxford, where he had been plucked, and offering a hand to Clive, was frowned away by our Colonel, who spoke in terms of great displeasure to his son for taking the least notice of the young traitor.

Our Colonel was changed, changed in his heart, changed in his whole demeanor toward the world, and above all toward his son, for whom he had made so many kind sacrifices in his old days. We have said how, ever since Clive's marriage, a tacit strife had been growing up between father and son. The boy's evident unhappiness was like a reproach to his father. His very silence angered the old man. His want of confidence daily chafed and annoyed him. At the head of a large fortune, which he rightly persisted in spending, he felt angry with himself because he could not enjoy it, angry with his son, who should have helped him in the administration of his new estate, and who was but a listless, useless member of the little confederacy, a living protest against all the schemes of the good man's past life. The catastrophe in the city again brought father and son together somewhat, and the vindictiveness of both was roused by Barnes's treason. Time was when the Colonel himself would have viewed his kinsman more charitably, but fate and circumstance had angered

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that originally friendly and gentle disposition; hate and suspicion had mastered him, and if it can not be said that his new life had changed him, at least it had brought out faults for which there had hitherto been no occasion, and qualities latent before. Do we know ourselves, or what good or evil circumstance may bring from us? Did Cain know, as he and his younger brother played round his mother's knee, that the little hand which caressed Abel, should one day grow larger, and seize a brand to slay him? Thrice fortunate he, to whom circumstance is made easy: whom fate visits with gentle trial, and kindly Heaven keeps out of temptation.

In the stage which the family feud now reached, and which the biographer of the Newcomes is bound to describe, there is one gentle moralist who gives her sentence decidedly against Clive and his father; while, on the other hand, a rough philosopher and friend of mine, whose opinions used to have some weight with me, stoutly declares that they were right. "War and justice are good things," says George Warrington, rattling his clenched fist on the table. "I maintain them, and the common sense of the world maintains them, against the preaching of all the Honeymans that ever puled from the pulpit. I have not the least objection in life to a rogue being hung. When a scoundrel is whipped I am pleased, and say, serve him right. If any gentleman will horsewhip Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, I shall not be shocked, but, on the contrary, go home and order an extra mutton-chop for dinner."

"Ah! revenge is wrong Pen," pleads the other counselor. "Let alone that the wisest and best of all Judges has condemned it. It blackens the hearts of men. It distorts their views of right. It sets them to devise evil. It causes them to think unjustly of others. It is not the noblest return for injury, not even the bravest way of meeting it. The greatest courage is to bear persecution, not to answer when you are reviled, and when a wrong has been done you to forgive. I am sorry for what you call Clive's triumph and his enemies' humiliation. Let Barnes be as odious as you will, Clive ought never to have humiliated Ethel's brother; but he is weak. Other gentlemen as well are weak, Mr. Pen, although you are so much cleverer than women. He has been led in this affair by his father—I have no patience with the Colonel, and I beg you to tell him, whether he asks you or not, that he has lost my good graces, and that I for one will not huzza at what his friends and flatterers call his triumphs, and that I don't think in this instance he has acted like the dear Colonel, and the good Colonel, and the good Christian that I once thought him."

We must now tell what the Colonel and Clive had been doing, and what caused two such different opinions respecting their conduct from the two critics just named. The refusal of the London Banking House to accept the bills of the Great Indian Company of course affected very much the credit of that Company in this country. Sedative announcements were issued by the Directors in London; brilliant accounts of the Company's affairs abroad were published; proof incontrovertible was given that the B. B. C. was never in so flourishing a state as at that time when Hobson Brothers had refused its drafts; there could be no question that the Company had received a severe wound, and was deeply, if not vitally injured by the conduct of the London firm.

The propensity to sell out became quite epidemic among the shareholders. Every body was anxious to realize. Why, out of the thirty names inscribed on poor Mrs. Clive's cocoa-nut tree no less than twenty deserters might be mentioned, or at least who would desert could they find an opportunity of doing so with arms and baggage. Wrathfully the good Colonel scratched the names of those faithless ones out of his daughter's visiting book: haughtily he met them in the street: to desert the B. B. C. at the hour of peril was, in his idea, like applying for leave of absence on the eve of an action. He would not see that the question was not one of sentiment at all, but of chances and arithmetic; he would not hear with patience of men quitting the ship, as he called it. "They may go, Sir," says he, "but let them never more be officers of mine." With scorn and indignation he paid off one or two timid friends, who were anxious to fly, and purchased their shares out of his own pocket. But his purse was not long enough for this kind of amusement. What money he had was invested in the Company already, and his name further pledged for meeting the engagements from which their late London Bankers had withdrawn.

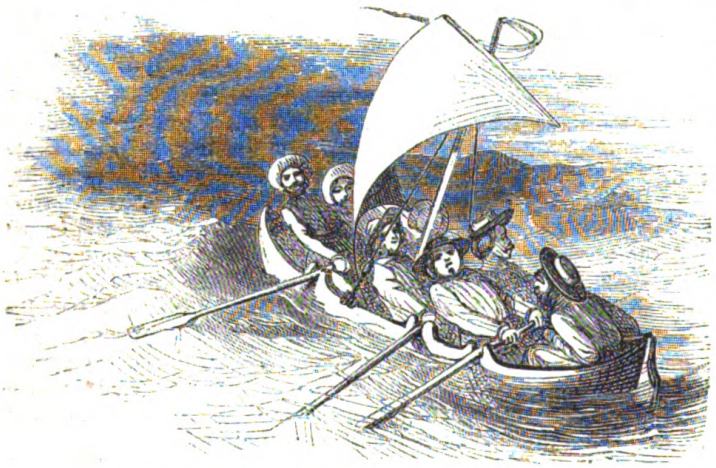
Those gentlemen, in the mean while, spoke of their differences with the Indian Bank as quite natural, and laughed at the absurd charges of personal hostility which poor Thomas Newcome publicly preferred. "Here is a hot-headed old Indian Dragoon," says Sir Barnes, "who knows no more about business than I do about cavalry tactics or Hindostanee; who gets into a partnership along with other dragoons and Indian wiseacres, with some uncommonly wily old native practitioners; and they pay great dividends, and they set up a bank. Of course we will do these people's business as long as we are covered, but I have always told their manager that we would run no risks whatever, and close the account the very moment it did not suit us to keep it: and so we parted company six weeks ago, since when there has been a panic in the Company, a panic which has been increased by Colonel Newcome's absurd swagger and folly. He says I am his enemy; enemy indeed! So I am in private life, but what has that to do with business? In business, begad, there are no friends and no enemies at all. I leave all my sentiment on the other side of Temple Bar."

So Thomas Newcome, and Clive the son of Thomas, had wrath in their hearts against

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Barnes, their kinsman, and desired to be revenged upon him, and were eager after his undoing, and longed for an opportunity when they might meet him and overcome him, and put him to shame.

When men are in this frame of mind, a certain personage is said always to be at hand to help them and give them occasion for indulging in their pretty little passion. What is sheer hate seems to the individual entertaining the sentiment so like indignant virtue, that he often indulges in the propensity to the full, nay, lauds himself for the exercise of it. I am sure if Thomas Newcome, in his present desire for retaliation against Barnes, had known the real nature of his sentiments toward that worthy, his conduct would have been different, and we should have heard of no such active hostilities as ensued.



CHAPTER LXV.

IN WHICH MRS. CLIVE COMES INTO HER FORTUNE.

In speaking of the affairs of the B. B. C., Sir Barnes Newcome always took care to maintain his candid surprise relating to the proceedings of that Company. He set about evil reports against it! He endeavor to do it a wrong—absurd! If a friend were to ask him (and it was quite curious what a number did manage to ask him) whether he thought the Company was an advantageous investment, of course he would give an answer. He could not say conscientiously he thought so—never once had said so—in the time of their connection, which had been formed solely with a view of obliging his amiable uncle. It was a quarrelsome Company; a dragoon Company; a Company of gentlemen accustomed to gunpowder, and fed on mulligatawny. He, forsooth, be hostile to it! There were some Companies that required no enemies at all, and would be pretty sure to go to the deuce their own way.

Thus, and with this amiable candor, spake Barnes about a commercial speculation, the merits of which he had a right to canvass as well as any other citizen. As for Uncle Hobson, his conduct was characterized by a timidity which one would scarcely have expected from a gentleman of his florid, jolly countenance, active habits, and generally manly demeanor. He kept away from the cocoa-nut feast, as we have seen: he protested privily to the Colonel that his private good-will continued undiminished; but he was deeply grieved at the B. B. C. affair, which took place while he was on the Continent —confound the Continent, my wife would go—and which was entirely without his cognizance. The Colonel received his brother's excuses, first with awful bows and ceremony, and finally with laughter. "My good Hobson," said he, with the most insufferable kindness, "of course you intended to be friendly; of course the affair was done without your knowledge. We understand that sort of thing. London bankers have no hearts—for these last fifty years past that I have known you and your brother, and my amiable nephew, the present commanding officer, has there been any thing in your conduct that has led me to suppose you had?" and herewith Colonel Newcome burst out into a laugh. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. Worthy Hobson took his hat, and walked away, brushing it round and round, and looking very confused. The Colonel strode after him down stairs, and made him an awful bow at the hall-door. Never again did Hobson Newcome set foot in that Tyburnian mansion.

During the whole of that season of the testimonial the cocoa-nut figured with an extraordinary number of banquets. The Colonel's hospitalities were more profuse than ever, and Mrs. Clive's toilets more brilliant. Clive, in his confidential conversations with his friends, was very dismal and gloomy. When I asked City news of our well-informed friend F. B., I am sorry to say, his countenance became funereal. The B. B. C. shares, which had been at an immense premium twelve months since, were now slowly falling, falling.

"I wish," said Mr. Sherrick to me, "the Colonel would realize even now, like that Mr. Ratray who has just come out of the ship, and brought a hundred thousand pounds with him."

"Come out of the ship! You little know the Colonel, Mr. Sherrick, if you think he will ever do that."

Mr. Ratray, though he had returned to Europe, gave the most cheering accounts of the B. B. C. It was in the most flourishing state. Shares sure to get up again. He had sold out entirely on account of his liver. Must come home—the doctor said so.

Some months afterward, another director, Mr. Hedges, came home. Both of these gentlemen, as we know, entertained the fashiona-

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ble world, got seats in Parliament, purchased places in the country, and were greatly respected. Mr. Hedges came out, but his wealthy partner, Mr. M'Gaspey, entered into the B. B. C. The entry of Mr. M'Gaspey into the affairs of the Company did not seem to produce very great excitement in England. The shares slowly fell. However, there was a prodigious indigo crop. The London manager was in perfect good-humor. In spite of this and that, of defections, of unpleasantries, of unfavorable whispers and doubtful friends—Thomas Newcome kept his head high, and his face was always kind and smiling, except when certain family enemies were mentioned, and he frowned like Jove in anger.

We have seen how very fond little Rosey was of her Mamma, of her Uncle, James Binnie, and now of her Papa, as she affectionately styled Thomas Newcome. This affection, I am sure, the two gentlemen returned with all their hearts; and but that they were much too generous and simple-minded to entertain such a feeling, it may be wondered that the two good old boys were not a little jealous of one another. Howbeit it does not appear that they entertained such a feeling; at least, it never interrupted the kindly friendship between them, and Clive was regarded in the light of a son by both of them, and each contented himself with his moiety of the smiling little girl's affection.

As long as they were with her, the truth is, little Mrs. Clive was very fond of people, very docile, obedient, easily pleased, brisk, kind, and good-humored. She charmed her two old friends with little songs, little smiles, little kind offices, little caresses; and having administered Thomas Newcome's cigar to him in the daintiest, prettiest way, she would trip off to drive with James Binnie, or sit at his dinner, if he was indisposed, and be as gay, neat-handed, watchful, and attentive a child as any old gentleman could desire.

She did not seem to be very sorry to part with Mamma, a want of feeling which that lady bitterly deplored in her subsequent conversation with her friends about Mrs. Clive Newcome. Possibly there were reasons why Rosey should not be very much vexed at quitting Mamma; but surely she might have dropped a little tear, as she took leave of kind, good old James Binnie. Not she. The gentleman's voice faltered, but hers did not in the least. She kissed him on the face, all smiles, blushes, and happiness, and tripped into the railway carriage with her husband and father-in-law at Brussels, leaving the poor old uncle very sad. Our women said, I know not why, that little Rosey had no heart at all. Women are accustomed to give such opinions respecting the wives of their newly-married friends. I am bound to add (and I do so during Mr. Clive Newcome's absence from England, otherwise I should not like to venture upon the statement), that some men concur with the ladies' opinion of Mrs. Clive. For instance, Captains Goby and Hoby declare that her treatment of the latter, her encouragement, and desertion of him when Clive made his proposals, were shameful.

At this time Rosey was in a pupillary state. A good, obedient little girl, her duty was to obey the wishes of her dear Mamma. How show her sense of virtue and obedience better than by promptly and cheerfully obeying Mamma, and at the orders of that experienced Campaigner, giving up Bobby Hoby, and going to England to a fine house, to be presented at Court, to have all sorts of pleasure with a handsome young husband and a kind father-in-law by her side? No wonder Rosey was not in a very active state of grief at parting from Uncle James. He strove to console himself with these considerations when he had returned to the empty house, where she had danced, and smiled, and warbled; and he looked at the chair she sat in, and at the great mirror which had so often reflected her fresh pretty face—the great callous mirror, which now only framed upon its shining sheet the turban, and the ringlets, and the plump person, and the resolute smile of the old Campaigner.

After that parting with her uncle at the Brussels railway, Rosey never again beheld him. He passed into the Campaigner's keeping, from which alone he was rescued by the summons of pallid death. He met that summons like a philosopher; rejected rather testily all the mortuary consolations which his nephew-in-law, Josey's husband, thought proper to bring to his bedside; and uttered opinions which scandalized that divine. But as he left Mrs. M'Craw only £500, double that sum to his sister, and the remainder of his property to his beloved niece, Rosa Mackenzie, now Rosa Newcome, let us trust that Mr. M'Craw, hurt and angry at the ill-favor shown to his wife, his third young wife, his best beloved Josey, at the impatience with which the deceased had always received his, Mr. M'Craw's, own sermons—let us hope, I say, that the reverend gentleman was mistaken in his views respecting the present position of Mr. James Binnie's soul; and that heaven may have some regions yet accessible to James, which Mr. M'Craw's intellect has not yet explored. Look, gentlemen! Does a week pass without the announcement of the discovery of a new comet in the sky, a new star in the heaven, twinkling dimly out of a yet farther distance, and only now becoming visible to human ken though existent forever and ever? So let us hope divine truths may be shining, and regions of light and love extant, which Geneva glasses can not yet perceive, and are beyond the focus of Roman telescopes.

I think Clive and the Colonel were more affected by the news of James's death than Rosey, concerning whose wonderful strength of mind good Thomas Newcome discoursed to my Laura and me, when, fancying that my friend's wife needed comfort and consolation, Mrs. Pendennis went to visit her. "Of course we shall have no more parties this year," sighed Rosey.

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She looked very pretty in her black dress. Clive, in his hearty way, said a hundred kind feeling things about the departed friend. Thomas Newcome's recollections of him, and regret, were no less tender and sincere. "See," says he, "how that dear child's sense of duty makes her hide her feelings! Her grief is most deep, but she wears a calm countenance. I see her looking sad in private, but I no sooner speak than she smiles." "I think," said Laura, as we came away, "that Colonel Newcome performs all the courtship part of the marriage, and Clive, poor Clive, though he spoke very nobly and generously about Mr. Binnie, I am sure it is not his old friend's death merely, which makes him so unhappy."

Poor Clive, by right of his wife, was now rich Clive; the little lady having inherited from her kind relative no inconsiderable sum of money. In a very early part of this story, mention has been made of a small sum producing one hundred pounds a year, which Clive's father had made over to the lad when he sent him from India. This little sum Mr. Clive had settled upon his wife before marriage, being indeed all he had of his own; for the famous bank shares which his father presented to him, were only made over formally when the young man came to London after his marriage, and at the paternal request and order appeared as a most inefficient director of the B. B. C. Now Mrs. Newcome, of her own inheritance, possessed not only B. B. C. shares, but moneys in bank, and shares in East India Stock, so that Clive in the right of his wife had a seat in the assembly of East India shareholders, and a voice in the election of directors of that famous Company. I promise you Mrs. Clive was a personage of no little importance. She carried her little head with an aplomb and gravity which amused some of us. F. B. bent his most respectfully down before her; she sent him on messages, and deigned to ask him to dinner. He once more wore a cheerful countenance; the clouds which gathered o'er the sun of Newcome were in the bosom of the ocean buried, Bayham said, by James Binnie's brilliant behavior to his nicce.

Clive was a proprietor of East India Stock, and had a vote in electing the directors of that Company: and who so fit to be a director of his affairs as Thomas Newcome, Esq., Companion of the Bath, and so long a distinguished officer in its army? To hold this position of director, used, up to very late days, to be the natural ambition of many East Indian gentlemen. Colonel Newcome had often thought of offering himself as a candidate, and now openly placed himself on the lists, and publicly announced his intention. His interest was rather powerful through the Indian bank, of which he was a director, and many of the shareholders of which were proprietors of the East India Company. To have a director of the B. B. C. also a member of the parliament in Leadenhall Street, would naturally be beneficial to the former institution. Thomas Newcome's prospectuses were issued accordingly, and his canvass received with tolerable favor.

Within a very short time another candidate appeared in the field—a retired Bombay lawyer, of considerable repute and large means—and at the head of this gentleman's committee appeared the names of Hobson Brothers and Newcome, very formidable personages at the East India House, with which the bank of Hobson Brothers have had dealings for half a century past, and where the old lady, who founded or consolidated that family, had had three stars before her own venerable name, which had descended upon her son Sir Brian, and her grandson Sir Barnes.

War was thus openly declared between Thomas Newcome and his nephew. The canvass on both sides was very hot and eager. The number of promises was pretty equal. The election was not to come off yet for awhile; for aspirants to the honorable office of director used to announce their wishes years before they could be fulfilled, and returned again and again to the contest before they finally won it. Howbeit, the Colonel's prospects were very fair, and a prodigious indigo crop came in to favor the B. B. C. with the most brilliant report from the board at Calcutta. The shares still somewhat sluggish, rose again, the Colonel's hopes with them, and the courage of gentlemen at home who had invested their money in the transaction.

We were sitting one day round the Colonel's dinner-table: it was not one of the cocoa-nut tree days, that emblem was locked up in the butler's pantry, and only beheld the lamps on occasions of state. It was a snug family party in the early part of the year, when scarcely any body was in town; only George Warrington, and F. B., and Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis, and the ladies having retired, we were having such a talk as we used to enjoy in quite old days, before marriages and cares and divisions had separated us.

F. B. led the conversation. The Colonel received his remarks with great gravity, and thought him an instructive personage. Others considered him rather as amusing than instructive, and so his eloquence was generally welcome. The canvass for the directorship was talked over. The improved affairs of a certain great Banking Company, which shall be nameless, but one which F. B. would take the liberty to state, would, in his opinion, unite forever the mother country to our great Indian possessions; the prosperity of this great Company was enthusiastically drunk by Mr. Bayham in some of the very best claret. The conduct of the enemies of that Company was characterized in terms of bitter, but not undeserved, satire. F. B. rather liked to air his oratory, and neglected few opportunities for making speeches after dinner.

The Colonel admired his voice and sentiments not the less, perhaps, because the latter were highly laudatory of the good man. And not from interest, at least, as far as he himself knew—not from any mean or selfish motives,

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did F. B. speak. He called Colonel Newcome his friend, his benefactor: kissed the hem of his garment: he wished fervently that he could have been the Colonel's son: he expressed, repeatedly, a desire that some one would speak ill of the Colonel, so that he, F. B., might have the opportunity of polishing that individual off in about two seconds. He revered the Colonel with all his heart; nor is any gentleman proof altogether against this constant regard and devotion from another.

The Colonel used to wag his head wisely, and say Mr. Bayham's suggestions were often exceedingly valuable, as indeed the fact was, though his conduct was no more of a piece with his opinions than those of some other folks occasionally are.

"What the Colonel ought to do, Sir, to help him in the direction," says F. B., "is to get into Parliament. The House of Commons would aid him into the Court of Directors, and the Court of Directors would help him in the House of Commons."

"Most wisely said," says Warrington.

The Colonel declined. "I have long had the House of Commons in my eye," he said; "but not for me. I wanted my boy to go there. It would be a proud day for me if I could see him there."

"I can't speak," says Clive, from his end of the table. "I don't understand about parties, like F. B. here."

"I believe I do know a thing or two," Mr. Bayham here politely interposes.

"And politics do not interest me in the least," Clive sighs out, drawing pictures with his fork on his napkin and not heeding the other's interruption.

"I wish I knew what would interest him," his father whispers to me, who happened to be at his side. "He never cares to be out of his painting-room; and he doesn't seem to be very happy even in there. I wish to God, Pen, I knew what had come over the boy." I thought I knew; but what was the use of telling, now there was no remedy.

"A dissolution is expected every day," continued F. B. "The papers are full of it. Ministers can not go on with this majority—can not possibly go on, Sir. I have it on the best authority; and men who are anxious about their seats are writing to their constituents, or are subscribing at missionary meetings, or are gone down to lecturing at Athenæums, and that sort of thing."

Here Warrington burst out into a laughter, much louder than the occasion of the speech of F. B. seemed to warrant; and the Colonel, turning round with some dignity, asked the cause of George's amusement.

"What do you think your darling, Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, has been doing during the recess?" cries Warrington. "I had a letter, this morning, from my liberal and punctual employer, Thomas Potts, Esquire, of the 'Newcome Independent,' who states, in language scarcely respectful, that Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome is trying to come the religious dodge, as Mr. Potts calls it. He professes to be stricken down by grief on account of late family circumstances; wears black, and puts on the most piteous aspect, and asks ministers of various denominations to tea with him; and the last announcement is the most stupendous of all. Stop, I have it in my great-coat;" and, ringing the bell, George orders a servant to bring him a newspaper from his great-coat pocket. "Here it is, actually in print," Warrington continues, and reads to us. "'Newcome Anthenæum. 1. for the benefit of the Newcome Orphan Children's Home, and 2. for the benefit of the Newcome Soup Association, without distinction of denomination. Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., proposes to give two lectures, on Friday the 23d, and Friday the 30th, instant. No. 1. The Poetry of Childhood; Doctor Watts, Mrs. Barbauld, Jane Taylor. No. 2. The Poetry of Womanhood, and the Affections; Mrs. Heman's L. E. L. Threepence will be charged at the doors, which will go to the use of the above two admirable Societies.' Potts wants me to go down and hear him. He has an eye to business. He has had a quarrel with Sir Barnes, and wants me to go down and hear him, and smash him, he kindly says. Let us go down, Clive. You shall draw your cousin as you have drawn his villainous little mug a hundred times before; and I will do the smashing part, and we will have some fun out of the transaction."

"Besides, Florac will be in the country; going to Rosebury is a journey worth the taking, I can tell you; and we have old Mrs. Mason to go and see, who sighs after you, Colonel. My wife went to see her," remarks Mr. Pendennis, "and—"

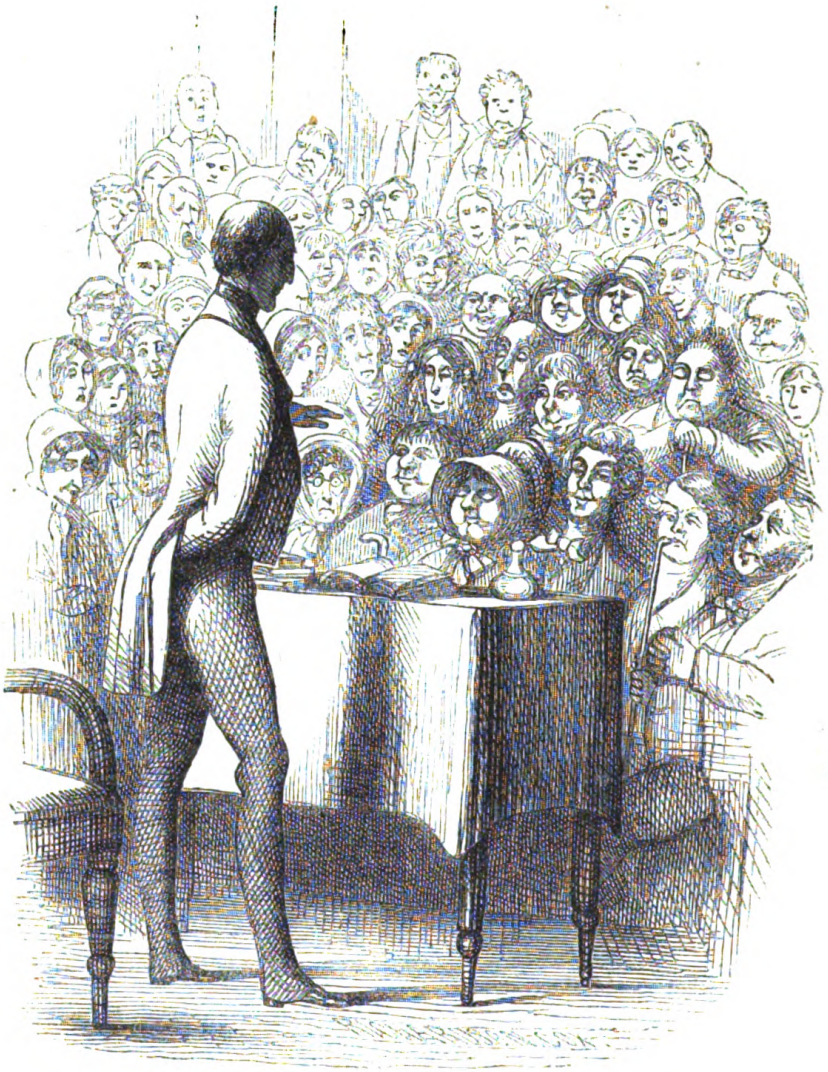
"And Miss Newcome, I know," says the Colonel.

"She is away at Brighton, with her little charges, for sea air. My wife heard from her to-day."

"Oh, indeed! Mrs. Pendennis corresponds with her?" says our host, darkling under his eyebrows; and, at this moment, my neighbor, F. B., is kind enough to scrunch my foot under the table with the weight of his heel, as much as to warn me, by an appeal to my own corns, to avoid treading on so delicate a subject in that house. "Yes," said I, in spite, perhaps in consequence of this interruption. "My wife does correspond with Miss Ethel, who is a noble creature, and whom those who know her know how to love and admire. She is very much changed since you knew her, Colonel Newcome; since the misfortunes in Sir Barnes's family, and the differences between you and him. Very much changed, and very much improved. Ask my wife about her, who knows her most intimately, and hears from her constantly."

"Very likely, very likely," cried the Colonel, hurriedly. "I hope she is improved, with all my heart. I am sure there was room for it. Gentlemen, shall we go up to the ladies and

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have some coffee?" And herewith the colloquy ended, and the party ascended to the drawing-room.

The party ascended to the drawing-room, where no doubt both the ladies were pleased by the invasion which ended their talk. My wife and the Colonel talked apart, and I saw the latter looking gloomy, and the former pleading very eagerly, and using a great deal of action, as the little hands are wont to do when the mistress's heart is very much moved. I was sure she was pleading Ethel's cause with her uncle.

So indeed she was. And Mr. George, too, knew what her thoughts were. "Look at her!" he said to me, "don't you see what she is doing? She believes in that girl whom you all said Clive took a fancy to, before he married his present little placid wife; a nice little simple creature, who is worth a dozen Ethels."

"Simple certainly," says Mr. P., with a shrug of the shoulder.

"A simpleton of twenty is better than a roué of twenty. It is better not to have thought at all, than to have thought such things as must go through a girl's mind whose life is passed in jilting and being jilted; whose eyes, as soon as they are opened, are turned to the main chance, and are taught to leer at an earl, to languish at a marquis, and to grow blind before a commoner. I don't know much about fashionable life. Heaven help us! (you young Brummell! I see the reproach in your face!) Why, Sir, it absolutely appears to me as if this little hop-o'-my-thumb of a creature has begun to give herself airs since her marriage and her carriage. Do you know, I rather thought she patronized me? Are all women spoiled by their contact with the world, and their bloom rubbed off in the market? I know *one* who seems to me to remain pure! to be sure I only know her, and this little person, and Mrs. Flanagan, our laundress, and my sisters at home, who don't count. But that Miss Newcome, to whom once you introduced me? Oh, the cockatrice! only that poison don't affect your wife, the other would

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kill her. I hope the Colonel will not believe a word which Laura says." And my wife's *tête-à-tête* with our host coming to an end about this time, Mr. Warrington in high spirits goes up to the ladies, recapitulates the news of Barnes's lecture, recites "How doth the little busy bee," and gives a quasi-satirical comment upon that well-known poem, which bewilders Mrs. Clive, until, set on by the laughter of the rest of the audience, she laughs very freely at that odd man, and calls him "you droll satirical creature you!" and says "she never was so much amused in her life. Were you, Mrs. Pendennis?"

Meanwhile Clive, who has been sitting apart moodily biting his nails, not listening to F. B.'s remarks, has broken into a laugh once or twice, and gone to a writing-book, on which, while George is still disserting, Clive is drawing.

At the end of the other's speech, F. B. goes up to the draughtsman, looks over his shoulder, makes one or two violent efforts as of inward convulsion, and finally explodes in an enormous guffaw. "It's capital! By Jove, it's capital! Sir Barnes would never dare to face his constituents with that picture of him hung up in Newcome!"

And F. B. holds up the drawing, at which we all laugh except Laura. As for the Colonel, he paces up and down the room, holding the sketch close to his eyes, holding it away from him, patting it, clapping his son delightedly on the shoulder. "Capital! capital! We'll have the picture printed, by Jove, Sir; show vice its own image; and shame the viper in his own nest, Sir. That's what we will."

Mrs. Pendennis came away with rather a heavy heart from this party. She chose to interest herself about the right or wrong of her friends; and her mind was disturbed by the Colonel's vindictive spirit. On the subsequent day we had occasion to visit our friend J. J. (who was completing the sweetest little picture, No. 263 in the Exhibition, "Portrait of a Lady and Child"), and we found that Clive had been with the painter that morning likewise; and that J. J. was acquainted with his scheme. That he did not approve of it we could read in the artist's grave countenance. "Nor does Clive approve of it either!" cried Ridley, with greater eagerness than he usually displayed, and more openness than he was accustomed to exhibit in judging unfavorably of his friends.

"Among them they have taken him away from his art," Ridley said. "They don't understand him when he talks about it; they despise him for pursuing it. Why should I wonder at that? my parents despised it too, and my father was not a grand gentleman like the Colonel, Mrs. Pendennis. Ah! why did the Colonel ever grow rich? Why had not Clive to work for his bread as I have? He would have done something that was worthy of him then; now his time must be spent in dancing attendance at balls and operas, and yawning at City board-rooms. They call that business: they think he is idling when he comes here, poor fellow! As if life was long enough for our art, and the best labor we can give good enough for it! He went away groaning this morning, and quite saddened in spirits. The Colonel wants to set up himself for Parliament, or to set Clive up; but he says he won't. I hope he won't; do not you, Mrs. Pendennis?"

The painter turned as he spoke; and the bright northern light which fell upon the sitter's head was intercepted, and lighted up his own as he addressed us. Out of that bright light looked his pale thoughtful face, and long locks and eager brown eyes. The pallet on his arm was a great shield painted of many colors: he carried his maul-stick and a sheaf of brushes along with it, the weapons of his glorious but harmless war. With these he achieves conquests, wherein none are wounded save the envious: with that he shelters him against how much idleness, ambition, temptation! Occupied over that consoling work, idle thoughts can not gain the mastery over him: selfish wishes or desires are kept at bay. Art is truth: and truth is religion: and its study and practice a daily work of pious duty. What are the world's struggles, brawls, successes, to that calm recluse pursuing his calling? See, twinkling in the darkness round his chamber, numberless beautiful trophies of the graceful victories which he has won —sweet flowers of fancy reared by him—kind shapes of beauty which he has devised and moulded. The world enters into the artist's studio, and scornfully bids him a price for his genius, or makes dull pretense to admire it. What know you of his art? You can not read the alphabet of that sacred book, good old Thomas Newcome! What can you tell of its glories, joys, secrets, consolations? Between his two best-beloved mistresses, poor Clive's luckless father somehow interposes; and with sorrowful, even angry protests. In place of Art, the Colonel brings him a ledger; and in lieu of first love, shows him Rosey.

No wonder that Clive hangs his head; rebels sometimes, desponds always; he has positively determined to refuse to stand for Newcome, Ridley says. Laura is glad of his refusal, and begins to think of him once more as of the Clive of old days.

AN AMERICAN BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

I WAS tired of watching. The Russian lights waxed dimmer and fewer, and the intervals between the rifle-cracks grew longer. The usual preparations for a night conflict had been made, but for once the enemy showed no sign of life. I lay star-gazing for a while, musing on the strangeness of my position, and speculating on my future destiny—whether a Russian ball was fated to close my accounts with this small planet, or it was decreed I should again return to my own dear home on the banks of the Hudson. "What have I," said I to myself, "to do with this siege of Sebastopol? What matters it to me whether the Russians or the Allies win the day; nay, hoist their flag over

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the minarets of Stamboul? A pretty fool am I, an American, to forego my opportunities of usefulness at home—I might be piling dollar on dollar, exporting corn, importing saws, setting up factories, freighting ships, dabbling in stocks and elections, and instead of all this, here I am, fighting with the Russian, who is not so bad a fellow after all?

"*Que diable*," I repeated to myself, with an accent which I am conscious was not Parisian, "*fais-je dans cette galère?*"

"You are a coward!" responded Pride and Ambition within me. "You are seeing the world in its most exciting phase. You are learning life at a telegraphic rate. You are braving danger, and this is one of the most pleasurable and manly performances known to human nature. You are, moreover, acquiring a knowledge of the science and practice of war under the greatest masters in Europe: who knows but this knowledge may one day raise you to the highest trusts in the gift of your countrymen, and furnish you with the means of saving your country from an invader? Besides, think of the past! Think of fighting on such classic ground as this!"

My monitors had appealed too successfully to my pride to be unheard. They had touched a sensitive chord, especially in the last sentence. The ideas it conjured up quite overpowered me. To commingle one's dust with that of unbroken lines of heroes thousands of years old! To fall where warriors had fallen, the face to the foe, when Troy still stood! To pitch one's tent on one of the graves of Grecian civilization! To be a tenant in common with Mithridates, and dynasties of great Middle Age chiefs! To add one more link to a historic chain which begins before Moses, and whose other links are interwoven with half the great names of the world! I was lost in contemplation of so vast a gallery of pictures.

A dark cloud had just been driven northward, uncovering a crescent moon, which shed hazy beams on the heights. I could distinguish the ridges of a deep gulley in which many a brave man had breathed his last only a day or two before, in a sally.

Who knows how many bones of Scythians, Greeks, Italians, Tartars, lie under the mould in that ravine, hereafter to be dug up and shown to strangers as relics of the great siege of Sebastopol?

Might I not be sitting on the grave of a king of the Bosporus?

The thought so fired me that I sprang to my feet.

There were the frowning bastions of the city, with straggling lights glimmering in the distance—our batteries, gloomier and darker still—the mountain ridges, marked in uncertain outline against the sky: far away, on the left, I fancied I could even catch a glimpse of the dusky waters of the Black Sea. Strange to say, there was not a sound to hear but the faint echoes of the waves breaking on the rocks of Cherson. For once, a night was given to peace.

I sat down again, and the old thoughts rushed into my mind more vividly than before. The past became a visible reality. I felt my identity fading away.

For I was not at all surprised when I saw a dazzling bright light on my left hand, spreading from crag to crag, penetrating the valleys, and even surpassing the brilliancy of day. Nor did I stir when hundreds, nay thousands of men, in short blue tunics, swarmed to the top of a hill—one bearing tools, another cement, others huge blocks of hewn stone. The hill overhung the sea. Its summit was being crowned with a noble edifice, rudely fashioned, it is true, but Cyclopean in its dimensions and style. The last stone was laid on the topmost tier: shouts, in a strange wild tongue rose from the throng; swords flashed in the unearthly light; cattle pranced to and fro among the multitude. A few moments of confusion—then the throng was cleft by a stately procession, headed by a maiden in virgin white. As she reached the temple fresh shouts rang in air, and I could see the throng press round her, waving their weapons, and apparently much excited. She stood on an elevated mound in front of the building; and a youth, richly robed, was led forward between two stout warriors, and made to kneel at her side. It was the work of a moment: the maiden looked to heaven—the crowd was hushed. Then I saw her arm swiftly raised; I saw the flash of the blade, and the youth sank to earth, his life-blood bubbling from the wound. Again the hills and valleys rang with tumultuous shouts, and a heroic fire seemed to light up the maiden's face.

I was not in the least surprised at all this, I say, because I knew perfectly that the maiden was Iphigenia, and that the gods had ordained that human victims should be offered up at the shrine of Artemis, in commemoration of the landing and conquests of the Amazons in the Chersonesus.

A shadow fell on the scene—a flash of darkness. It seemed but for a second—I had lost the conventional idea of time—then the bright dazzling light was there again, and the lofty temple, and the crowd mantling the hill, and the radiant priestess, serene as before, amidst the frantic enthusiasm of the people. This time two youths, in gorgeous apparel, were dragged to the altar. I could see, by their faultless profiles and costume, that they were Greeks. The priestess hesitates. She would speak with the victims. Obediently but sullenly the warriors retire. A moment's conversation, and Iphigenia addresses the crowd, I could see plainly from her gestures, in the name of the divine Artemis. Silence at first; then murmurs; but, at last, a shout of assent. One of the victims looses his gorgeous mantle from his neck, and mingles with the throng. Pylades is saved. The other is led to the altar. In speechless suspense the warriors await the fatal blow. Did they not see the likeness between the priestess and the victim? Could a sister stab

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a brother to the heart? Again the radiant virgin speaks. The crowd cower under her gaze. She asks for time; she declares that the goddess respites the victim for a day. No shout this time from the men of blood; but muttered oaths, and scowling faces, and clenched fists; then, sulkily, in small knots, the throng dissolves. Orestes is safe.

I knew that in the darkness now steeping the temple, and in the howling wind which fretted the black waves of the Euxine, a trusty bark was bearing away forever the gallant Orestes and the virgin priestess of Artemis.

When the light flashed out again, it was not on the cliffs but on the bay shore, right over the city of Sebastopol. But there were no battlements or towers there, nor batteries, nor lofty arsenals, nor mast-forests. Instead, rows of huts lined the beach. Queer craft, with long oars and a clumsy sail, lay in the harbor, and the country around seemed industriously tilled. I saw groups of sturdy men all busy at work—one building, another sowing, a third bearing home the fruits of the chase; others again returning from battle, begrimed with blood and dust, and bearing Scythian trophies. I knew at a glance that these were the Heraclidæ, or clan of Hercules, who settled here about the time the Jews were carried captive to Babylon, perhaps not far from the period of the foundation of Rome.

A sturdy, manful race. Though brave as steel, not particularly given to fighting, as the Scythians of the Bosporus were: addicted rather to peaceful pursuits, husbandry, and trade: mainly remarkable for their unquenchable love for independence, which protected their city of Cherson for fifteen centuries against the nameless hordes of the north and east. As the phantom light flitted over the scene—centuries being condensed into a second's flash—I could see the town of Cherson spreading itself, winding along the creek, creeping up the hillside, losing itself in the valleys. Fort Constantine was a mart for Colchis wool, first introduced to notice by that bold sailor and speculator, Jason. On the site of the star fort was a rich plantation, on which scores of stout farmers toiled. Plenty and riches basked in every nook. There was no chance there for the Kings of the Bosporus. Theirs to rule the rude northern clans which had wormed their way along the Cimmerian shores, but not to press their yoke on the brown necks of the bold men of Cherson. For many a transient flash which lit up the city revealed a funeral procession; and by the symbols I knew that a king had been slain in battle, and that his corse was being laid in the land of his enemies.

But who is this? What tall, manly figure strides the plains of Cherson with a monarch's tread? His face is handsome though care-worn; genius sparkles in his eye; there is something in his gesture as well as his costume which tells of Asia and of eastern despots. There could be no doubt; on yonder hill, with hand outstretched to the southwest, stood Mithridates Eupator, the immortal foe of Rome. He had been driven from his home. Pompey had conquered his kingdoms. His palace was a Roman barrack. His friends wore the captive chaplet in the conqueror's triumph in the Forum. Of his immense army, gathered from twenty-six nations, a bare handful had followed their exiled king. His favorite son had turned against him. The inexorable legions of Rome were on his track; earth knew no hiding-place so remote that it could be a refuge for him. Yet in that dark hour, when Fate seemed to have done her worst, the great man's heart was unbroken, and he stood high on the cliffs of Cherson, with hand pointed toward his enemy, planning a conquest of Italy with an army from the Bosporus. Nor was the scheme a senseless one. Even the restless sons of Hercules, scornful as they were of kings, were ready to march under such a chief. Legions sprang into existence at his bidding. I could see him pace the heights, now crowned with Russian batteries, marshaling band after band, haranguing each in their native tongue. Oh, it was a noble sight to see this heroic exile, battered and crushed by misfortune, call armies of foreigners round his banner by the mere magnetism of his courage and his will, and, while nothing was so much canvassed in the Forum as what should be done with him when they caught him, calmly elaborate a scientific invasion of Italy in anticipation of the Goths!

And when the view dissolved—and I knew that misfortune had been constant to the last; that of all his companions Treachery alone had been faithful to him; that the time had come when he could regret that he had steeled his body against poisons, and not steeled his heart against the violence of his hatred—when I saw the men of Cherson once more drive the Scythians from their city, and deny to other kings the crown worn by Mithridates alone—I felt that it was something to stand where such a man had trod, to breathe the air which had received his last oath of immortal enmity to Rome.

Again, I knew that time was flying by the century. Greater and richer grew the city of Cherson. Sebastopol was a village to it. White sails did not speckle but clothed the frith. What a race of men were these! Republicans they; peaceful, industrious, generous to their neighbors; seeking no man's land, coveting no man's spoil, knowing no man's law but their own. What if their share of God's earth were less than Rhode Island! What they had, they used; and that so well that it sufficed. It was not their doing if a boastful giant—King of the adjoining Bosporus—like another frog emulating the ox, presumed to claim the authority conceded to Mithridates, and marched to subdue Cherson. It was not their brave chief, Pharnaces, who proposed to settle the fate of the peninsula by single combat with the giant king; for Pharnaces was a small man, possibly a wool merchant. And so, when I saw the two chiefs

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meet, the huge Savromates brandishing a blade like an enormous claymore, his antagonist armed with the common *gladius*, it delighted me to watch the superior address of the latter; and I own to very little horror when the head of Savromates rolled to the earth, and his vast frame fell with a heavy shock. On themselves alone the blame if, after this, the people of the Bosporus became subject to Cherson, and were "allowed a little land to cultivate."

I had long seen Romans at Cherson. A stranger sight was venerable men of grave aspect and earnest manner, who landed there and spent night and day in haranguing and teaching the people. One I noticed—a brave old man, whose face was the mildest I ever saw; he staid but a short time. I knew that this was Saint Clement, and that the Emperor Hadrian had condemned him to work in the quarries of Inkermann because he was a Christian. Even there he wrought his own work; and I saw him afterward dragged by the Roman soldiers to the topmost cliff at Cherson, and hurled headlong into the sea.

A more startling sight still I saw, as the light flowed and ebbed over the town of Cherson, when the Bosporian Asander, who had married the Chersonite Gycia, daughter of the richest citizen of the republic, laid his dark plot to overthrow the State, and render it subject to the Bosporians. First came small bands of warriors from the Bosporus, bearing presents to Gycia; though all took their leave when their errand was performed, none left the city, but were concealed by Asander in the palace. Then a secret council, held at dead of night, between Gycia and the chief men of Cherson; dark hints of peril from the former, and a promise to save the State if a tomb were promised her in the heart of the city. The pledge was given. I saw men bearing faggots, which they laid on every side of the palace, and piled round and round and to the very ceilings; then, at a signal, the torch was applied, and the flames blazed and crackled over the edifice, and not one Bosporian escaped. Are those the same stones which serve to cover the Russian riflemen?

Strange figures were pouring down from the hills into the plain. Some resembled the Scythians of the old Kingdom of Bosporus, and wore an air of semi-civilization, though their aspect was uncomely, and their look treacherous. Others were primitive men of the northern and eastern forests. Shaggy hides covered their shoulders and girt their loins; their faces were frightful to behold, and their long, matted hair —resembling the mane of the horses they rode —reminded me of the Centaurs. Down they came, pouring like birds of prey on the fertile valleys between the mountains, ravaging in a season the work of centuries.

I knew at once that these were the Huns.

Cherson stood the shock bravely. Year after year they came, plundering and robbing to the very walls of the fortress; and I could see, as years swept swiftly by under my gaze, that the little republic was narrowing its limits and clustering its sons in a smaller compass; but there was no sign of dismay or submission.

A splendid exile, whom I recognized at once as an Emperor, Justinian the Second, landed where the Russian ships are now sunk. He had come to seek a home, a refuge from the revolution which drove him from the throne. How could the Chersonites meet, by night, in that dark council, and resolve to betray the outcast to his enemies? Why did they not at least make sure of the fidelity of their citizens?

For a bark leaves the promontory, and the spray which froths over her bow cools the fevered brow of the revengeful exile. It is not for nothing that he turns his face to the city, and with hand uplift, takes a solemn oath to punish those who would have given him up. An oath, I knew, not lightly made, or to be possibly forgotten. A fleet, black with soldiers, sails into the bay. 'Tis the Emperor's banner they bear: Justinian has regained his throne. Dismay, for once, overwhelms the city. Brief and bloody is the fight: what could avail against a hundred thousand trained troops? A haggard remnant of the Chersonites I follow with my eye to the woods; the others' blood dyes scarlet the waters of the bay. The survivors will betray no more outcasts.

Again I see the fleet approach. A Euxine storm is gathering; the waves whiten; ship after ship I watch as it struggles in the agony, and I see it no more. The vengeance of the outcast is not satiated: the city, says he, must be razed to the ground, and nothing left to show where it stood; every soul must be brought to Constantinople. There was spirit left in Cherson. From their hiding-places in the mountains, from the caverns of Inkermann, from the clefts of the rocks, I behold the defeated assemble and hold brief counsel on their fate. What a handful they are! Yet better that handful for Cherson than the fatal allies they seek from the barbarous Chazars. For if the Chazar chief does send an army so powerful that Justinian is driven back to the gates of Byzantium, even loses his head in the scuffle, for Cherson henceforth naught is left but a choice of masters—either the Chazar chief on the one hand, or the Emperor on the other—Scylla or Charybdis. As it happens, seeking to avoid both, it is trampled by both: the Chazars eat up the land, and the Emperor erects it into a "Protectorate." Henceforth Cherson becomes contemptible. I see no fields tilled, no traces of learning or refinement, no symptom of stern democracy; nothing but weeds in the fields and weeds in the daily life of the barbarians. It is all weeds together; and when the Russian plow comes the whole will be uprooted.

Vladimir is the man—the type of the Middle Age hero—brave, unrelenting, superstitious, endowed with Herculean strength. In the great square at Cherson—near yon Russian battery—the Russ Vladimir fulfills his oath; he is baptized a Christian in the midst of his warriors

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and a crowd of vanquished Chazars. A ruler superior to his age, he leaves Cherson free to revive from the loses of war; and once more I see pleasant farms laid out, trading ships in the port, bales of merchandise on the beach. 'Tis but a passing gleam in a dark era. Very soon other barbarous tribes, fresher from the woods, and therefore the better men in battle, covet the riches of Cherson—Picheneges, Comanes, scores of nameless others: the Emperor still maintains his "Protectorate;" the Russians must have their share in the scramble; between all, Cherson is again swallowed up, and the last vestige of its republican glories swept away. It is almost a blessing for the country when the Mogul Tatars overrun it, and, expelling all the Huns together, prove themselves able to hold it. 'Tis a new thing to see the crescent here; but it floats over ruins—ruins which the fierce, warlike Tatars are unable to rebuild. A deep shadow—monotonous gloom—hides Cherson from view.

I knew that centuries had elapsed in the interval—that the sceptre of the Chersonesus had passed to Kaffa, and that the Genoese and Italians were rearing republics of traders on the coast, when I saw a fleet of Mediterranean craft sail into the harbor of Balaclava. Symbolon—perhaps, the place where ships were tossed together—was what they called it; but when the Italians landed and beat the inhabitants in a pitched battle, they rechristened it Bella-Chiave—Beautiful Key—since corrupted into Balaclava. Inkermann, too, they seized—passing over Cherson, now a mere assemblage of fishermen's huts. These the days of Genoese supremacy. They trod the land as masters: ruling their rulers, the Mogul Tatars, by the force of their civilization, their wealth, and their daring. Had they been able to set any bounds at all to their rapacity and intolerance of restraint—had they ever remembered what these Tatars had done when they were roused, and what they might do again they might have been there still, and I— I should never have pitched my tent on these heights. But they were haughty, fool-hardy, cruel; the Empire of the East had fallen, and Sultan Mahmoud only demanded a pretext to extend his dominions; I saw his Turks scaling the ridges on the East, and his fleets sailing into the harbors of Bella-Chiave and Cherson. For the Genoese there was no choice but expatriation, and a prison at Constantinople, or death. It was, says the historian, a dark day for the Republic of Genoa, and many wise men believed that its star had set. Less than twenty years after, a Genoese, by way of compensating the world for the loss it had sustained in the destruction of civilization in the Chersonesus, discovered America.

I saw no more of the Cross; the Crescent was every where. Again the Crimea was a Protectorate, the Protector being the lineal successor of the Emperor of the East, the Sultan; and the local governor, a Tatar Khan, for some time, a member of the great Gerai family. Nothing on any side to be seen but wars, piracy, and flames. Bandits by profession, the Tatars lived by selling their services to the neighboring monarchs: now for, now against the Czar or the King of Poland; steeped every where in blood and rapine. Khan after Khan marshaled his bands of pirates on the beach at Cherson, and started to lay waste some flourishing settlement in the vicinity. It was the best of the Gerais (the ancestor alone excepted)—Mohammed—who invaded Russia, devastating all before him. Nothing withstood his progress till he arrived at Moscow: there the Czar bought peace, and Mohammed retired, having put all the children and invalids to death, in order, as he said, to accustom his soldiers to be stern and unfeeling. More than once Russian civilization hangs in the balance; another Tatar victory will supersede it by Asiatic barbarism. Only to think that a woman's trick of Catherine the First, Menschikoff's cast-off mistress, was the only means of preserving Russia to Peter the Great; that, without the dragoon's wife, its capital might have been Simpferopol, and the Moguls lords of the whole country from Archangel to Cherson.

A few reigns and it is too late for any thing of the kind. The Russians are growing strong and civilized, as the Tatars retrograde in the scale of humanity. I see the Russian flag on the heights round Bakschiserai. On it comes, slowly, irresistibly; it floats over Inkermann; it waves in the mist of Balaclava; Dolgoruki triumphs; the whole Chersonesus is Russian. But the wily Empress does not intend to swell her dominions by conquest; Potemkin has laid a shrewder plot. I see the eagles depart, and the crescent once more over the high places; the men who disembark from the Turkish galleys still wear an air of authority; a Gerai is still Khan of the Crimea. But the net is being drawn closer round the throne. A few years of struggles, and a few weeks before the independence of the United States is established, Catherine the Great proclaims that she and she only is the future sovereign of the Crimea. The Turks have signed their death-warrant in the Treaty of Kainardji. There is a little fighting to be done with the Tatars, who, such is their barbarism, have a standing army of 200,000 men; but the last of the Geraïs willingly resigns in favor of Catherine, and the bulk of the people, weary of their neighbors at Constantinople, and won by the tolerant policy of the great Empress, resign themselves to form part of the Russian Empire.

It is Catherine I see riding over the rocks of Cherson. A troop of Tatars form her bodyguard, so thorough is her confidence in her star, and so ready they to accept the new sovereign. Fifty thousand troops are encamped at Cherson and Inkermann, every man of them ready to die for their Empress. Potemkin, risen from favorite to be Prime Minister, and in some measure conqueror of the Crimea, rides by her side; and the pair, as they rein their horses on the

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brow of the cliff, and look downward into the valley and over the lesser heights, are evidently lost in thought. The past is appearing before them as it appears before me. Perchance, too, the Great Catherine is reading the future as well: of the final extirpation of the Crescent, of the completion of her great work, and of the struggle between Russia and Europe, whose first act was destined to be played out on the ground she trod. Well might her brow be darkened. Time presses. Cherson makes way for Sebastopol. Night and day armies of workmen must toil to raise forts, and arsenals, and batteries. If they be not alert at their task, the Allies will be upon them, and Sebastopol will be taken.

* * * * *

All at once, without warning or preliminary sign, a blazing red light burst forth at some distance on my right, and I was almost deafened by the sudden roar of artillery. I suppose the interval was not more than a couple of seconds—it appeared inappreciable—and the French batteries on my left responded with equal noise and flash. Then followed rifle-cracks by the hundred, every crest, and gorge, and bush spitting fire like a dragon. I could hear the shouts between the cannon-shots—now and then a shriek—then again the clear, manly voice of a French officer calling, "*A moi! mes enfans! à moi!*"

It was clear the night was not to be given to peace, as I had supposed. Not relishing the idea of being shot star-gazing, and warned by the monitory voice of several whistling bullets which struck the ground not far from where I was, I ran forward to the nearest picket, if not to participate in, at least to witness the battle. I was challenged, of course, and had just given the countersign, when I felt a sudden sensation of numbness in my right leg. I fell to the ground. "Are you hurt, Sir?" cried one of the men nearest me.

"I—hurt?" I cried, feeling my leg curiously to ascertain first whether I had one, next whether it had a foot on, knee, and all the rest. My doubts were soon set at rest. My leg was broken. My feelings as I was carried off in a stretcher to the hospital can be imagined. So much for the present for classic ground!

AN EVENING AT NEWPORT.

"The guests are met, the feast is set;
May'st hear the merry din."
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

MY friend Don Bobtail Fandango is making his usual summer tour of the Watering-places, and is as welcome as ever to all his old and all his new friends. He has persuaded me to accompany him from Avon Springs, at which place, I learn from those who pass the season there, there is by far the most agreeable and select society of all the great fashionable resorts. At various other small Watering-places where I have stopped for a few days, and which seemed to me rather dull, I have been told with emphasis, that there was no fuss, no dressing, none of the foolish trouble of Newport and Saratoga—all of which I am willing to believe, only I wish it had been said with less tossing of the head and less invidious bitterness, as if all who preferred those larger and more famous resorts had gone down incontinently into destruction.

There is my Aunt Mastodon, the large-framed, somewhat bony woman, whom you are sure to meet at one of the minor summer resorts, and who says, with a loud voice, that she has no idea of letting Jane Maria and Matilda Ann be spoiled with the frivolities of fashionable life, and turn night into day and carry the city into the country, as they do at Newport and Saratoga—a life of which decent people ought to be ashamed. You can not conceive how severe Aunt Mastodon is upon what she terms, with a withering sneer, "fashionable" society. She thinks fashion is only a polite name for Satan; and when she says of a person, with that virtuous screw of her mouth, "she is fashionable," you would think, if you were a foreigner, and did not understand the language, or if you were deaf and could not hear, that my aunt had said "she is ——." But you may be sure she never uses *that* word; on the contrary, she is very particular to go to church in the afternoon, and if she sees Jane Maria or Matilda Ann inclined to be drowsy, my Aunt Mastodon fixes her maternal eye upon them, and makes the responses in such a loud and severe tone, that my cousins are sure to rouse themselves, and fancy mamma has been saying that somebody is fashionable.

Yet it is curious to observe that my Aunt Mastodon, who lives in the little town of Griffin (Uncle M. is cashier of the Exterior Bank of Griffin), and who is the only person in that town who troubles herself about the sins of the city, is also the only person whose bonnets and dresses, and those of her daughters, have a faded air of second-hand fashion: and my cousins are the only Griffinites who are perpetually anxious not to do any thing which is not "genteel." The other people in Griffin have a quiet, homely, country air. They wear plain bonnets, and dresses plainly made. They talk loud, and laugh little, and go to bed early, as is the way with sober country people. "Oh! those poor sinners in the city, given over to fashion, what will become of their souls?" says my Aunt Mastodon, when she gets a little excited by seeing that Jane Maria's new bonnet (a razee of last year's) is not sufficiently down in the nape of her neck.

"My dear Smytthe," says Don Bob to me when we talk of my Aunt Mastodon, whose family connection is very large, and some of whom we always meet at every place we visit during the summer, "do you suppose if a good angel, in the shape of your Uncle Mastodon, should say to your aunt that he had received his share of the great Mastodon estates so long buried in England, and had consequently resigned his responsibilities as cashier of the Exterior Bank of Griffin, and intended to remove to the city and spend his thirty thousand dollars a year like a gentleman—do you suppose your

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Aunt Mastodon would prefer to remain in the soft seclusion of Griffin, or would she go to the city, and live in a large house, and do obsequiously every thing that Fashion told her to do? Smytthe, it is bad enough, if you please, that a woman should be what your Aunt Mastodon means to imply when she says 'fashionable'—but it is much worse when the disappointed desire of being fashionable degenerates into an impotent envy and chagrin; and you may tell your Aunt Mastodon so, and all your other relatives of the Pharisee persuasion."

Charity and perception are so closely allied, that I have observed the most quiet and well-behaved people have little time to criticise the sins of their neighbors. The severe social critic is probably either a person who likes society very much and is afraid that excesses will ruin it, and so speaks from a kind of excusable self-interest; or he is a disappointed aspirant whose name is Fox, and who can not get the grapes. Don Bob is of the former kind. "I am so fond of society," he says, "that I can not bear to see it spoiled. I am also fond of wine, and I therefore am very much opposed to intemperance. If people wouldn't get drunk, we should have no need of a liquor-law. It is always the abuse that ruins the use."

And so we chat and smoke while the soft days glide over the lovely island, and the pretty spectacle of a month's gay life flashes along the sea-side. Last evening Don Bob and I sauntered into the ball-room and listened to the music and watched the dancers.

"Young and lively people brilliantly dressed, carrying roses in their hands and roses in their cheeks, and moving gracefully to exquisite music, do not seem to me to be the chief of sinners," said Don Bob. "They don't say very wise things, I suppose; but how much wiser is your Aunt Mastodon when she applies that virtuous screw of hers to this cheerful sight, and distills a few drops of gall from it? There is your cousin, Jane Maria (the scrawny girl by the window), who wouldn't dance this waltz for any earthly consideration, perhaps; but I beg you to overhear what she is saying to that pale young man in spectacles, and then tell me whether it is any more trivial to stand on the edge of a ball-room, talking the most vapid platitudes, and wondering how girls can do so, than it is to obey the instinct of youth, and health, and good spirits, and move in measure to this delicious music. Why, Smytthe, if it is frivolous to dance, what is it to look on and rail at dancing? And indeed," said the Spanish Embassador, smiling, "one would fancy that dancing were the only social sin in America, if one were to listen to all the Mastodons. Look here! that lovely little cloud of pink muslin which has just floated across the room is Flora Harebell, who is, indeed, no Plato in petticoats, but a sweet little girl, and any man may thank his stars if they give him such a flower as that to adorn his house. Flora will not say very profound things to you, nor understand all your romantic remarks, you know; but she is a darling, for all that, a simple, sweet, affectionate girl. I am happy to add that, being in good health and spirits, full of fun, and with a quick ear for music, she is very fond of dancing, and dances beautifully. Now observe our severe friend Clytemnestra. She has read a good deal; she is bright and smart; she says sharp things in a demure way—a velvety-claw style of conversation—her hard round eyes are an accurate table of contents of what is behind them; she has built three tabernacles in her life: the first to the world, and the second to the world, and the third to the world; she has no faith in men, and, knowing herself best, none in women; she is *blasé*, and bitter, and unhappy; living all the time in the world, and all the time railing at it; enjoying nothing sincerely, and sacrificing a possible friendship to a sarcasm. Clytemnestra is much more feline than feminine. Does it make you sad, and do you think people are dreadfully frivolous, when you see little Flora Harebell dancing? Then how do you feel when you see Clytemnestra investing society and bombarding it with satire?"

"My dear Don Bob," I reply, "it's all a mess. If you prefer the sparkling, why should not I like the sardonic? And if you present my Aunt Mastodon, who enviously haunts the edges of society, and my severe friend Clytemnestra, who tries to sting it, and little Flora Harebell, as specimens of 'society,' what a precious thing it must be, and what wise men we are to give ourselves any trouble about it!"

"As for that, I live in the world and in a certain society," returned Don Bob, "and I must get what I can out of it. You say that 'society' is an organized lie; but I find nothing falser in the drawing-room than I do out of it. I state it as a fact, I don't urge it as an excuse. Do you think Mr. Hide is any truer in his office down town than Mrs. Hide in her parlor up town? Does Mr. Hide, when he is trying to buy or sell a cargo of sugar or five hundred shares of a stock which he is afraid of, love his neighbor as himself, and do as he would be done by, a bit more than Mrs. Hide, who, consumed with jealousy at Mrs. Gimp's handsomer silk, smilingly wishes that lady good-morning, and is *so* glad to see her? Or in the courts at the City Hall and the Tombs do you find such a single-hearted regard for truth that a drawing-room seems to you so awful? Or, in the pulpit, what lie more terrible than the sermon on brotherly love by the Reverend Simeon Sop, who at home is the most irritable and captious of men? Do you say these are rare cases? If they are, the rarity holds all through, and the lady in the parlor is as truthful in her silk flounces as the lord in the counting-room in his broadcloth coat."

"I wish Aunt Mastodon could hear you," said I with a laugh.

"Your amiable relative makes the frequent mistake of supposing that goodness belongs to certain classes. Virtue is catholic. A rich

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man is as likely to be good as a poor man. There is great raillery just now at the English aristocracy. Behold in the Crimea the terrible proof of corruption, shout all the democrats. Yes, and also behold the other facts in the Crimea; one that the Earl of Cardigan, who is a dissipated and licentious man, is yet a brave and intrepid soldier, as full of pluck as Sidney; and also, that the woman who has gone as a ministering angel of sympathy and care to the suffering army, is from the ranks of that 'fashionable' world which our dear Aunt Mastodon, not being in it, so heartily despises. Which do you prefer—the aristocracy or the snobbery of England? I decidedly prefer the former. It is no greater sin to drive in a carriage than to walk. It is the spirit with which things are done, not the fact of doing them, that determines their character. Do you remember the dear old Parson Adams of your great Fielding? 'Vanity! I despise nothing so much as vanity. The best sermon I ever wrote was upon vanity.' Your Aunt Mastodon's censure of sin is worse than the sin she censures."

While we were talking the music played on, and the waltzers whirled. Don Bob stood leaning against the wall, and earnestly watching the scene. A gravity slowly settled upon his face, and there was a look of melancholy in his eyes.

"If we could love the leaves upon the trees," said he at length, while his head kept time to the music, "or could have any sentient relations with them, with how much pathetic interest we should watch them as they fluttered and flashed in the bright spring mornings, and sang in the summer air. For beneath the sense of their life, and our enjoyment of it, would be the bitter consciousness that it was but for a season, and that next year the same south wind would play among the branches of the same tree, but the leaves it would shake into song would not be these leaves."

"My dear Embassador, you are getting melancholy, if not morbid. Life is full of changes. If you are going to get sentimental over change, you are in a hopeless condition. Have you seen Miss Dolly Swabbers yet? I see her brother Remus is performing in the polka."

Don Bobtail took a huge pinch of snuff.

"I know what you are thinking of," said he to me slowly. "You are wondering why I did not marry Dolly Swabbers."

"Certainly," replied I; "it will be two years in August that you said to me, 'I have seen a lady to whom I intend to make an offer of my hand and heart;' and you made some other little remarks which you may remember, of the tendency of the fair sex to fall into the arms of certain people!"

"Smytthe, there is one sufficient reason for my not having married Miss Dolly Swabbers. She wouldn't have me. And it is a good thing for the Mastodons to know, and may alleviate their judgments of the great world they devote themselves to despising, that a young woman, who was not even in the whirl of 'fashion,' but on what Mr. Benoni calls the 'outsquirts' of society, refused to marry the Spanish Embassador because she did not happen to fancy him. Would Cousin Jane Maria have done it? Would Aunt Mastodon have allowed her to do it? I can't say that my heart was much touched, for I had not consulted it in making my addresses, but my vanity was wounded. It is such facts as these which should be known to the Mastodon family. I have always believed that a butcher's daughter would be just as glad and eager to marry a duke as an earl's daughter. Mercenary marriages are not confined to any class. Is a rich farmer's son not a welcome wooer in all the neighboring parishes? Is a man of four hundred a year not as anxious that his Dolly should 'marry well' as a man of forty thousand a year? Why do we all snivel over *Auld Robin Gray*, when Jenny Wren sings it so softly at twilight? It is a ballad of a mercenary marriage. It is a *mariage de convenance*, done into Scotch and slow music."

"Dear Don Bob, you are extremely belligerent this summer," said I, as my eyes carelessly floated on with the dancers.

"Well," answered he, smiling, "I suppose I am. The Mastodons have had it all their own way so long, that I feel quite gladiatorial. They have been trampling about and crushing down so many flowers with the weeds, that I am in for a hunt. 'Society' has been hacked at by all the tyros of both sexes, until to dance and wear a pretty dress have become almost badges of something absolutely wicked. Nothing more richly deserves a good satirical prick than 'Society,' but let it be done with intelligence. It might be well, also, to listen to social strictures with a little common-sense. Have not I been accused of denouncing dancing (which I, being a Spaniard by birth, and an embassador by position, have always liked and practiced, and which all people, who have an ear for music, and a merry turn, are quite sure to like), because I have said to Clytemnestra that it was immodest for a girl to dance with a tipsy man, and have insinuated that people might dance without dancing all night, and have even suggested, that pleasant as dancing is, there are also other things to attend to? And because I have insisted that there was a great deal of foolish extravagance and ignorant assumption in fine drawing-rooms and in expensive lace, have I not been considered a cynic and a flyer in the face of men and women?" said Don Bob, bursting into a merry laugh.

"How many have told me, by anonymous letters and otherwise, that I had no right to dance, after denouncing dancing so bitterly; that I was like all other men, very fine in words and very frail in action; and has not Egeria herself written to me, in the most delicate hand, that it was odious to see a man who so well satirized society, ignobly enslaving himself to society. Why! will the nymphs make a Timon of me at forty-three? Seven sound years yet, do I consider myself good for the social arena. It is

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because I like society that I do not want it to become too ridiculous—it is because I am fond of dancing that I do not want dancing to degenerate into a style in which no decent parent will suffer his daughter to engage, thereby putting an end to dancing—it is because I like beauty, and grace, and elegance, that I do not want to see tinsel substituted for gold, and paste for diamonds. I remember one evening last winter, after talking for an hour with Mrs. Fadladeen, she said to me: 'Your Excellency, I beg your pardon, but I do not understand why you are satirical upon society, for I have watched you with the greatest care all winter, and I see no one who seems to enjoy society more than you.' 'That is the very reason, dear Mrs. Fadladeen,' I replied. 'Why do you give medicines to your good Fadladeen when he is ill; or why do you reproach Mr. Fadladeen when he returns from dining with Mr. Feramorz, and has evidently taken too much of that superior old stuff that has made so many voyages round the world? Is it because you hate the good Fadladeen, partner of your bosom? Not at all, it is because you love him, and wish to prolong his days in the land. Stick to common-sense, Mrs. Fadladeen, and don't try the sarcastic.'

"On the other hand, Mrs. Mastodon said she was delighted that some one had bearded the dragon of Fashion. The sinful extravagance, the wicked luxury, the pride, malice, and all kinds of uncharitableness in the city, were too terrible to think of. The flaunting 'fashionists' (Mrs. M. is responsible for the word), the hollow-hearted promenaders in carriages, the marrying mothers and mercenary daughters, oh! oh! oh! perorated Mrs. Mastodon in a very prolonged interjection. Now, observe again; Mrs. Mastodon would be extravagant if she could, and luxurious if she could. She and Jane Maria, and Matilda Ann, *do* flaunt in a second-hand way. She does not promenade in a carriage, for she does not own one, and it is too expensive to hire; finally, Mrs. Mastodon would 'manage' her daughters into the most 'mercenary match' if she had the chance. Her praise, therefore, was of the same quality as Mrs. Fadladeen's blame."

The music played, and the dancers floated on. I watched my friend Don Bob, whose eyes were fixed upon a couple who came gliding down the room. The same pensiveness I had before remarked, stole over his face.

"There is nothing sadder than dancing-music," said he. "Music seems to touch the chord of association more strongly than any thing else; and I can listen to waltzes which I remember in other days and scenes, until I grow very soft-hearted and romantic. Epictetus there, in the blue spectacles, who is talking to Matilda Ann about the frivolity of society, looks at me very sternly occasionally. He seems to be saying to me with his emphatic eyes, 'Why not quit this fooling, and grapple with the stern realities of life?' Epictetus, in the blue spectacles, is persuaded that no man of sense ever dances, and says so audibly when he sees any body whom he wishes to 'cut up' pass by with a partner. Now it is to be considered that Epictetus has no ear for music, and could as readily understand the language of Thibet as the charm of music. It never occurs to him that he might as sensibly scout the literature of China, and deny that there was any rhythm in Arabian verse, as to criticise dancing or undertake to understand the pleasure derived from it. Does Epictetus find that the world and life are so very lively, seen through his blue spectacles, that he considers a little amusement superfluous? For my part, Smytthe, I think all cheerfulness that you can get in a world which, to a thoughtful man, is not over-jolly, is rather a gain. Or does our young philosopher think it unworthy of a being with the sublime destinies of a man before him, to be leaping to the pleadings of sweet instruments? I should reply to him that the instinct of innocent hilarity came from the same source as all other generous instincts—that you might abuse every instinct without founding an argument against it; and that, on the whole, it was quite as worthy a being of sublime destinies to dance, as to sneer at dancing behind blue or other-colored spectacles.

"Now I am in for defending dancing," said the Spanish Embassador; "let me remind you what one of your older philosophers says, who will not be accused of too great levity nor want of meditation upon human destiny, however much, like the rest of us, he may have staggered and stumbled. It expresses perfectly what I have often felt, and what I suppose every man of an imaginative and susceptible temperament must have felt. If Epictetus does not understand it, Epictetus must yet remember that the Arabs understand Arabic. De Quincey says in one of his essays, 'And in itself, of all the scenes which this world offers, none is to me so profoundly interesting, none (I say deliberately) so affecting as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and continuous motion. And whenever the music happens to be not of a light, trivial character, but charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, and the performers in the dance so far skillful as to betray no awkardness verging on the ludicrous, I believe that many persons feel as I feel in such circumstances, namely, derive from the spectacle the very grandest form of passionate sadness which can belong to any spectacle whatsoever.' That seems to me better than the descriptions of balls in the fashionable novels. It is, at least, something which I perfectly understand; and I have a pride in the statement, because I like to have every genuine and profound feeling adequately expressed. You must hear a part of his explanation of this sadness: 'The reason is in part, that such a scene presents a sort of mask of human life, with its whole equi-

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page of pomps and glories, its luxuries of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading over the flying footsteps of another, while all the while the overruling music attempers the mind to the spectacle, the subject (as a German would say) to the object, the beholder to the vision.'

"I suppose," said Don Bob, as he repeated slowly and musically this sonorous passage, "that Epictetus would call it all 'opium,' or, at least, wonder how sensible men could so look at every thing through the imagination, instead of seeing it as it really is. But why should Epictetus suppose that his view, because it is a hard, and cold, and commonplace, view, is therefore the real view? Because he wears blue spectacles, and sees every thing steeped in a ghastly hue, may I not wear my rose-colored glasses, and see a more cheerful world? I do not claim that my view is the only or real view; but I do insist that it is quite as good as his, quite as true, and a great deal pleasanter. Epictetus is fond of laughing at me whenever I speak of a woman. 'I have no idea of the girl, from what you say of her,' he says: 'she may be very pretty, agreeable, and interesting, or she may be quite the reverse. I can not trust you, for you never see girls as they are, but only as they happen to strike your imagination.'

"And yet, Epictetus calls himself a philosopher! Does *he* see girls as they are? Because he discovers that the eyes are blue, and the hair light, and the movement graceful, and the *tournure* irreproachable, has he therefore seen the girl as she is? Did Shakspeare or Nick Bottom see the sunset as it really was? They both saw the shape of the clouds and the splendor of the light. But had they told Epictetus about it, their accounts would have singularly differed; and I have no doubt that Epictetus would have preferred Bottom's plain, common-sense view of the spectacle. I prefer the uncommon sense. The quiet assumption of mediocrity—that the mean view is the true view—begets that attributing of low motives, when low motives can be attributed, until we find ourselves in a pretty slough of skepticism; and knowledge of human nature has come to mean belief in general rascality, and 'knowledge of the world' consists in supposing it to be a general grab game, and the devil take the hindmost. This comes of regarding life through blue spectacles. And when Epictetus tells me that I had better grapple with the stern realities of life, I am much disposed to obey, and to begin with him.

"Now how about these 'stern realities?' What my philosophic Epictetus means is simply this: that I had better engage in some lucrative pursuit which shall net me from ten to twenty thousand a year. But suppose I happen to be content with my life and a hundred a year? 'It is only another case of the imagination,' sneers Epictetus. Granted cheerfully; but if I have my ease, my leisure, my books, my friends, my opportunities of doing good to others and to myself, the chance of enjoying and appreciating the manifold beauties of nature and art that adorn this world into which a good Power has sent me—if I can keep my temper, and my fresh feeling, and my sympathy with what is generous and noble—if I can like a flower and the sunset, and enjoy the moonlight and the return of spring with that quick leap of the blood, which, once gone, 'Medea's wondrous alchemy' can not restore—why, then, if this is imagination, you and your 'stern realities of life' may go to the Island of Madagascar. I can not see that a man is any more fulfilling his destiny as a man because he sells hides and makes a heavy profit, than because he paints pictures and starves. Epictetus, who stands aside at balls, and, not having an ear for music, sneers at dancing, is a lawyer, and devotes his days to searching title-deeds and prosecuting claims. Now the thing demanded of a man is not the amount of his business, but the quality of his character; and I do not find in my historical and biographical researches that the men who are called by distinction 'men of affairs' have been the most lovely or illustrious characters. The honest London merchant of the latter part of the eighteenth century probably considered that shiftless Irishman who did the bookseller's literary jobs an unpractical dreamer, who had best be put to some stout trade; but Oliver Goldsmith probably knew as much of the stern realities as any 'man of good common-sense' of his day."

Don Bobtail Fandango stopped suddenly, and I, who had been dreamily listening and following with my eye the brilliant movement of the room, turned to him, and saw that he was intently regarding my friend Edgardo, who was conversing gayly with Lucia. They were both very handsome, certainly. He was manly, and she was womanly. It occurred to me as a little strange that I had never before thought of Edgardo and Lucia together as a very proper couple. I had met them constantly; but, like many a familiar line of poetry, the sense of which breaks upon your mind after long acquaintance with the words, so now their appearance together reminded me of a very obvious and natural result. There was nothing especially devoted in his manner, and she listened to him and talked with him without that half-perceptible shyness which Jane Maria Mastodon assures me is peculiar to girls in love. I wonder who told her, or where she read it. Presently they slid off together, and whirled down the room.

"'Tis astonishing that a man like Edgardo will waltz," said Epictetus, as he surveyed the scene through his blue spectacles; "men of sense never dance."

"No," said I; "men of sense always sneer."

"Don't you think, Epictetus," said Don Bob, "that Edgardo had better grapple with the stern realities of life?"

Epictetus gave us a broadside of blue spectacle and passed on.

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I don't pretend to describe an evening at Newport. It is a hundred things to a hundred people. You see what it was to me talking with my astute friend the Spanish Embassador. I have no idea what it was to Edgardo, how much less to Lucia; how much more, again, to Epictetus; and I say that last, because I think I understand the blue spectacle dodge. The things that you see and hear in the ball-room; the dazzling lights, the sweet imperiousness of the music, the furbelows of Mrs. Fadladeen, the flounces of my cousin Matilda Ann, the superb bouquet of Zenobia, and Flora's modest nosegay of fresh rose-buds, the polished elegance of Burnish, who is gotten up, in dress and manners, upon the English model; Dowd's checked cravat and M'Manus's green gloves—the room, the music, the lights, the muslin and broadcloth that ceaselessly whirl in the centre of the hall—these only constitute a lay-figure, which you drape according to your fancy. If you have dined too heavily, the spectacle is dull. If you have been out in the yacht and the sea was rough, you find the evening very silly. If you have recently lost a friend, it is very spectral. If you wear blue spectacles, it is very absurd. If you wear a white cravat, it is a waste of life. If you are a belle in your first season, it is just the pleasantest evening you ever had. If you are an old beau, it is the same weary old story. If you are a mamma, you are sleepy, and wish the girls would go home. If you are a papa, you stand about the edges of the crowd and make up fishing-parties with Hide and Gunnybags, or wonder whether, on the whole, things pay. If you are a rejected lover, it is a place not to be mentioned. If you are accepted, it is heaven.

"I am not ashamed of Newport," said Don Bob to me, as we stood together, "though I find a great many people who are. I am not ashamed of going to a ball, and dancing, and enjoying myself. I should be very much ashamed of myself if I did nothing else. I should be very much ashamed of myself if I supposed that I could not be manly without being maudlin, and if I could not refuse to go to a gambling-house if I felt it wrong to go; nor decline to smoke, if it made me sick. I should be very much ashamed of myself indeed, if I wore a pair of blue spectacles," said Don Bob, smiling at Epictetus, who passed by with Clytemnestra leaning on his arm.

But I observed that, when Lucia and Edgardo stopped, and sat down together, and Edgardo fanned her, and wiped his brow, and smiled, and chatted, Don Bobtail looked curiously at them, and at length sighed.

"How very sad that waltz is!" said he. "It is one of Lanner's, and is well called the *Romantiker*."

His eyes were still upon Edgardo and his partner, and I saw that they had stopped talking and were listening to the music. Presently Edgardo rose, and handing Lucia her fan, bowed, and retired. Then came young Remus Swabbers, and she rose and then whirled into the airy ring.

"How little do old blue spectacles and your Aunt Mastodon," said the Embassador, half smiling, "suspect that Lucia and Edgardo have both grappled with the stern realities Epictetus is so fond of talking about. Watch her as she waltzes. Here she comes! now look, how sweet! how smiling! And here comes Edgardo with Dolly Swabbers. What a smooth brow! what a clear eye! I warrant you have never heard their little romance, but it is quite perfect in its way. Lucia is, beyond question, your Aunt Mastodon's pet horror, 'a fashionable girl;' and Edgardo, spite of Epictetus, is a man of sense, although he does dance. Now we have just time enough before the hop breaks up to tell the story."

We seated ourselves upon a sofa, and, while the lovely waltzes throbbed an under tone of inexpressible longing and sadness, the Embassador proceeded:

"Lucia was always the same attractive girl that you know, clever, and lively, and full of grace and sweetness. I knew her in my earlier visits to this country, and many a good romp I have had with her, and many a half-paternal, half-gallant speech has she cut short with her lifted finger and her merry laugh. Like all the rest of her companions she was brought up in such a way that luxury was a matter of course. No wishes that money could satisfy were ungratified in her father's house. Life was a great garden in which she played and pulled the costly flowers to pieces for fun. Presently she was a girl and had admirers. Half the boys in her set were in love with her. How she danced! how she dressed! how she laughed! how her eyes filled with tears and her cheeks with blood at every generous word and act! how untouched her heart was, and how little she believed that any body really cared for her!

"The bright years flew like silken threads, and the grim Fates were spinning her destiny. Willful, impetuous, enthusiastic, she read all the books, and talked with the sensible men, as well as danced and frolicked. She went to the opera and thought each tenor, in turn, the superbest and most fascinating of men. She pored over romances and had ideals of heroes. She tried to put the men she knew into the ideal clothes she had manufactured. But they would never fit, and she laughed good-humoredly at her own conceits. Meanwhile all the years and the months were good fairies and gave her wonderful gifts. She lived in the world. She cultivated her voice, and sang at charity concerts. She went twice a week to the ragged schools; and five times a week to great, gay, splendid balls, where she danced every set, and bewitched every beholder. Remus Swabbers and his friends said she was so *parfaitement ganté*, and *chaussé*, and *misé*, that I supposed the English language had broken down in the attempt to express her perfections. At length my young friend Remus capitulated to

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this overpowering array of past participles, and offered himself and the hereditary honors and estates of the house of Swabbers to the acceptance of Lūcia. She was very much surprised, and very decidedly declined. But they did not quarrel; and Remus, after a few genuine tears, betook himself to Miss Wolffe again.

"Then came a vast concourse of suitors; at least it was so rumored. I don't believe any body had the fact from Lucia, for I don't believe any honorable girl is like a savage, who wishes the tribe to count his scalps. But the men sometimes betrayed it in many ways; and I have no doubt that it is often through the men that these little secrets get out, and then the exposure is charged to the women, upon the plausible pretext that no man would betray his own discomfiture. Perhaps no man would, but some men do. On the whole, I find it wiser to take the facts, rather than the theories, of life.

"It would be hard to say how much Lucia was dependent upon the excitement of the life she led. Many a man in the city sighs for the country, as for happiness; and being once buried in the rural districts would give half his fortune for 'the sweet security of streets' again. Old Meerschaum, who has smoked for forty years, says smoking is no habit with him; he has it perfectly under control, and could leave off just when he pleases. But he never pleases. So Lucia said she rushed to balls and lived in the world because other people did. She enjoyed it, to be sure, but she could give it up at any time. At each of the five balls to which she went every week she said that she should be very sorry indeed if she thought she could not give up balls. Lucia had her preferences, I am sure. She wondered whether Pericles would be at Mrs. Swabbers's on Tuesday evening, and whether he would ask her to dance the German. I know that she was engaged to dance the second polka-redowa with him for a whole season. Then there was less Pericles and more Julius Cæsar in her wonder, and she was quite willing to see P. talking with Clytemnestra if she had J. C. sitting by her side, and surmising in his lowest and sweetest tones, and with a look of tender meaning in his eyes, who could possibly have been so audacious as to send her that bouquet! But Julius Cæsar followed Pericles, Petrarch yielded to Pelham, and Vivian Grey was supplanted by Ptolemy Philadelphus. It was in the reign of this latter potentate that Edgardo was presented to Lucia, and the sceptre began to tremble in the hand of Ptolemy.

"Edgardo, whom you see over there in the corner by the orchestra, fanning Miss Dolly Swabbers, was entirely captivated by Lucia. But he had an equal horror of flirting and of affected indifference. His honest interest, therefore, was evident at once, but not its extent. As he saw more of Lucia it was very clear that he liked her very much; but even the double eye-power of Mrs. Hydra and Mrs. Gorgon, who applied themselves with untiring alacrity to the observation of this conjunction of stars, failed to discover any thing further. And you may fancy how skillfully it was managed by Edgardo, if you notice the powers of observation of that pair of amiable old dragons when you meet them driving together on the beach to-morrow afternoon, and leaning back in the carriage, gorged with gossip.

"Ptolemy Philadelphus, who is a very sensible young man, abdicated. Lucia laughed, and danced, and sewed, and went about doing good, as she always did. She was the most brilliant girl in society; not an ideal woman—men do not fall in love with ideal women—but a lovely girl, to whom Edgardo had entirely surrendered, although he did not offer to put her in possession of a bit of her new domain. Do you suppose she knew it? Do you suppose every woman knows when a man loves her? If he tries to conceal, doesn't he conceal too much? if he is bold, is he not too bold? if he is indifferent, is it not clearly an affected indifference? I don't pretend to say how it was. But Lucia carried an occasional bouquet, which I am persuaded Edgardo paid for. I grant she carried others, which were not charged nor chargeable to him. She danced often with him. So she did with twenty others. Poor Mesdames Hydra and Gorgon were almost in despair. There was no other favorite, however. The throne, if not secretly occupied, was vacant. Young Hotspur made a charge at it, about this time, but was incontinently repulsed. Things continued so for several months. The Fates spun, and the world went on. Pericles married Simple Susan, and Petrarch, Mrs. Patterson. Vivian Grey still wears a weed for Violet Fane, and Pelham paired with the little Pocahontas. Julius Cæsar is on the Rhine, and Ptolemy Philadelphus is a jolly bachelor to this day.

"The world wagged; Edgardo loved. Of course a lady never loves until she is asked, or I should say that Lucia was not indifferent. In those days Edgardo confided in me, and I heard all. He loved intensely—as silent men usually do love. But he was full of good sense, and he knew that this world is a world in which happiness is dependent, not only upon feelings, but upon certain conditions. His tastes were very quiet. He went into society because he met Lucia there. He was cheerful, but retiring. His character was strong, and his habits resulted from his nature, and in his plan of life 'society' was secondary. He thought he saw clearly enough, how, both from nature and habit, as well as from circumstances, a gay and lively, and not a quiet, life, was necessary to Lucia. Therefore he restrained the expression of his feelings, lest she should be influenced by his love to love him, and possibly to suffer. He asked my advice. It was very simple. I told him that when he was traveling in a lightning-train he had better not try to jump out of the window, but to stick fast to the end of the journey. When a man is in love there is but one bit of advice to give him, and that is, 'Go on.' He asked me if I thought Lucia knew that he

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loved her. I replied that I was confident she knew that he liked her, and it depended entirely upon her feeling for him whether she thought liking was loving. O Heavens! did I think she loved him? I frankly confessed that Miss Lucia guarded her secret warily, and that I could not tell.

"When things go so far they are near the crisis. A few evenings after, he met her somewhere, and, as the night was perfect, and the air warm, and the distance short, and papa and mamma were also going to walk, she consented to allow Edgardo to walk home with her. If I were the moon—if I were the sidewalk—if I were the air, I would tell you just what he said. He would never tell me, and the moon guards safely her sad secrets. But he came into my room at one o'clock in the morning, flushed, and eager, and wild. He laughed, and cried, and sobbed, and behaved very differently from the behavior you observe at this moment while he is conversing with Clytemnestra near the door. He told me many times and in many words that he was the happiest of undeserving fools. He actually quoted poetry, and bounced out of my room, singing, at two o'clock.

"The next evening Edgardo came in pale and quiet. He sat down by me. I was smoking, and had on my Turkish *robe-de-chambre*, and we remained for a long time without speaking. Then, in a very collected and tranquil way, he told me that he was convinced he ought to renounce Lucia; that much as he loved her, he could not help seeing that he could not make her happy, for he could not ask her to relinquish the gay life to which she was accustomed, and which she preferred, while he, certainly, could not give up his habits of retirement and repose. The manly and honorable course, therefore, he thought, was to end every thing at once. This change in a day surprised even me. I asked him if Lucia knew of his passion, or if she had betrayed any feeling for him. He sighed, and was silent for a little while, and then said that he had almost betrayed himself the night before; and whether it was his eager fancy, or whether the moon and the hour had unsealed her heart for a moment, he thought he perceived that she was not indifferent to him, and that conviction had put him into the state I saw last night, but had, at the same time, made him tremble lest he had not paused in time. I asked him how he dared to thwart nature in this way, and whether he could not trust a woman's love enough to believe that it would alter, and mould her life to sympathy with that of her lover. He confessed that theoretically he did; but facts are against us, he said. It was useless to combat what I felt to be a conscientious conviction. But it seemed to me deplorable, and I told him so. He said that he had been through the whole case, and that he had made up his mind that it was his duty to conquer his passion. So saying, he calmly wished me good-night, and went away.

"The next week he sailed for Europe, and lay ill in Paris for three months, fluttering between life and death. I was the only one who knew his secret. Now no one knows it except you and I. And Lucia? I can not tell. Her smile was always as sweet afterward, her life glided as gently on. His attentions had not been pointed enough to justify criticism or remark; and when he left, no one supposed that his feeling for her had been more than a transient admiration. I think she must have had strange doubts and surmises. I think the summer moonlight must sometimes have oppressed her with a sense of mystery. I think she must have sometimes had a sad wonder whether a noble man could be untrue, and have recoiled a little, perhaps, from those who most pleased her, and toward whom she was most attracted.

But there was no change in the aspect of her life. She spoke freely and pleasantly of Edgardo; and when he returned last year from Europe, where he had remained for three or four years, she was very glad to see him, and her manner was truly frank and cordial. I observe, however, that the throne remains unoccupied, and that Lucia does not marry.

"Ah, well; I see the people are going. Here comes your Aunt Mastodon with a cluster of what she likes to call in scornful Italics, *the sickly aristocracy*. She, I observe, is only to be distinguished from them by vulgarity and ill-breeding. Her contemporaries, Mesdames Hydra and Gorgon, are shut up in a small room, greedily discussing all the scandal they have scraped up to-day, as scavengers rake over their filth. Here comes Edgardo with my friend Miss Swabbers. What a dismal mistake he made! And now Lucia, escorted by Epictetus and the blue spectacles. I suppose he is insinuating sarcasms about dancing, and suggesting that she had better grapple with the stern realities of life. But let us go; here is the gay Ptolemy Philadelphus, whispering jokes to Lucia, who smiles and smiles, while Epictetus grows ever bluer behind his spectacles. Come, let us join Philadelphus, and go down."

THE BOHEMIAN.

I WAS launched into the world when I reached twenty-one, at which epoch I found myself in possession of health, strength, physical beauty, and boundless ambition. I was poor. My father had been an unsuccessful operator in Wall Street. Had passed through the various vicissitudes of fortune common to his profession, and ended by being left a widower, with barely enough to live upon and give me a collegiate education. As I was aware what strenous exertions he had made to accomplish this last; how he had pinched himself in a thousand ways to endow me with intellectual capital, I immediately felt, on leaving college, the necessity of burdening him no longer. The desire for riches entirely possessed me. I had no dream but wealth. Like those poor wretches so lately starving on the Darien Isthmus, who used to beguile their hunger with imaginary

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banquets, I consoled my pangs of present poverty with visions of boundless treasure. A friend of mine, who was paying teller in one of our New York banks, once took me into the vaults when he was engaged in depositing his specie, and as I beheld the golden coins falling in yellow streams from his hands, a strange madness seemed to possess me. I became from that moment a prey to a morbid disorder, which, if we had a pschycological pathology, might be classed as the *mania aurabilis*. I literally saw gold. Nothing but gold. Walking out in the country my eyes involuntarily sought the ground, as if hoping to pierce the sod and discover some hidden treasure. Coming home late at nights, through the silent New York streets, every stray piece of mud, or loose fragment of paper that lay upon the side-walk, was carefully scanned, for, in spite of my better reason, I cherished the vague hope that some time or other I should light upon a splendid treasure, which, for want of a better claimant, would remain mine. It seemed, in short, as if one of those gold gnomes of the Hartz Mountains had taken possession of me, and ruled me like a master. I dreamed such dreams as would cast Sinbad's valley of diamonds into the shade. The very sunlight itself never shone upon me but the wish crossed my brain that I could solidify its splendid beams and coin them into "eagles."

I was by profession a lawyer. Like the rest of my fraternity I had my little office, a small room on the fourth story in Nassau Street, with magnificent painted tin labels announcing my rank and title all the way up the stairs. Despite the fact that I had nine of these labels fixed to the walls, and in every available corner, my legal threshold was virgin. No client gladdened my sight. Many and many a time my heart beat as I heard heavy footsteps ascending the stairs, but the half-dawning hope of employment was speedily crushed. They always stopped on the floor below, where a disgusting conveyancer, with a large practice, had put up his shingle. So I passed day after day alone with my "Code" and "Blackstone," and my "Chitty," writing articles for the magazines on legal-looking paper—so that in case a client entered he might imagine I was engaged at my profession—by which I earned a scanty and precarious subsistence.

I was, of course, at this period in love. That a young man should be very ambitious, very poor, and very unhappy, and not in love, would be too glaring a contradiction of the usual course of worldly destinies. I was, therefore, entirely and hopelessly in love. My life was divided between two passions. The desire of becoming wealthy, and my love for Annie Deane.

Annie was an author's daughter. Need I add, after this statement, that she was as poor as myself? This was the only point in my theory of the conquest of wealth on which I contradicted myself. To be consistent I should have devoted myself to some of those young ladies, about whom it is whispered before you are introduced, that "she will have a hundred and fifty thousand dollars." But though I had made up my mind to devote my life to the acquisition of wealth, and though I verily believe I might have parted with my soul for the same end, I had yet too much of the natural man in my composition to sacrifice my heart.

Annie Deane was, however, such a girl as to make this infraction of my theory of life less remarkable. She was, indeed, marvelously beautiful. Not of that insipid style of beauty which one sees in Greek statues and London annuals. Her nose did *not* form a grand line with her forehead. Her mouth would scarcely have been claimed by Cupid as his bow; but then, her upper lip was so short, and the teeth within so pearly. The brow was so white and full, and the throat so round, slender, and pliant; and when, above all this, a pair of wondrous dark-gray eyes reigned in supreme and tender beauty, I felt that a portion of the wealth of my life had already been accomplished when I gained the love of Annie Deane.

Our love affair ran as smoothly as if the old adage never existed. Probably for the reason that there was no goal in sight, we were altogether too poor to dream of marriage as yet, and there did not seem very much probability of my achieving the success necessary to the fulfillment of our schemes. Annie's constitutional delicacy, however, was a source of some uneasiness to me. She evidently possessed a very highly-strung nervous organization, and was, to the extremest degree, what might be termed *impressionable*. The slightest change in the weather affected her strangely. Certain atmospheres appeared to possess an influence over her for the better or the worse; but it was in connection with social instincts, so to speak, that the peculiarities of her organism were so strikingly developed. These instincts, for I can not call them any thing else, guided her altogether in her choice of acquaintances. She was accustomed to declare that by merely touching a person's hand, she could tell whether she would like or dislike them. Upon the entrance of certain persons into a room where she was, even if she had never seen them before, her frame would sink and shiver like a dying flower, and she would not recover until they had left the apartment. For these strange affections she could not herself account, and they on more than one occasion were the source of very bitter annoyances to herself and her parents.

Well, things were in this state when one day, in the early part of June, I was sitting alone in my little office. The beginning of a story which I was writing for Harper's lay upon the table. The title was elaborately written out at the top of the page, but it seemed as if I had stuck in the middle of the second paragraph. In the first—for it was an historical tale after the most approved model—I had described the month, the time of day, and the setting sun. In the second I introduced my three horsemen,

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who were riding slowly down a hill. The nose of the first and elder horseman, however, upset me. I could not for the life of me determine whether it was to be aquiline or Roman.

While I was debating this important point, and swaying between a multitude of suggestions, there came a sharp, decisive knock at my door. I think if the knock had come upon the nose about which I was thinking, or on my own, I could scarcely be more surprised. "A client!" I cried to myself. "Huzza! the gods have at last laid on a pipe from Pactolus for my especial benefit." In reality, between ourselves, I did not say any thing half so good, but the exclamation as I have written it will convey some idea at the vague exultation that filled my soul when I heard that knock.

"Come in!" I cried, when I had reached down a Chitty, and concealed my story under a second-hand brief which I had borrowed from a friend in the profession. "Come in!" and I arranged myself in a studious and absorbed attitude.

The door opened and my visitor entered. I had a sort of instinct that he was no client from the first moment. Rich men—and who but a rich man goes to law—may sometimes be seedy in their attire, but it is always a peculiar and respectable seediness. The air of wealth is visible, I know not by what magic, beneath the most threadbare coat. You see at a glance that the man who wears it might, if he chose, be clad in fine linen. The seediness of the poor man is, on the other hand, equally unmistakable. You seem to discern at a glance that his coat is poor from necessity. My visitor it was easy to perceive was of this latter class. My hopes of profit sank at the sight of his pale, unshorn face—his old shapeless boots—his shabby Kossuth hat—his over-coat shining with long wear, which, though buttoned, I could see no longer merited its name, for it was plain that no other coat lurked beneath it. Withal this man had an air of conscious power as he entered. You could see that he had nothing in his pockets, but then he looked as if he had a great deal in his brain.

He saluted me with a sort of careless respect as he entered. I bowed in return, and offered him the other chair. I had but two.

"Can I do any thing for you, Sir?" I inquired blandly, still clinging to the hope of clientage.

"Yes," said he, shortly; "I never make purposeless visits."

"Hem! If you will be so kind as to state your case"—for his rudeness rather shook my faith in his poverty—"I will give it my best attention."

"I've no doubt of that, Mr. Cranstoun," he replied; "for you are as much interested in it as I am."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, not without some surprise and much interest at this sudden disclosure. "To whom have I the honor of speaking, then?"

"My name is Philip Brann."

"Brann?—Brann? A resident of this city?"

"No. I am by birth an Englishman, but I never reside any where."

"Oh! you are a commercial agent, then, perhaps?"

"I am a Bohemian!"

"A what?"

"A Bohemian," he repeated, coolly removing the papers with which I had concealed my magazine story, and glancing over the commencement; "you see, my habits are easy."

"I see it perfectly, Sir," I answered, indignantly.

"When I say that I am a Bohemian, I do not wish you to understand that I am a Zingaro. I don't steal chickens, tell fortunes, or live in a camp. I am a social Bohemian, and fly at higher game."

"But what has all this got to do with me?" I asked, sharply; for I was not a little provoked at the disappointment I experienced in the fellow's not having turned out to be a client.

"Much. It is necessary that you should know something about me before you do that which you will do."

"Oh, I am to do something, then!"

"Certainly. Have you read Henri Murger's '*Scènes de la Vie de Bohéme*?'"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you can comprehend my life. I am clever, learned, witty, and tolerably good looking. I can write brilliant magazine articles"—here his eye rested contemptuously on my historical tale—"I can paint pictures, and, what is more, sell the pictures I paint. I can compose songs, make comedies, and captivate women."

"On my word, Sir, you have a choice of professions," I said, sarcastically; for the scorn with which the Bohemian had eyed my story humiliated me.

"That's it," he answered; "I don't want a profession. I could make plenty of money if I chose to work, but I don't choose to work. I will never work. I have a contempt for labor."

"Probably you despise money equally," I replied, with a sneer.

"No, I don't. To acquire money without trouble is the great object of my life, as to acquire it in any way, or by any means, is the great object of yours."

"And pray, Sir, how do you know that I have any such object?" I asked, in a haughty tone.

"Oh, I know it. You dream only of wealth. You intend to try and obtain it by industry. You will never succeed."

"Your prophecies, Sir, are more dogmatical than pleasant."

"Don't be angry," he replied, smiling at my frowns. "You shall be wealthy. I can show you the road to wealth. We will follow it together!"

The sublime assurance of this man astounded me. His glance, penetrating and vivid, seemed to pierce into my very heart. A strange

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and uncontrollable interest in him and his plans filled my breast. I burned to know more.

"What is your proposal?" I asked, severely; for a thought at the moment flashed across me that some unlawful scheme might be the aim of this singular being.

"You need not be alarmed," he answered, as if reading my thoughts. "The road I wish to lead you is an honest one. I am too wise a man ever to become a criminal."

"Then, Mr. Philip Brann, if you will explain your plans, I shall feel more assured on that point."

"Well, in the first place," he began, crossing his legs and taking a cigar out of a bundle that lay in one of the pigeon-holes of my desk, "in the first place, you must introduce me to the young lady to whom you are engaged, Miss Annie Deane."

"Sir!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet, and quivering with indignation at such a proposal; "what do you mean? Do you think it likely that I would introduce to a young lady in whom I am interested a man whom I never saw before to-day, and who has voluntarily confessed to being a vagabond? Sir, in spite of your universal acquirements, I think Providence forgot to endow you with sense."

"I'll trouble you for one of those matches. Thank you. So you refuse to introduce me! I knew you would. But I also know that ten minutes from this time you will be very glad to do it. Look at my eyes!"

The oddity of this request, and the calm assurance with which it was made, were too much for me. In spite of my anger, I burst into a fit of loud laughter. He waited patiently until my mirth had subsided.

"You need not laugh," he resumed; "I am perfectly serious. Look at my eyes attentively, and tell me if you see any thing strange in them."

At such a proposition from any other man, I should have taken for granted that he was mocking me, and kicked him down stairs. This Bohemian, however, had an earnestness of manner that staggered me. I became serious, and I did look at his eyes.

They were certainly very singular eyes. The most singular eyes that I had ever beheld. They were long, gray, and of a very deep hue. Their steadiness was wonderful. They never moved. One might fancy that they were gazing into the depths of one of those Italian lakes on an evening when the waters are so calm as to seem solid. But it was the interior of these organs—if I may so speak—that was so marvelous. As I gazed, I seemed to behold strange things passing in the deep gray distance which seemed to stretch infinitely away. I could have sworn that I saw figures moving, and landscapes wonderfully real. My gaze seemed to be fastened to his by some inscrutable power; and the outer world gradually passing off like a cloud, left me literally living in that phantom region which I beheld in those mysterious eyes.

I was aroused from this curious lethargy by the Bohemian's voice. It seemed to me at first as if muffled by distance, and sounded drowsily on my ear. I made a powerful effort and recalled my senses, which seemed to be wandering in some far-off places.

"You are more easily affected than I imagined," remarked Brann, as I stared heavily at him with a half-stupefied air.

"What have you done? What is this lethargy that I feel upon me?" I stammered out.

"Ah! you believe now," replied Brann, coldly; "I thought you would. Did you observe nothing strange in my eyes?"

"Yes. I saw landscapes, and figures, and many strange things. I almost thought I could distinguish Miss—Miss—Deane!"

"Well, it is not improbable. People can behold whatever they wish in my eyes."

"But will you not explain? I no longer doubt the fact that you are possessed of extraordinary powers, but I must know more of you. Why do you wish to be introduced to Miss Deane?"

"Listen to me, Cranstoun," answered the Bohemian, placing his hand on my shoulder; "I do not wish you to enter into any blindfold compact. I will explain all my views to you; for though I have learned to trust no man, I know you can not avail yourself of any information I may give you without my assistance."

"So much the better," said I; "for then you will not suspect me."

"As you have seen," continued the Bohemian, "I possess some remarkable powers—the origin, the causes of these endowments, I do not care to investigate. The scientific men of France and Germany have wearied themselves in reducing the psychological phenomena of which I am a practical illustration to a system. They have failed. An arbitrary nomenclature, and a few interesting and suggestive experiments made by Reichenbach, are all the results of years of the intellectual toil of our greatest minds. As you will have guessed by this time, I am what is vulgarly called 'a Mesmerist.' I can throw people into trances, deaden the nervous susceptibilities, and do a thousand things by which, if I chose to turn exhibitor, I could realize a fortune. But while possessing those qualities which exhibit merely a commonplace superiority of psychical force, and which are generally to be found in men of a highly sympathetic organization, I yet can boast of unique powers such as I have never known to be granted to another being besides myself. What these powers are I have now no need to inform you. You will very soon behold them practically illustrated.

"Now, to come to my objects. Like you, I am ambitious, but I have, unlike you, a constitutional objection to labor. It is sacrilege to expect men with minds like yours and mine to work. Why should we—who are expressly and evidently created by Nature to enjoy—why should we, with our delicate tastes, our refined

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susceptibilities, our highly-wrought organizations, spend our lives in ministering to the enjoyment of others? In short, my friend, I do not wish to row the boat in the great voyage in life. I prefer sitting at the stern, with purple awnings and ivory couches around me, and my hand upon the golden helm. I wish to achieve fortune at a single stroke. With your assistance I can do it. You will join me!"

"Under certain conditions."

I was not yet entirely carried away by the earnest eloquence of this strange being.

"I will grant what conditions you like," he continued, fervently. "Above all, I will set your mind at rest by swearing to you, whatever may be my power, never in any way to interfere between you and the young girl whom you love. I will respect her as I would a sister."

This last promise cleared away many of my doubts. The history which this man gave of himself, and the calm manner with which he asserted his wondrous power over women, I confess rendered me somewhat cautious about introducing him to Annie. His air was, however, now so frank and manly; he seemed to be so entirely absorbed by his one idea of wealth, that I had no hesitation in declaring to him that I accepted his strange proposals.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You are, I see, a man of resolution. We will succeed. I will now let you into my plans. Your *fiancée*, Miss Annie Deane, is a *clairvoyante* of the first water. I saw her the other day at the Academy of Design. I stood near her as she examined a picture, and my physiognomical and psychological knowledge enabled me to ascertain beyond a doubt that her organization was the most nervous and sympathetic I had ever met. It is to her pure and piercing instincts that we will owe our success."

Without regarding my gestures of astonishment and alarm, he continued:

"You must know that this so-called science of Mesmerism is in its infancy. Its professors are, for the most part, incapables, its pupils credulous fools. As a proof of this, endeavor to recall, if you can, any authentic instance in which this science has been put to any practical use. Have these mesmeric professors and their instruments, ever been able to predict or foresee the rise of stocks, the course of political events, the approaches of disaster. Never, my friend, save in the novels of Alexandre Dumas and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. The reason of this is very simple. The professors were limited in their power, and the *somnambules* limited in their susceptibilities. When two such people as Miss Deane and myself labor together, every thing is possible!"

"Oh! I see. You propose to operate in the stocks. My dear Sir, you are mad. Where is the money?"

"Bah! who said any thing about operating in stocks? That involves labor and an office I can afford neither. No, Cranstoun, we will take a shorter road to wealth than that. A few hours' exertion are all we need to make us *millionnaires*."

"For Heaven's sake explain! I am wearied with curiosity deferred."

"It is thus: This island and its vicinity abounds in concealed treasure. Much has been deposited by the early Dutch settlers during their wars with the Indians. Captain Kyd and other buccaneers have made numberless *cachés* containing their splendid spoils, which a violent death prevented their ever reclaiming. Poor Poe, you know, who was a Bohemian, like myself, made a story on the tradition, but, poor fellow! *he* only dug up his treasure on paper. There was also a considerable quantity of plate, jewels, and coin concealed by the inhabitants of New York and the neighborhood during the war with England. You may wonder at my asserting this so confidently. Let it suffice for you that I know it to be so. It is my intention to discover some of this treasure."

Having calmly made this announcement, he folded his arms and gazed at me with the air of a god prepared to receive the ovations of his worshipers.

"How is this to be accomplished?" I inquired earnestly, for I had begun to put implicit faith in this man, who seemed equally gifted and audacious.

"There are two ways by which we can arrive at our desires. The first is by the command of that power common to *somnambules*, who, having their faculties concentrated on a certain object during the magnetic trance, become possessed of the power of inwardly beholding and verbally describing it, as well as the locality where it is situated. The other is peculiar to myself, and as you have seen, consists in rendering my eyes a species of *camera obscura* to the *clairvoyante*, in which she vividly perceives all that we would desire. This mode I have greater faith in than in any other, and I believe that our success will be found there."

"How is it," I inquired, "that you have not before put this wondrous power to a like use? Why did you not enrich yourself long since through this means?"

"Because I have never been able to find a *somnambula* sufficiently impressionable to be reliable in her evidence. I have tried many, but they have all deceived me. You confess to having beheld certain shadowy forms in my eyes, but you could not define them distinctly. The reason is simply that your magnetic organization was not perfect. This faculty of mine, which has so much astonished you, is nothing new. It is practiced by the Egyptians, who use a small glass mirror where I use my eyes. The testimony of M. Leon Laborde, who practiced the art himself, Lord Prudhoe, and a host of other witnesses have recorded their experience of the truth of the science which I preach. However, I need discourse no further on it. I will prove to you its verity. Now that you have questioned me sufficiently, will you introduce me to your lady-love, Mr. Henry Cranstoun?"

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"And will you promise me, Mr. Philip Brann, on your honor as a man, that you will respect my relations with that lady?"

"I promise, upon my honor!"

"Then, I yield. When shall it be?"

"To-night. I hate delays."

"This evening, then, I will meet you at the Astor House, and we will go together to Mr. Deane's house."

That night, accompanied by my new friend, the Bohemian, I knocked at the door of Mr. Deane's house in Amity Place. A modest neighborhood fit for a man who earned his living by writing novels for cheap publishers, and correspondence for Sunday newspapers. Annie was, as usual, in the sitting-room on the first floor, and the lamps had not yet been lighted, so that the apartment seemed filled with a dull gloom as we entered.

"Annie dear," said I, as she ran to meet me, "let me present to you my particular friend, Mr. Philip Brann, whom I have brought with me for a special purpose, which I will presently explain."

She did not reply.

Piqued by this strange silence, and feeling distressed about the Bohemian, who stood calmly upright with a faint smile on his lips, I repeated my introduction rather sharply.

"Annie," I reiterated, "you could not have heard me. I am anxious to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Brann."

"I heard you," she answered, in a low voice, catching at my coat as if to support herself, "but I feel very ill."

"Good Heavens! what's the matter, darling? Let me get you a glass of wine, or water."

"Do not be alarmed," said the Bohemian, arresting my meditated rush to the door, "I understand Miss Deane's indisposition thoroughly. If she will permit me, I will relieve her at once."

A low murmur of assent seemed to break involuntarily from Annie's lips. The Bohemian led her calmly to an arm-chair near the window, held her hands in his for a few moments, and spoke a few words to her in a low tone. In less than a minute she declared herself quite recovered.

"It was you who caused my illness," she said to him, in a tone whose vivacity contrasted strangely with her previous languor. "I felt your presence in the room like a terrible electrical shock."

"And I have cured what I caused," answered the Bohemian; "you are very sensitive to magnetic impressions. So much the better."

"Why so much the better?" she asked anxiously.

"Mr. Cranstoun will explain," replied Brann carelessly; and, with a slight bow, he moved to another part of the dusky room, leaving Annie and myself together.

"Who is this Mr. Brann, Henry?" asked Annie, as soon as the Bohemian was out of earshot. "His presence affects me strangely."

"He is a strange person, who possesses wonderful powers," I answered; "he is going to be of great service to us, Annie?"

"Indeed! how so?"

I then related to her what had passed between the Bohemian and myself at my office, and explained his object in coming hither on this evening. I painted in glowing colors the magnificent future that opened for her and myself, if his scheme should prove successful, and ended by entreating her, for my sake, to afford the Bohemian every facility for arriving at the goal of his desires.

As I finished, I discovered that Annie was trembling violently. I caught her hand in mine. It was icy cold, and quivered with a sort of agitated and intermittent tremor.

"Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed, "I feel a singular presentiment that seems to warn me against this thing. Let us rest content in our poverty. Have a true heart, and learn to labor and to wait. You will be rich in time; and then we will live happily together, secure in the consciousness that our means have been acquired by honest industry. I fear those secret treasure-seekings."

"What nonsense!" I cried; "these are a timid girl's fears. It would be folly to pine patiently for years in poverty when we can achieve wealth at a stroke. The sooner we are rich the sooner we will be united, and to postpone that moment would be to make me almost doubt your love. Let us try this man's power. There will be nothing lost if he fails."

"Do with me as you will, Henry," she answered, "I will obey you in all things; only I can not help feeling a vague terror that seems to forbode misfortune."

I laughed and bade her be of good cheer, and rang for lights in order that the experiment might be commenced at once. We three were alone. Mrs. Deane was on a visit at Philadelphia; Mr. Deane was occupied with his literary labors in another room, so that we had every thing necessary to insure the quiet which the Bohemian insisted should reign during his experiments.

The Bohemian did not magnetize in the common way with passes and manipulations. He sat a little in the shade, with his back to the strong glare of the chandeliers, while Annie sat opposite to him, looking full in his face. I sat at a little distance at a small table, with a pencil and note-book, with which I was preparing to register such revelations as our *clairvoyante* should make.

The Bohemian commenced operations by engaging Miss Deane in a light and desultory conversation. He seemed conversant with all the topics of the town, and talked of the opera, and the annual exhibition at the Academy of Design, as glibly as if he had never done any thing but cultivate small talk. Imperceptibly but rapidly, however, he gradually led the conversation to money matters. From these he glided into a dissertation on the advantages of wealth,

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touched on the topic of celebrated misers, thence slid smoothly into a discourse on concealed treasures, about which he spoke in so eloquent and impressive a manner as to completely fascinate both his hearers.

Then it was that I observed a singular change take place in Annie Deane's countenance. Hitherto pale and somewhat listless, as if suffering from mental depression, she suddenly became illumined as if by an inward fire. A rosy flush mounted to her white cheeks; her lips, eagerly parted as if drinking in some intoxicating atmosphere, were ruddy with a supernatural health, and her eyes dilated as they gazed upon the Bohemian with a piercing intensity. The latter ceased to speak, and after a moment's silence, he said gently,

"Miss Deane, do you see?"

"I see!" she murmured, without altering the fixity of her gaze for an instant.

"Mark what you observe well," continued the Bohemian; "describe it with all possible accuracy;" then turning to me, he said rapidly, "Take care and note every thing."

"I see," pursued Annie, speaking in a measured monotone, and gazing into the Bohemian's eyes, while she waved her hand gently as if keeping time to the rhythm of her words, "I see a sad and mournful island on which the ocean beats forever. The sandy ridges are crowned with manes of bitter grass that wave and wave sorrowfully in the wind. No trees or shrubs are rooted in that salt and sterile soil. The burning breath of the Atlantic has seared the surface and made it always barren. The surf that whitens on the shore drifts like a shower of snow across its bleak and storm-blown plains. It is the home of the sea-gull and the crane."

"It is called Coney Island?" the Bohemian half inquired, half asserted.

"It is the name," pursued the Seeress, but in so even a tone that one would scarce imagine she had heard the question. She then continued to speak as before, still keeping up that gentle oscillation of her hand, which, in spite of my reason, seemed to me to have something terrible in its monotony.

"I see the spot," she continued, "where that you love lies buried. My gaze pierces through the shifting soil until it finds the gold that burns in the gloom. And there are jewels, too, of regal size and priceless value hidden so deeply in the barren sand! No sunlight has reached them for many years, but they burn for me as if they were set in the glory of an eternal day!"

"Describe the spot accurately!" cried the Bohemian in a commanding tone, making for the first time a supremely imperative gesture.

"There is a spot upon that lonely island," the Seeress continued, in that unimpassioned monotone that seemed more awful than the thunder of an army, "where three huge sandy ridges meet. At the junction of these three ridges a stake of locust-wood is driven deeply down. When by the sun it is six o'clock a shadow falls westward on the sand. Where this shadow ends the treasure lies."

"Can you draw?" asked the Bohemian.

"She can not," I answered hastily. The Bohemian raised his hand to enjoin silence.

"I can draw *now*," the Seeress replied firmly, never for an instant removing her eyes from the Bohemian's.

"Will you draw the locality you describe, if I give you the materials?" pursued the magnetizer.

"I will."

Brann drew a sheet of Bristol board and a pencil from his pocket, and presented them to her in silence. She took them, and still keeping her eyes immovably fixed on those of the magnetizer, she commenced sketching rapidly. I was thunderstruck. Annie, I knew, possessed no accomplishments, and had never made even the rudest sketch before.

"It is done!" she said, after a few minutes silence, handing the Bristol board back to the Bohemian. Moved by an inexpressible curiosity I rose and looked over his shoulder. It was wonderful! There was a masterly sketch of such a locality as she described executed on the paper. But its vividness, its desolation, its evident truth were so singularly given that I could scarcely believe my senses. I could almost hear the storms of the Atlantic howling over the barren sands.

"There is something wanting yet," said the Bohemian, handing the sketch back to her, and smiling at my amazement.

"I know it," she remarked, calmly. Then giving a few rapid strokes with her pencil, she handed it to him once more.

The points of the compass had been added in the upper right hand corner of the drawing. Nothing more was needed to establish the perfect accuracy of the sketch.

"This is truly wonderful!" I could not help exclaiming.

"It is finished!" cried the Bohemian, exultingly, and dashing his handkerchief two or three times across Annie's face. Under this new influence her countenance underwent a rapid change. Her eyes, a moment before dilated to their utmost capabilities, now suddenly became dull, and the eyelids drooped heavily over them. Her form, that during the previous scene had been rigidly erect, and strung to its highest point of tension, seemed to collapse like one of those strips of gold-leaf that electricians experiment with, when the subtle fluid has ceased to course through its pores. Without uttering a word, and before the Bohemian or myself could stir, she sank like a corpse on the floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, rushing forward, "what have you done?"

"Secured the object of our joint ambition," replied the fellow with that imperturbable calmness that so distinguished him. "Do not be alarmed at this fainting fit, my friend. Exhaustion is always the consequence of such violent psychological phenomena. Miss Deane

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will be perfectly recovered by to-morrow evening, and by that time we will have returned *millionnaires*."

"I will not leave her until she is recovered," I answered sullenly, while I tried to restore the dear girl to consciousness.

"Yes, but you will," asserted Brann, lighting his cigar as coolly as if nothing very particular had happened. "By dawn, to-morrow, you and I will have embarked for Coney Island."

"You cold-blooded savage!" I cried passionately, "will you assist me to restore your victim to consciousness? If you do not, by Heaven, I will blow your brains out!"

"What with? The fire-shovel?" he answered with a laugh. Then carelessly approaching he took Annie's hands in his, and blew with his mouth gently upon her forehead. The effect was almost instantaneous. Her eyes gradually unclosed, and she made a feeble effort to sustain herself.

"Call the housekeeper," said the Bohemian, "have Miss Deane conducted to bed, and by to-morrow evening all will be tranquil."

I obeyed his directions almost mechanically, little dreaming how bitterly his words would be realized. Yes! truly. All *would* be tranquil by to-morrow evening!

I sat up all night with Brann. I did not leave Mr. Deane's until a late hour, when I saw Annie apparently wrapped in a peaceful slumber, and betook myself to a low tavern that remained open all night, where the Bohemian awaited me. There we arranged our plan. We were to take a boat at the Battery at the earliest glimpse of dawn, then, provided with a spade and shovel, a pocket compass, and a small valise in which to transport our treasure, we were to row down to our destination. I was feverish and troubled. The strange scene I had witnessed, and the singular adventure that awaited, seemed in combination to have set my brain on fire. My temples throbbed; the cold perspiration stood upon my forehead, and it was in vain that I allowed myself to join the Bohemian in the huge draughts of brandy which he continually gulped down, and which seemed to produce little or no effect on his iron frame. How madly, how terribly I longed for the dawn!

At last the hour came. We took our implements in a carriage down to the Battery, hired a boat, and in a short time were out in the stream pulling lustily down the foggy harbor. The exercise of rowing seemed to afford me some relief. I pulled madly at my oar, until the sweat rolled in huge drops from my brow, and hung in trembling beads on the curls of my hair. After a long and wearisome pull we landed on the island at the most secluded spot we could find, taking particular care that it was completely sheltered from the view of the solitary hotel, where doubtless many inquisitive idlers would be found. After beaching our boat carefully, we struck toward the centre of the island, Brann seeming to possess some wonderful instinct for the discovery of localities, for almost without any trouble he walked nearly straight to the spot we were in search of.

"This is the place," said he, dropping the valise which he carried. "Here are the three ridges, and the locust stake, lying exactly due north. Let us see what the true time is."

So saying he unlocked the valise and drew forth a small sextant, with which he proceeded to take an observation. I could not help admiring the genius of this man, who seemed to think of and foresee every thing. After a few moments engaged in making calculations on the back of a letter, he informed me that exactly twenty-one minutes would elapse before the shadow of the locust-stake would fall on the precise spot indicated by the Seeress. "Just time enough," said he, "to enjoy a cigar."

Never did twenty-one minutes appear so long to a human being as these did to me. There was nothing in the landscape to arrest my attention. All was a wild waste of sand, on which a few patches of salt grass waved mournfully. My heart beat until I could hear its pulsations. A thousand times I thought that my strength must give way beneath the weight of my emotions, and that death would overtake me ere I had realized my dreams. I was obliged at length to dip my handkerchief in a marshy pool that was near me, and bind it about my burning temples.

At length the shadow from the locust log fell upon the enchanted spot. Brann and myself seized the spades wildly, and dug with the fury of ghouls who were rooting up their loathsome repast. The light sand flew in heaps on all sides. The sweat rolled from our bodies. The hole grew deeper and deeper!

At last—oh Heavens!—a metallic sound! my spade struck some hollow sonorous substance. My limbs fairly shook as I flung myself into the pit, and scraped the sand away with my nails. I laughed like a madman and burrowed like a mole. The Bohemian, always calm, with a few strokes of his shovel laid bare an old iron pot with a loose lid. In an instant this was dashed with a frantic blow of my fist, and my hands were buried in a heap of shining gold! Red glittering coins; bracelets that seemed to glow like the stars in heaven; goblets, rings, jewels in countless profusion flashed before my eyes for an instant like the sparkles of an Aurora—then came a sudden darkness—and I remember no more!

How long I lay in this unconscious state I know not. It seemed to me that I was aroused by a sensation similar to that of having water poured upon me, and I was some moments before I could summon up sufficient strength to raise myself on one elbow. I looked bewilderedly around. I was alone! I then strove to remember something that I seemed to have forgotten, when my eye fell on the hole in the sand, on the edge of which I found I was lying. A dull-red gleam as of gold seemed to glimmer from out the bottom. This talismanic sight

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restored to me every thing—my memory and my strength. I sprang to my feet. I gazed around. The Bohemian was nowhere visible. Had he fled with the treasure? My heart failed me for a moment at the thought; but no! there lay the treasure gleaming still in the depths of the hole, with a dull-red light, like the distant glare of hell. I looked at the sun; he had sank low in the horizon, and the dews already falling, had, with the damp sea-air, chilled me to the bone. While I was brushing the moisture from my coat, wondering at this strange conduct of the Bohemian, my eye caught sight of a slip of paper pinned upon my sleeve. I tore it off eagerly. It contained these words:

"I leave you. I am honest though I am selfish, and have divided with you the treasure which you have helped me to gain. You are now rich, but it may be that you will not be happy. Return to the city, but return in doubt.

"THE BOHEMIAN."

What terrible enigma was this that the last sentence of this note enshrouded? what vailed mystery was it that rose before my inward vision in shapeless horror? I knew not. I could not guess, but a foreboding of some unknown and overwhelming disaster rushed instantly upon me, and seemed to crush my very soul. Was it Annie, or was it my father? One thing was certain, there was no time to be lost in penetrating the riddle. I seized the valise, which the Bohemian had charitably left me—how he bore away his own share of the treasure I know not—and poured the gold and jewels into it with trembling hands. Then scarce able to travel with the weight of the treasure, I staggered toward the beach, where we had left the boat. She was gone. Without wasting an instant I made my way as rapidly as I could to the distant pier, where a thin stream of white smoke informed me that the steamer for New York was waiting for the bathers. I reached her just as she was about to start, and staggering to an obscure corner sat down upon my treasure sorrowfully.

With what different feelings to those which I anticipated was I returning to the city. My dream of wealth had been realized beyond my wildest hopes. All that I had thought necessary to yield me the purest happiness was mine, and yet there was not a more miserable wretch in existence. Those fatal words—"Return to the city, but return in doubt!" were ever before me. Oh! how I counted every stroke of the engine that impelled me to the city.

There was a poor blind humpbacked fiddler on board, who played all along the way. He played execrably, and his music made my flesh creep. As we neared the city he came round with his hat soliciting alms. In my recklessness, I tumbled all the money I had in my pockets into his hands. I never shall forget the look of joy that flashed over his poor old seared and sightless face at the touch of these few dollars. "Good Heavens!" I groaned, "here am I, sitting on the wealth of a kingdom, which is all mine, and dying of despair; while this old wretch has extracted from five dollars enough of happiness to make a saint envious!" Then my thoughts wandered back to Annie and the Bohemian, and there always floated before me in the air the agonizing words—"Return to the city, but return in doubt!"

The instant I reached the pier, I dashed through the crowd with my valise, and jumping into the first carriage I met, promised a liberal bounty to the driver if he would drive me to Amity Place in the shortest possible space of time. Stimulated by this, we flew through the streets, and in a few moments I was standing at Mr. Deane's door. Even then it seemed to me as if a dark cloud seemed to hang over that house above all others in the city. I rang; but my hand had scarcely left the bell-handle when the door opened, and Doctor Lott, the family physician, appeared on the threshold. He looked grave and sad.

"We were expecting you, Mr. Cranstoun," he said, very mournfully.

"Has—has any thing—happened?" I stammered, catching at the railings for support.

"Hush! come in." And the kind Doctor took me by the arm and led me like a child into the parlor.

"Doctor, for Heaven's sake, tell me what is the matter? I know something has happened. Is Annie dead? Oh! my brain will burst unless you end this suspense!"

"No—not dead. But tell me, Mr. Cranstoun, did Miss Deane experience any uncommon excitement lately?"

"Yes—yes—last night," I groaned wildly, "she was mesmerized by a wretch. Oh! fool that I was to suffer it!"

"Ah! that explains all," answered the Doctor. Then he took my hand gently in his—"Prepare yourself, Mr. Cranstoun," he continued, with deep pity in his voice, "prepare yourself for a terrible shock."

"She *is* dead, then!" I murmured. "Is she not?"

"She is. She died this morning of the effects of over-excitement, the cause of which I was ignorant of until now. Calm yourself, my dear Sir. She expired blessing you."

I tore myself from his grasp, and rushed up stairs. The door of her room was open, and, in spite of myself, my agitated tramp softened to a stealthy footfall as I entered. There were two figures in the room. One was an old man, who knelt by the bedside of my lost love, sobbing bitterly. It was her father. The other lay upon the bed, with marble face, crossed hands, and sealed eyelids. All was tranquil and serene in the chamber of death. Even the sobbings of the father, though bitter, were muffled and subdued. And she lay on the couch, with closed eyes, the calmest of all! Oh! the Seeress now saw more than earthly science could show her.

"I felt, as I knelt by her father and kissed

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her cold hand in the agony of my heart, that I was justly rewarded.

Below stairs, in the valise, lay the treasure I had gained. Here, in her grave-clothes, lay the treasure I had lost!

A DESSERT DISH FOR TRAVELERS.

MY name is Stephen Sharply.

I like comfort, and have devoted a considerable number of years to the study of those appliances which ordinarily promote comfort. Until recently, my sphere of study was confined to this side of the Atlantic. I had grown up under the influence of a very strong Americanism of sentiment. In common with most of the people living in our town, I entertained a lively regard for our institutions, growth, morality, power, wealth, temperance, women, hotels, and such like.

I doubted if another country equal to America was to be found on this side of Jordan—the scriptural Jordan. I entertained no special repugnance or contempt for those Europeans who had made their escape from the Old Country, and come over to indulge in the benefits of our civilization. I extended a silent welcome to them, and thought them happy fellows.

I felt confident that New York was not only the prince of American cities, but the prince of all cities whatever. Paris might have prettier gardens and more statues; but I was sure they had no such group of iron water-lilies as we had in the Park; beside which, there was the City Hall with its marble front, with the big bell in the rear, and the new brown-stone edifice on the corner!

The Tuileries might be larger, but would it compare with some of Trimble's, or Thomas and Son's? I thought not. As for Broadway, I smiled when travelers spoke to me of the Boulevards. Are there such pavements in the Boulevards as the Russ? or such stores, or half as many omnibuses, or such brilliantly-dressed ladies, or such knowing fellows, with their feet on the tables and window-sills, as we could see at the Irving or Collamore? I thought not.

Were there any such skillful people with a fire-arm as our target-shooters, Harper Guards, and others? any such "knock-down and pull-out" dare-devils as our Bowery boys? any such strong place as Fort Schuyler or Hamilton, with such a prodigious array of guns? I thought not. Nay, I was sure that America was a match for any thing—in ships, houses, hotels, churches, every thing indeed, unless it might be a few scurvy poets and painters.

It was natural, certainly, that travelers should write fulsome descriptions of what they had seen upon the other side of the water, and I always made allowances for a certain latitude of expression; yet withal, I was willing to admit that the people of the Old World might possess some objects well worth seeing, and might have their own views about the comforts of living, about proprieties, and so on. But when I walked under the ceilings of the St. Nicholas Hotel, or studied the decorations in Taylor's eating saloon, or Phalon's barber's establishment (with Croton water attached) I asked myself, with a glow on my face, if we were not an extraordinary people, and if there was such another race of luxurious princes extant?

With this feeling at my heart, I knocked off a glass of soda-water (sarsaparilla sirup) one day last summer, and determined to take my family to Europe. I thought I should be able to bear the loss of the elegant comforts upon this side, in the triumph I should feel in the contrast of the two sorts of civilization.

Mrs. Sharply and the children were willing to make the sacrifice. We embarked on an American steamer. The state-rooms were small, but the decorations were exquisite. By the happy adjustment of the cabin mirrors, I could from my own lounge watch Mrs. Sharply, who was reclining upon a neighboring lounge, during all the paroxysms of her illness. Indeed, the mirrors gave altogether a lively effect to the ship, and multiplied apparently the motion to an almost indefinite extent. I might say the same of the spring mattresses, which appeared unusually effective. I am told, and can readily believe, that the British steamers have not yet adopted these pleasant devices to relieve the tedium of a sea-voyage.

Our captain was a prompt man, with an immense deal of self-possession, and the true American *grit*. He had been known, I was told, to run his ship at full speed within half a cable's length of Cape Race, and run down a few stupid fishermen in a small boat without once stopping his engines; and on an earlier occasion had beached a first-class liner on the New Jersey shores, with studding-sails all standing, in a most incomparable manner; in short, he had made splendid passages, and owned a splendid place, and was a splendid fellow in his gilt buttons—of course.

I had once seen an advertisement in a city paper, before leaving, of a place in the country to sell, highly recommended for its proximity to the "fine place" of Captain ——. I had half a mind to go and take an observation: the idea of living in the neighborhood of the "fine place" of a great packet captain seemed pleasant. There, thought I, is your real aristocratic quarter—at the skirts of a jolly, driving tar, accustomed to give orders through a trumpet, and to clink glasses with the distinguished people at the head of the table!

He spoke to Mrs. Sharply one day, in the course of the voyage, and kindly. Mrs. Sharply was grateful.

When we came in sight of the dingy, black steamers which drive about the coast of England, my pride was quite a-glow; if the poor people could only have caught sight of the Hendrik Hudson or of the Henry Clay (before she was burnt), what would they not have said!

The docks of Liverpool I found substantial affairs, certainly. I thanked God, however, that American seaports had no need of such

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cumbrous affairs to keep their shipping afloat. And after all, remarked I, scanning narrowly the masonry of the quays, I do not know that this is equal to the High Bridge—

"Or Girard College," said Mrs. Sharply.

"No, or Girard College," said I.

"Such dirty stones," said Mrs. Sharply.

"Quite right, dear," said I.

"And then the cabs," said Mrs. Sharply.

"Yes, and the cabs," said I.

"Such fine ones as *we* have," said Mrs. Sharply.

"Two horses to each," remarked I.

"And more showy—much," said Mrs. Sharply; "and what ugly buildings," continued she.

"But substantial," said I, willing to assume a partial defense of Great Britain.

"La, yes, substantial," said Mrs. Sharply; but so smoky and dingy!"

"Not equal to Stewart's," remarked I.

Mrs. Sharply held up both hands as if she were indignant at the comparison having been made.

The room they gave us at the hotel was a dingy little affair, the furniture very old—of a fashion at least ten years gone by; and the crockery and plate were such as we used to see in picture-books long ago. They evidently did not think it worth while to change their patterns every third year as they do in New York. I wondered if our ladies could be tempted to eat off from such dishes at home.

Yet the plate, I remarked, was solid, and the linen was fresh and white—whiter, I was compelled to confess, than one often sees at the Astor House. The salmon, too, was good, and served piping hot; and though there was no Croton water in our chambers, there were most bountiful pitchers freshly filled, and such a stock of towels as would have amazed the maids at the St. Nicholas.

In short, Mrs. Sharply and family, though they missed greatly the mirrors and rose-wood trimmed with damask, managed to rub off a day or two at a Liverpool hotel with considerable equanimity. Of course they were astounded, as well as I, at the little compartments into which they cut up the English railway carriage, and thought them very confined. I think this notion may have weighed more upon the mind of Mrs. Sharply, from the fact that she had dressed up one of our girls in a very dainty hat of Lawson's, with the pardonable pride (in a mother) of exciting the admiration of her fellow-voyagers. As we were quite by ourselves in the carriage, this pleasant endeavor was utterly lost; and I am pained to say that Mrs. Sharply was unreasonably severe upon Mary Jane throughout the day.

We were amused with London, and thought it quite an extensive place. Mrs. Sharply did not particularly admire the style in which the ladies dressed; and I must say that the cut of the coats, so far as I had opportunity of observing, was vastly inferior to St. John, Raymond, and Co.'s.

I took Mrs. Sharply to see St. Paul's Cathedral. She thought it an enormous building, as it really is; but the stone of Trinity Church is much finer; and, if it came to matter of size, we both concluded that the up-town Reservoir was larger even than St. Paul's. We attended service there, and were much amused with the little boys in shirts, who went through the chants in such a sing-song way; and thought that if matters with us came to such a pass, we could match the mummery at a little up-town church —I think it is in Sixth Avenue.

We used to discuss the *Times* articles sometimes over our breakfast; and wonder if Mr. So-and-so (of New York or Boston) could not write better ones if they chose—more pithy and dashing—Mr. Bigelow, of the *Evening Post*, for instance, or General Webb; of course they could.

As for speeches (for we went one evening to the House of Commons), we thought them very sad affairs; they may have helped on the business, perhaps, very well; but they were not such elegant orations as we hear at Tammany Hall, or at the ward meetings; no such figures, and splendid sentences, and such quotations from the poets as Mr. Sumner uses. What a flowery man he is, indeed! As my wife remarked—"Nothing but jonquils and roses!"

They talk of the crowd of carriages in London, along the Strand and thereabout; "Let them come to Barnum's Museum," said Mrs. Sharply, complacently, "that is all." As for the London hotels, they were scarce larger than a good Fourteenth Street house (Mr. Smith's, for example, late of John Street), nor were they nearly so showy in exterior. Mrs. Sharply and Mary Jane contrasted them, with some very natural pride, with the Irving and New York Hotel. I do not think there was a single gay fellow to be seen about the steps, in brilliant waistcoat, or whiffing a flat cigar; I could not observe a single pair of boots on any of the window-sills. Mary Jane was immensely disappointed. To be sure, the dinners were good—very good, and the waiters neat and attentive; but where there was one waiter in a London house, we counted at least a dozen in New York —perhaps more.

In short, Mrs. Sharply had no patience with the London hotels; "There was no life in them," she said. It really seemed as if one had broken into some quiet old gentleman's house, and as if he might come down upon you any moment, and catch you at his salmon and fish sauces.

If I had not known to the contrary, I think I should have taken the waiters, who glided about in pumps and white stockings, for genteel young men of the New York evening circles. Even Maria Jane, who is observant in those matters, remarked that their cravats were as well tied as John ——'s. I think they were.

Their conversational powers, however, were limited; more limited, perhaps, than those of the young gentlemen with whom I have compared them. In respect to dinner they are exceed-

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ingly voluble: "Soup, Sir; Oxtail, Pea Soup, Sir; Mock Turtle; Fish, Sir; Salmon, yes, Sir; Fried Sole, Sir; Roast Beef, Sir; Sweets, Sir?" is said with an ease and self-possession that it would be vain to imitate. But when on one occasion I ventured to encourage conversation in regard to objects of interest about town by a series of inquiries, the only replies I could gain were, "I really don't know, Sir; will inquire, Sir; can't say, Sir; I de'say, Sir; will ask below, Sir."

"After all," said I to Mrs. Sharply, in a philosophic vein, "his duty is with his dinner; why should we ask more? It is a beautiful instance of that division of labor aimed at by the Socialists, where every man finds his true office, and does not meddle with his neighbors."

When we reached France we were dependent upon Mary Jane, who had studied for a season or two with Madame Chegary. It was perfectly surprising—the manner in which that girl understood and interpreted French! I felt proud of her, and more than repaid for all the expense of her education.

I observed that a few words were nearly the same in both languages: chamber, for instance, is *chambre* in French; an evident corruption of the English spelling. They also employ the word *frank* very frequently; not, however, in our sense of—honest.

We had occasion to remark in France another change in the hotel system; and Mary Jane was thoroughly scandalized by finding men in velvet caps and slippers serving in the capacity of chamber-maids. We missed the mirrors and carpets of the St. Nicholas, as well as the spittoons. The baths, too, when we ordered them, were served by men, who brought in the tubs upon their heads, and filled them with hot or cold water to our liking. And yet, notwithstanding this, there was a good deal to be said in favor of the Parisian mode of life.

The soups, which Mrs. Sharply thought very flimsy on the first day's trial, we came to like exceedingly; and, up to the time of our departure, entertained a growing fondness for French cooking generally. It was something extraordinary how Mrs. Sharply forsook her old taste for buckwheat cakes and corn bread, and conformed to the omelet and coffee diet. As for Maria Jane, she now thinks hot breakfast cakes excessively vulgar.

There was an error committed at the first day's dinner; Mrs. Sharply admits it herself; she had the recollections of the Ocean House in her mind; she wore a low-necked dress, and directed Maria Jane to do the same. They were the most dashingly dressed party at the table, and drew upon themselves what seemed to me rather too piquant observation. The low-necked dresses, at my instance, were laid by for home wear.

Mrs. Sharply naturally turned up her nose at the company, and remarked freely upon a lady who ventured to appear at table in her traveling hat. For my own part, though it was surely not quite so splendid as the home tables, I must confess that I liked the easy air of things, and fancied the quiet arrangements and etiquette of the French dinner as well as I liked the cookery.

We had a little experience in a more private way after a time; in common with almost every body, we went into lodgings, as they say in London. My family were scandalized at first with the idea of living up three pair of stairs; but upon proper representations on the part of our landlady that the apartments were highly respectable, and that the Countess Millefleurs occupied the adjoining rooms, Mrs. Sharply gave over her objections. Indeed, she assumed the defense of high lodgings, and repeated our neighbor's name of the fourth floor oftener, I thought, than there was any necessity for doing.

I should like to see Mrs. Sharply on a fourth floor in New York!

I advised Maria Jane to talk, as occasion offered, with the landlady, who seemed a very chatty body; but Miss Sharply thought her accent bad. Perhaps it was. That girl—Miss Sharply—does speak French superbly!

Our dinners in these new quarters came in from a little restaurant near by; a man in a paper cap brought the meats in a basket. Such a falling off from the St. Nicholas or the Saratoga houses! "Who could have believed," said Mrs. Sharply, with her mind on Morris, the head-waiter of the United States, giving orders to forty servants, with a majestic wave of the hand, "who could have imagined that in Paris our dinner should be served by one man in a paper cap?"

Yet, so it was; and hundreds and thousands of people, loving comfort as much as the Sharplys, were living in the same way. Did the mistake (if there was any) lie with them or with us?

I am ashamed to confess how the Sharplys became attached to those little dinners—all served in a sort of ante-room, not so large as the flirting alcoves in the corridors of a New York hotel. Mrs. Sharply, who had rebelled against the arrangement at first, was kept in countenance by finding all her friends living in just such a fashion—consenting to drop, for the time, our own magnificent civilization, in the way of dinners and mirrors, and to conform to the humble French habits.

Did Louis Napoleon or the Minister of State have any conception, we wondered, of what ceilings, mirrors, roast turkeys, and buckwheat cakes were to be seen at the Astor House?

The French, and other Continental nations, have a certain splendor about their life and habits, but it does not lie, for the most part (as with us), in steamboats and hotels. I should say that the street known as the Boulevards was a splendid street, and so of the Place de la Concorde, and the Madeleine Church; the hotels, and homes for travelers and strangers, are quieter. I never heard of any body employing Horace Vernet to decorate an eating-saloon; and as for bridal chambers, whether on shipboard or in hotels, they are so positively plain, that nobody knows where to find them.

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What a meagre honeymoon a returned Californian or a boarder at the St. Nicholas would make of it in such homely quarters as they give one in the European hotels!

I did not mean to run on in this manner when I sat down to write. I said that I had a keen eye for comfort, and had spent a considerable number of years in learning how to find it. Ditto of Mrs. Sharply.

I have told plainly what we thought of matters upon the other side, and how we were half ashamed to find ourselves satisfied so easily with the simple arrangement and homely order about the European houses for strangers.

When we broke up our visit—with some compunctions, I must confess—Mrs. Sharply and Maria Jane were quite in a glow with the thought of getting back into our palaces again.

I remarked certain changes along the road. We exchanged our little velvet-capped French serving-man (who said "Pardon!" and lifted his cap, if he only touched our elbow) for an amphibious, lame-legged English steward, on the Channel boat, who shuffled up to you with a gruff "Fare, Sir!" for his only speech.

Yet the hotels, with their dingy furniture, were not so distasteful as at first; we seemed to have grown into the home-ish manner of it all. Maria Jane had positively abandoned low-necks for the hotel table, and wore a quiet dress—gray and black poplin—that I think became her wonderfully. We even ventured upon a British steamer to cross the ocean, which, though it hadn't so many mirrors, or so bountiful tables as the American, had larger and more comfortable state-rooms. It is an English fancy, in hotels as well as boats, to give more room to sleeping-quarters, and less to parlors than we.

The arrangement doesn't favor display, but it does comfort.

Well, the Sharplys touched at length their native shores again—with emotion, of course. The streets, I must confess, did not seem so wide as when I left, nor so clean; and yet, thanks to Mr. Wood, they were more clean. After all, say what Mrs. Sharply would, the Boulevards *were* wider than Broadway, twenty feet at the least, and there were trees on either side, and there was no fear of stubbing one's toes against uneven pavements.

For the first time in my life, Broadway did not seem to bound the horizon of grand things. There were other streets in the world besides Broadway. There certainly were. I made the observation aloud.

"Some," said Mrs. Sharply.

We went jolting presently into a side street.

"What a coach!" said Mrs. Sharply.

"Such a pavement," said Maria Jane.

"Not quite a *Champs Elysées*," said I; for I had picked up some of the street names in quite passable French style.

At this there was a jolt which bruised Mrs. Sharply's bonnet fearfully against the side of the coach.

"Villainous coachmen!" said Mrs. Sharply.

I echoed the remark feelingly, having struggled through a crowd of them upon the dock, at the risk of having my coat torn off my back.

We arrived presently at the door of that stately building known as the Astor House.

I approached as nearly as I could (five or six persons appeared to be cracking jokes with the office people) to a sleek-looking clerk, with beautifully coiffed hair, rosy cheeks, and pen over his left ear—altogether surpassing any thing I had seen in a similar position during my travels. He entertained my demands more graciously than I had hoped, bowed a willingness to comply with my request for a room, designated with his pen (removed for the purpose from his ear) an attendant waiter, handed him a key, waved me gracefully away, replaced the pen behind his left ear, and resumed his jokes.

"What a grand house it is!" said Maria Jane Sharply, as we mounted the first flight.

"So airy!" said Mrs. Sharply, panting after me up the second flight.

"Isn't it high?" said I, as we finished the fourth pair of stairs. It was high.

A slatternly maid was sweeping with might and main the room destined for Mrs. Sharply; the bed was in the middle, the chairs were piled upon the table, and the whole was scarce larger than the state-room we had left.

We appealed to the waiter; "he would see at the office." There was a change to a lower floor; the size the same; view upon a dark piazza within the court; one window; fresh paint—a very splendid white; the carpet a new pattern, smelling still of the factory; bedstead of rosewood, evidently adapted to the last fashion; wardrobe still sticky with varnish—the whole small but brilliant; very enjoyable—to the eye.

Mrs. Sharply rings; rings twice; rings a third time, and Irish waiter comes, talking perverse English.

"Can the landlady be seen?"

Servant grins; evidently knows no landlady; it is a homely, old absurdity, that of having a landlady.

"Can any responsible person be seen?"

Waiter retires—remains.

Another ring.

A new waiter appears; the same form is gone through with; he goes, and reports: "Man can't leave the office; any thing you'll have, Mister?"

Mr. Sharply pushes down to the office again. The crowd is greater than before, and there is no possibility of approaching the man with hyacinthine locks. Matters seem utterly hopeless, when a traveling friend takes Sharply by the arm, probes his misfortune, and offers relief.

"My dear Sharply, you don't understand this thing; you must be acquainted with these people; their friends get the rooms; let me introduce you.

"Halloo! Hyacinth" (very loudly, over the heads of six intimate friends), "my friend Mr. Sharply; Mr. Sharply, Mr. Hyacinth."

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The gentleman bowed gracefully; removed the pen from his left ear; "We will see what we can do for you Mr. Sharply."

Charming manner he had!

Well, so it went on: very brilliant and grand; an immense concourse of fine fellows in large whiskers hob-nobbing over the office desk—comparing hats, or putting Hyacinth in a roar; a splendid painting or two on the walls; a magnificent clerk to receive the money; a telegraph machine chattering at your elbow; a parlor in the corner with furniture only six months old at the oldest; every thing in short to boast about, and be proud of, except, it might be, a little quiet attention, and a little wholesome relief from the hubbub of travel.

I recurred longingly to the dingy parlors, on the other side, at which I had sneered; and bethought myself if it were not better after all to forego somewhat of the splendor for a little more of homeliness and comfort, and a little less of arrogance and bluster.

This office clerk, thought I, with so much pomatum to his hair, and such distinguished acquaintance, may be after all worth less toward making a home comfortable than the stout landlady of some such inn as the Bell at Gloucester; and it is doubtful if the small, splendid places they crib a stranger in within our palaces, have nearly the charm of the low but well-aired chambers of many an old-fashioned tavern.

What a splendid, noisy home it was to be sure!

And yet there were those who enjoyed it all immensely. A certain major-general (of militia) who strode about the hall, saying, "How d'ye do," at the top of his voice to the people of the office, and the waiters, and half the new-comers, seemed to enjoy things immensely; and a certain cadaverous man, who had secured the top seat of the table at dinner, and had bribed his waiter to bring him all the desirable dishes, ate hugely, and with a quiet satisfaction I have rarely seen equaled. He, however, like the general, and a judge of a neighboring town, and one or two rollicking sea-captains, were "friends of the house."

My sober opinion is, that although our hotels are very magnificent outside, and have splendid decorations within, yet a quiet stranger who does not think it worth his while to bluster, or to hob-nob with Mr. Hyacinth at the desk, or to make a sudden seizure of whatever palatable thing may lie within reach, will have a smaller chance for comfort in them than in the humble hotels upon the other side of the water.

It is my opinion that we reckon splendor too highly, and comfort too little. It is my opinion that the art of living cheaply and well, is not yet as well understood by the new country as by some of the old ones. It is my opinion that one very good step in the way of improvement, would be to give up the belief, indulged in by so many, that there is no need of improvement. There is no man so far away from progress as the one who thinks he has no farther to go.

I do not undertake a quarrel with those who prefer a two-horse carriage to a snug cab with a good hack; nor with those who want to tread on tapestry and gaze into mirrors; I only say that I love comfort, and think there should be a place made for those who seek after it quietly.

I think we shall come to this by-and-by, after living in a hurry has subsided into living comfortably.

I hope Stephen Sharply will live to see the day.

WORTH FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS!

AN ugly business. I tried not to think of it, but couldn't succeed.

My friends implored me to submit to the operation. They urged me to make up my mind like a man; but I thought of Job and his counselors, and remained as obstinate as a mule. I considered myself a martyr—wantonly imposed upon—a victim, on whose unfortunate carcass surgeons believed they might make any experiment with impunity. I was resolved that they should find themselves mistaken. So, when Dr. Bumpus in his rough manner would say, "those toes must come off," I would call him "brute," and threaten to turn him out; but he only laughed, and always displayed a callousness to my suffering that nearly drove me mad.

"They'll be the death of you," he said one day.

"Pshaw! humbug!"

"Can't live a month unless you have 'em taken off. That's my professional opinion."

"To the—mischief with your professional opinion," I shouted, for he was by this time half way down stairs, whence I could hear the wretch inquiring about the latest news from Europe.

"I'll have another doctor this very day," said I, in a rage.

"What is the use of that?" suggested my old friend Dratackes. "You see the job must be done. An unpleasant one I admit; but it's better to lose two toes than your life. Come, bear up. Say the word, and we shall have a consultation of M.D.'s to-morrow."

I was seized with an infernal twinge just at the moment, and this, perhaps, did more than any thing else to shake my obstinacy. During some moments passed in reflection, I thought that, after all, my friends might be right. I didn't like to be considered a coward, and yet, Gad! I could not make up my mind.

"Hang the toes!" I ejaculated, at the end of a pause.

"Don't," implored my friend.

"I shall," I returned, vehemently.

"No, you mustn't."

At last, after several spasmodic efforts at heroism, these memorable words escaped me—"I shall have it done to-morrow!" The perspiration rolled off my forehead as I spoke.

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"Bravo!" cried Dratackes in ecstasy, "all will soon be right now."

I could not arrive at any such conclusion. During the remainder of that day and following night I suffered agony. All sorts of fearful weapons used by surgeons in the exercise of their hideous duties passed in array before my mental vision. I underwent in imagination the tortures of amputation a thousand times. As fast as one toe was cut off with due formality, the work would be recommenced *seriatim* on the others again and again. I groaned aloud in anticipated torture. Even in hasty snatches of sleep I dreamed of doctors in the semblance of fiends, with smiles of infernal satisfaction on their faces, hacking limbs from my bleeding body. I woke up more than once, shouting—"Hold on; you're murdering me!" In such misery sped the intervening hours.

I can not remember how I reached the hospital where the operation was to be performed. I had afterward a confused idea of being laid out upon a table in regular old-fashioned style, and hearing, in gruffer tones than ever, the voice of Bumpus. I fancied, too, that he made me take some sort of concoction with a strange suffocating odor. Fear then entirely mastered me. Objects became indistinct, and I had not the power of observing what was going on.

I was roused from this partial stupor by the sight of a strange face—another doctor I at first supposed him to be. I remember being surprised, even then, at the curious resemblance he bore to Bumpus. My medical attendants had left the room for a moment to consult upon some point of practice, and while they were absent he sidled up to me with a smile.

"An unpleasant position, Sir?"

"Rather. Can't be helped, though."

"A mistake, Sir—a serious mistake. *I* could have cured you without any of this work. These surgeons are perfect old fogies—half a dozen centuries behind the age."

I looked at him anxiously, willing to grasp at any straw. In fact, I yet had a lurking suspicion of being humbugged by Bumpus.

"I've thought as much myself," said I.

Without giving any answer he passed his hand twice or thrice over my diseased limb, a process that instantly relieved me from pain.

"Come now," he suggested, "get up. Let us move before these wiseacres return. No need of any butchering here."

"Sir!" I exclaimed, in a burst of grateful enthusiasm, "you are my guardian angel!"

We escaped from the house without being observed, and walked up Broadway toward my own lodgings. I did not feel the slightest pain. I thought it proper then and there to express my inability to recompense the stranger for his services, but before I had half uttered the sentence he said:

"In want of money, eh? Mention the number of millions in a word, and in another your wish is granted."

"I'll have a hundred," I replied, jokingly.

"Done. How will you have it?"

I stared at my new friend, and, for the first time, examined him attentively. He was a man of most gentlemanly address; but, doubtless, a lunatic. He smiled affably as if in answer to my thoughts, and exclaimed:

"Well, I must say good-by here. You may expect the gold. I shall send it over to-night. Adieu!"

With these words he left me abruptly. "As mad as a March hare," said I to myself, looking after him.

I reached home, musing over my strange adventure. It was enough to make any man ponder and reflect. Though I paid little heed to the millions spoken of so extravagantly by my singular friend, still my own sudden and miraculous recovery from a disease pronounced mortal by the physicians was a proved fact. There could be no skepticism here. I was nevertheless perplexed, and not a little confused, during the remainder of the day. I really did not know what to think of it at all.

After nightfall, I became even more restless and uneasy. I can not say now whether I wished my promised visitor to make his appearance or not. My conscience smote me for having formed his acquaintance. At best, he was a suspicious character, and perhaps had dealing with evil spirits. It was much in vogue then in New York for men to be influenced by good spirits, why not by evil spirits also? I was interrupted in these and similar reflections by a single rap at the door—a sudden, solemn rap—an ominous rap. The sound made me feel chilly. I guessed who the rapper was, and I was right. "Come in," said I, tremulously.

He entered, smiling as blandly as ever. I started involuntarily; for he looked so like Bumpus, that I thought it was that worthy individual come to complete his operation.

"Got the money!" pointing with his thumb over his right shoulder to a large party of sturdy satellites, who were carrying in a number of ponderous bags, which they dropped with a loud crash upon the floor. Others had huge bundles of bank-notes. At first I fairly disbelieved my own eyes—I must be dreaming. Presently one of the bags became unfastened—whether by accident or on purpose I do not know—but hundreds of broad, glittering twenty-dollar gold pieces rolled upon the floor. The sight gave me a sensation like that caused by a rush of blood to the head. I took up some of the pieces and examined them. I weighed them on the tip of my finger, and rung them over and over again on the table. They seemed most temptingly genuine. Gold has a charm for the eyes that I never realized till then. I was a poor man. What could I not do with such a treasure?

My visitor gave me time to consider. He hummed a tune, and examined some books lying about. "He must be the devil," I thought. And yet, the longer I looked at the bags still coming in, the more ardently did I wish to

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make them mine. "I may outwit him," I reflected. "If he wants me to be his slave, he will find himself mistaken. I may compromise for the present, and turn him adrift by-and-by! Hang the fellow! he looks at me and smiles as if he could read the secrets of my soul!"

"What services am I to render for this?" I asked at length, with some hesitation.

"Oh, we'll speak of that hereafter."

"Accommodating," I thought; "very accommodating."

"What name, Sir? Where can I find you?"

"I am easily found; don't trouble yourself about that."

"You are not in league with the—the—the—"

"Devil? Ha, ha, ha! The devil is a pleasant sort of fellow—is useful too in his way. But (looking at his watch) I have business on hand—must be off. I shall see you again. Adieu!"

I watched him closely as he went out. He had not the sign of a hoof, and his legs, without any exaggeration, were those of a well-made man.

As he left, an undefinable sensation of bodily pain seized me. I could not say that I felt it in any particular limb, but it thrilled through my entire frame like a convulsion or spasm, and forewarned me of future suffering.

I was alone with the gold. I rolled some of it out, counted, and returned it. I examined and re-examined the massive ingots. I daintily handled a few of the notes, and found them to be five-hundred-dollar bills on the best banks of the country. I then put them all back, covered them carefully, and sat down to think. The tremendous power that such wealth could give me, forced itself upon my mind. I became fascinated with the charm. The demon of avarice was at work even then, for I conceived plans for doubling and trebling the enormous sum I possessed. In contemplating such a vast treasure—with its existence palpably before me—I soon lost sight of conscientious scruples. They vanished that night, and forever, before I closed my eyes in sleep. Schemes of speculation on a tremendous scale—purchases of cities and states—floated before my startled imagination. I would astound the world with my deeds! In the history of all past ages, such an influence as mine it would be impossible to find recorded! Lost in these reflections, wherever I gazed I saw nothing but gold—gold—gold. It was already my god, for I had bowed down and worshiped. But the idea of doing good and benefiting my fellow-man with this wealth, did not, in one solitary thought, drift across my fevered brain.

I was on foot early next morning. I resolved to deposit a large portion of my money in the various banks of the city—the notes, especially, I was afraid of losing. In order to avoid suspicion, it became necessary to employ agents. They were found without much difficulty; and a week afterward I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had deposited some twenty millions in fifty banks of New York under fifty different names. Whether in this transaction I was secretly aided by the Evil One or not, I do not venture to say. I simply state the fact. My efforts were crowned with complete success.

The excitement in New York was marvelous. Such an influx of gold had not been known within the memory of man. It became a drug in the market. On the strength of my deposits the banks increased their capitals, and extended their business on an enormous scale.

My next step was to purchase a house in Fifth Avenue. Several were for sale, and I chose a solitary one far up town, with a spacious fire-proof vault in the basement. Into it I gradually removed all my gold. I selected Fifth Avenue because it was more retired, and I would be less noticed there than in other parts of the city. I still retained, however, my old residence, for the purpose of transacting business. Indeed, I opened numerous offices down town, and appeared in each under different names and disguises. In all I did, I worked with extrême caution, and even the men I employed knew little or nothing of my affairs. I was satisfied on this point from the result of numerous experiments to which I resorted in order to test the extent of the discoveries their curiosity prompted them to make. I used to enjoy going down to Wall Street, and there buy up the available stock of a company, raise the premium to a fabulous sum, sell out, and then realize an immense profit. The merchants were all agog; for they were, of course, unable to detect the under-current that disturbed the once even tide of commerce. I had their paper to any amount, and could have ruined men of the highest standing. Operators and jobbers were in a perpetual fever of excitement.

It would be tedious to tell of the numberless schemes in which I was engaged—the colossal business I carried on in trade—the vast speculations by which I realized additional millions. Let it suffice that I doubled and even trebled the original amount of my wealth. I tried in vain to make a rough estimate of what I was worth.

Months passed away, during which my love of gold rapidly increased. I had a craving to see, to handle the glittering metal. Every coin was of value in my eyes. But beyond this instinct, I had now a demon's desire to exercise my power—to injure, and, if possible, to destroy. I held no friendly communications with any living soul, and I had sympathy for none.

During this time I suffered continually from the spasmodic pains I have described; and I began to suspect that I was not radically cured of the disease with which I had previously been afflicted. They were rending, shooting pains—darting through limbs, breast, and brain—leaving behind bodily exhaustion and mental despair.

I was pondering over these matters one night as I sat in my vault, counting and re-counting

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my tens of thousands—arranging them in heaps—feasting my eyes with the gorgeous spectacle according to my daily custom; I took up accidentally the book containing my bank accounts. The grand total exhibited a deposit of twenty millions. "Twenty millions!" I cried, and repeated the seductive words over and over again. "Twenty millions! Twenty millions! What a pile they would make here! I'll draw them out! I'll break all the banks! Whew! what a sensation that will create! Ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" rebounded from the other end of the room. These echoes of the vault so startled me that I turned round expecting to see a visitor. No one was there, yet I trembled with affright, and hurried up stairs, imagining that some one had discovered my retreat. Small chance of that though; for I kept the house locked up, and no human being ever entered it but myself.

The idea of ruining the banks became a settled determination, and the very next morning I was among my agents, arranging preliminaries, specifying the exact day, hour, and even moment when the act should be consummated. It was a feasible plan; for, as I have said, the banks had expanded to such an extent on the strength of my deposits, that the sudden withdrawal of my property in gold, with all the interest accumulated, must infallibly break them.

My disposition had gradually and totally changed. I was now possessed of a cunning that, I may be permitted to say, was, at one time, altogether foreign to my nature. Fear of detection, of being robbed, or even of being pointed out as a man of enormous wealth, was always present to my imagination. I used every precaution that a subtle intellect could devise. I disguised myself in different ways when I spoke to people on business. Not a single individual knew that I was proprietor of a house in Fifth Avenue, for I bought it under a fictitious name through a third person. I had even stored this house with provisions, in case I should one day be obliged to secrete myself there from popular vengeance.

I instructed my agents to bring the money, drawn in bullion from the banks, to various places down town. This was done as well and as secretly as I could have desired, and, in the night time, I watched its removal to Fifth Avenue by other parties. A laborious task! The carmen had no idea that those heavy boxes contained aught else than the ordinary goods their labels designated.

I waited anxiously for the result of this operation. Two days elapsed, and by twelve o'clock on the third my plot began to yield its fruits. The news spread like wild fire over the city that the banks were all breaking. The newspapers issued an edition after each explosion. People rushed frantically for their money, but found only closed doors. They burst them open furiously, and discovered nothing within but benches, desks, and account books. The officials had fled in dismay, carrying off what was left.

The ruin of the banks was followed by a fearful crisis. Merchants of every description were suspending payment by hundreds. Tradesmen could not sell their goods. Householders could not get their rent. In the space of one week the panic had arrived at such a height that the inhabitants were leaving the city.

The laboring classes were starving, and held immense mass meetings in the Park to devise means for their relief.

Gold or silver coin could not be obtained, and resolutions were passed by the Common Council in favor of adopting another currency, but no one could hit upon an expedient. As each day passed, confusion became worse confounded, and universal distress was alarmingly on the increase.

In the midst of this excitement I wandered about, exulting secretly in the ruin I had caused. While walking one day down Broadway, I was startled at being suddenly brought face to face with the founder of my wealth. He brought strangely to my remembrance the face and form of Bumpus, whose very existence I had forgotten. I did not like the expression of his countenance now; it wore a Satanic look—and I tried to pass by unnoticed. My effort proved fruitless; his eyes were fixed upon me. He spoke abruptly, and without any greeting, in a gruff voice—

"I have work for you. The day after to-morrow large stores are expected; you must have agents at all the dépôts, and as these stores arrive in the city"—the words hissed through his closed teeth—"you must have them destroyed."

"What! starve out the city!" I exclaimed; "I dare not!"

"You must; I order it."

"But the thing is impossible," I continued, pretending not to notice his last words, for I felt their truth.

"I have other slaves besides you, fool! I can give you every assistance you require. Be at your office to-morrow morning at ten o'clock ready to receive visitors from me. All they want is the money."

So saying he left me to my own reflections, and horrible reflections they were. As I returned home I ran over every possible plan by which I could avoid his commands and shake off his influence. There was no way of doing this except by giving up my gold, and I would have parted sooner with my life. Then I thought of his scheme. It was vengeance on a more extended scale than I could have conceived possible; but reflection familiarized rather than exaggerated its deformities. They grew less and less hideous. Had not I, too, a thirst for vengeance? Was I not an outcast from society? With every moment's thought I gained, as it were, a fresh impetus of diabolical energy, and finally resolved to lend myself to the work.

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I waited impatiently the next morning for my promised visitors. They came at the appointed hour—dark, taciturn men. They received the money without any comment, and had it immediately taken away. Then in abject terror at what I had done, I fled to my own home.

I can not say exactly how the deed was accomplished; I was afraid to make inquiries, and remained secreted in my prison-home, dreading I scarcely knew what. I stole out at intervals to pick up the rumors that flew with startling rapidity from mouth to mouth. The citizens seemed alarmed at some great impending calamity. With pale, anxious faces they stood in groups at the corners of the streets, talking eagerly. I drew near one of these knots to listen, and heard it said that certain speculators had bought up immense stores of provisions recently brought to the city; that the mob, excited to madness, had broken open their warehouses; that fearful riots ensued, during which the warehouses were burnt with all they contained. Exclamations of horror escaped from the by-standers at this announcement. They believed the city doomed, and thought it prudent to leave in time. They did not imagine the truth, but I knew that the agents of the Evil One were at work, and had burnt up the provisions.

With a skill and precision that will be deemed utterly fabulous by those who can not comprehend the source whence these men derived their power, the infernal deed was repeated again and again. The expense made a huge inroad upon my wealth, but I heeded it not, for I was impelled by a stubborn determination to accomplish the diabolical work in which I was engaged. I stationed agents at all the inlets to the city. They purchased food of every description on the false plea that they did so for the benefit of the starving populace. Then followed the ruin I contemplated. Night after night the sky was red with the glare of burning warehouses filled with provisions. Many of them were destroyed by the mob, now thoroughly ferocious from hunger and the thought that others were profiting by its sufferings. My plot was being completely carried out. The people seemed to have thrown reason overboard, and unconsciously were aiding me in my designs. Telegraphic messages were sent to Boston, Philadelphia, and other large cities, imploring assistance; but their condition was as bad as ours. There also starvation was staring men in the face. My agents were abroad every where. They did not leave a stone unturned, for they bought up grain, cattle, and vegetables in distant places, and effectually prevented any efficient aid being rendered to the metropolis.

My labors were almost over—they were more than completed now by the mob. The fearful excesses to which it resorted alarmed peaceful citizens, and all who could were preparing to escape from the fated city. Day by day the panic increased. The life of any one known to possess food was not safe for an hour. Law and order were set at defiance. It was a consummation in which I silently exulted.

Ships, freighted with provisions that might have saved the famishing population, were destroyed by my orders while moored to the wharves. Others could be seen hovering off quarantine afraid to approach; for along the edge of the water the burning warehouses presented one line of flame. Many vessels were cut adrift by their owners, and, hoisting sail, they stood out to sea with all speed.

Unsuspected, I remained concealed in my secluded home, waiting for the end.

It did not arrive fast enough. People, it is true, were leaving in thousands, but they did so quietly. I could not see them—I could not mark the diminished numbers remaining—I could not gloat sufficiently over their alarm and their sufferings. I could only hear the uproar without—the riot and tumult that day and night shook the heavens. The bodily pain I now endured excited this feverish suspense, and roused it to a pitch of frenzy. My passions were beyond all restraint. "This ruin," I said, "must be consummated at once;" and my desire to drive every living soul from the metropolis rose with the difficulties that stood in the way. How could it be done? There was but one answer—by disease.

The idea came to me first as a whispered suggestion. It was possible, and might be tried. Nay, as I thought the matter over, it seemed feasible, and *must* be tried. The promptings of my black heart assumed a bolder and more daring tone, and the words continually rang in my ears—loud and louder with every moment's reflection—"*Poison the Croton reservoir!*"

"Poison the Croton Reservoir!"—a devilish scheme.

But money did it. Ha! ha! From men's souls downward money can buy up all. I could tell how I went up to the Receiving Reservoir, and cautiously broached my plan to a dark-looking individual superintending the works. The proffered bait was too tempting for his virtue. At first he refused, and even threatened, but I only held up the gold before his eyes. He turned pale and trembled, and I doubled the amount of my bribe, already enormous. He hesitated and—succumbed. Ha! ha! Gold can work miracles.

The deed was done, and that same night sickness and death began to spread a black pall over the city.

I had surrendered myself now, body and soul, to the Spirit of evil. There was no drawing back, for I was purchased with a price. Sometimes when I thought of this, I would gnash my teeth in very despair; and then, despair would be succeeded by a fierce hatred for the whole human race. I clutched at phantoms, and in imagination committed murder foul upon good and brave men whom I had seen in other days.

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Their angry spirits floated in the form of gloomy shadows above my head.

At such times I longed to exercise, in a still greater degree, the power acquired by wealth. I longed to venture beyond the walls of my prison, to see with my own eyes the wretchedness and misery I had caused; but I feared detection, and the consequent vengeance of the people. Then my mood would change. These ugly visions would be chased away. "Ho! King Avarice! Right welcome Aristocrat, most ancient of all ancient orders! Though to some thou wearest a grim and grizzly aspect, I bow before thee!"

Down, down, many feet below the level of the street, on my knees counting my millions—gloating over them in secret ecstasy—piling them up in fantastic pyramids to the vaulted ceiling—lying down amidst these heaps upon heaps of gold—burying myself beneath them—dazzling my eyes with their splendor—flinging the broad pieces about in mad enjoyment.

The lamp, as it hung from the ceiling, quivered while it lit up the scene.

Such were my occupations by day. By night I would steal out to mark the change that another twelve hours had wrought in the city. Gradually the hum of a busy population had died away. Labor was entirely suspended. Streets, filled a few days previous with anxious faces, seemed deserted now—tenanted only by some hunger-stricken wretch in search of food. The sullen tolling of a bell—the striking of a clock—the rumbling of a solitary car on the pavement, occasionally disturbed the stillness. These sound and signals warned me that the metropolis was not empty, though at brief intervals the shrill whistle of the rail-car told that citizens were yet leaving. And then I would hasten back to my home, shrinking from each gleam of moonlight that lay across the street.

One night, when I had gone out to note the progress of this huge destruction and desertion, I searched long and in vain for any human creature. Becoming bolder as I proceeded, I traversed Fifth Avenue, walked along Broadway as far as Union Square, and there sat down on one of the benches. It was an unearthly sort of night. The trees drooped, and the whole scene looked wan and sickly in the moonlight. There seemed a ghastly transparency in every object. Was the end of all things at hand? I thought so; and as the wind broke upon my ear in moans and heavy sobs, I fancied that Nature was laboring to bring forth Death.

Thoughts—wild, strange, devilish thoughts—were mine. I can remember, since I recovered from that mad delirium, but a fragment of what I felt, for a blessed forgetfulness has been my lot. But this I know, that, with my head between my knees—shrunk up like a craven hound—I suffered the torture, the terror, the anguish of a repentance that came too late. It was no sincere repentance that I felt. Oh no! rather a fiendish despair—such as we are taught to believe is the doom of lost souls. For I was doubly, trebly cursed—and I gnashed my teeth when I thought that my power was even now passing away forever.

Ha! what was that — creeping — creeping stealthily through the trees? A rustling sound startled me, and sent an icy shiver through my bones. I retreated, or, rather, tottered back to the shade, out of which I had ventured, and glared at a form that, all unconscious of my presence, moved assassin-like along. It resembled some uncouth beast more than a man—yet man it was. Presently another, and another, and then many more appeared in sight—all gliding onward in the same quiet way. Suddenly they bounded in the air with one accord, whooping and shrieking in a manner that made the echoes ring and ring again. I was in the midst of a troop of maniacs—stark, staring maniacs!

Like prisoners just escaped from captivity, they danced madly about in the exuberance of their joy. They shouted and gibbered unmeaningly one at the other, and so often approached the spot where, only half-concealed, I was crouching, that I fancied detection inevitable. It was a hideous midnight merry-making! My own instincts were yet partially human, and I recoiled with horror from such a sight.

After I had endured an hour of terrible suspense, they passed on. But long after they left the Square I could hear their yells far, far down the dark street, nor did I dare to stir until their voices were lost in the distance. I wiped the dank perspiration from my face, and as I touched my forehead methought it had become wrinkled and shriveled, as though years had worn themselves out in those passing moments of terror. But silence was restored. There was no sound now save the wind, which continued to sob—sob—sob as loud as ever. I dared not trust myself in the moonlight again, for it seemed as if these demons were transformed into fleecy clouds, and drifted across the sky to watch my movements. I hurried home, and felt once more a fiendish satisfaction when I had bolted and double bolted the door. My fears vanished at the sight of my gold. My gold! my mountains of gold! I dived into them—plucking up the pieces in handfuls, and tossing them about with the frenzy of a madman.

I did not stir out for a week after this adventure. Day after day I listened for some token of life without. The occasional patter of rain was the only noise that broke the monotony of that awful stillness. From the housetop I tried for hours to peer through the sullen mists that hung like a shroud over the city; and when the wind swept them away, among the vast misshapen mass of chimneys there was no cloud of smoke to tell that a solitary dweller had been left behind. A grim army of ogres they were—those chimneys—looking like threatening Vulcans, with black, haggard faces, demanding work from me, their master! But I heeded them not. They were dead—cold and dead, no life, no warmth, no breath in them!

The railway whistle was hushed; not even

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the sound of a horse's hoof striking the pavement, or the barking of a dog could be heard; the rolling of car and omnibus had long since ceased. New York was wholly deserted.

Satisfied of this fact I ventured out. It was a blustering sort of a day. The wind came tearing along the empty streets as if it was possessed with devils. Then, disgusted at finding no living object whereon to vent its fury, it would, in sudden freaks, turn abruptly into by-streets, and moan passionately down their narrow channels toward either river. I began to feel that the very blasts of heaven could be companions. I was suffering from the same racking, rending pain. It had become settled now, and was almost beyond enduring; it animated me with the spirit of a demon.

I reached what had once been the great thoroughfare of the metropolis; and I do remember that it was with something akin to hellish delight that, standing near Grace Church, I noticed the complete desertion of Broadway. As I walked onward I found that the stores on each side were open, as if business was yet being carried on. Silks and satins, rich and rare, cloths and costly merchandise of every description adorned the windows, into which no eyes save mine were ever destined to look again. The latest fashions, the newest style of hat or coat might still be seen in conspicuous places; and I laughed aloud to think that such dainty garments would rot and moulder where they hung. Some had been torn down; and broken windows testified that arms had been thrust in to carry off the booty; but the plunderers, in their hurry to escape, had relinquished the prizes, leaving the street carpeted with silks for the wind, in one of its boisterous freaks, to whirl away. Peering out, beneath piles of dust, I sometimes detected a costly jewel, and I would instinctively grasp it, as if its value was greater then than the rubbish among which it lay!

I traveled on. I found the doors of the Metropolitan and St. Nicholas hotels open, and, before them, carriages laden with trunks and packages, waiting, perchance, for phantom passengers! The horses lay on the pavement—harnessed and dead. In every direction omnibuses and coaches, carts and cabs—some overturned, some upright—were forsaken by their owners, and left to decay. Electioneering placards on the walls seemed yet fresh, and nominations proclaimed, even then, the triumph of Know Nothingism.

The doors of the theatres stood invitingly open, and flaming hand-bills on the Broadway announced the revival of an ancient comedy. Ha! ha! ha! It was true; and devils were to be the actors!

I arrived at the Park. The City Hall loomed up dismally in the midst of a few withered trees. A broken-down platform marked the spot where old political parties were wont to assemble. The clock had stopped, and pointed to the hour of twelve. The great bell was mute in its cage, and the wind, as it howled around the dome, essayed in vain to move that iron tongue of warning. It had ceased to speak.

I passed by the *Daily Times* office, and saw extras posted on its bulletin, announcing—

A Great and Alarming Crisis!
SEVENTY-FIVE BANKS BROKEN UP SIMULTANEOUSLY!
THE FIRST MERCHANTS IN NEW YORK SUSPENDING PAYMENT!!
DESERTION OF THE CITY!!!!
ETC., ETC., ETC.

These papers were dated six weeks previous. How they gloated over the wreck in huge capitals; and how they would have gloated if they could have detailed a tithe of what I have witnessed!

I passed by churches, and their doors alone were closed—firmly closed—as if they had been swung to with a giant's force. Instinctively I looked up at Trinity's spire. I fancied that it moved—that it shook—tottered—was about to fall and crush me. It was only a fancy; yet I hurried my pace, for a strange chill crept over me at the thought of halting beneath its gloomy shadow. The wind kept me company all the while, and swept up every street to greet me as I went along.

At length I reached the Battery, and there it blew in fitful hurricanes, rushing out madly over the water. I could scarcely hold my footing; the rough waves rose angrily to where I stood. Even to the distant shores of Jersey and Staten Island ships, or rather hulks, covered the surface of the sea, and drifted hither and thither, without helm or rigging. Not one was moored—not a living creature could be seen upon their decks. They looked like an army of battle-horses let loose. They charged—they recoiled—they rallied—they hurled themselves furiously one against the other; splinters were flung high in the air—they shivered—sunk—rose—crashed—sunk, and rose again in fragments! The unbridled storm, snorting in its pride and power, careered madly round and round the bay, directing its wrath now here, now there, so that the ocean represented one gigantic wreck.

Over this scene was spread a yellow, sickly, faded canopy—the reflection of a setting—a dying sun; for, in truth, I never thought to look upon its rise again. In the west, heavy clouds lifted themselves up in fantastic shapes. Anon, they took the form of the golden treasures in my vault—even as I had often piled them up—magnified now into mountains upon mountains. They shone like pale virgin gold.

The two scenes were alike—identical; except that here, a visible sea of destruction rolled and roared at my feet. A horrible fear seized my soul—I gazed awe-struck—spell-bound—confounded; and, as I thus gazed, behold! the shadow of a man standing out in dark relief against the glittering sky! It approached. My destroyer stood before me! His likeness to Bumpus was more forcible than ever. It was Bumpus transformed into a devil!

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His sardonic smile was changed into a look of fiendish triumph. I knew that I was lost—unutterably and forever lost.

There was a pause.

"How like you my power?" he said, at length; "you have used it well—my demon's power of gold."

"Back, fiend! your time has not come yet."

"Ha! ha! ha!" and his mocking laugh sounded shrilly above the storm that encircled us, and the noise of the waves that beat against the quay beneath our feet.

I turned to go, but he caught me by the wrist, saying,

"Not so; you are mine now. What! you don't like me when unmasked?" His form seemed to dilate as he spoke.

I made a desperate effort to free myself, and succeeded in releasing my arm; but he grasped me again and again. I struggled with all the terrific energy of despair. With our arms clasped round each other's waists, we wrestled for victory. To me it was a strife for eternal life or death, and the thought lent me superhuman strength. I felt his hot breath upon my face, and could see his eyes, like burning coals, flashing with infernal malice. Neither spoke, and for some moments neither gained any advantage. I soon discovered that, slowly but surely, he was dragging me toward the edge of the Battery. Every second brought us closer—closer—closer. We were on the brink now. The roaring of the storm sounded faintly in my ears. A moment more—during which recollections of the past came up with startling reality before me—a moment more, and I lost my balance. Still holding on to my enemy with a death-grip, I felt myself falling—falling, down—down—down—ah! it seemed to unfathomable depths!

I did not die; I did not even lose consciousness. For a long, long time the water rushed around my head and into my mouth, ears, and eyes, giving me agonizing sensations of pain. Anon the peculiar noise of waves, bubbling and splashing about, changed to sounds of music. I knew then I was drowning; but, strange to say, with that knowledge all suffering passed away. The passions of my soul were lulled at last. Borne along by the undercurrents of the ocean—lying on my back, with eyes staring fixedly upward—I could see the golden light streaming down through the water, interrupted now and then as I was swept beneath some drifting wreck. Again there was a change. The music ceased, and in its stead I heard a clattering of tongues—a very Babel—all talking together confusedly. The first words I could distinguish were spoken in a loud voice—

"It's all over."

"Thank God!" I ejaculated.

"You may consider your life saved," was the rejoinder.

"Surely," I thought, "that must be the voice of my old friend Didymus Dratackes!"

"Didymus, dear," said I, timidly, after a pause, "is that you?"

"Yes."

"Am I safe?"

"Perfectly."

"Oh, I have suffered such awful agony!"

"Bah!" said Bumpus, joining in the conversation; "no one suffers pain under the influence of chloroform."

Chloroform! A light broke in upon me. They had given me chloroform! I looked down at my foot—it was tightly bandaged. I turned my eyes toward Bumpus and his assistants—they were wiping their instruments.

My toes, Sir—my toes had been taken off!

WEAK POINTS OF GREAT MEN.

IT is sometimes instructive, and at all times interesting, to learn something of the eccentricities, failings, and foibles of remarkable persons. Such traits form the most attractive and salient points of biographical works; they may be called the coloring of literary portraiture, and, being endowed with an individual vitality, are found to linger longest in the memory of the general reader.

Having gathered together a number of these personal anecdotes, we propose to pass away a gossiping, and not wholly an unprofitable, half hour in relating them to our readers.

It is painful to reflect upon the inordinate vanity which characterizes many illustrious lives. When Cæsar became bald, he constantly wore the laurel-wreath with which we see him represented on medals, in the hope of concealing the defect; and Cicero's egotism was so great, that he even composed a Latin hexameter in his own praise:

Oh fortunatam natam me Consule Roman.
(Oh fortunate Rome when I was born her consul!)—

a line which elicited the just sarcasms of Juvenal. Queen Elizabeth left three thousand different dresses in her wardrobe when she died; and during many years of the latter part of her life, would not suffer a looking-glass in her presence, for fear that she should perceive the ravages of time upon her countenance. Mæcenas, the most egregious of classic exquisites, is said to have "wielded the Roman Empire with rings on his fingers." The vanity of Benvenuto Cellini is too well known to need repetition. Sir Walter Raleigh was, perhaps, the greatest beau on record. His shoes, on court-days, were so gorgeously adorned with precious stones, as to have exceeded six thousand guineas in value; and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with jeweled sword and belt, the worth of which was almost incalculable. The great Descartes was very particular about his wigs, and always kept four in his dressing-closet; a piece of vanity wherein he was imitated by Sir Richard Steele, who never expended less than forty guineas upon one of his large black periwigs. Mozart, whose light hair was of a fine quality, wore it very long and flowing down between his shoulders, with a tie of colored ribbon confining it at the

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neck. Poor Goldsmith's innocent dandyisms, and the story of his peach-blossom coat, are almost proverbial. Pope's self-love was so great, that, according to Johnson, he "had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life." Allan Ramsay's egotism was excessive. On one occasion, he modestly took precedence of Peter the Great, in estimating their comparative importance with the public: "but haud [hold], proud czar," he says, "I wadna niffer [exchange] fame!". Napoleon was vain of his small foot. Salvator Rosa was once heard to compare himself with Raphael and Michael Angelo, calling the former dry, and the latter coarse; and Raphael, again, was jealous of the fame and skill of Michael Angelo. Hogarth's historical paintings—which were bad—equaled, in his own opinion, those of the old masters. Sir Peter Lely's vanity was so well known, that a mischievous wit, resolving to try what amount of flattery he would believe, told him one day that if the Author of Mankind could have had the benefit of his (Lely's) opinions upon beauty, we should all have been materially benefited in point of personal appearance; to which the painter emphatically replied: "'Fore Gott, sare, I believe you're right!" Bojardo, the Italian poet, ascribed so high an importance to his poetry, that when he had invented a suitable name for one of his heroes, he set the bells ringing in the village. Kotzebue was so vain and envious, that he could endure nothing celebrated to be near him, though it were but a picture or a statue; and even Lamartine, the loftiest and finest of French poets, robs his charming pages of half their beauty by the inordinate self-praise of his commentaries. Rousseau has been called "the self-torturing egotist;" and Lord Byron's life was one long piece of egotism from beginning to end. He was vain of his genius, his rank, his misanthropy, and even of his vices; and he was particularly proud of his good riding and his handsome hands.

Penuriousness, unhappily, has been too commonly associated with learning and fame. Cato, the censor, on his return from Spain, was so parsimonious that he sold his field-horse, to save the expense of conveying the animal by sea to Italy. Attilius Regulus, at the period of his greatest glory in Africa, entreated permission to return home to the management of his estate, which consisted but of seven acres, alleging that his servants had been defrauding him of certain agricultural implements, and that he was anxious to look after his affairs. Lord Bacon is a melancholy instance of the dominion obtained by avarice over a great mind. Among artists, Nollekens and Northcote were proverbially penurious. Swift, in his old age, was avaricious, and had an absolute terror of visitors. "When his friends of either sex came to him, in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their provision." Of the great Duke of Marlborough, it is said by Macaulay, that "his splendid qualities were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind."

We will now turn to the errors of self-indulgence. Socrates, Plato, Agathon, Aristophanes, and others of the most celebrated Greeks, drank wine to a surprising extent; and Plato says, in his *Symposium*, that Socrates kept sober longer than any. Tiberius was so much addicted to this vice, that he had frequently to be carried from the senate-house. Cato was fond of the bottle. Ben Jonson delighted in copious draughts of Canary wine, and even contrived to have a pipe of that liquor added to his yearly pension as poet-laureate. The fine intellect of Coleridge was clouded over by this unhappy propensity. Montaigne indulged in sherry. The otherwise unexceptionable morality of Addison was stained by this one error. Sir Richard Steele, Fielding, and Sterne shared the prevailing taste for hard drinking. Mozart was no exception to the rule. Churchill was a very intemperate man; and Hogarth gave a ludicrous immortality to the satirist's love of porter, by representing him in the character of a bear with a mug of that liquor in its paw. Tasso aggravated his mental irritability by the use of wines, despite the entreaties of his physicians. During his long imprisonment, he speaks gratefully in his letters of some sweetmeats with which he had been supplied; and after his release, he relates with delight the good things that were provided for him by his patron, the Duke of Mantua—"the bread and fruit, the fish and flesh, the wines, sharp and brisk, and the confections." Pope, who was somewhat of an epicure, when staying at the house of his friend Lord Bolingbroke, would lie in bed for days together, unless he heard there were to be stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would forthwith arise, and make his appearance at table. Dr. Johnson had a voracious liking for a leg of mutton. "At my Aunt Ford's," he said, "I ate so much of a leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it." A gentleman once treated him to a dish of new honey and clouted cream, of which he partook so enormously, that his entertainer was alarmed.

Quin, the famous actor, has been known to travel from London to Bath, for the mere sake of dining upon a John Dory. Dr. Parr, in a private letter, confesses to his passionate love of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce. Shelley was for many years a vegetarian; and in the notes to his earliest edition of *Queen Mab*, speaks with enthusiasm of a dinner of "greens, potatoes, and turnips." Ariosto was excessively fond of turnips. He ate fast, and of whatever was nearest to him, often beginning with the bread upon the table before the other dishes came. Being visited one day by a stranger, he devoured all the dinner that was provided for both; and when afterward censured for his unpoliteness, only observed that "the gentleman should have taken care of himself." Handel ate enormously; and Dr. Kitchener relates of him, that whenever he dined at a tavern,

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he ordered dinner for three. On being told that all was ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den pring up de dinner *prestissimo*—I AM DE GOMBANY!" Lord Byron's favorite dish was eggs and bacon; and though he could never eat it without suffering from an attack of indigestion, he had not always sufficient firmness to resist the temptation. Lalande, the great French astronomer, would eat spiders as a relish. Linnæus delighted in chocolate; and it was he who bestowed upon it its generic name of *Theobroma*, or "food of the gods." Fontenelle deemed strawberries the most delicious eating in the world; and during his last illness, used to exclaim constantly: "If I can but reach the season of strawberries!"

The amusements of remarkable persons have been various, and often eccentric. The great Bayle would frequently wrap himself in his cloak, and hasten to places where mountebanks resorted: and this was his chief relaxation from the intensity of study. Spinoza delighted to set spiders fighting, and would laugh immoderately at beholding their insect-warfare. Cardinal Richelieu used to seek amusement in violent exercise, and was found by De Grammont jumping with his servant, to see which could leap the highest. The great logician, Samuel Clarke, was equally fond of such saltatory interludes to his hours of meditation, and has been discovered leaping over tables and chairs. Once, observing the approach of a pedant, he said: "Now we must leave off, for a fool is coming in!" The learned Petavius used to twirl his chair round and round for five minutes, at the end of every two hours. Tycho Brahè diverted himself with polishing glasses for spectacles. Paley, the author of *Natural Theology*, was so much given to angling, that he had his portrait painted with a rod and line in his hand. Louis XVI., of sad memory, amused himself with lock-making. Salvator Rosa used to perform in extempore comedies, and take the character of a mountebank in the streets of Rome. Anthony Magliabecchi, the famous librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, took a great interest in the spiders which thronged his apartments; and while sitting among his mountains of books, would caution his visitors "not to hurt the spiders!" Moses Mendelssohn, surnamed the Jewish Socrates, would sometimes seek relief from too much thought in standing at his window and counting the tiles upon his neighbor's roof. Thomas Warton, the poetical antiquary, used to associate with the school-boys, while visiting his brother, Dr. J. Warton. Campbell says: "When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen, and has been dragged from thence by the doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. Cowper kept hares, and made bird-cages. Dr. Johnson was so fond of his cat, that he would even go out himself to buy oysters for Puss, because his servant was too proud to do so. Goethe kept a tame snake, but hated dogs. Ariosto delighted in gardening; but he destroyed all he planted, by turning up the mould to see if the seeds were germinating. Thomson had his garden at Richmond, respecting which the old story of how he ate peaches off the trees with his hands in his pockets is related. Gibbon was a lazy man. Coleridge was content to sit from morning till night threading the dreamy mazes of his own mind. Gray said that he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux. Fenton the eminent scholar, died from sheer inactivity: he rose late, and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers. A woman who waited upon him in his lodgings said, that "he would lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." Contrary examples to that of Sir Walter Scott, who wrote all his finest works before breakfast!

To return to the recreations of celebrated persons. Oliver Cromwell is said to have sometimes cast aside his Puritan gravity, and played at Blindman's-buff with his daughters and attendants. Henri Quatre delighted to go about in disguise among the peasantry. Charles II.'s most innocent amusement consisted in feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, and in rearing numbers of those beautiful spaniels that still bear his name. Beethoven would splash in cold water at all times of the day, till his chamber was swamped, and the water oozed through the flooring to the rooms beneath; he would also walk out in the dewy fields at night or morning without shoes or stockings. Shelley took an unaccountable delight in floating little paper-boats on any piece of water he chanced to be near. There is a pond on Hampstead-heath which has often borne his tiny fleets; and there is an anecdote related of him—rather too good, we fear, to be true—which says, that being one day beside the Serpentine, and having no other paper in his pocket wherewith to indulge his passion for ship-building, he actually folded a bank-bill for fifty pounds into the desired shape; launched the little craft upon its voyage; watched its steady progress with paternal anxiety; and, finally, went over and received it in safety at the opposite side.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE events of the past month have been varied and important. We learn that the *Black Warrior* difficulty has been amicably settled between the governments of the United States and Spain. Advices from Madrid inform us that Mr. Perry, Secretary of the American Legation, has formally announced that his Government accepts

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the arrangement proposed by the Spanish Cabinet; his note on the subject expresses, in the name of the President of the United States, the most friendly sentiments, and the hope that the conclusion of the affair will draw closer the relations between the two countries. The *El Dorado* case, and that of the American Consul at Sagua la Grande, have also been satisfactorily adjusted.——Mr. Perry has, in the form of a letter to the President, reviewed the whole matter at issue between himself and Mr. Soulé, our late Minister to Spain. He justifies himself for bringing the controversy before the public on the ground that "it is interesting to the decorum of the American Government that a citizen, who actually has the honor to represent the Republic at one of the principal courts of Europe, however small his merits in other respects, should not leave uncorrected the hypothesis that he may be either a spy or a traitor." Mr. Perry charges Mr. Soulé with misapprehending the feelings of the people of Spain, and transmitting erroneous information to Washington, compromising the United States Government before Europe. Mr. Perry asserts that the Spanish Government was determined to preserve peaceful relations with us; and as to the *Black Warrior* affair, he says that it was "managed by Mr. Soulé in such a manner as to obstruct and impede the success of the reclamation of the American Government, and at the same time he persisted in declaring to the Government at Washington that no arrangement was practicable for months after he himself had informed Mr. Soulé that the Spanish Government was desirous to arrange the question, and all others." For the evidence to support his statements, Mr. Perry refers to documents on file in the Department of State, or in the possession of the President or Secretary. Mr. Soulé has published a letter denying these allegations of his former Secretary of Legation. Mr. Perry has since been recalled home, and Mr. Buckingham Smith has been appointed in his place.——In New York the excitement about the liquor question has subsided. The Recorder, in an elaborate opinion, decided that there was no legal restriction on the sale of intoxicating liquors between the 1st of May and the 4th of July—the day when the new act was to go into operation. After that date the validity of the new liquor law will probably be tested before a competent tribunal. Quite a sensation was caused in the metropolis by the return of the *Grapeshot*, with Lewis Baker, charged with the murder of William Poole. The *Grapeshot*, which had been specially chartered to seek and, if possible, bring back the fugitive, left New York on the 18th of March, and arrived at Palmas, Canary Islands, on the 7th of April. Baker had escaped in the *Isabella Jewett*, which did not reach Palmas until ten days after the *Grapeshot*. On her arrival, she was immediately boarded by the officers from the *Grapeshot*. Baker's capture was effected without much difficulty, and on the night of the 16th of May he was safely lodged in the "Tombs" of New York.——Colonel Kinney has had to encounter unexpected obtsacles to his Central American colonization scheme. He was arrested both in New York and Philadelphia, on charges of attempting to violate the Neutrality Laws, but in both cases he was released on bail to await the issue. The *United States*, chartered to convey himself and party, was still in the port of New York, watched by Government vessels.——Another expedition of a somewhat different character, set sail from these shores on the 31st of May. The bark *Release*, and steam propeller *Arctic*, under the command of Lieutenant Hartstein, United States Navy, have gone in search of Dr. Kane and his associates, who, in the *Advance*, are supposed to be ice-bound in the Northern Seas. The good wishes of every American citizen follow the gallant seamen on their perilous enterprise, and prayers are offered up for their speedy and successful return.——The members of the New York State Council of the American Order met at Syracuse on the 8th of May, and continued in session during three days. They were chiefly occupied in discussing the merit of a new Constitution submitted in report of Committee. No material alterations were made to the Constitution—the basis of representation remaining as before, one member from each Council.——A serious disturbance, ending in loss of life, has taken place in Portland, Maine. Mayor Dow of that city, anticipating the action of the Common Council, recently purchased $1600 worth of liquor for the city agency. Several citizens entered a complaint against him, and, on the 2d of June, a warrant was issued for the seizure of the liquor. The Mayor thereupon called a meeting of the Aldermen in order to legalize his possession of the liquor, and they, accordingly, passed a resolution to purchase it for the city. The same night a large crowd broke into the building used as the city liquor agency, and were commencing to destroy the liquor, when two military companies, previously summoned to the spot, were ordered to fire on them by the Mayor. They did so; and in the discharge one man was killed and several were wounded. On the 6th of June Mayor Dow was tried and acquitted of the charge of keeping liquor with intent to sell.——In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, a message was received from Governor Gardner, on the 10th of May, declining to remove Judge Loring from the office of Judge of Probate. The grounds assigned by the Governor for refusing to grant the request of the Legislature in this respect, were: First, That the State Constitution did not confer on the Executive the power of removal at the mere wish of the Legislature; Second, That there was no justifying precedent; Third, That no crime had been alleged against Judge Loring, and nothing to disqualify him for the office he held; and, Fourth, That to depose a judge on account of his not serving the popular sentiment of the day, would inaugurate a policy that might react injuriously upon the character of the judiciary. The bill known as the Personal Liberty Bill, containing certain stringent regulations in regard to the Fugitive Slave Law, was taken up in the House on the 17th of May. This bill enacts that no person holding office under the Commonwealth of Massachusetts shall issue or serve any warrant or process under the acts of Congress "respecting fugitives from justice and persons escaping from the service of their masters;" and it further declares that any officer who shall arrest or imprison any one on the ground that he is a fugitive from service or labor, shall be punished by fine and imprisonment. After an amendment had been adopted prohibiting State officers from holding the office of United States Commissioner, the bill was passed in the House by a vote of 229 against 43. The Governor subsequently vetoed the measure, but it was passed by both Houses over the veto. In his message Governor Gardner expressed his approval of many of the provisions of the bill; but others he deemed conflicting with

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the Constitution of the United States as declared by the Supreme Court. The Governor says: "Unconstitutional enactments, tending to an armed conflict between our State and national systems of government, which must result in the submission of one, alike fatal whichever it is, should be equally shunned by judicious statesmanship as well as patriotic duty. In such delicately-balanced organizations, the integrity of the one should be preserved as zealously as the humiliation of the other should be avoided. An omission may hereafter be supplied, but the stigma of an unconstitutional enactment can never be entirely effaced. The rights, the honor, and the integrity of Massachusetts are confided to us, having sworn to obey her constitution and that of our common parent, the United States, and let us act under the solemnity of those oaths, and in obedience to their requirements." On the 19th of May, the following amendment to the Massachusetts State Constitution was passed in the Senate: "No person shall be entitled to vote, or be eligible to office in the Commonwealth, unless he shall have been born within the jurisdiction of the United States, or unless he shall be the child of an American citizen, born during the temporary absence of one or both of his parents from the United States." This amendment was not intended to affect foreigners who had previously been legally naturalized. The Legislature adjourned on the 21st of May. A vote has been taken on several amendments to the Constitution of Massachusetts submitted to the people. The vote was light, but the majorities were decided. The amendments establish the plurality system in all elections; the election for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Senators, and Representatives, to be held on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November; the election of eight Councilors by the people, instead of by the Legislature; the election of Secretary, Treasurer, Receiver-General, Auditor, and Attorney-General, by the people; the election of Sheriffs, Register of Probate, Commissioners of Insolvency, Clerks of Courts, and District-Attorneys, by the people in such manner as the Legislature shall direct; and prohibit the application of the public moneys to the support of any other schools than those conducted under the superintendence of the town or city authorities, or to the use of any religious sect, for the maintenance exclusively of its own schools. The Massachusetts State Temperance Convention, held at Boston on the 8th of May, was largely attended. Resolutions were adopted urging the thorough enforcement of the Maine Law. Governor Gardner presided. Governor Clark, of New York, and other distinguished personages were present. The new liquor law, in Massachusetts, went into effect on the 20th of May. Mayor Smith, of Boston, had previously issued a proclamation, declaring his determination to enforce it as long as it remained on the Statute Book.——The Connecticut State Legislature was still in session. An amendment to the State Constitution—to strike out the word "white" in the qualification of electors—which almost unanimously passed the Senate, was thrown out in the House of Representatives.——The Pennsylvania Legislature adjourned *sine die* on the 8th of May. Previous to the adjournment, a resolution approving the course of Governor Reeder in Kansas was unanimously adopted in the House. The National Know Nothing Convention assembled in Philadelphia on the 5th of June. The session was held with closed doors.——Virginia has been the scene of one of the most hotly-contested and best-canvassed elections ever known in this Republic. The rivalry was between Know Nothing and Democrat, and for some months previous to the election, which took place on the 24th of May, both parties confidently counted on an overwhelming majority. For the time being public attention throughout the United States was directed to the Old Dominion, and citizens, according to their political sympathies, were animated with feelings of alternate hope and fear for the result. The whole democratic ticket was finally declared elected—Henry A. Wise, candidate for Governor, receiving a majority of about ten thousand votes over his opponent, Mr. Flournoy.——Violent party feeling has recently produced riot, and even bloodshed, in the new Territory of Kansas. A large meeting of residents was held in Leavenworth on the 30th of April, in reference to the postponement of the time for the registration of lands. A portion of the meeting were in favor of the extension, and the remainder opposed it. An angry discussion ensued; from words the opponents came to blows, and Malcolm Clark was shot by a lawyer named M'Crea. The people became much excited, and strove to lynch M'Crea, but the commanding officer at the fort rescued him. In a memorial to Congress, the anti-slavery settlers in Kansas complain that Missourians have entered their territory in large numbers, "seized upon their rights, and selected for them their rulers." The other party—asserting that Slavery has been recognized in the Territory—denounce any attempt to overthrow the institution. On the 22d of May the election for the first Legislature of Kansas took place. The success of the Pro-slavery ticket has been the result.——From New Mexico we learn that the Indians have been very troublesome, and the war against them has, in consequence, been vigorously waged. The official dispatch of Lieutenant-Colonel St. Vrain, detailing the exploits of two companies of mounted New Mexican volunteers and one company of United States dragoons under his command, has been published. He left Fort Massachusetts on the 20th of April. Colonel Fauntleroy also left the same place with 500 regulars and volunteers, and marched up the Rio del Norte. Both had hard fighting, capturing and killing many Indians whenever the latter offered them battle.——Advices from Utah give the particulars of the trial at Nephi City, on the 21st of March, of three Indians for the murder of Captain John W. Gunnison, United States Army. It will be remembered that that gallant officer, with a small detachment of his surveying party, was massacred on the 26th of October, 1853. In the spring of 1854, a strong force of artillery and dragoons under the command of Colonel E. J. Steptoe was ordered to cross the Plains, winter in Salt Lake Valley, and at any cost capture the perpetrators of this crime. They were discovered, and delivered over to the civil power. At the recent trial, though the evidence against the accused was clear and uncontradicted—though the judge charged that it was a case of either murder or acquittal—yet the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter only, and the prisoners were sentenced to the Penitentiary for three years—the full extent of the law. It is asserted that the jury were tampered with—that Mormons interfered to thwart the ends of justice.

Our advices from *California* are to the 16th of

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May. Page, Bacon, and Co., had again suspended payment, and business in San Francisco, though slowly improving, was still in a depressed condition. The Legislature adjourned on the 8th of May. Among the more prominent measures passed, we notice the law for the reduction of fees in office; the anti-gambling bill; the acts to re-incorporate the city of San Francisco, and to provide for funding its debt; an act reducing pilot charges on whaling vessels; the bill appropriating $100,000 for the construction of a wagon route from Sacramento to the Eastern Boundary of the State; and the Maine Liquor Law, to be submitted to the people at the next election. Accounts from the mines were encouraging. In her passage from San Francisco (which port she left on the 17th of April), the steamship *Golden Age* met with a serious accident. When off the Island of Quibo, about two hundred and seventeen miles above Panama, she struck a sunken rock. At one time the danger was imminent; but by good management she was backed off, and succeeded in reaching the shore. Of the 795 passengers on board, not one was injured. They were all taken away by the *John L. Stephens* forty-eight hours after the accident occurred, and were landed at Panama. The *Golden Age*, through the exertions of Captain Watkins, was safely brought to Bogota, New Granada, where she has been undergoing repairs.

MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Affairs in Mexico bear very much the same aspect that they have borne for the last twelve months. Santa Anna had not returned from his expedition to the Department of Michoacan, whither he had gone to investigate the condition of the insurrectionary movement under Alvarez at the South. Some skirmishes between the Government troops and the insurgents had taken place—both parties, as usual, claiming the victory. It was reported that another revolution had broken out in the North, and that 1500 soldiers had crossed the Rio Grande, headed by Garza, ex-Governor of Tamaulipas, Capestran, Carvajal Campo, and Canales. Advices from Texas say that early in April it was notorious in Brownsville that such a movement was meditated. General Wool had imprisoned many persons suspected of being friendly to the Revolutionists.

Well-founded hopes are entertained that the difficulties between Paraguay and Brazil will be speedily settled. The Brazilian squadron had arrived at the mouth of the Paraguay River, and its Commander, Senor Oliviera, in communicating to the Paraguayan government the object of his visit, declared that he was authorized and disposed to enter into an amicable arrangement of existing difficulties. In his answer, dated the 23d of February, the Paraguayan Minister says: "In the act which has been made the *casus belli*—the expulsion of the Brazilian Minister to Paraguay some two years ago—there was not the slightest intention of giving offense to Brazil." The Commander of the Brazilian squadron was invited to proceed with his flag ship to Assumpcion, provided that the rest of his squadron should remain at anchor outside Paraguayan waters. This proposition was accepted. Senor Oliviera, according to latest accounts, had gone to Assumpcion, where he had been received with suitable honors, and it was generally believed that the difficulties between the two Governments would soon be satisfactorily settled.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Vienna conferences having proved a failure, the papers relating to those famous negotiations have been laid before Parliament. The latest statement on the position of these negotiations was given in the House of Commons on the 17th of May by Lord Palmerston, who said that there had been informal communications between the Governments of England, France, and Austria, since the last protocol of April the 26th, but no formal communications which could be laid before the House.——The Reform movement in England progresses. The meeting held in London on the 5th of May was large and influential; administrative reform was strongly urged, as well by the speakers as in the resolutions passed, and the mismanagement of the war was boldly denounced. Other meetings of a similar nature continued to be held throughout the kingdom. An important debate on the conduct of the war took place in the House of Lords on the 14th of May. The main point, as embodied in Lord Ellenborough's notice of motion, was "to acquaint her Majesty that while we admit and lament the privations to which war necessarily subjects all classes of the people, we yet venture to assure her Majesty that they would, in so just a cause, bear these privations without complaint, if they could feel that the war had been well conducted—that the troops had not been exposed to any hardships which could have been avoided by forethought—and that every thing had been done to enable them to achieve decisive success. Humbly to represent to her Majesty that her people, suffering privations on account of the war, have as yet had no such consolation; that, on the contrary, we can not withhold from her Majesty the avowal of our conviction that the conduct of the war has occasioned general dissatisfaction, and given rise to just complaints; and that we must humbly lay before her Majesty our deliberate opinion, that it is only through the selection of men for public employment without regard to any thing but the public service, that the country can hope to prosecute the war successfully, and to obtain its only legitimate object—a secure and honorable peace." Lord Ellenborough's speech was remarkable for its advocacy of some sound republican principles. His motion, which amounted virtually to one of want of confidence in the ministry, was negatived by a vote of 181 against 71.——On the 18th of May the Queen publicly distributed medals to the wounded soldiers returned from the war. Over 500 medals were given—commencing with distinguished general officers, and ending with private men. The ceremony passed off with enthusiasm.——On the 25th of May an important debate took place in the House of Commons, on Mr. Disraeli's motion of want of confidence in the administration. The Government were sustained by a majority of one hundred votes.

FRANCE.

The attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French is the most important event of the month. On the evening of the 28th of April, accompanied only by two officers of his household, Napoleon left the Tuileries in plain clothes to take his usual ride in the Champs Elysées. As he approached the Barriere de l'Etoile, a well-dressed man on the sidewalk drew a pistol and fired twice at the Emperor. The second ball grazed his Majesty's hat. Pianori (for this was the assassin's name)

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was instantly seized, and, after a desperate resistance, was disarmed and carried to the Prefecture of Police. He was brought to trial on the seventh of May, and, being found guilty, the court sentenced him to the punishment awarded by the penal code for the crime of parricide. He heard his sentence unmoved, and when on the scaffold, would make no confession, but died with the words "*Vive la Republique*" on his lips. Pianori was an Italian, and, it is said, served in Garibaldi's army. The motive for his crime, according to his own statement, was personal revenge. It was at first supposed that he was the agent of some huge conspiracy to overthrow the Napoleon dynasty, but this idea, if at any time seriously entertained, seems to have been altogether abandoned.——The French Palace of Industry was opened by the Emperor Napoleon on the 15th of May. Some eight thousand persons were present, but, as a spectacle, it is said to have been a failure. About one o'clock the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by King Jerome and the Princess Mathilde, arrived, and took their places on the gorgeous platform prepared for them amidst the enthusiastic cries of "*Vive l'Empereur.*" Prince Napoleon, President of the Commission, then advanced toward their majesties and read the opening speech. The Emperor's reply was briefly as follows: "In placing you, my cousin, at the head of the Commission, to whom was confided so difficult a task, I wished to give you a proof of my confidence, and I am happy to see that confidence justified. I beg that you will convey my thanks to the Commissioners for their enlightened care and indefatigable zeal. I open with joy this Temple of Peace, which invites all nations to concord." Having made their acknowledgments to the company, the Emperor and Empress then left the hall with their suite, and the third Exposition of the World's Industry was opened.——M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister for Foreign Affairs in France, has resigned. It is asserted that in the late Vienna Conferences, at which he appeared as Plenipotentiary from the French Court, he discussed and arranged with Count Buol a proposition for peace widely different from that on which the allied Governments had previously agreed. Count Walewski, who for several years filled the office of Embassador to the British Court, has succeeded him.

GERMANY.

A union between Prussia and Austria for an armed neutrality has been spoken of as becoming more and more probable. Russia had directed her Representative at the Court of Darnstadt to notify all the German Governments that she will only hold to the first two points of guarantee on condition of the perfect neutrality of Germany.——On the 16th of May Count Buol, on behalf of Austria, during an interview with Lord Westmoreland and Count Bourqueney, suggested that the members of the Conferences should meet again, and it was expected that negotiations would be reopened. Austria, the Vienna papers say, now proposes, as a solution to the third point, that Russia and Turkey shall settle between themselves the number of ships they will keep in the Black Sea; that England and France shall keep two ships therein; and that Turkey shall not enter into any treaty with Russia unless the same be first submitted to France and England.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

The bombardment of Sebastopol, which was opened by the Allies on the 9th of April from 500 pieces of cannon, was continued uninterruptedly until the 28th, when, from want of ammunition, their fire was suspended. Since that date, the campaign, though marked by a series of brilliant exploits, has produced no definitive result. On the night of the 19th the English succeeded, at a severe loss, in capturing the first of the enemy's rifle pits. General Canrobert reviewed Bosquet's army of observation on the 26th. It is described as having been an imposing spectacle. In the course of the review, the General, addressing his officers, announced that a reinforcement of 80,000 men might be expected in ten or fifteen days. Alluding to Sebastopol he is reported to have said—"*Si nous n'entrons pas par la porte, nous l'entrerons par le fenêtre.*" On the night of the first of May the French had a desperate contest for the last two rifle trenches, which impeded the progress of their advanced works near the flagstaff battery. They succeeded in driving out the Russians. Quarter was neither asked nor given. The besiegers captured nine mortars. On the 2d of May the Russians made a furious sortie to retake their works. They were met and forced back by the British guards at the point of the bayonet. Six other unsuccessful sorties by the Russians are reported to have taken place up to the 24th of May inclusive. On the 3d of May a force of 15,000 Turks, French, and English, having embarked in all the available ships near Sebastopol, set sail in the direction of the sea of Azoff. In a day or two they returned and hastily disembarked. It is supposed from this circumstance that the Allies are about extending their operations. The troops are reported to be in good health and excellent spirits. An important item in the news from the Crimea is the resignation of Canrobert and the appointment of General Pelissier in his place. "My shattered health," says Canrobert, in his dispatch to the Emperor, "no longer allows me to continue in the chief command, and my duty toward my sovereign compels me to ask you to transfer the command to General Pelissier—a skillful and experienced leader." The resignation has been accepted by the Emperor, and Pelissier is now in command of the French army before Sebastopol. This appointment has been a popular one. Latest accounts say that reinforcements to the allied army were continually arriving. The blockade of Russian ports in the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland have been notified. Revel was on the eve of a bombardment.

CHINA.

Stirring events mark the history of the Celestial Empire during the month of March. Letters from China state that affairs in Canton were more settled—the rebels having been driven from the city. The blockade no longer exists, and by a combined movement of the Imperial soldiers and the people, Canton and the forts adjacent have been freed from the insurgents. The Imperialists have also succeeded in recapturing Shanghai, but, it is said, have shockingly abused their triumph. Nearly five hundred prisoners were put to death. Some were tortured in the most frightful manner, and the place of execution has been described as a vast carnage field. Some of the rebel chiefs succeeded in escaping, but by far the greater number of the ringleaders fell into the hands of their enemy.

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Literary Notices.

A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, by Mrs. Jameson. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) Of the many refined, suggestive, and agreeable female writers, of whom modern English literature boasts, Mrs. Jameson is one of the most attractive and informing. She always wins upon the cultivated reader by her freedom from pretension, her sensitive delicacy of taste, her acute and accurate perceptions, and the feminine beauty of her language. She has not an original mind—she never claims the possession of genius—never seeks to enhance the appreciation of her powers by venturing on subjects beyond her depth—nor wastes her exquisite natural endowments on abortive attempts at creation. But in the sphere of taste, of womanly sensibility to intellectual and artistic excellence, she is pre-eminent. She has enjoyed a rich and varied culture—books and foreign travel have done their utmost for the expansion of her intellect—the experience of life has done the rest. She is a contemplative, thoughtful, earnest woman—not too wise or brilliant for common sympathies—loving less to teach than to learn—with a trained eye for the productions of art, a large acquaintance with literature, and a rare power of genial apprehension. Such is the woman, and her "Commonplace Book" is like herself. It is, indeed, the true Mrs. Jameson—with the impress of her culture, her studies, her speculations, and her feelings on every page. It contains copious selections from her favorite authors—but they are not dry, barren, isolated excerpts—they are vivified by her own sympathizing suggestions, and colored by the prevailing atmosphere of her own feelings. Many of her criticisms are refined and admirable—others are of doubtful correctness—and occasionally she indulges too much in "airy nothings." In the long run, a wholesome, pleasant volume, and one that will be widely read.

Of the recent English novels that have gained a popular celebrity, *Constance Herbert*, by Miss Jewsbury, is admitted, we believe on all hands, to bear away the palm. Although of a less impassioned character than some of her previous productions, it is alive with genuine feeling, and crowded with scenes and incidents of deepest pathos. The plot turns on the conflict between inclination and duty in the character of the heroine; but, though following a beaten path, is wrought out in an original manner, and has all the charm of freshness of conception and delineation. Constance is an admirable creation. With all the qualities to inspire the most romantic love, even to drive her admirers to distraction and suicide, she retains her self-possession and true moral equilibrium; while, at the same time, she shows none of the hardness and formality which are the ordinary attendants of triumphant virtue. Her sweet womanly graces are not impaired by her steadfast adherence to principle, though at the sacrifice of a cherished affection. The subordinate characters in the story are depicted with fine discrimination, leaving no doubt of the accomplishments of the writer as a true painter of human nature. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

A School of Life, by Anna Mary Howitt. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The daughter of William and Mary Howitt shares, to a great degree, the talent for lively observation, the strong domestic feeling, the deep moral sentiment, and the genial love of nature which characterize her celebrated parents. She has already made her appearance as an author under happy auspices. Her "Art Student in Munich" was every way creditable to her taste, and though not of the highest order of ability, has won for her many friends. The present work will not detract from her reputation. It is a series of simple pictures of German and English life, connected by a well-constructed plot, and imparting attractive lessons of moral cheerfulness and strength. The style is well adapted to the subject, by its sweet and natural delicacy. The story, though abounding in passages of gentle pathos, makes no pretensions to incidents of terrible excitement, and has nothing to gratify readers who demand exaggerated scenes for the provocation of their sated curiosity.

We have a sprightly, chatty volume of travels in *Bell Smith Abroad*, written, it is understood, by the wife of one of the American legation at Paris, describing, in singularly racy vernacular, some of the scenes and spectacles which astonished the open-eyed authoress on her first entrance upon foreign life. She does not set up for an oracle of opinion or a censor of manners—has little affinity with the "strong-minded" women of the day—and perhaps gives little new information to those who have stepped foot on European shores, or who are familiar with any of the host of descriptions which reflect the features of foreign society before our own firesides. But she has no small share of the talent of the Parisian *raconteur*, and, in her lively, gossiping way, tells us so many pleasant things, discourses so charmingly on the thousand and one incidents of her daily experience, that we are delighted with listening to her merry voice, and grow quite disconsolate on leaving her company. Her language has here and there a trace of the dialect which is good English only in the free-spoken West; but this is a venial blemish, and calls forth as little censure as an occasional solecism from the rosy lips of a rustic beauty. She is always fresh and natural in her expressions, and this is better than dainty correctness. (Published by J. C. Derby.)

Speeches and Addresses by the Hon. Henry W. Hilliard. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this volume a distinguished public man of Alabama has given to the world a collection of the occasional performances which have established his reputation as a vigorous thinker and an eloquent debater, both on the floor of Congress and in the legislative halls of his own State. It is composed of speeches on various important questions of public interest, delivered in the House of Representatives of Alabama and of the United States, commemorative discourses on the deaths of President Harrison, General Taylor, Henry Clay, Charles Carroll, and Daniel Webster, and a number of miscellaneous addresses on different occasions. The publication of the volume will open a wider sphere for the fame of the author. It will add to his celebrity as a politician the distinction of learning, profound thought, and vigorous and polished eloquence. It is rarely that speeches uttered in the heat of political debate, often, perhaps, on the spur of the moment, and, in many cases, on subjects of temporary interest, are worthy of preservation in

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a collected form. Their value passes away with the occasion that called them forth. They are speedily banished to some dusty nook of the library, where they are covered with cobwebs that no curious hand disturbs. Not so with the present volume. It is worthy to occupy a place by the side of the collections of statesmanship and eloquence which have recently done so much for the illustration of American literature. Its various contents are uniformly marked by extensive research, solidity of argument, and dignity and force of expression. Wherever the subject admits, a great wealth of historical reference is brought to its elucidation, enforcing the points at issue by analogy as well as by logical deduction. The eulogies on eminent Americans will be found to possess the greatest interest for the general reader, and, we think, will not fail to be regarded as excellent specimens of cordial but not indiscriminate panegyric.

History for Boys, by JOHN G. EDGAR. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The design of this volume is to exhibit the most important events in the history of modern Europe in a manner attractive to juvenile readers. It presents, in fact, a brief, but highly valuable compendium of modern history. The most striking incidents in the annals of each country have, of course, been selected for narration, but we do not perceive that any essential circumstance in the rise and progress of the different European nations has been omitted. The work will be found no less available for general reference than for juvenile reading.

Homes for the People, by GERVASSE WHEELER. (Published by Charles Scribner.) Mr. Wheeler has performed a good service in the preparation of this comprehensive volume. It treats of the various classes of dwellings adapted to the wants and climate of this country, giving abundant directions for popular use. A brief description is furnished of the peculiarities of former architectural styles, so far as they can be applied to domestic buildings of the present day, while a series of carefully-digested plans of residences will serve as a guide to persons about to decide on the choice of a home. No one can consult the volume without gaining many useful suggestions, and it may probably save some sanguine projectors from much superfluous expense and disappointment by the clearness and precision of its details. The volume is embellished by one hundred original designs.

Little, Brown, and Company have published three posthumous volumes by the late Professor NORTON, of Cambridge, containing *A Translation of the Gospels, with Notes*, and a treatise on the *Internal Evidence of the Genuineness of the Gospels*. In the great religious controversies of the day, Professor Norton held a middle ground, although a neutral position on any important question was utterly foreign to his temperament and habits. He was a man of decided and strong convictions, an earnest, if not an original thinker, singularly fearless in the pursuit of truth, and a rare model of intellectual self-reliance. It was not, accordingly, from any disposition to conciliate opposing opinions that he was led to avoid the extreme views of partisans on either side. His mental tendencies were positive and absolute—he had no tincture of the generous eclectic spirit which searches for truth under diverse aspects—he cherished that confidence in the infallibility of his own convictions which, in a past age, would have made him an inquisitor; but the course of his inquiries brought him to the rejection of the accredited doctrines of the Church, on the one hand, and of the skeptical theories of modern German speculatists on the other. Hence his medium position in regard to theological parties was the result, not of neutrality, but of independence. He boldly attacked the most sacred principles of the Christian faith, as preserved in the traditions of ages; while, at the same time, he waged an embittered warfare against those who extended the attack beyond the limits which he had prescribed to his own mind. One of these volumes is mainly devoted to a refutation of the theory of Strauss, who resolves the narratives of the Gospels into a series of mythical legends. Professor Norton argues against this destructive theorist with signal vigor and effect. He points out his inconsistencies and shortcomings, in a manner which must essentially damage any prestige which remains to him after his examination by foreign critics. But, in the same work, Professor Norton advances theories of his own, which, if logically developed, would lead to consequences no less repulsive and pernicious, in the view of most considerate thinkers, than those which he so elaborately refutes. For this reason, it is not probable that the present posthumous productions will be regarded as a valuable addition to the treasures of theological science. They are quite as well adapted to shake the faith of religious men, by their suggestions and analyses, as to remove the doubts which have arisen in the progress of skeptical inquiry. In a merely literary point of view, no one can question their rare ability. They indicate great critical acuteness, a habit of nice verbal discrimination, and an almost unparalleled command of a vigorous and transparent diction. It must be admitted, however, that they do not show an equal degree of philosophical comprehension, or the power of rising from the examination of details to the athletic grasp of general principles. The intellect of the author was more remarkable for its microscopical minuteness of perception than for its elevation or breadth. This idiosyncrasy reappears in the present writings.—In regard to the new translation of the Gospels, which fills one of these volumes, we do not apprehend that it will speedily take the place of the common version, hallowed, as it is, in the feelings of the public by so many domestic associations and religious influences. Critical scholars will doubtless find utility by a comparison of its renderings with other English translations—it may throw a fresh light on some passages of verbal intricacy—but it can never be acceptable to hearts imbued with a love of the peculiar phraseology of Holy Writ. The antique homeliness of the dear and venerable translation in common use, finds a poor substitute in the affectation of modern elegance of expression.

Our Countrymen, by BENSON J. LOSSING (published by Ensign, Bridgman, and Fanning), is the title of an instructive volume suggested by the author's studies in American history. It consists of biographical sketches of distinguished Americans who have illustrated some special phase in the political, religious, and social life of our country, during its progress from the earliest settlement to the present time. The subjects are selected from the various walks of society, in many cases comprising persons who were remarkable only for uncommon excellence of character; and, taken as a whole, they form an interesting gallery of native worth. Mr. Lossing has evidently devoted himself with

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great zeal to the elaboration of his materials, and has produced a work which will enhance his well-earned reputation.

Professor GILLESPIE, of Union College, has contributed a valuable work to the advancement of his favorite science, in a new *Treatise on Land Surveying*, containing an admirable exposition of the theory of the art, and complete directions for its practical application. The volume presents several peculiar features. Among those most deserving attention we may refer to the simplification of the process of surveying, all its operations being deduced from five principles—the explanation of a system of surveying with only such simple instruments as may be found in the possession of every farmer—and a complete and systematic collection of the principal problems in the division of land. The author has made a thorough examination of the leading authorities on the subject, both American and foreign—no important point has been overlooked—but his work has in no respect the air of a compilation—every thing has passed through a critical analysis, and bears the stamp of an original individuality. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

The Life of Sir William Pepperell, by USHER PARSONS. (Published by Little, Brown, and Co.) The subject of this memoir was renowned for his military and political services in the ante-revolutionary period of American history. He was born at Kittery Point, opposite Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1696. The Indian war was raging at the time of his birth and continued three years. After a short interval it was renewed, and lasted till 1713, making thirteen years of hostilities during the first seventeen of his life. He was thus early imbued with a military spirit. At the age of sixteen he bore arms in patrol duty and in keeping watch and ward. In 1744 he was appointed to the command of the expedition against Louisburg, then in the hands of the French. His success in this enterprise is a matter of history. It forms the main pillar of his reputation, presenting the prominent traits of his character in bold relief. The biography of this early New England hero was suggested to the writer by his accidentally coming into possession of papers supposed to contain materials for a life, which had been exposed for half a century and had become much stained and defaced by age. On examining these papers, they were found to consist, to a great degree, of merely business documents of no value, although there were among them some rough drafts of letters to correspondents, and original letters from the same. These, however, were not intelligible without their correlatives, which some antiquary, more curious than conscientious, had purloined. They were luckily discovered afterward, and furnished the biographer with several important incidents in Sir William Pepperell's career. After all, he was able to obtain but scanty materials for the composition of his work. But he has done excellent justice to the subject, and produced a monograph of genuine historical merit. It will undoubtedly be referred to henceforth as the standard authority on the interesting chapter in the annals of New England to which it relates.

The English book-trade, which has lately been very much depressed, in consequence of the all-engrossing details of the war having engaged the attention of the reading public, begins to show signs of renewed activity. Among the new historical and biographical works recently published or announced, are the two concluding volumes of the Duke of Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III.," chiefly consisting of the hitherto inedited letters of eminent statesmen and other public characters—the "Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria, including her Correspondence with Charles I.," now first collected and edited by Mrs. Everett Green—Dr. Doran's "Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover;" viz., Charlotte Dorothea, Caroline, Charlotte, and Caroline of Brunswick—the "Letters of John Calvin," edited by Dr. Jules Bonnett, chronologically arranged, extending from 1538 to 1564, the year of his death, and never before collected—Sir David Brewster's "Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton," drawn up from family papers in the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth; that part of the work relative to Newton's chemical, alchemical, and theological pursuits being altogether new—the fourth volume of "Alison's History of Europe, from 1815 to 1852"—a popular edition, in ten volumes, of Henry Hallam's historical works; viz., "Europe during the Middle Ages," the "Constitutional History of England," and the "Literary History of Europe"—a collection, edited by the author, of John Wilson Croker's *Quarterly Review* articles on the "First French Revolution"—the second series of the Rev. Dr. Chapman's "Course of History," including the Mediæval Period—a new edition of "Sir William Napier's Battles of the Peninsula"—"Anderson's History of the Church of England in the Colonies"—and a revised and extended edition of Lord Brougham's Lives of Literary Men, Philosophers, and Statesmen of the Time of George the Third.

Many new books of travel (some of them also relating to the seat of war and the military operations before Sebastopol) have appeared, or will be immediately forthcoming. Among these may be mentioned Lieutenant Burton's "Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca"—"The Dead Sea, a New Route to India," by Captain Allen, author of the "Narrative of the Niger Expedition"—Charles R. Weld's "Vacation Tour in the United States"—"A Narrative of Captain M'Clure's Discovery of the Northwest Passage, in the *Investigator*"—Mason's "Narrative of Life with the Zulus of Natal, South Africa"—"Pictures from the Battle Field," by "The Roving Englishman"—and a "Complete Guide to the English Lakes," by Harriet Martineau. The last guide-book to the Lake scenery was written by Wordsworth, the poet, and is said to have been by far the most remunerative of all his works.

Among the Miscellanies we find "The Heiress of Haughton," a new novel by Mrs. Marsh, which is a continuation of "Aubrey"—a translation, by the Marquis of Ormonde, of M. Guizot's "Meditations and Moral Sketches"—a fifth and concluding volume of Tooke's "History of Prices," brought down to 1854—"An Analytical View of Newton's Principia," by Lord Brougham and Mr. Routh—"The Works of Francis Arago" (including his autobiography), translated by Admiral Smith, Professor Baden Powell, and R. Grant, author of "History of Physical Astronomy"—a collection of Mr. Conybeare's "Essays, Ecclesiastical and Social," from the *Edinburgh Review*—and a trans-

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lation, by Charles Martel, of M. Flouren's work on "Human Longevity, and the Amount of Life upon the Globe." This work was written to sustain the theory that man's natural age is one hundred years, and that he does not (or ought not) enter into old age until he has completed his seventieth year.

Murray and Bohn, by arrangement with the author, bring out two editions of Washington Irving's "Life of Washington."—A "Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith," by Lady Holland (his daughter), with a selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin, is a valuable addition to the department of biography.—Among the more recent poetry, only one volume particularly challenges attention. It is called "Clytemnestra, The Early Return, The Artist, and other Poems," by Owen Meredith. They exhibit much force, and little mannerism. The author is understood to be the eldest son of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, and his writings give promise of very successful performance at some future, and not far distant time.

Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, announces a volume to be called "Maud, and other Poems." There is also vaguely promised "A New Work by Leigh Hunt"—and Robert Montgomery, now a popular preacher in London (whose "Omnipresence of the Deity" is advertised as in its twenty-eighth edition), has just published "The Sanctuary," described as a Companion in Verse for the English Prayer Book.

Mr. Macaulay has at length completed the third and fourth volumes of his "History of England," which will be put into the printer's hands immediately. It is understood that this further portion of his great work will include the larger part, if not the whole, of the events of the reign of Queen Anne.

There is considerable activity among the publishers of Paris. The "Posthumous Works of Lamennais," the celebrated preacher, are appearing. The first volume, which is well spoken of, contains a French translation of the *Inferno*, with an interesting introduction on the Life, Doctrines, and Works of Dante. The Correspondence of Lamennais will follow, and his Political Miscellanies will complete the publication.—"The History of the One-and-fortieth Arm-Chair," by M. Arsène Houssaye (editor of *L'Artiste*), is causing a sensation among the literati of Paris. The French Academy contains forty *fauteuils*, occupied by the literary celebrities of the day, and M. Houssaye relates the histories of the eminent men who have *not* been called on to fill any of them. The list includes many of the greatest names in French letters—Descartes, Scarron, Pascal, Molière, Gassendi, Rochefoucauld, Le Sage, Beranger.—"The Autobiography of George Sand" brings the lady down to her marriage.—Two volumes of a "Theatrical History of Paris, from 1645 to 1855," by M. Castil Blaze, have appeared, and are full of scandalous anecdote.

Among the recent deaths may be noticed Sir Henry de la Beche, Director-General of the Government School of Geology in England; Sir Henry Bishop (husband of Madame Anna Bishop, the vocalist), well known as a graceful and voluminous composer of music; Sir Robert Inglis, for many years the parliamentary representative of the University of Oxford, and a leader of the ultra-Protestant political party; Sir George Head, author of "A Tour in the Manufacturing Districts of England," and other works on domestic, colonial, and foreign subjects; Lady Davy (formerly Mrs. Apreece), widow of Sir Humphrey Davy, the distinguished chemist and philosopher; M. Duvernay, successor to the illustrious Cuvier, of Paris; and Professor Gauss, of Göttengen, the foremost mathematician in Europe, who was so little of a traveler that he had never seen a railroad or a locomotive until within a year or two of his death.

Eugene Sue is said to have been attacked by ophthalmia, and is threatened with total loss of sight.—It may be stated, as an incident in literary history, that the sum paid to Alexandre Dumas for his "Monte Christo," to appear in *feuilletons* in the *Journal des Débats*, was 50,000 francs ($10,000), with leave to republish it in any other form immediately after it had appeared in the newspaper. This was at the rate of fifteen cents a line. The work added 12,000 to the daily circulation of the paper. Besides this large payment, M. Dumas had the profits of the immense circulation of the work in book-form.

The mania for autographs continues undiminished in England. The manuscript of "Kenilworth" recently sold, in London, for two hundred and five dollars. It wanted a few pages. At the same auction, the original design for Chantrey's "Sleeping Children" brought six guineas; a Letter from Nelson to Lady Hamilton sold for five guineas; Moore's fourteen letters to Power (his publisher) brought ten guineas; Moore's MS. of "The Last Rose of Summer" brought £2 2*s.*; Southey's letter to Lamb respecting Hone, £2 12*s.* 6*d.*; Burns's letter to Dr. Moore, containing his own life, £13; the MS. of Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night," £20 10*s.*; Fielding's assignment of "Tom Jones," £8; Scott's letter to Terry respecting "Quentin Durward," £3 16*s.*; a letter from Charles II. to Rupert, £3 13*s.* 6*d.*; Killigrew papers relating to Drury Lane, £3; a letter from Shenstone to Dodsley, £4 15*s.*

At a recent book-sale in London, eighteen dollars were given for a small volume, a tragedy, supposed to be the only production in print of Napoleon Bonaparte, which was taken from the carriage of King Joseph at the battle of Vittoria, and presented to the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV.

A "Life of President Edwards" is promised by the Rev. Alexander Grozart, a Scotch clergyman, who is said to have been for some time in the United States, collecting materials.

The abolition of the newspaper stamp (two cents on each sheet) has brought out many announcements of cheap journals. Foremost among these is the *Illustrated Times* (in opposition to the *Illustrated London News*), to consist of sixteen folio pages, with fifteen to twenty first-rate wood-engravings, for four cents per number.

A Quarterly Review, of which the first number is first-rate, principally discussing Indian questions, has been commenced at Bombay.

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Editor's Table.

THE WAR IN EUROPE promises to assume a new aspect before long. Hitherto, regarding it as a struggle between Russia on the one side and the Western Powers on the other for the legacy of the Sultans, the world has looked on with tolerable indifference, and the United States have held themselves, even in speech, discreetly aloof. Americans do not believe in what Europeans call the balance of power. We have heard that term invoked to excuse the persecution of patriots, and the banding together of despots against Truth and Right. The suspicion thus cast on the theory of a balance of power has been converted into positive disbelief by inquiry into the circumstances of the European States. A balance implies equilibrium, equal weight, equal strength, equal power. Now, as in fact there is nothing in the world so unequal as the weight, strength, and power of the several States of Europe—as there is nothing to prevent any two or three uniting together against a fourth, as, for instance, Great Britain, France, and Austria against Russia, or Austria and Russia against Hungary—it appears wholly gratuitous to say that there exists any equilibrium or balance of power which any combination of events can render it desirable or even possible to preserve. When, therefore—to pass over the futilities of diplomacy—the decrepitude of Turkey became notorious, and a war broke out between several nations covetous of her inheritance, the people of the United States were not in the least deceived by the ingenious pretenses of the Western Powers—did not attach any faith to their assertions that they drew the sword in the interest of Europe and for the preservation of "the balance of power," and assumed a posture which, though simply neutral, apparently led to the belief that our sympathies were with Russia. Hence, many querulous appeals to Brother Jonathan from the other side of the water; none of which, however, appeared to prove that it was our duty, as lovers of liberty, or members of the human family, or men of sense, to mix in the struggle either by act, word, or thought. In truth, neither in the diplomatic campaign nor in the campaigns in the field had a single principle of any cosmopolitan value been placed in issue. It was a mere question of interest on both sides. Not even—going beyond the present aspect of affairs, and looking to future contingencies—did it appear of any appreciable consequence to the world at large whether the Muscovites grasped Constantinople and found a Capua as well as a Byzantium there, or the Western Powers, holding it with a foreign garrison, reduced the Sultan to the condition of the Rajahs and Nabobs of Hindostan, and ended by quarreling over his estate. In respect of civilization, religion, and freedom, each horn of the dilemma held out a nearly equal promise.

To what extent the purpose and conditions of the war are likely to be modified by the events of the past few months, can be best discovered by a brief retrospect. When the Western Powers declared war against Russia, Prince Gortschakoff held the Danubian Principalities and menaced the southern bank of the stream. Though the Turks had defended their lines with incredible valor, and the siege of Silistria had been a failure, it was obvious that, in a military point of view, Omar Pasha and his 50,000 men opposed no serious obstacle to whatever designs Russia might have entertained against Turkey. The climate and want of pay would have dissolved the brave little army fast enough without any help from the Russians. The first aim of the Allies, therefore, was to menace Gortschakoff. This was effected by the encampment at Varna; which, aided by the ravages of the noxious climate of the Principalities, rendered the defense of the line of the Balkans complete. The next step was the convention of 14th June between Austria and Turkey, in virtue of which the Austrian army invaded the Principalities and occupied them. The practical consequence of this treaty and the movement of the Austrians was to compel the retreat of the Russians from the lines along the Danube. Whether there was any latent pro-Russian design in the Austrian advance or not, it certainly had the double effect of guarding the Turkish frontier against the Russians on the one hand, and, on the other, setting free the army under Paskievitch and Gortschakoff to act against the Allies where they might be most needed.

The invasion of the Crimea followed—a movement prompted, first, by a desire to gratify the popular clamor in England for decisive action, and, secondly, by a rash expectation of immediate and dazzling triumphs. That it was wholly unjustifiable, as a piece of strategy, is not contested. Then followed the storming of the heights of Alma; the death of St. Arnaud, and consequent paralysis of the allied army; the timid flank march to Balaclava; and, finally, the resolve of Raglan and Canrobert to make the best of their bad position, by fortifying themselves on the heights between the harbor of Balaclava and the peninsula of Cherson. Whether, at first, and as soon as it appeared that Sebastopol was not to be taken by a *coup-de-main*, they contemplated offensive operations against the immensely powerful forts before them, can not yet be stated with certainty; it is more than likely that they sought nothing beyond a defensive position, and that the siege operations were dictated by the Cabinets at London and Paris, in ignorance of the real state of matters, and acting under severe popular pressure. There can be no doubt but the allied troops were in a false position from the first, and that Lord Raglan—the soundest head among them after all—was for taking to the fleet without further delay the moment the original object of the enterprise was beyond his reach. In periods of great excitement, the most important events often flow from trivial causes. It is not unlikely that the Tartar hoax had much to do with the serious commencement of the siege. Reports of the defenseless condition of the place—no doubt highly exaggerated—must have been brought in by deserters, and confirmed the design. At all events, offensive operations were undertaken. A first bombardment proved wholly fruitless. A bloody reconnoissance of the Russians toward Balaclava, showed the necessity of holding that portion of the line with a strong force. The sanguinary battle

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of Inkermann, though fraught with transcendent glory for the British soldiers, only confirmed Lord Raglan's former desire to embark. The fact was, from that day the siege was hopeless. The place was not invested and could not be. Clouds of Russians reinforced the garrison. Miles of provision carts rattled over the Inkermann road, and entered the city without molestation. In men, metal, and ammunition the garrison were far superior to the besiegers. In position they had the advantage of stone defenses, besides as good and as extensive earthworks as the Allies could erect. In spirit they excelled the assailants, for they fought under the spur of religious fanaticism and patriotic fervor; far more potent incentives to deeds of daring than a mere sense of duty or thirst for glory, on which alone the Allies relied. If to these inequalities be added the crowning difference between the hostile armies in point of quarters and supplies, the Russians being well fed, well clad, well housed, the Allies starved, half-naked, and exposed to the rigors of a winter climate as severe as that of New York, the desperate character of the operation may be partly realized. Notwithstanding all which, it was determined to persevere. Eminent engineers believed that the fate of the operation was a question of metal and men. The whole winter was accordingly spent in procuring reinforcements and a train of artillery which appeared to be sufficient to batter down any works in the world. Early in April a second bombardment was commenced. It lasted thirteen days, and the amount of shot fired into the place has been computed at several thousand tons weight. A bombardment on such a scale had never been attempted before. Yet it was as decided a failure as the last. With wonderful bravery and skill, the Russians repaired the ravages of each day's fire before the morning dawn; the heaviest shot and shell inflicted but little damage on soft earthworks; and the net result of this unexampled military effort was merely to inflict some unimportant loss on the enemy, to exhaust the finest park of siege-artillery ever collected, and to impair the *morale* of the allied army.

Such has been the product of twelve months of fighting. Practically, there can be no question but the bulk of the injury has fallen on Russia. Her army has been driven out of the Principalities, and she has lost that material pledge for the fulfillment of the obligations of the Porte. Her fleet has been swept from the Black Sea, which to all intents and purposes is as thoroughly in the hands of the Western Powers as the Seine or the Thames. A foreign army has invaded Russian territory, won one great battle and at east two sharp skirmishes, and is impregnably intrenched on Russian soil. From being the assailant, the Czar has been placed on the defense. From menacing Turkey, he is now menaced himself. From threatening Constantinople, his own strongest fort is now only defended by the incredible valor of his troops, and has lain for thirteen days under an "infernal fire." The Allies can land men and supplies at three points in his dominions as easily as at any of their own ports. The Baltic is closed. Russian foreign trade is narrowed down to a feeble stream which trickles expensively through Prussia. Odessa is a desert. The timber merchants of Riga, Archangel, and the north are ruined. For all commercial purposes, Russia is carried back to the position out of which it was extricated by Peter the Great one hundred and fifty years ago.

On the other hand, the inconvenience and loss inflicted on the Allies have been insignificant. Their trade has not been disturbed. Their dominions have not been molested. At no former time were the exports from Great Britain larger, or the clearances more numerous. France holds her Universal Exhibition as brilliantly and as imperturbably as if there were no wars any where. The prospects of popular comfort in both countries depend, as usual, mainly upon the crops. Loans have been effected by both governments at highly favorable rates. The siege of Sebastopol pending, the Bank of England has found it necessary twice to reduce the rate of interest for money, such is the abundance of capital seeking investment. Great Britain discovers that it is not as easy as it used to be to recruit men for the war; but notwithstanding the diminution in the supply caused by emigration, it is obvious that it rests with her to overcome this difficulty by adopting a more liberal plan of treating her common soldiers. In France, of course, the conscription law obviates any similar inconvenience. In fine, the sum total of the loss inflicted by the twelve months' war on the Western Powers is nothing more than an expenditure of men and of money. Both can be spared. Individually we may lament the contingency which causes the sudden and horrid death of a fellow-creature; but such considerations are foreign to political inquiry; in calculations affecting the destiny of nations, the destruction of soldiers becomes a matter of moment only when the source from which they are to be replaced is dried up. Europe would hardly feel a drain of a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand men, and a score or two of millions per annum for the next half-dozen years.

It was with these facts before them that the plenipotentiaries of the five Powers met, after adjournment, at Vienna, in April last. The very fact of their meeting was a concession by Russia, for the basis on which an understanding was hoped to be reached was that of the Four Points which had been peremptorily rejected by Nicholas the First. The protocols of the conferences have been made public. From these it appears that Russia was willing to place the Principalities under the protection of the five Powers; to throw open the Danube; to authorize the Sultan, whenever he fancied his defense required it, to open the Dardanelles to foreign fleets; to provide for the toleration of the Greeks in Turkey. The Western Powers desired, beyond this, that Russia should, for the security of Constantinople, agree to limit her fleet in the Black Sea to a given number of ships; and the Austrian Plenipotentiaries, quite as deeply interested in checking Russian progress as their Allies, "hoped to see the proposal agreed to." But when the Russian Envoys inquired point-blank whether Austria would regard the rejection of this demand by Russia as a *casus belli*, the Austrians gave an emphatic reply in the negative by their silence. On this, the Russians refused to limit their fleet in the Black Sea until a series of disasters had left them no choice but to yield. And the conference broke up.

So the quarrel stands. The war continues on the issue whether or no Russia ought to have as many ships as she pleases in the Black Sea. It is impossible for an American to contemplate the natural consequences of the establishment of the principle that any two or more Powers may dictate to a third what naval force she shall be at liberty

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to launch in her own ports, without feelings of unmixed apprehension. In the case of Russia, there may be plausible reasons for suspecting her of desiring to deal with Turkey as the Western Powers have actually dealt; but history is too full of groundless apprehensions on the part of nations, obstinate delusions on that of rulers, and gross blunders on that of both, for any careful mind to feel assured that, at some future day, this or that great Power may not entertain similar suspicions with regard to the United States. No such event may be likely or probable at present; but who, five years ago, could have foreseen that England and France would have gone to war with Russia? Lord John Russell very frankly remarked at the Vienna Conference that it was not the design of the Western Powers to lay down as a principle the right of intervention in vicinal or neighboring States for the purpose of limiting their military or naval force; as, for instance, in the case of France by England, or Austria by Prussia; because, in such cases, the danger was best met by a corresponding augmentation of force by the State menaced; and that he conceived it only applied to those States whose distance rendered it impossible to keep a check on their movements by building ship for ship, and raising regiment for regiment. It would not be easy to mention a country which fulfilled these conditions more completely than the United States. There is, no doubt, a vast deal of truth and good sense in the counsels of those who are constantly reminding us of the affection and respect we owe to our Anglo-Saxon brethren across the water; but how is it possible to hear without alarm the deliberate enunciation, by a British government official, of a principle which may be used to-morrow as the basis of a demand that we dismantle this or that fortress, or break up into old timber this or that ship of war, because such and such foreign Powers choose to think it menaces the safety of Canada or the independence of Mexico?

To return to Europe, however, the operations in the Crimea can hardly attain any leading importance. It is said that it is in contemplation to divide the allied forces of French, British, Sardinians, and Turks, into two *corps d'armée*, one of which will retain the present works from Cherson to Balaclava, while the other operates inland, fights a battle or two with the Russians in the field, and locks the door of the Peninsula at Perekop. All this is more easily said than done. The Crimea, with the exception of a few miles along the coast, is a succession of rocks, hills, and ravines; abounding with passes which a small force, armed with good artillery, could defend for a very long period against any army; containing very few plains where a trained body of Western troops could manœuvre satisfactorily: just the sort of country, in fact, for Tartar or Cossack guerrillas, but the very worst possible for large bodies of disciplined soldiers. We have, moreover, every reason to believe that the Russians have been actively employed all winter in fortifying defiles, setting up batteries, and preparing to destroy bridges and roads. It has always been the maxim of Russian generals to avoid a battle in the field when an equal advantage can be gained by any other plan. It was in forcing the strong positions of the Russians in the march to Moscow, and in their sudden attacks upon his exposed flanks, that Napoleon lost so many men. The opportunities for loss by similar causes will be very great if the Allies march with 100,000 men from Balaclava to Simpheropol or Perekop. Again, suppose Perekop secured: it has been held and fortified before. Unfortunately, the meagre histories of former campaigns in the Crimea contain no estimate of the disperdition of life on the Isthmus. We only know that it is a "vale of death," as the Turks say, teeming with fevers of the most fatal description; dreaded by travelers as much as the Isthmus of Panama used to be three or four years ago. How many men do the Allies intend to leave to guard this passage? If few, how long will it be closed? If many, what awful bills of mortality may be expected! How many to guard the other road to the Crimea—the artificial passage through the Putrid Sea, by which De Lacy formerly marched his army? It is just possible that the Allies, having mastered the feeble garrisons in the other cities of the Crimea, overrun the country, and closed the two roads to the mainland, may return to Sebastopol and invest it thoroughly. But such an enterprise would require, for its successful accomplishment, such a combination of good fortune, skill, and numbers, that it can hardly be regarded as a probable event. Nor is there any good reason to suppose that, if it were accomplished, the Czar would be any the readier to conclude a peace, so long as any of his million of soldiers survived to harass the garrisons at Perekop and on the shores of the Putrid Sea.

More depends on the course of Germany. By the treaty of the 2d December last, Austria agreed to join the Allies in offensive operations against Russia, if the Czar refused to treat on the basis of the Four Points. As has been shown, the Czar did not refuse, but, on the contrary, offered to treat on that basis. The negotiation ended in a rupture on the interpretation to be given to the third point; the Allies insisting that full force could only be given to it by the curtailment of the Russian naval force in the Black Sea—Titoff and Gortschakoff regarding the formal acknowledgment of the existence of Turkey (without territorial guarantee) as a sufficient barrier against Russian aggression. The Austrian plenipotentiaries mildly expressed their regret that Russia would not agree to the proposal of the Western Powers; but they said nothing which would need to be recalled or explained, if Francis Joseph chose to-morrow to say that the Russian Emperor having offered to treat on the basis proposed, and the rupture having been caused by exorbitant demands on the part of France and England, he considered his treaty obligations fulfilled, and would not take the field. All experience shows that no treaty or pledge given or made by a government can be relied on for one moment after it has ceased to be advantageous. Like corporations, ministers and monarchs have no souls, and perjury sits lightly on their consciences. The question, therefore, as to Austria's future course, simply resolves itself into this form: What is it her interest to do? What is her interest as a first-class power in Europe? What as a member of the German Bund?

Austria is to-day in a position somewhat similar to that of France under the Medicis and Richelieu. The Emperor is fighting the battle of the people—of the peasants against the feudal lords. It is no easy war to wage, and it is fortunate that accident has enabled him to increase his standing army to nearly 700,000 men; for not a few of the barons and chiefs in his motley dominions would take up arms against him if they had a chance of vic-

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tory. Francis Joseph has so firmly planted his policy on this basis, that the masses of the German people, recovering slowly from the disappointment of 1848, and quite ready to shake off as many of their thirty-six sovereigns as they can, are rather inclined to rally round him under some popular banner. In some parts of the Empire, as, for instance, the late Kingdom of Hungary, this tendency is quite marked among the peasantry. It gives the Emperor a decided advantage over the King of Prussia in view of any movement for the accomplishment of German unity and nationality. If Francis Joseph, for instance, were to call Germany to arms to fight in the cause of popular rights, or on any such pretext as Napoleon would be likely to put forward in the event of the war lasting, he would be pretty sure to carry the country with him. Even Rhenish Prussia would respond to the appeal, and the Court at Berlin would be left with half its present dominions. Whereas, in the mind of the German people, the name of the Czar is so indissolubly connected with absolutism and tyranny, that though they might follow their sovereigns to war by his side, they would do so reluctantly, and the lead, in the German Bund, would be thrown into Prussia's hand. On the other hand, the interest of Austria as an independent Power is, in the first place, for peace. Metternich's saying, that "the line of policy to be pursued by Austria was to keep at a distance from the destructive movements of the times," was never truer than at present. A standing army like hers—admirably disciplined, skillfully quartered, well officered—is a perfect guarantee against revolution in time of peace; but, in war, the volcano which always lurks under the forced union of heterogeneous states would be likely to burst into eruption. It may be taken for granted, then, that so long as diplomacy can contrive to ward off the fatal day, Austria will remain at peace. This indeed is sufficiently proved by the persevering efforts she is still making to renew the negotiations. When farther procrastination becomes impossible, it will be her interest, as an independent Power, and independently of her connection with the Bund, to side with Russia. It is plausibly conjectured that the temptation held out by Napoleon to Francis Joseph at the time of the first treaty between the Five Powers was an offer of the Danubian Principalities: in exchange for which a portion of Austrian Italy was to be ceded to the King of Sardinia in recompense for his accession to the league. How stand matters now? Austria has got the Principalities; holds them as securely as the Archduchy of Austria or Lombardo-Venetia; proclaims martial law therein; can not be driven out, unless by Russia. What more could she obtain by declaring war against the Czar? She could gain nothing but the loss of Lombardo-Venetia, which is "due" to Victor Emmanuel. She might lose the affection of the people of Germany, but she would gain the same proportionate strength as she possessed from 1815 to 1830, when the royal congresses of the Three Powers brought the combined armies of Russia, Austria, and Prussia to bear on any revolutionary point.

It will thus become a question for Francis Joseph whether to risk his position in the Bund, or to risk his position in Europe: to repel the clinging elements of German democracy, or the friendly advances of the Czar. And the prospect is that he will prefer the former as the least perilous alternative. There are many other reasons—which want of space forbids us to attempt to enumerate here—why Austria is more likely in the end to join Russia than the Western Powers. Men of the stamp of the Czar Nicholas do not count confidently on the support of a Power equal to their own without good reason. It is next to a certainty that Nicholas had talked over the legacy of "the sick man" with the Austrian agents, and arranged their respective parts, before a word was said to Sir Hamilton Seymour. All the diplomatic reserve and cunning of Count Buol and his associates could not wholly hide their Russian leaning at the Vienna conferences; when their words were most in unison with those of the Western envoys, it is plain to see their feelings inclined the other way. Nor are the past services of Russia to be quickly forgotten. At the hour of her utmost need, Nicholas saved Hungary to the Emperor; only a short while before, when a still greater peril—want of money—threatened to destroy the great resource of the House of Hapsburg, the army, Nicholas lent fifty millions of florins, which have never been repaid.

The leaning of the other European Powers can be readily discerned. Prussia goes with Russia, of course—at the cost, perhaps, of a few urban outbreaks; Spain, Holland, and Italy with the Western Powers. The Northern Powers, Sweden and Denmark, would prefer peace, but if forced to show their hands, the chances are that nothing but force will prevent their siding with Russia. In this case, a third bombardment of Copenhagen would be by no means an unlikely event.

We have heard much of "the nationalities." First, Russia was said to have threatened Prussia with a resuscitation of Poland, and thus driven her to separate from the Western league. Then it was foolishly whispered that Austria was to rouse other nationalities to make war upon Russia. Then the Czar was to call the Sclavonic races to arms against Austria. And, finally, the newspapers give Napoleon credit for a scheme to rouse "the nationalities" against "the barbarian of the North," Kossuth advocating the notion with all the vigor of his eloquent but visionary pen. There seems little doubt but that certain Polish, Hungarian, Italian, and Transylvanian chiefs would, with stray branches of the Slavonic tribes scattered on the frontiers of the Austrian and Russian empires, take up arms very readily, if they were offered them by France, and fight as best they could for their independence. But, unfortunately, in this, as in so many other pleasing speculations on the progress of liberty, facts hold out but a slender promise of the realization of theories. There is no reason whatever to suppose that these tribes would join France against Russia, but many sensible reasons for expecting the contrary. There is no ground for believing that they would co-operate, but, on the contrary, many for supposing they would instantly fall to fighting among themselves. There is no ground for hoping that the peasants would of their free will join the standard of independence. All travelers concur in stating that the rural classes in these countries are indifferent to freedom and independence; and if any hopes were based on their support, the world might again witness what it has witnessed so often before—brave, high-minded chiefs abandoned, betrayed, and led to the scaffold by the very men they had taken up arms to liberate.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is one duty we had forgotten, and of which, as a gallant old Easy Chair, we are heartily ashamed. In the midst of a loud outcry for woman's rights, and in a day of eloquent conventions and prolonged discussions to achieve the triumph of that cause, we have omitted to pay homage to the one noble woman who, not at all distressed about the feminine right of suffrage, nor in the least anxious to command a ship, or direct an army, or occupy a pulpit, or open an office, has gone quietly into the very heart of the Crimean horrors, and is there having her rights without talking about them, and wreathing her name with the immortal laurels not only of fame, but of affectionate remembrance. It does seem a great deal better to go to the seat of war, to go any where, where you can be of actual use to mankind, and to show that heroism, knowledge, and endurance are not the monopoly of men—a great deal better to do this than to go to Syracuse and Worcester and earn a cheap notoriety by disagreeable declamation. Many of the delegates of the Woman's Rights Conventions are doubtlessly noble women, women who have gained knowledge through suffering, and who, having been abused by brutal husbands, are naturally indignant at their condition. But a congress of hen-pecked husbands, on the other side of the street, would be rather absurd. There is a great waste of fury and fine eloquence in the whole matter. If any woman is pining for a sphere, let her take passage and follow Florence Nightingale, and do good as extensively and as silently as she.

In the May number of *The Newcomes*, Thackeray gives the name of this lady to the immortality of fiction, as it had already secured that of history. "I believe," he says, "that the world is full of Miss Nightingales." It is a noble tribute to women; and it is a fine expression of his own faith in gentleness and human goodness. There are, as every man knows, Sisters of Charity all around him. Tender hands are wiping aching brows in every house. Loving lips are breathing soft prayers for passing souls in every village, and grave and thoughtful minds are calmly directing necessary details in the midst of the wildest confusion. Over all the great battle-field of life ministering angels are hovering, sighing, and smiling, and pouring balm. But there is a peculiar and beautiful heroism in the spectacle of a woman of the loftiest nature and of the tenderest nurture—whose mind has been fed by all that is rarest and loveliest in the results of human genius, and by all the various splendors of nature, which it was especially fitted to perceive and enjoy, before whom lay all that is most alluring in the social life of the first nation of the world—putting it all aside, showing that her soul was so noble that it loved a truer nobility; so cultivated, that it required a higher culture than that of the most tasteful social elegance, and, leaving home and its happiness behind, going out into remote regions to fulfill her career.

Certainly we should have observed and read to very little purpose, if we had not long ago felt that there is something in the conditions of modern society which bears very severely upon women. The civilized world is purely Hindoo in its social organization. And the women's rights movement is a blind effort to grasp what women feel is denied to them—although it would be hard to say how, why, or by whom. Every woman, in modern society, who has strong character, great intelligence, a fine and fastidious taste, a nature which demands unusual scope, and a heart capable of all that makes the love of woman the theme of poetry and the substance of history, feels the want of a career. They try to find it in a hundred ways. Most women marry and do the best they can in that way. Many take to literature, and call upon the world to stand and deliver its sympathy—very much as reduced gentlemen took to the road and demanded your money. Many pine in an inexplicable apathy—caring for nothing, asking for nothing, hoping for nothing, and quietly despairing. We suppose no man but easily finds several illustrations of all these classes within his own experience. Perhaps it is not fair to attribute this state of things to any especial social organization. Men make the world as they are. Laws, both political and social, represent the average moral conviction of the legislators. And this apathetic sadness is to be sought in a metaphysical, rather than a physical, condition.

Florence Nightingale has chosen her career, and among those of all famous women none is lovelier. It is more suggestive of Madame Roland than of Madame de Staël; and certainly it is more beautiful than that of the latter. Margaret Fuller was never happier than in the hospitals of Rome; and no one who loves her memory but rejoices that she demonstrated there how capable and executive a practical actor in life she could be. For, in this world, we instinctively wish to see that people are fitted for this world in which God has seen fit to place them. That a man converses with the stars and can not pay the butcher; that a woman draws tears from the prosperous by her pathetic lyre, and from the poor by her inability to help them or to give them their dues—is a fact as contemptible on the one side as it may be beautiful upon the other. Florence Nightingale, superior to the society in which she moved in England, is a spectacle which could not fail to sadden, from the feeling of unsatisfied and unoccupied powers which it suggested. But Florence Nightingale writing to the Minister that she would direct the hospitals at Scutari, and receiving his letter, which crossed hers upon the way, and which asked her to direct them; Florence Nightingale asking an official for beds for the suffering, and, when delayed by him and by stupid official formality, ordering the soldiers to break down the doors of the storehouse and bring the beds, which they did with enthusiasm; Florence Nightingale intelligently managing, organizing, and supervising; Florence Nightingale blessing and blessed by lonely and forsaken soldiers, is not a spectacle which saddens but inspires; and every noble man thanks God for the sight.

"Would you like to have your sister do so?" inquires young Kid, who wears primrose gloves and respects his shirt-collar.

"No, Kid. We should like to have our sister graduate at a French boarding-school, and speak irreproachable Parisian. We should like to have her wear the loveliest dresses, and bonnets low in the neck. We should like to have her go to the Opera in the selectest society, and never appear to enjoy too much. We should like to have her drive in a carriage down Broadway, and only nod to the proper people. We should like to have her 'so lady-like,' 'such a sweet girl,' 'with so much style.' We should like to have her say, 'Who are those people?' when she saw any one she did not know, and believe that her little clique of little

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people was the very point and crown of the world. We should like to have her speak French and Italian, and know nothing of literature and life. We should like to have her think it wicked not to go to church on Sundays, and a very becoming thing in the higher classes to respect religion; and, finally, we should like to have her make a good match, marry a son of one of the oldest and best families, live in one of the newest and best houses, and sing at charity concerts behind a curtain. That, we think, would be lady-like and feminine. That, dear Kid, is what no one could talk about, particularly that dreadful Mrs. Grundy, whom we all so love and conciliate. That would be all that a noble man could ask of a noble woman. That is what Shakspeare thought of when he imagined Miranda and Ophelia, Imogen and Cordelia. Wordsworth, too, meant what we mean, my Kid, something not too *prononcé*—'your sister,' of course—and not such a lady as Florence Nightingale, a lady for knights like Sir Philip Sidney and the brave Bayard to love, and bards like Shakspeare and Wordsworth to sing:

'And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.'"

THERE are certain mysteries, entirely common, and forever inexplicable, as why black satin waistcoats must not be worn in the morning—and by certain people, never; why a coat or bonnet which is to-day pleasing, and, in a sense, necessary to the eye, is next year an object of derisive laughter; why a human being must, under no circumstances, convey food to his mouth with a knife; why the legs of a piano should be mentioned only in cases of extreme necessity; why some people's clothes never fit them; why other people always say the wrong thing at the wrong time; why Mrs. Bat says to Mrs. Cat that she was very sorry not to find her in on Monday morning, when she only called on Monday morning because she knew that Mrs. Cat was out; why old Biggins smokes ten cigars a day, and warns Biggins junior—who smokes twelve in private—that he must never acquire the pernicious habit of tobacco; why people buy stock that must fall; why people go sleighing, and declare, with blue noses, and feet like specimens of the *mer de glace*, that it was delightful—"so fresh and exhilarating;" why people who don't like music go to the opera; but, chiefly, why any body ever undertakes to manage an opera. That is, after all, the great mystery of society. Under certain circumstances, it is possible to fancy a man making a small bundle of money, and throwing it into the river unobserved. But why he should cast his coin into the sea, and be blackguarded by every body into the bargain—that is even more inexplicable than why the turnip crop depends upon boiled legs of mutton.

But it is not infrequently done. There is always an opera in every great city, and in no "long run" was the opera ever known to pay. Individual artists and certain pieces are popular, and fill the house; but, even with government aid, operas languish, prima donnas starve, members of the chorus go privately and drown themselves, the houses are empty, the press and the public rail, and jeer, and sneer; and yet a constant succession of enterprising men demand to manage an opera. The opera down-town doesn't pay—therefore let us have an opera up-town. Two operas at a time do not pay—let us, therefore, have three operas. This is the cheerful logic that prevails in the enchanted region of the opera. Charles Lamb said that Congreve's comedy was beyond the domain of conscience; in the same way, the opera is beyond the region of common sense. There was never an opera failed but the manager could expound the reasons of the failure in the most philosophic manner. It was the weather—which was too hot or cold, too dry, or too wet. It was the time of year. It was the crisis in business affairs. It was the unfortunate situation of the house. It was that unlucky benefit at the other house. It was the great ball at Mrs. Malaprop's. It was what A put in the B journal. It was what C said in private conversation with D's confidential friend. It was clearly this; it was plainly that: any fool could see it was the other. And, meanwhile, Mr. Manager?— "Ah! yes; meanwhile, I am out of pocket!"

That is always the net result, whatever the explanatory steps may be. But nobody is dismayed. "Once more unto the breach"-es pocket! cries the intrepid man; and cries on, until both pocket and breeches are no more.

This immortality of the manager is a consoling fact in social history. *Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!* The man perishes, but the manager survives. It does not at all concern us that every opera enterprise fails. We are not in the least dismayed that the very eminent and incredibly distinguished Signor Basso Profundo, and Signor Primo Tenore, and the peerless Signora Soprano Sfogato, who has sung behind all the round backs in Europe, arrive upon our hospitable shores, have a grand dress and most select rehearsal, make a grand *début*—fail utterly, publish very long cards in very fine print, and return to the round backs in disgust. We are not at all alarmed. There will be plenty of managers, plenty of most unprecedentedly celebrated prima donnas, and tenors, and barytones; there will be plenty of trumpeting, rehearsing, debutéing, failing; *feu-de-joies* of cards, and sudden retreat. We are like those who have taken a season seat for the entertainment. *Alarum! Enter an army. Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*

The operatic history of the last ten years in New York—in the very purlieus of our Chair—is instructive, if not amusing. Its last chapter is not unedifying. What fierce feeling, and what small result! There is one cardinal truth which many people, and especially our fellow-beings of the dramatic persuasion, have yet to learn, and that is, that the public does not care in the slightest degree for all the collected woes of sopranos, sfogatos, tenors, basso-profundos, mezzo-sopranos, and barytones, including managers. Therefore it does no good to publish criminating and recriminating cards; on the contrary, it is an expense; for the advertising tariff is very exorbitant. The public are perfectly heartless, so far as amusement is concerned. They go to the opera-house to be amused, to hear music, to see a new or famous opera, and to see each other. They do not care a straw for what they ought to do. They went much more enthu-

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siastically to see Brignoli and Steffanone in *Il Trovatore*, than they did to see Grisi and Mario in any opera whatever. It did no good to malign them; to declare, in pathetic periods, that there was no musical taste in the country; that there was no hope of the American people; that we didn't know what was good; and that we would pay as willingly for the worst as for the best. Nobody lost his sleep nor his appetite for all that objurgation. It might have been true. But we might have replied logically, "If there *is* no musical taste, if we do *not* know what is good, why berate us so terribly for acting as we do? It is only the intelligent in art who should be scourged for not recognizing and supporting great artists. It is surely very unfair to blame a man who has no ear for music that he does not enjoy a symphony in many parts, or an opera in five hours."

The fact was, and is, and always will be, that he who blames the public in these things will always have his labor for his pains. No man feels it to be his serious duty to like music and patronize the opera, or to know about paintings and support the Academy; and therefore the solemn, objurgatory style of reproach and criticism is only very droll and useless.

The public knows very well that if Mr. Bobbs retires from the management, Mr. Cobbs will assume it. It is quite sure there will be an opera; and if there is not, it will go to the theatre, or to some other place. And newspapers will not help nor mar it. For the last operatic chapter there has been a resounding warfare, and an ominous silence in the journals. There were vague stories of foul play behind the scenes, of unfair management, of overreaching and underreaching, and the most astute diplomacy. Suddenly several papers, which had always noticed the performances at the opera-house, ceased to speak of them. The indignation, of whatever kind it might be, did not extend to the business department. The editorial page was silent, but upon the advertising page appeared the notice (at —— per line) of the evening's opera. The houses fell off? The opera pined? The company entreated the attention of the press? Not at all. The audiences were never better, nor more enthusiastic. Palmy days and nights fell upon the Academy. New and brilliant operas were produced, and the season closed in triumph. The papers saluted every new success with silence, and a philosophic Prima Donna must have smiled in her sleeves (when her costume allowed them) to behold the empty journals and the full houses.

Was the public to lose good singing and new operas because there had been even dishonesty (we will suppose) behind the scenes? Was the public going to deprive itself of pleasure because the predilections of the managers were not those of other gentlemen? Shall we decline to read Childe Harold because the author is not altogether an irreproachable, but, on the contrary, a very naughty, man? If Brignoli sings sweetly, and *Il Trovatore* is the most recent success of Verdi, shall we nail our Easy Chair to the domestic hearth because Brignoli, we may be given to understand, swears, or chews tobacco, or beats Mrs. Brignoli in private, or because Mr. Brignoli's manager tries to manage an unmanageable and notoriously incorruptible power in the state, called the press? Not at all. And the full houses echoed, Not at all.

We have heard, of course, that the full houses were the result of a lavish generosity in giving away tickets. But we had heard the same thing in the case of Mr. Barnum and Jenny Lind's concerts, upon the net proceeds of which we should nevertheless have been willing to receive a moderate percentage.

Now, certainly the papers had a perfect right to be silent. But the facts showed that the audiences were very little dependent upon what the papers said or did not say. The mistake was in supposing that any paper had, in such matters, any sufficent influence to make it worth regarding. How many of the delighted audience of to-night will read what is said of the opera to-morrow? How many will heed it; how many will not abuse the notice, if it differs from their own view? Not all the newspapers in America could have spoiled Jenny Lind's success, nor could they have secured the same success to Catherine Hayes. They pleased themselves by not speaking of the opera; and if moral or æsthetic considerations regulated the attendance there, they might have reduced that attendance by censure or silence. But as it depends upon a thousand other things, and as the public cares not a fig-leaf for the quarrels of actors, managers, and editors, the wiser way is to stand above them all (if you can), and talk about the performance as if it were a matter of history.

When the Academy was built and people took stock, they did so because they wanted to have an opera-house, and a good seat in it. Wise people, who cared nothing for music, and couldn't understand buying stock if the way was not clear to seven per cent., thought it—and naturally—the height of folly to burn their fingers with an opera-house; as if every man hadn't his opera-stock in some form or other. The house was built, and the grand opening was a great failure. It was laid to a hundred causes, which, perhaps, explained the difficulty. Then came Grisi and Mario, and sang through a dull season. There was no crowd, no enthusiasm, no striking success. The house was blamed, the prices were blamed, the singers and the audience were blamed. Every little gentleman had his little theory, and understood all about it. Then followed a blank interregnum, broken by brilliant promises of combined and overpowering talent, proposals for grand original American operas, embassies to Europe to secure "the first artists," placards, with superb promises, in the greatest variety of type and ink. Then another grand opening. Alas! act the second was but the echo of act first: *Alarum; flourish. Enter an army; skirmishing; exeunt omnes!* It was only a grand opening into entire chaos and dissolution, and as total and instructive an operatic crash as is furnished by theatrical annals. Then came "the Committee," whoever they might be, who imparted all their proceedings with the utmost naïveté to the public, and lost the sympathy of many influential papers. Negotiations of a high diplomatic character followed with other troupes; but under a constant fire of caustic criticism or scornful silence, "the Committee" held along to a very decided success.

We sit in our Chair, and are forced to this moral: managers can hardly have greater difficulties to surmount than managers have surmounted—and yet managers have never failed to appear; the public has a taste for the opera, and will go to hear what it likes, if it likes the price, without the slightest regard to the character of the singers. We conclude, therefore, that we shall have an opera, and

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enjoy it. There will be always a brave man to tempt fortune—there will be always a generous man who sincerely desires the establishment and permanence of the opera, who will expose himself to the skeptical jeers of those to whom public spirit is inconceivable. Yet we wish the singers could learn that we do not care for their quarrels, and that they only excite the contempt, and not the compassion, of the public by their constant appeals. By some sad fatality, the professors of the arts seem to injure them more than any other influence.

Seraphina, who sings so sweetly, and whose musical cultivation is so elaborate and remarkable, is a very disagreeable person to meet at the opera, or at a musical party. She is solely intent upon the technicalities of the performance. While the heart of this Easy Chair is melted by the woes of *Lucia*, and our tearful eyes hang upon the whims of her sweet madness, Seraphina suddenly exclaims, "Oh, dear! she did not take the fiddle G well. It was not round and full!" To our dismay we discover that Seraphina is attending to the Prima Donna as a jockey looks at a horse, and is on the bright look-out for her imperfections. It shows, either that the Prima Donna is no artist, or that Seraphina, with all her fine cultivation, has no soul for music. For if it were an artist who sang, the general excellence and reality of the *rôle* would overbear an occasional fault of detail; or if there were a soul for music, it would follow with chief interest the musical development and progress of the opera, and not have time for little nervous criticisms. It is much the same thing in the other arts. Who wants to visit the Academy Exhibition with Dobb, N. A.? This old Easy Chair is content to roll about, pleased with the pretty pictures. It likes to speculate upon the *Portrait of a Lady*, and sneer privately at the *Portrait of a Gentleman*. It likes to contemplate the woolly family-pieces of Shegogue, and the soft summer beauty of Baker's women. Church takes this Easy Chair up the Cordilleras, to see the sun rise. Kensett plunges it into cool wood-nooks, where waters plash, and golden-green moss tapestries old rocks; while Cropsey tempts it into a bright ideal and impossible world, the landscape of poetry and dreams. Why should Dobb, N. A., insist upon going round and putting his hand like a spy-glass to his eyes, and bend his head about, and stoop over, and look under, and grunt, and humph, and ha! and say "Very well" with an air that says, "Pitiable!" Dobb, N. A., calls things "too cool," and "too warm," and "dirty," and "dodge-y," and a great many other things that sound very disagreeably. Meanwhile there are pretty pictures all about the walls. The Easy Chair, if its castors creak, is very glad to get smoothly oiled again by the view of portraits and landscapes. It would like to pitch Dobb, N. A., head-first down stairs, and his pictures after him. If a landscape sends the spectator to Italy; if a portrait recalls a loveliness that, seeming too lovely, long ago faded; if there seems to be every where more grace, more gayety, more beauty, for the sight and presence of the pictures, shall it be endured that Dobb, N. A., sniffs, and sneers, and smiles patronizingly; and finds this nose too long, and that finger too short; this shadow too black, and that light too bright?

This critical want of enjoyment appears to be the dreadful penalty attached to proficiency in any art. It would seem that the necessary attention to details in the acquisition of skillful practice destroyed the consciousness of the aim intended through the details—the end beyond the means. In truth, as a matter of experience, how uniformly artists criticise the technicality, and not the spirit of a performance. How they tell you that the Prima Donna sang sharp or flat, and how they do not tell you whether *Lucia* was well represented. How learned Dobb, N. A., is about Gobb, A., who uses his "grays" too much, while children stand silent and women weep before his canvases. The positive good done by criticism of any kind might perhaps be very justly reckoned at very little. To the true artist, of whatever art, improvement comes through his own perception of his own short-comings, and that, rather by the lights shed upon his course by his own development, than by the foreign light of suggestions. For, the true artist being sincere, his faults have a certain sincerity, and can only be corrected as the man's whole perception and power advance.

Be gracious, therefore, gentle critics. Seraphina, who singest so sweetly! smile sweetly when others sing. Dobb, N. A.! revile Gobb, A., less fiercely, remembering that effort is better than contempt, and that, although you find a too free use of "grays," this Easy Chair, and a hundred not so easy, find pleasure, and beauty, and peace, in the pretty pictures.

Our country friends, if they read the city newspapers, may be sometimes amused at the beginning of summer with the suggestions, warm as the season, that people should betake themselves out of the city into the country. They are reminded of the brindle cow they milked in the happy days of childhood—of the sequestered school-house under the shady elms or wide-spreading oaks—of the village church with the open windows on summer Sundays—of the field, and the stream, and the purple hills—in fine, the same agreeable picture of rural life is painted at the corner of the busiest city street, that has from immemorial time been painted of the country in the city. A little investigation reveals that these pastoral pleas are written by men who have chosen the city, and have not the slightest intention of taking their own advice. And naturally enough. For the countryman who comes to the city usually comes to seek his fortune there. He is not a man to whom the village church, and sequestered school-house, and purple hills have ever been romantic or agreeable. The brindle cow always kicked over his pail, and he had a rough cursing from the sulky farmer for whom he worked. In the church he heard long and dry sermons; and, sitting upon a hard seat, was very drowsy on the summer Sundays; and was, as a small boy, filliped on the head if he fell asleep or forgot the text. Under the shady elms and the wide-spreading oak an intimacy with the birch was forced upon him; the fields were the arena of his daily toil—he hoed potatoes there, and in the sweltering June sun he swung his scythe upon the river meadows. The country, to the countryman who has been compelled by circumstances to choose the city as his abiding place, is not that agreeable remembrance, sweet with clover-blossoms and fresh with morning air, which the newspaper articles would persuade us.

We have before remarked that the poets and other people who have been so enthusiastic about the country have lived in the city, and wrote their

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eulogies within brick walls. Observe, also, how few people are brave enough to confess that they do not like the country; how every man has a vague dream of retiring to the country at that remote period when he shall have made money "enough"—and how few people ever reach that Arcadia to which their whole lives have been the voyage. Then again, it is plain that the great things in history have not been done in the country. The triumphs of literature, of art, and of general affairs, have always been achieved among the multitude of men. Genius seems to require attrition in order to shine. When Wordsworth "retired to the mountains in order to construct a work that might live," his tastes, his studies, and his friendships, still kept the world and society around him, and he only lived farther from Charing Cross than Lamb or Coleridge. But the real denizens of the country—the fathers and the mothers of the Simple Susans for whom the poets sigh in coffee-houses, and to whom they write sonnets from taverns—they hardly understand the sighs and the sonnets; they see no purple hills, and emerald meads, and silver streams. Their lives are very humble prose, not poetry. Can we truthfully say that their lives are more lofty, more noble, and inspiring than the life of the citizen? The country is Arcadian because it is unknown. Is it probably very poetic to the factory-girl, to the plow-boy, to the milk-maid? The statistics of the Insane Asylum show a proportionate majority from the country. The silence, the seclusion, the drudging toil, the long monotony of the year, the mental idleness, lead gradually to such results.

It certainly is not surprising that the chances of the city tempt a youth whose life in the country has been an unintermitted toil from dawn to dark, rewarded with a slight pittance. A few uncertain weeks' schooling at a miserable school in winter, do not satisfy his thirst for knowledge, if he has any; and the rough, coarse life of the farmer's home, although he does have as much fried pork as he wants, is neither amusing nor satisfactory, if he be more than rude and coarse himself. The city, by its very artificial multiplicity of luxuries, offers a thousand chances for employment and success. If he has talent and ambition, he will surely burst away from the relentless tedium of potatoes and corn, and earn more money in an hour by writing a paragraph exhorting people to go and hoe corn and potatoes, than he would by hoeing them for a day.

We are far from advising country boys to come to the city. Contentment and character, which are really better than fame or fortune, are quite as attainable in the country as in the city. But, as enterprising youths always will try the town, and as many of the most successful citizens were originally country boys, it is useless to deny that here is the great arena. If they fail, they may return, but the reader of newspapers and other poetical works should understand that the poetry of the country is only visible from the city.

Of course we know that the pleasantest life is the union of the two—the country enlivened by the intelligence and amenity of the city. Many a country-born and city-bred man retires upon his farm or his country-seat, and counts every day a gain. But the fields are fair to him because he has known the streets; and the easy grace, the elegance, the intelligence, the repose of the pourer of his tea and the superintendent of his shirt-buttons, are derived from contact with society and the world. Man is not a tree, after all. Cowper, who is guilty of that meaningless line—

"God made the country, man made the town,"

was morbid; and Byron, who longed for a desert with one fair spirit for his minister, was sentimental and always lived in cities, where he was always sure to find his one fair spirit or more. Man is a social being, we venture to assert. The whole world was made for him. The charms of solitude, the excitement of society; the sweet air, the placid farm, and general mental recovery of the country, and the splendor of all human achievements, also, which congregate in the city.

If editors and other poets would consider that, as in their own case so in that of most men, milking a brindle cow is not the height of happiness, they would greatly assist the cause of general virtue and public common sense.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE tremor that passed over the Paris world when it was heard that Pianori had fired on the Emperor, is now gone by; but not so far gone that we may not lend to it a line of record. It is rather a thing to make one breathe short and quick, when we hear that Mr. Smith, the head of a large family, has been fired upon by a crazy, or an indignant man, in the open street. We straightway fall to thinking of how it would have been if the fire-arm had carried true, and the man fallen stone dead, and the crowd gathered, and the pockets been searched, and the name of Smith made out, and the body carried home, and the door-bell rung, and the family startled with such fearful news borne with the litter.

Is it not something more for the Parisian world, that the present head of the great French family (more in need of a head than most families we know of) should have been fired upon, and escaped by a hair's-breadth the ending of his life and reign?

Newly-arrived observers from America tell us that the matter was received more quietly than the story of Bill Poole's death in the city of New York. Very much less noisily it may have been; for it must be remembered that open expression of feelings is nowadays outside of the habit of Parisians; street-groupings and the earnest talk at corners is forbidden; that omnipresent police says to excited people, "Why are you here? Move on!"

And so the world does move on—quietly outside—even in that turbulent France; but he knows little of the current of Paris life, who has not been made aware, in these months last gone, of very much and earnest talk under private roofs—talk which was weighty with forebodings, and whose current eddied fearfully around those twin shots of Pianori at the Emperor.

If he had fallen! For our own part, we can not share at all in the complacency of those foreign correspondents for our own journals, who talk of this matter in a tone of pleading for the assassin—for all the world, as if they might be Pianori's friends; finding excuses for the culprit, and never hazarding a gratulation that the blow did not take effect. We do not envy any man those sympathies which are put in a glow by the daring of such criminal endeavors.

We profess to no profound admiration of the moral worth of Louis Napoleon. We believe him capable of great bad things, but we have even less

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admiration for those Republicans who would go about the achievement of their ends by secret assassination; or who, by a prurient sympathy with crime, would seek to give the criminal the glory of political martyrdom.

There is one feature about this affair which we gladly take up again, though the story is old; for it is a bright spot of imperial history, since it shows us for once a real glimpse of the domestic affection which lives so rarely in such palaces as that of the Tuileries.

They carried the story of the Emperor's escape to Eugenie, who was riding beyond in the park; and they tell us she forgot utterly her high position in the shock which the tidings gave her, and yielded to such womanly tears of joy and thanksgiving as quickened the on-lookers into a sympathy that was deep and silent—silent for a moment only, and then broke out in long shouts of greeting. We pity the man who would not have shared in doing honor to that true, womanly heart.

The crime, if consummated, would have made but a poor rallying-point for the European lovers of liberty; and we believe that every Republican and every Italian of noble aspirations must regret that their nation or their party should, by remote associations even, be linked with the dastard who has gone to his account.

It was on Monday only of the week following the crime that he suffered the extreme penalty of the law. There were very many curious to see how the man would bear his fate; and when upon Sunday at midnight they began the erection of the scaffold upon the little square fronting the prison of La Roquette, the wine merchants who keep late-opened shops in that quarter sent off their runners to announce the fact to those who had promised a *douceur* for the terrible intelligence.

By gray dawn, a considerable crowd had gathered around the fatal machine. It is a quiet quarter of the city, upon a broad, open place planted with trees, near to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. The prison is upon one side; and upon the other, a great house of confinement for young vagrants. Ordinarily, the passers are few, except those who have dismal business with the tombstone makers who abound in the neighborhood, or still more dismal business with the funeral processions which go and come to the burial-ground beyond.

All day long a sentinel paces back and forth before the prison gates, and another before the great door-way which opens upon the court of the young Paris vagrants. The few soldiers who make up the *Corps de Garde* sit on benches beneath the trees, smoking their pipes or playing at *piquet*.

At this early hour, however, they were stealing out one by one from the guard-house, looking with sobered faces upon the red scaffolding, and upon the gathering groups of women and strangers.

The always-present police were there, warning off the curious from too near an approach; and a solitary lantern, after the street-lamps were shut off, showed a fitful red gleam upon the scaffolding itself.

As the morning broke, a company of the Paris Guard, some two hundred strong, came and took up position around the spot, pressing back the throng, and leaving an open space of sixty or seventy feet around the guillotine. A mounted company also tramped up to the scene, and formed in line at a little distance, to be ready for all emergencies.

Between four and five there was a stir around the prison gates; and presently the foremost among the spectators could see the man in white, with a black vail over his face, coming out, with his arms tied behind him and his feet bare. An official held him by the shoulder on either side. He mounted the half-dozen steps which lead to the scaffold with an assured air, muttered a stifled cry of *Vive la Republique* as they thrust him down upon the plank; then there was a crash, and it was over.

The next day the Palace of Industry was opened, with not so much splendor as had been hoped. The cortége of the Emperor was splendid indeed, and his famous Hundred Guards had never worn so dazzling armor; but the enthusiasm of success did not in any sense belong to the undertaking; the goods were incompletely arranged; the palace itself wore an unfinished look; the grounds about it wore the raw edges of yesterday's delving; the newly-transplanted trees had none of the rich greenness of luxurious health; the parterres with their marble basins, though promising much, were stiff with newness; the officials themselves—bating some few exhibitors of showy trifles—wore the air of those whose thoughts and anxieties were elsewhere; Sebastopol overtopped the Crystal Palace. So it is now, and so it has been from the beginning. War is louder-tongued than peace; a red coat is more killing than the black.

The friends, and friends' friends of one hundred and fifty thousand full grown men who are living in the eye of Sebastopol (but who may die there to-morrow), have thoughts and aspirations nearer to their hearts than any triumphs in furniture-making or successes in jewelry. The Emperor has tried hard to live two lives at once—that of peace and that of war—but he can not; none of us can. He has kept bravely to his street-making, and the Rivoli is even now a more brilliant show than that of the Commission of Industry. The water in the Park of Boulogne is shining too, these spring days, and is reflecting to the eager eyes of Parisians such stock of young wood, of rocks, as they never saw before.

If indeed the indolent Prince Napoleon, who drives about with his tooth-pick in his mouth, and his roller-brimmed hat slightly on one side (the very figure of a lust-loving good fellow), had shown an energy equal to his dear cousin, the result might have been different. As it is, we may almost write down, thus early in the history of the summer, the epitaph of the Industrial Commission: "Buried under the Crimea."

Yet the palace is there, and will be (as epochs count in this fast age) always. Not so marvelous for its lightness and its space as the kindred one over channel, on the heights of Sydenham; but strong, beautiful in its details; with gorgeous glass paintings, allegorical of what France hoped to do, taking in the Eastern and the Western light.

We scarce know whether the great avenue of the Champs Elysées, which all strangers loved so much, has lost most or gained by this new architectural display. The observer still finds the great sea of foliage floating between the Arch of Triumph and the Place de la Concorde; but one who has lost five years of Paris out-look, will find the square itself retouched by the same active hands and brain which have pierced the great avenue of Rivoli, and joined the huge masses of the Tulleries and the Louvre.

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The little sunken gardens, which he remembered in the orderly and quiet times, when Louis Philippe sat upon the throne, have gone by—no trace of them is left. The balustrades which bounded them now shine upon the terrace of the Tuileries gardens, or stretch in whitened lines around the skirts of the great square, where the trim fountains glitter, and the needle of Luxor pierces the sky.

The little corner pavilions upon which the queen cities of France sit in sculptured pride still remain; but their old coating of smoke and the dust of years is gone; and they are restored to the whiteness of fresh tombs. The paving stones, which kept up a continuous rattle, have given place to a smooth and clean surface of Macadam, over which the omnibuses roll with the easy sway of pleasure-going phaetons. The street which traversed the place nearest to the Champs Elysées has disappeared, and the forest of the Elysian wood has been stretched over it with new planted trees.

The great avenue itself, stretching toward the Arch of Triumph, is now one undivided surface, as smoothly and cleanly kept as the court of a palace, and the thousand carriages roll over it so smoothly and quietly that one can talk to his neighbor upon the sidewalk without raising his voice above an in-door tone.

The quaint little rush-bottomed chairs, which the visitor of five years gone will remember, have given place, along the whole line of the avenue, to gayly painted *fauteuils* of iron wire, presided over by the keen-eyed old ladies, who pass hither and thither in neat caps and pinafores, demanding their little charge of two sous a sitting.

As in the old time of kings, or of republic, the great avenue is lined, upon these summer evenings, with thousands who lounge, and smoke, and watch the passing equipages. Young girls in Leghorn flats and embroidered *pantalons* frolic around the chairs of *maman*, or *bonne*, or plead for drives in the little goat-drawn carriages; boys in tartan leggings (one fruit of the alliance) trundle hoops under the trees; the old woman still tends the scales under the pavilion, where you may seat yourself and be weighed for a penny; the lay-horses still traverse their circuit with adventurous provincials bestride them; and the blind fiddler, with his pewter pot for pennies, still saws the cat-gut under the trees as he did ten years ago.

There is the same juggler, too, who throws two staves in the air, and catches them on his chin; and although he has grown so rich by his craft as to live in a princely country house outside the barrier, his love for his tricks still drives him, on every fair day, to the open spaces among the trees of the Champs Elysées, where the soldiers and nurse-maids gape at him with amazement.

We must not forget, while we are wandering in this region of Paris indulgence, the great *cafés*, with their outlying temples, where the cast-away opera nymphs sing in yellow and crimson brocade. They tell us that now they have furbished up these temples with gilded ornamentation, and set up painted statues, each one bearing a gorgeous chandelier, which in the night flames through the trees, and makes the whole scene like some wood-palace of genii.

Another change which the stranger notes is a new English garden (a delicate compliment to the Island visitors), established in the very middle of the wood. Mounds of green grass have risen about the bolls of the old chestnuts; tufts of evergreen shrubs serve as background for delicate blossoming azalias; rustic arbors are covered with newly-transplanted ivies; ponds of water float whole troops of aquatic flowers; the richest roses fling perfumes around one, and exotics breathing languid odors are growing in a miniature palace of crystal in the midst of this sudden wonder.

And it is just opposite to this Jardin Anglais—so quickly and deftly accomplished—that you see upon the old vacant square of the Champs Elysées (where the poles were set and greased for fête-day climbers) that the white façade of the Palace of Industry now rises. France (in white marble) crowns the edifice, holding in her extended hands two crowns of gold, with which she promises (in marble) to reward the deserving of every nation.

Below this colossal figure are *bas-reliefs*, showing a little crowd of representative men and women coming from either land to put a garland on the brow of his Majesty Louis Napoleon (who looks, as you see him from below, like a he-goat upon the altar of sacrifice). A cumbrous archway—flanked by two angels blowing trumpets of fame or glory—spans the great portal, looking toward the north.

Passing beneath this, and under the galleries supported by a cloister, like series of arches, you find yourself before the sparkling fountain which glitters in the middle of the Palace. Above you—by we know not how many feet—the crystal span of roof hangs like a milky cloud; on either side it touches the top of a light series of iron arches, which rise from the floor of the galleries, and these in their turn are hung over by their milky roofs of glass, resembling the middle and larger crystal vault which covers the crystal area. Looking west and east you see the flaming colored glass, of which we have already spoken, forming two immense semicircular *tableaux*, with designs so colossal, that you lose the idea of distance, and find the immense fabric dwarfed to a splendid hall.

Thus much for the material changes in and about the new West-end of Paris; and who is there to see it all?

Americans enough, to be sure, led off by some score of commissioners, who find their labors reduced to the setting forth of a few pictures and pistols, and an immense stock of India-rubber boots.

As for the Austrians, although their gorgeous furniture has full representation, they are staying in Vienna and the Principalities. We think they will stay there for a long time to come.

The English, indeed, have crossed the Channel in troops: they have even begged the loan of the French Protestant Church for a special service of their own; and it is pleasant to perceive, amidst the changes and animosities of the war, and in contrast with our own religious bickerings at home, that Protestants and Papists are so quietly and amicably following after each their own faith, within sight of the belfry from which rung out, once on a time, the signal for the Bartholomew slaughter!

Here and there a Russian still lingers about the *purlieus* of the metropolis, little known, and shunning attention; pursuing quietly his old commercial interests, and slipping from time to time to the little Greek chapel of the Rue de Berry where the Russian priest—bereaved now of his flock and of the costly gifts of the Russian Princesses—still devotes himself to the ritual of the true church of St.

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LITTLE DAUGHTER. "I wish the rivers *would* rise."

FATHER. "Why, what have *you* got to do with the rivers rising?"

LITTLE DAUGHTER. "A great deal, father; for then the *boats* would run."

FATHER. "And what have you to do with the *boats* running, my child, eh?"

LITTLE DAUGHTER. "They would bring the *cotton* down, father."

FATHER (looking over his spectacles). "And what have *you* to do, darling, with cotton bales?"

LITTLE DAUGHTER. "Why, if the cotton was down you would be able to *sell* it, you know, dear father," smilingly.

FATHER. "And what then?"

LITTLE DAUGHTER. "You would have plenty of money."

FATHER. "Well?"

LITTLE DAUGHTER (laying her little hand on his shoulder, and looking up into his face). "Then you could pay mother that twenty-dollar gold piece you borrowed of her, you know, father."

FATHER. "And what then, child?"

LITTLE DAUGHTER. "Then mother could pay Aunt Sarah the ten dollars she owes *her*."

FATHER. "Ay—indeed! And what then?"

LITTLE DAUGHTER. "And Aunt Sarah would pay sister Jane the dollar she promised to give her on New-Year's, but didn't, because she didn't have any cotton—any money, I mean, father."

FATHER. "Well, and what *else?*" (He lays down the newspaper and looks at her cautiously, with half a smile.)

LITTLE DAUGHTER. "Sister Jane would pay brother John his fifty cents back, and he said when he got it he would give me the half-dime he owes me, and two dimes to buy marbles—and this is what I want the river to rise for, and the big boats to run! And I owe nurse the other dime, and must pay my debts!"

"Pa" looked at "Ma." "There it is," he said; "we are all, big and little, like a row of bricks. Touch one, and away we all go, even down to our little Carrie, here. She has, as a child, as great an interest in the rise of the river as I have. We are all, old and young, waiting for money to buy marbles."

A good lesson for debtor and creditor, too, and well enforced.

"THE cat will mew, the dog will have his day," Hamlet says; but there was a cat that mewed and had *its* day, too, not long since, on the New York and Erie Railroad. We have the amusing facts (and more remarkable in themselves than amusing in their accessories) from an eye-witness. They are authentic in every particular.

At one of the Eastern stations of the Susquehanna division of the New York and Erie Railroad, while the train was being stopped to take in wood and water, the passengers, and especially some of the female passengers, had their attention wonderfully excited by the mewing of a cat or kitten somewhere in the car.

"Where *is* that plaguy cat?" said a nervous lady, who "could not abide" that harmless, necessary quadruped. "I can't bear 'em; I guess somebody's got it in their carpet-bag. Sounds as if it was half smothered."

However, wood and water being served, on went the train over one of the long reaches, or "steppes," of some thirty-five or forty miles, which prevail on that magnificent iron thoroughfare. When it stopped:

"Meaw!—*meaw!*—MEAW!" sounded again from the floor of the car, as if directly under the feet of the passengers.

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed an old woman from the "rural districts," "there *is* a cat under some of us, sure enough! I hear the poor thing as plain as day." And she stepped out into the passage-way of the broad cars, and gave her clothes a good shaking.

Now Colonel S——, a distinguished "railroad man," who was a passenger, had also *his* curiosity excited, as was also that of a good many others; and after scrutinizing inside of the cars pretty closely (the "meaws" all the while sounding more or less plainly), several got out to see if they could solve the mystery by an examination of the *under*-side of the train.

The secret was soon "*out*." There was a man with a hammer, as is customary at intervals, under the train, testing the wheels to see if any one had become cracked, or otherwise injured; and while he was doing this, out of the hole in the side of a "ventilated" wheel, or a wheel with a large hole in it near the edge, on the inside, a frightened kitten, with "distended eyes, and visage all aglare," thrust forth its head, leaped out, and ran, like a hen with its head cut off, zig-zag, and crazily, into an adjoining wood! Puss had a "rolling gait," and no wonder. She had rolled over and over for more than fifty miles!

IT is not often that our readers will find a more tender and beautiful picture taken from our varied receptacle of "things new and old," than the following, from the pen of Hon. Charles G. Eastman, of Vermont. Its perfect simplicity is one of its greatest charms:

"The farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

"The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
'Don't smoke!' said the child, 'how it makes you cry!'

"The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade, afternoons, used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree
Had plodded along to almost three;

"Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head bent down, on her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep were they both that summer day."

SOME months ago we placed in the Drawer the annexed, from a "correspondential" column of the Boston *Herald*. The venerable and voluble old female snuff-taker is a perfect character, in her way. She is a feminine "brick." Hear her upon a question of Morals and Wag— But we haven't *come* to that yet. Read on:

"'Now, there's them boys—young men they're

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called—boys I call them. There they are—Abner and Dan'el—smart boys—good family—very respectable folks—very—v-e-r-y! Known 'em ever so long—live down in Springfield—folks well to do in the world—pious folks, too. And there's them boys, Abner and Dan'el. Both of 'em—Abner twenty-five, Dan'el twenty-two. There they are. Folks church-goin' people. Orthodox. There's them boys. Opposed to the liquor law—both of 'em. Bad as in-fiddles. Suppose they dont b'leeve in no Hell. It's awful. Perfectly awful. A-w-f-u-l! Both of 'em.'

"Here the venerable matron took an alarming pinch of snuff—mind, she had been punctuating the above remarks with constant pinches, but here she came to a full stop with one that was really wonderful. She survived it, however, and then went on. 'Both them boys took a notion to ride. Sunday, too. Sabbath breakin'. What d' *they* care? All days one to *them*, I 'spose. Perhaps don't believe in no Sabbath. Don't believe in nothin'. Took a notion to go out on a ride. Down they went to the stables. Livery stables. They went to a livery stable. And there they hired a—they hired a—let me see; what *was* it they hired?'

"'Carriage?' suggested my friend.

"'No, no; wait a minute; what *was* it? They hired a—a—'

"'Chaise?—buggy?—carryall?' he hinted in rapid succession.

"'No, no, no; wait a minute. I'll think on't in a minute. They hired a—they hired a—*what was* it they hired?'

"'Cart?—tilbury?—phaeton?—gig?' he again suggested, really growing curious to know what it *was* they hired.

"'No, no, no. Lord-a-massy, what was it? Let me see. It was a—it was a—' Here she took another alarming pinch.

"'Handcart?—wheelbarrow?—donkey cart?—dirt cart?—dray?—furniture wagon?'

"'No, no, no, Sir; I tell you no. 'Twarn't any of them. It was a—it was a—sake's alive, what was the name of it?'

"'Fire-engine?—locomotive?—go-cart?—Juggernaut?—balloon?—watering cart?' broke out my friend, in desperation.

"'No, no, no. *Do* wait a minute. Lord-a-massy, it's strange I *forget* it. They hired a—they hired a—'

"Here she came to a dead pause, meditated, and took snuff largely."

The voluble old lady got hold of it at last. They had hired a "*vehicle*"—a species of wagon she had not heard of before!

In one of the towns of the "Far West," recently, at "an election held then and there," a man approached the polls to vote. He didn't look much like an honest elector, and accordingly his vote was at once challenged.

"I am entitled to vote," said he; "I am naturalized; and I've got my papers."

"Where are they?" said one of the inspectors.

"Have you got them *with* you?" asked another.

"They are at home—I haven't got them along," replied the would-be voter.

"Very well, Sir; your vote is challenged; you must produce your papers."

He went away "in a huff," and by-and-by returned, and handed a couple of papers to the chairman of the inspectors:

"*There*," said he, "*see* if I haven't got the papers."

He *had* "got *the papers*," but not the kind *he* wanted, or the inspectors either. They simply announced his commitment to, and liberation from, the State Prison!

Finding his mistake, the indignant jail-bird left the polls instanter.

This made us think of the honest old English Quaker, who is said to have voted under somewhat amusing circumstances, some years since, in one of our upper wards. He presented himself at the polls, and his vote was challenged by a surly inspector.

"Why, friend, thee knows me; I live in thy ward."

"Yes, I know you by sight, but I never saw your papers. You must bring your papers."

"I will go and get them, and bring them to thee; but does thee believe that I would tell thee a falsehood?"

"I don't say any thing about *that;* all I say is, we must have the papers. The law is, that we must have 'em."

Off went our Friend, and in about half an hour he returned, bringing with him the necessary documents, when his suffrage was at once admitted.

The next year at a hotly-contested election, in which some important moral, social, or religious question was involved, the Quaker again appeared at the polls, and there was the same inspector, who again challenged his vote.

"Now," said the Friend, "thee *doesn't* want me to go again a mile to get my papers, does thee? Thee surely must know I have a vote."

"Yes, we want the papers before us."

"Well," said the Friend, with a smile on his face, that fairly lighted up the shadow of his broad-brim, "I *thought* that perhaps thee might be so vicious, and so I brought them *with* me *this* time!"

"There was not much to be said in reply.

The following lines were obtained from the late Mr. R. A. Davenport, compiler of a Dictionary of Biography, and author of several other English works. They are in Byron's own handwriting, were sent with the seal and post-mark of the letter which inclosed them, and were never before published. The lines throw some light on the apparent indifference which Byron was in the habit of exhibiting on the occasion of separation by death, or other causes, from those he loved; and especially on the occasion of his parting with Madame Guiccioli, at the period of his embarkation for Greece:

"I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss without a sigh;
And yet thou wert surpassing dear,
Too loved of all, to die.
I know not what hath seared mine eye;
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its *lids* deny,
Falls dreary on my *heart!*

"Yes—deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink, and turn to care;
As caverned waters wear the stone
Yet dropping, harden there:
They can not petrify more fast,
Than feelings sunk remain,
Which coldly fixed, regard the Past,
But never melt again!"

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BY-AND-BY, in after years, when the memory of *any* American repudiation shall have been forgotten, and even Sydney Smith's sharp-shooting be remembered no more, some reader of "*Harper*" may run his eye over the subjoined "*Run upon a Western Bank*," and while he "laughs ready to split his sides," wonder "if such things could have been in *those* days:"

"Can you give me specie for this?"

"No."

"Sight—or short time—or Eastern exchange?"

"No!"

"What *can* you give me?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! *Why?*"

"You are making 'a run' upon our institution—*a run*, Sir. This species of presentation we are bound to resist. You are trying to break us, Sir—to make us stop payment, Sir. But you can't *do it*, Sir."

"But *haven't* you stopped payment, when you refuse to redeem?"

"No, Sir. Ours is a *stock* institution. Your ultimate security, Sir, is deposited with the auditor. We *can't* 'break,' Sir—we *can't* 'stop payment.'"

"But have you no specie on hand?"

"Yes, Sir, and we are bound to *keep* it on hand; the law *obliges* us to keep twelve and a half per cent. of specie on hand. If we paid it out every time one of you fellows calls, how could we 'keep it on hand,' according to law? We should be in a *pretty* box!"

"Then I shall proceed to have the note protested."

"Very well, Sir; you will find a notary-public at ——, provided he is at home. He lives about one hundred and forty miles from here. But you'd better go home, Sir, and rely upon your ultimate security. We *can't* pay specie; find it won't do—but you are ultimately secure."

The "ultimate security" is disregarded, the note is protested, "without regard to *expense*," and the notary directed to prosecute the bill of the "Squash Bank at Lost Prairie" to collection as soon as possible. "How long," asks the holder, "will it be before I can expect to realize upon the ultimate securities of the institution? Thirty days, is it not?"

"Not quite as soon as that, Sir. I shall forthwith give notice to the officers of the Squash Bank. If they pay no attention to it, I shall offer its securities in my hands for sale; but in discharging my duty to all the creditors of the institution, I shall not proceed to offer any of its assets in this market until after at least ninety days' notice in New York, London, and Paris, so as to insure the largest and best prices for the securities, and not then, if, in my opinion, the ultimate interests of all concerned will be promoted by a further extension! Hem!"

"But, my dear Sir, how long will it be before I shall be able to realize upon my demand?"

To this pregnant question the notary replies, that he "couldn't say, indeed: it depends somewhat upon the fate of the war in Europe—even now more doubtful than ever. Still, you can rely upon your ultimate security."

"ULTIMATE SECURITY!—but I—I want *my money!*"

"Oh, ay, ah! that's a different thing!"

This was what might be termed "a hopeful investment."

THE English people have, on a good many occasions, represented among the peculiarities of the "universal Yankee nation"—by which *they* understand the Republic at large—the propensity *to whittle;* and an American friend, who had visited London, once told us, that at the house of a gentleman, where he was treated with the most cordial hospitality, the host, leaving him to himself for a while in the morning, said, as he left him:

"Amuse yourself as you please, until my return. I have heard that a favorite pastime with you is *whittling.* You will find here plenty of soft wood, in convenient shapes; if they should give out, whittle the soft parts of any thing you may find in this smoking apartment, Sir. Good morning. Make yourself at 'ome. I won't be absent long!"

Speaking of whittling, that is a capital joke told of Joe Smith, the bellicose Mormon prophet. During his time, whenever an offensive and rebellious gentleman was found among them, he was very formally waited upon, and requested to *sell out.* If he then persisted in remaining, then men were dispatched to *sit* down at his door and whittle; when he went into his fields, they followed and whittled; when he went off to town to trade, they followed him whittling! Whether he went to the church or the town, there were the eternal *whittlers*, grave as judges, and never smiling!

This was more than human nature could stand; and at last the obstinate fellow was compelled to give up and "cut stick" himself. The persevering disciples literally "whittled him out of Nauvoo!"

A Kiss is a hard thing to describe on paper, with only the unyielding, unimpressible materials of pen and ink; but the fact has been courageously attempted by a wag who had been to a wedding, "all of which he saw, and part of which he was;" and he describes a kiss as follows, having "seen it done and performed, and heard the reverberation:"

"This is the age of improvement, ladies and gentlemen—stand back, and you will see *A Kiss on Paper.* Don't be incredulous. I will give you the sound in types. Listen:

"When two pairs of affectionate lips are placed together to the intent of osculation, the noise educed is something like to the ensuing:

'Epe-st'weep'st-e'e!'

and then the sound tapers off so softly and so musically, that no letters can do it justice.

"But this is a digression. If any one thinks my description imperfect, let him *surpass* it, if he can."

The friend who sends this "donation" to our "Drawer" says:

"I have seen a very affectionate young man who was in love, with a good steel pen, upon fine note-paper, try to improve this, but he couldn't do it. It couldn't be done with a pen made from a quill out of Cupid's wing."

ON one of the Sound steamers, the other night, the Captain, as usual, was looking around to see that every body was "tucked in" and all was right, when, going into the lower cabin, he spied a pair of *countryish* boots on the extremities of their owner, and in fearful contrast with the snow-white quilt that supported them. The considerate Captain shook Mr. Boots gently, and intimated to him, in the mildest way, that it was against the rules of the boat for gentlemen to wear their boots in bed. As soon as the wakened owner was able to compre-

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hend the case, he remarked, very coolly, "Oh, it won't hurt 'em, I guess; they are an old pair. I'll risk 'em."

This was a very natural blunder of our unsophisticated traveler; but the reply reminds us of the anxious inquiry of Lady Rattle. Her lap-dog snapped at Colonel Bedlow's leg—he wore short breeches—and fastened his teeth in the gallant officer's calf. Lady Rattle was frightened at the accident, and taking the little cur in her arms pressed him tenderly to her bosom, as she said, "Poor dear, I hope it won't make him sick."

There was a famous Irish Member of Parliament who was a glutton at dinner, but who was remarkable for his neglect of all ablutions. His son was one day standing in the bow-window of the Club-house, conversing with Lord Somebody, when the father passed down on the opposite side of the street.

"Jack," said the noble lord, "what *does* make your father's hands so dirty?"

"Well," said the affectionate young man, "I believe it arises from a bad habit he has of putting them up to his face."

"PUNCTUALITY is the thief of time," said Mr. Slowandeasy; but the late Mr. Higginson, the successful merchant, repudiated the motto, though he never repudiated a debt. He amassed a large property by energetic business, and at the ripe age of fourscore rested from his labors. Before his death he made all the arrangements for his burial, and even went so far in his forethought as to select the neighbors whom he wished to act at his funeral as bearers. The list was made out, with the aid of his son; and as there was nothing more to be said or done, he sank away on his pillow, and was apparently expiring. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and, rallying, he spoke to his son,

"Did we put the name of Mr. Wiggins among the bearers?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the young man.

"Then strike it off," said the dying father, his ruling passion strong in death; "strike it off; he might *hinder the procession a whole hour!*"

OLD TIME pleasantries were quite up to the present, as witness this by James Gregory, M.D., in 1774:

"Oh give me, dear angel, the lock of your hair,"
A bashful young lover looked loving, and sighed;
'Twas a sin to refuse so modest a prayer,
"You shall have my whole wig," the dear girl replied.

MRS. HUTCHINSON'S great-grandmother was one of a party who sat down to the first pound of *tea* that ever came into the North of England. It was sent up there from London as a present, but with no directions how to use it. They boiled the whole at once, and sat down to eat the leaves with butter and salt, wondering all the time how any body could like such food!

This was a hundred years ago and more. And about the same time, one Joseph Williams, a godly merchant, wrote a letter to his friend Mr. Green, who had sent him a present of green tea which had lost some of its flavor in the passage. Joseph was grieved that the tea had suffered by the way, but moralizes on the matter in a very edifying strain. "The tea," he says, "came safe to hand; but it hath lost the elegant flavor it had when we drank of the same together, owing, I suppose, to its conveyance in paper, which, being very porous, easily admits effluvia from other goods packed up with it, and emits effluvia from the tea. Such are the moral tendencies of evil communications among men, which nothing will prevent (like canisters for tea) but taking to us the whole panoply of the Gospel. Had the tea been packed up with cloves, mace, and cinnamon, it would have been tinctured with sweet spices; so 'he that walketh with wise men shall be wise.'"

Wine and the Muses have always had the credit of keeping company; but we doubt not that tea has inspired as many heads with good things as did ever the "jolly god." Pope writes of a lady who had gone into the country

"To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muse and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon."

Dr. Young says of another:

"Her two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the Bohea and inflame the bean;
While one white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup and make the world admire."

It is said to be a slow poison. "Very slow," said the Doctor; "I have been dying of it for seventy years."

Lady Morgan's tea-parties in Dublin were remarkable for the excellent qualities of the beverage, and the wit of the company which the charming hostess had the happy faculty of extracting. "Sugar yourselves, gentlemen," she would say, "and I will milk you all."

THE Maine Liquor Law scares up now and then a good story. Judge Bates is a wag in his way, which is a very quiet way withal. He lives in the country, and the store on the corner where he does his trading is one of those shops where a little of every thing and some other things are kept for sale—the same sort of a store with that one down South, on whose outer walls the alliterative tradesman had advertised his wares in the following lines:

Bibles, Blackball, Butter;
Testaments, Tar, Treacle,
Godly Books and Gimlets,
For Sale Here.

The Judge called as he was passing, designing to make the purchase of a mackerel. Several friends were in who knew that the Judge had become a good temperance man, and were willing to run him a little. The storekeeper joined in the sport, and begged the Judge to take a little something.

"What will you have, Judge? Take any thing you like."

The Judge looked around, as if in doubt what to choose, and replied, "*I believe I will take a mackerel!*"

Helping himself, he gravely walked out of the store, and was not invited to take any thing there again.

A NEW reading of the marriage service is mentioned by Silk Buckingham, in his forthcoming autobiography. He says that some students gained access to the Clarendon printing-offices in Oxford, and roguishly substituted the letter *k* for the letter *v* in the word live; and thus the vow "to love, honor, comfort, etc., so long as ye both shall live," was made to read "so long as ye both shall *like!*" The change was not discovered until the whole of the sheets were printed off. Not a few of our mod-

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certainly not a very wise observation, if Dr. Johnson did make it. But fat men have sometimes been great men, and have driven other people, though it would be hard work to drive them. There was a Senator of the United States, some years ago, who was so fat that it was said the ferry-boat had to go twice for him to get him over a river. Dr. Beddoes, the English antiquarian, was so enormously wide-spread that he was called a "traveling haystack." A butcher desired him to give out that he bought his meat of *him*, as it would make his fortune to have it known that he fed such a Falstaff.

In the court of Louis XV. lived two lusty noblemen, who were cousins. The King said to one of them, when rallying him on his corpulency, "I suppose you take little or no exercise." "Your Majesty will pardon me," replied the bulky Duke, "but I generally walk round my cousin two or three times every morning."

Dr. Stafford was so very large that his epitaph was made to match:

"Take heed, Oh good traveler, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. Stafford, *in all this church-yard*."

A tallow chandler, remarkable for his own obesity, was honored with the following lines on his grave-stone:

"Here lies in earth an honest fellow,
Who died by fat and lived by tallow."

As "we" came on a Brooklyn ferry-boat the other day, a gentleman, one of the fast men evidently, drove on board at a rapid rate, and nearly ran over a man, who seized his horse by the bridle and brought him to a standstill.

"What do you mean," said the driving individual, "by catching hold of my horse?"

"What do *you* mean by driving over people in this kind of a way?"

"Let go of my horse, I tell you!"

"I'll see you hung first."

The man leaped out of his buggy, and coming rapidly upon the other, whip in hand, cried out:

"I say let go of that horse."

"I say I won't till I get ready."

"Well, then," said the driver, throwing his whip into the carriage, "just hold him, will you?" and he walked into the cabin.

That was as quiet, and quite as cute a way to settle a dispute as that adopted by Nooks when he met Stooks in a tight place, and neither could turn out without some danger of overturning their respective carts. "If you don't turn out," said Nooks, "I'll serve you just as I did a man I met half a mile back here in just such a place as this." Stooks was impressed by the decision which Nooks displayed, and promptly complied with the request; but just as he was getting by, he inquired,

"How about that man you met—how did you serve him?"

"Well, you see," said Nooks, "when I found he wouldn't turn out for me, why I just turned out for him!"

It takes a down east man to ask questions; but once in a while one of them finds his match. Jonathan overtook a gentleman who was traveling on horseback notwithstanding the disadvantage of having lost a leg. His curiosity was awakened, as he rode alongside of him, to know how he chanced to meet with such a misfortune.

"Been in the army, I guess?" said the anxious inquirer.

"Never was in the army in my life," the traveler remarked.

"Fit a duel, p'raps?"

"Never fought a duel, Sir."

"Horse throwed you off, I guess, or something of that are sort?"

"No, Sir; nothing of the kind."

Jonathan tried various dodges, but all to no effect; and at last, almost out of patience with himself as well as with the gentleman, whose patience was very commendable, he determined on a direct inquiry as to the nature of the accident by which the gentleman had come to lose his leg.

"I will tell you," replied the traveler, "on condition that you will promise not to ask me another question."

"Agreed, agreed!" exclaimed the eager listener; "agreed!"

"Well, Sir," remarked the gentleman, "*it was bit off!*"

"Bit off!" cried Jonathan. "Wa'll, I declare, I should just like to know *what on arth bit it off!*"

Jonathan was no more inquisitive, and no more taken aback, than the inquiring Englishman, who had been betrayed into the presumption of asking a gentleman with whom he was traveling, if he was a single man? "No, I am not, Sir."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—a married man?"

"No, Sir, I am not."

"Pray, excuse me; I perceive you are a widower."

"No, I am not a widower."

The inquisitor was nonplussed. Not a single man, nor a married man, nor a widower: "Pray, what may you be, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"It is none of your business; but if you are very anxious to know, *I am a divorced man, Sir!*"

In this roasting hot weather—"all-fired hot," one of our neighbors loves to call it—how appropriate and timely is the wise and wholesome advice in these words:

"Don't be in a hurry.—It's no sort of use. We never knew a fellow who was always in a hurry, that wasn't always behindhand. They are proverbial, all over the world, for bringing nothing at all to pass. Hurry, skurry, bluster, splatter—what does it all amount to? Not a straw. If you want to accomplish any thing as it should be done, you must go about it coolly, moderately, faithfully. Hurrying, fretting, fumbling, spluttering, will do no good—not in the least. Are great works of great men done in a hurry? Not at all. They are the produce of time and patience—the result of slow, solid development. Nothing ought to be done in a hurry. It is contrary to nature, right, justice, and common sense. Your man of hurry is no sort of character at all. Always in confusion, loose at every point, unhinged and unjointed, blowing and puffing here and there, but all ending in smoke."

One or two pulpit anecdotes have found their way into the "Drawer," which we must get rid of. In Georgia a preacher of the violent order—that is, one who thinks to take the kingdom of heaven by violence—was praying with great vehemence of lungs—fairly shouting in the ear of Infinite Mercy—when a little girl in the house drew her mother's

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ear close to her lips, and said, "Ma', don't you think, if he lived near to God, he could make him hear without speaking so loud?"

It was near New Haven, Connecticut, the City of Elms, as our correspondent writes, that the Rev. Mr. Smitkins was describing the peaceful departure of an aged saint, on whose last hours it had been his recent privilege to attend. Mr. Smitkins was one of the unlearned clergy, who despised grammar, and spake as they were moved. He said: "When I *arrove* at the house of my *diseased* friend, he was *pers*piring his last. I went and stood by his bedside. He was gone too far to talk, but I said, 'Brother, if you feel happy now, jist *sque-eze* my hand,' and he *squo-oze* it."

We shall not mention the name of the distinguished divine who has often told the following story, but it is genuine, and on his credibility we become responsible for its truth. A good man, but ill-instructed Out West, had a call to preach. Being unable to read, he employed a friend to read the selection from the Scriptures. On one occasion the chapter was the twenty-second of Genesis, which contains the words—"These eight did Milcha bear to Nahor, Abraham's brother." From these words he proceeded to discourse as follows:

"Brethren and sisters, let us consider our blessings. We have all the comforts of life. We have flocks and herds, and our hearts are filled with food and gladness. Morning and evening our wives and daughters milk the cows, and our wants are all supplied. In the days of good old Abraham, the case was different; for then, as you have heard, it *took eight to milk a bear*, and they did not get much at that."

THERE was great comfort to a desponding man in the answer he got from a friend to whom he was confiding his gloomy apprehensions of the future. "I don't see," said Mr. Blues to Mr. Bright, "how I shall ever get through the world."

"Did you ever hear," asked Mr. Bright, "of one who got stuck by the way?"

"IN your last month's 'Drawer,'" writes an old country friend, "you had a story of a preacher in New England, whose salary is twenty-five dollars a year and half the fish he can catch. It reminded me of one of our Scotch clergy of the Established Church, who met one of his parishioners who was behind hand in his dues, and had paid him in poor grain besides.

"William," said the minister, "you must bring me better grain; I can't sell it, it is so bad."

"It's just what the land produces, Sir, and I hae nothin' else to gie."

"But then you are a bad farmer, William, you must farm better."

"Tut, tut, Sir, that's no civil, I'll no take that off your han'; I attend your kirk, an' you gie us just what your head produces, and I dinna find faut; I dinna tell you that you are a bad preacher, although you tell me I am a bad farmer; but if I was to step into the Free Kirk meeting-house, I might get baith bigger measure, and better corn. If you'll take all the weak corn an' cauf out of your sermons, I'll put my corn once mair thro' the fanners."

The minister told William he was very impertinent, but found no more fault with his corn.

THE Persians have an apologue which teaches that every man has two angels, one at his right shoulder, the other at his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, "Gracious Allah! I have sinned; forgive me!" the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps.

A GENTLEMAN finding his servant intoxicated, said,

"What! drunk again, Sam? I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again."

"No, massa," replied Sam, "*same drunk*, same drunk, massa."

THE most original spelling that we have ever seen, is the following. It beats phonetics:—80 you be—A tub; 80 oh! pea—A top; Be 80—Bat; See 80—Cat; Pea 80—Pat; See O double you—Cow; See you be—Cub; See a bee—Cab; Be you double tea—Butt; Be a double ell—Ball.

"WHAT's the matter, John?"

"I ain't done nothing, father."

"Well, what are you crying for, you lubber?"

"I was afraid you would whip me."

"What! whip you when you don't do any thing?',

"Yes, Sir."

"Go in the house, you booby."

John felt quite relieved, and went into the house, and his father went down to the farm. Very soon his father came back in a rage, and laying a cowhide over the urchin's back, said,

"Did I not tell you when I went away to hoe that corn?"

"Yes, Sir, but you told me just now you wouldn't whip me if I hadn't done nothing."

Fortunately John's wit didn't save him the whipping.

"WHAT are you doing there, Betsey?"

"Only a clearing of the table, Sir?"

"Good Heavens, I hope you havn't made away with any valuable papers!"

"Lor, no! Sir; I've only burnt them as had writing on 'em; I ain't touched one of the clean pieces!" (*Author faints.*)

ONE of our legislatures has won a distinction during the last winter sessions for an average of intellectual weakness which will render it memorable for many years to come.

"I rise for information," said one of the dullest of the members.

"I am very glad to hear it," said one, who was leaning over the bar; "for no man wants it more than yourself."

Another member rose to speak on the bill to abolish capital punishments, and commenced by saying,

"Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general."

"You had better stop," said one, who was sitting near enough to pull him by the coat-tail; "you had better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at."

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Mr. Simpkins's Experiment in Housekeeping.



Mr. Simpkins applies at an Intelligence Office for a sober, tidy, respectable servant.



The Keeper sends him one, with first-rate recommendations from her last place.



Mrs. Simpkins wonders why Bridget will always draw corks with her teeth.



The cork-drawing mystery is solved—not to Mrs. Simpkins's satisfaction.



Mr. Simpkins insists that Bridget shall leave the house at once.



Attempting to carry his order into execution, a slight misunderstanding ensues.

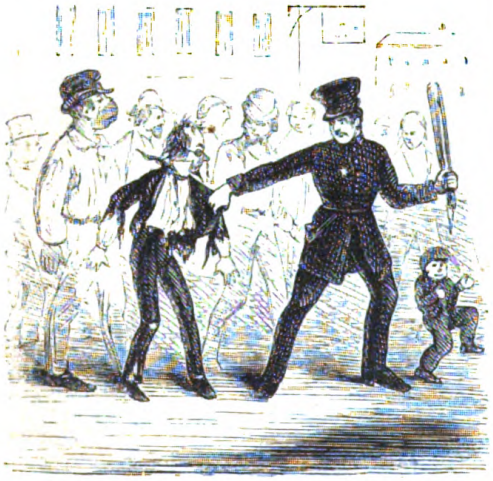
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A crowd gather, and reproach Mr. Simpkins for striking a Woman.



A chivalric Gentleman offers to take the Lady's part.



Mr. Simpkins is arrested for committing Assault and Battery.



Mr. Simpkins passes a night in the Tombs with very pleasant company.



Mr. Simpkins is fined twenty-five dollars, and warned to beware of drinking. The chivalric Gentleman receives the thanks of the Court for his "noble conduct."



Mr. Simpkins is confined to his house for three weeks by an "Attack of the Gout." He can positively see nobody but his Wife and the Doctor.

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Fashions for July.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Home and Visiting Dress.

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THE HOME DRESS (Figure 1) may be composed of any suitable material, and of almost any favorite color. It is cut straight across the shoulders, with a chemisette *à la Madonna*. The body fits smoothly to the figure, is of the natural depth, and rounded, with a slight inclination toward the *demi-basque* at the waist. The sleeves are plain at the upper portion, with two vandyked frills, one just covering the insertion of the other, the lower one reaching to the elbow. The frills and the bottom of the sleeve are trimmed with gimp. The corsage, the top of the dress, and the skirt upon each side of the front breadth, are ornamented with successive loops of ribbon. A row of buttons is placed upon the body, reaching down to the bottom of the skirt. The cap is of Valenciennes, with tabs.

In the VISITING DRESS (Figure 2) the Bonnet consists of three *bouillonnés* of white crape covering as many bands of pink taffeta, which are themselves overlaid with a plain cover of the same crape. Between these puffs, and dividing them, run narrow but full *ruches* of crape. This material, folded in narrow transverse plaits, forms the crown. The cape is pointed at the nape of the neck, its upper seam being covered with a bow with floating ends. Around the brim is a deep fall of blonde. The bonnet is confined by tabs of the same material. Feather flowers are placed upon the side. The inside trimmings are of blonde, with a single delicate spray and crape buds upon each side. The *Canezou* has a pink ribbon drawn through the fullings, which appears on the body, the sides of the sleeves, etc. Three rows of ribbons connect the slashings of the sleeves. Similar bows are placed upon the shoulders and the corsage. The Robe is of *organdie* with full flounces.



FIGURE 3.—LACE MANTILLA.

The MANTILLA above illustrated is of white *Guipure*, adorned with two deeply scalloped flounces. The patterns are of infinite variety. We present one of the most beautiful. Black Chantilly and Guipure laces, as represented in our last, will still retain their place, together with other styles, of which the range is unusually large.

A very pretty BONNET is composed of foundation lace, covered with white crape, dotted with straw buds, and trimmed with blonde. A spray of leaves and heliotropes extends from the front to the bottom of the crown. The face trimmings are of blonde and heather blossoms.

The LACES given below are of open *fichu*, with bows of taffeta to match the dress. The SLEEVES are *en suite*.

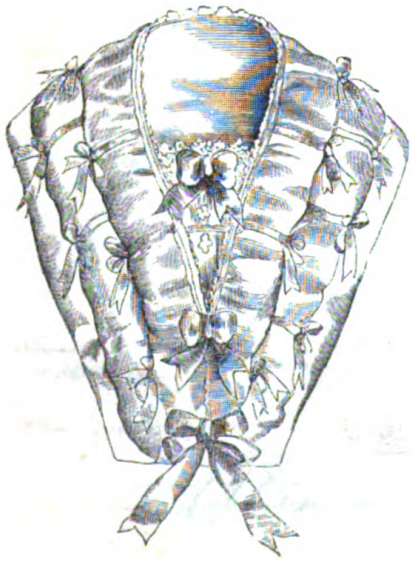


FIGURE 4.—CHEMISETTE.

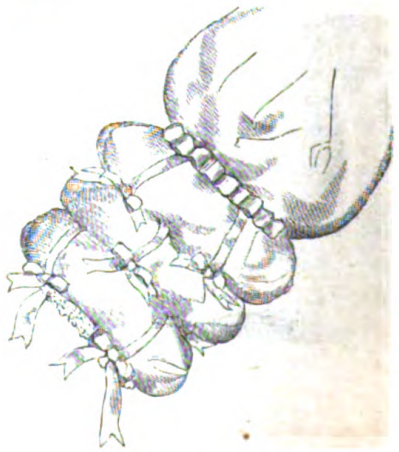


FIGURE 5.—SLEEVE.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXIII.—AUGUST, 1855.—Vol. XI.

VIRGINIA ILLUSTRATED.

ADVENTURES OF PORT CRAYON AND HIS COUSINS.

Third Paper.

"The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."
COWPER.

OUR hero having cast about the premises, and seeing little chance of obtaining quarters elsewhere, with some reluctance betook himself to the bar-room. Here, around a glowing fire, sat ten or a dozen teamsters and drovers, whose looks and demeanor seemed entirely in accordance with the atmosphere of the room, which reeked with fumes of tobacco and corn whisky. As Crayon entered, a strapping, insolent-looking fellow, six feet three in his boots, and somewhat in liquor, welcomed him with a horse-laugh.



TIM LONGBOW.

"Well; may I be stalded in a mud-hole, if here ain't the fellow himself, with a beard as black as a Mexican Greaser's. Jist now I thought it was white. Stranger, step up and drink something."

Crayon was not altogether pleased with the prospect of the night before him, and might also have been nettled by the free and not over-polished commentaries on his personal appearance. He had, too, been contending all day with the conqueror of Napoleon, and it is not strange that he should have been disposed to look slightingly upon the anger of any mere mortal. He replied curtly, by desiring the speaker to hold his peace.

"Why," said the giant, scornfully, "you appear to be an airy gentleman. Now, may I never crack another whip, if you shan't drink or fight before we part."

And so saying, he rose and advanced several paces. Crayon, with the alertness of a rattlesnake, whipped out his hunting-knife, and standing on the defensive, so far as regarded his person, assaulted the wagoner with a volley of epithets, better understood and appreciated by the frequenters of Virginia bar-rooms than by the world at large.

"Tim Longbow, Tim Longbow!" cried the innkeeper, rushing from the bar and seizing the astonished teamster by the arms; "behave yourself in my house."

"Leave me go," cried Tim, laying hold of a chair; "I'll knock that frog-sticker out of his hand in no time."

Others of the company now laid hands on Tim, who perceiving that his antagonist stood his ground, suffered himself to be held and reasoned with.

"You spoke oncivil to the stranger, you did," said the host; "and he's got ladies with him."

"That's a fact," replied Tim; "but it hain't oncivil to ask a man to drink."

"No, in gineral, not; but perhaps the stranger don't want to drink."

"Well, ain't the rule, 'Drink or fight,' every whar?"

"Jist so; it's the rule among your kind," argued the shrewd innkeeper; "but you've no

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right to put your law in force on strangers in this here free country."

This argument touched Tim's weak point, which was an inordinate love of liberty, both of speech and action. "May be so," said he, doubtfully; "but I don't like to be stumped, nor yit to be called a squirrel-picker, by no set-up swell whomsomdever."

Crayon, by this time, ashamed of having "drawn among these heartless hinds," and perceiving that affairs were likely to take a humorous turn, put up his whittle; and while he still firmly declined the spirits, offered to compromise the matter on a glass of water. This offer settled the point of honor; and Longbow observed that, seeing he was satisfied the gentleman wa'n't too proud to drink, he was free to drink water or any other truck he pleased; as for himself, he ginerally preferred old Monongahela.

The difficulty being thus amicably arranged, they all shook hands and reseated themselves around the fire.

"Now, Mr. Longbow," said the landlord, with a sly wink at Crayon, "go on with that story you were telling a while ago about your trip to California."

Tim cast a doubtful glance at the new-comer. "Well, stranger, I reckon you've been to California yourself?" On being assured in the negative, Tim resumed his air of assurance, and a somewhat tangled narrative, which had been interrupted by Crayon's entrance.

"As I was a-saying, we was a-sailing from San Francisco in a ship, and we was drew off a long ways out of our course, maybe about two months' sail; and as I was a-saying, we got out of provisions, and had nothing to eat for six weeks."

"Six weeks!" exclaimed one of the listeners.

"Six weeks," reiterated Tim, looking hard at the audacious author of the interruption. "We all got as thin as wagon-whips, and we might have starved, if we hadn't had the luck to catch a whale."

"You must have found it rather coarse eating," suggested Crayon.

Tim looked a little confused. "So it was rather coarse and bony."

"But the roe you doubtless found very delicate," observed Crayon.

"That it was," exclaimed Tim, "and a plenty of it. We packed forty-seven barrels with it; and when briled and eaten with ship-biscuit, it was a treat to a hungry man. So after a time we got to Panama, and thar, thar was no boats nor any way to git across, and the fellers was all gittin the ager and the yaller fever; and for fear I should be tuck down myself, I tied my things in a wallet and swum across."

"How far was it?" inquired the landlord, with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"Well, it mought have been about fifteen mile, more or less; but there was shallow places now and then, where I waded a piece and rested myself."

"How did you get across?" asked a fellow who was leaning against the chimney-jamb.

"I swum across, mister," responded Tim fiercely. "Are you a-misdoubting of a gentleman's word? I'll leave it to the stranger if it hain't so."

The stranger agreed that it was all very probable.

"Then," pursued Tim, "I walked a-foot up to New Orleans, and boated up and down for a while; and then I tuck a notion to come back to this or'nary country agin. Not to say nothin' agin the country neither, but the people are sich ignorant ramusses, that if a feller happens to tell something that he's seen a little out of the way, they're a-winkin' and a-snickerin' at one another as if it were a lie." Here Tim cast a contemptuous and significant glance around the circle, and laying his weighty hand upon Crayon's shoulder, went on: "People that has traveled mostly knows a thing or two. Now I'll bet a hoss this gentleman has traveled some." Crayon admitted that he had traveled. "Well, now, what was the strangest country you ever was in, and what was the singularest thing you ever see?"

Crayon pondered for a moment, as if to consider the question, and then remarked that the strangest country he ever saw was the Arctic Zone, and the most surprising thing was the North Pole.

"Lord!" exclaimed Tim; "have you been thar? It's pretty fur north, hain't it? belongs to these United States, does it?"

"It is the very tip end of the world north," replied Crayon; "and although it does not belong to the States yet, they are getting up some filibustering parties to get hold of it as soon as possible, for the purpose of extending to its benighted inhabitants the blessings of American freedom during the winter, lights and firewood included."

"That's what I go in for," shouted Tim. "Hurra for liberty! I'll wagon licker and pervisions for 'em for nothing."

"That unhappy country has long suffered under a despotism worse than Lynch law. They have no better clothes than what they can manage to cheat the seals out of, with nothing better to eat than fish oil, such as you grease your gears with, and would consider tanner's dubbin a prime delicacy." (Here followed a unanimous groan of commiseration.) "Besides inflicting these miseries on his own subjects, the insatiable tyrant Hyems—"

"Himes! Himes!" ejaculated Tim; "was he the Yankee feller that went in partnership with Miller about ten years ago to prophesy the eend of the world? Well, to be sure, the eend of the world wouldn't come down this way, and he went up thar and got elected governor of it. These Yankees do beat all. I know'd one of them wonst—"

"Hold your disrespectful jaw," said the landlord, "and let the stranger talk."

Crayon went on to tell how this potentate,

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unmindful of our enormous navy and the wrath of country editors, insulted our flag, seized and destroyed our fishing-vessels, and imprisoned for life our citizens both native and naturalized." This conduct was pronounced to be "a cussed or'nary shame." Then followed a minute description of the Governor-general's palace of ice; his domestic arrangements; his superb sleigh, robed with white bear-skins, and drawn by a team of reindeer; of his herds of sea-cows, and the manner in which they were milked, besides a catalogue of other wonders. What with a little natural history, and a fancy enlivened by recollections of the snow-storm, he so far outstripped the genius of the bar-room Munchausen that this worthy sat abashed and confounded; and at length taking the shapeless weather-beaten felt from his frouzy pate, and handing it over to our hero, sighed, "Here, stranger, I gin in; take my hat." Tim's overthrow was hailed with a shout of laughter, in which he joined with the best grace he could.

He evidently perceived, however, that he had dwindled in public estimation, and seemed puzzling his head to find some means of reinstating himself. Presently he visited his overcoat pocket, and drew forth a greasy, well-thumbed pack of cards, observing that as thar were no beds, they might as well amuse themselves somehow. A murmur of dissent went round the circle, which Longbow disregarded, while he gave the pack several scientific flips and cast a significant look at the stranger. Crayon declined the challenge thus conveyed; but being solicitous that the *entente cordiale* which now existed should not be disturbed, and to the end that his motives might not be misunderstood, he told the teamster to hand him the pack, and he would show him something which he probably had never seen before. The request was cheerfully complied with, and Crayon went on to exhibit a number of juggler's tricks, to the great astonishment and admiration of the company. These successful performances elevated our hero to such a pitch in the public favor, that it was unanimously resolved they should order a pitcher of "hot-pot," and get drunk in honor of the occasion, whether he joined them or not.

While the savory stew was brewing, Tim went for his fiddle; and to the practiced eye, there were unmistakable evidences of an approaching spree.

Crayon withdrew himself into a corner convenient for purposes of observation. The fiddler struck up "The Chickasaw Nation," which, with a variety of similar airs, he played with great unction. The pitcher circulated rapidly, and the party was momentarily increased by the addition of sleepers from the adjoining rooms, who had been wakened by the uproar.

As Mr. Longbow was about laying aside his instrument to rosin his throat with an additional pint of hot-pot, it occurred to him that he had been wanting in an act of courtesy usual on these occasions. Although something of a swell, a bully, and a liar, Tim was still a Virginian. Vanquished as he had been on certain points upon which he prided himself, he had too enlarged a soul to exhibit or even entertain



THE TRIUMPH.

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any ill-will toward the victor. With a glass of hot-pot in one hand and the fiddle in the other he advanced toward Crayon, and proffered the instrument, with this civil inquiry: "Perhaps, stranger, you can choke the goose yourself?" Considering the circumstances, the act was chivalric and worthy of Tim's birthplace.

One of our hero's early misfortunes was that he had been sent to college. Being naturally of an erratic and wayward disposition, he forsook the beaten track of learning, discarded the printed programme for the Sophomore year, and diligently perfected himself in the mysteries of "old sledge" and the fiddle. At the end of the year his Euclid and Græca Majora smelt as fresh as on the day they left the book-store, while he had sawed through innumerable strings of catgut, and thumbed to pieces pack after pack of Crehore's cards, with a perseverance which some persons might say was worthy of a better cause. The perusal of Chesterfield's letters, and further acquaintance with the world, had long ago induced him to lay aside an accomplishment, which, to say the least, is of doubtful utility to a gentleman; but it must be acknowledged, privately, he never laid eyes on a fiddle that his fingers did not itch to get hold of it. There was nothing in the surroundings there to remind him of Chesterfield; and, yielding to a natural impulse, he took the instrument, and sticking it under his chin, flourished off that brilliant extravaganza, "The Devil's Dream," in such effective style that the whole house, and especially Tim Longbow, were perfectly electrified. The excited herd stood for several moments mute and listening, then made a rush, *en masse*, upon the person of the fiddler. Before he could resist or protest, he found himself taking an Olympic promenade on the shoulders of the enthusiastic crowd.

Whether Crayon felt more like a Grecian hero or a rowdy, as he rode round and round the dusty bar-room, we have never been able to ascertain. His countenance, serene and Sphinx-like, betrayed none of the emotions of his soul, while he continued to flourish his fiddle-stick with a furious zeal that would have done credit to the great Volker of the *Nibelungen Lied*. At the end of about half an hour, he managed to make his escape into another part of the house, and finding there a sleeping-place, lately deserted by some fellow, he rolled himself in the blanket, and pillowing his head on a saddle, slept soundly till morning.

Having sometimes attempted to rally Crayon on the subject of this involuntary ride, it is manifest that he does not care about alluding to it, and generally parries it with some good-humored jest.

On one occasion he changed the conversation by observing that, in some late researches which he had made, he had discovered that the fish upon which Arion is said to have ridden was not a dolphin, as commonly supposed, but a bull-porpoise, and from the arguments, pictorial as well as verbal, he advanced in support of this theory, we are inclined to believe him correct.



ARION.

At half past six next morning the thermometer stood at 20°; but maugre the cold and their recent fatigue, our travelers were stirring at that early hour, *en route* for Callahan's, where they determined to breakfast, as they had ascertained it was only a few miles distant. In the light of an unclouded morning the terror of the snow-storm had vanished, and the whole country resembled a grand panoramic painting, the work of some wild imaginative artist, rather than cold reality. Field and forest were still clothed in their feathery white panoply, while rock, tree, and lowly shrub hanging with icicles, glittered like fancy glass work, and icy cataracts hung from the hillsides, rigid and motionless as the sparry concretions of a cave. But when the tardy sun began to illuminate the picture with his glancing rays, Crayon turned and thus addressed the inmates of the carriage:

"Look, girls! look, and enjoy it while you may. It is but an evanescent scene, but one might live for a hundred years and never look on such a sight again. Welcome the day of storm and travail—welcome the night of cold and darkness—that, like beneficent twin genii, have wrought this scene of more than earthly splendor."

"I sees de tavern," quoth Mice, "and smoke a-pourin' out of de kitchen chimbely."

"'Tis well," sighed Crayon; "the wants of the body must not be forgotten."

Fresh, rosy, and sharp set, our travelers stepped upon the platform at Callahan's, and in the shortest possible time thereafter were seated at a breakfast-table, which was indeed a pleasant picture in its way.

At this point in the story, the editor of these papers laid down his pen and gravely remonstrated with the narrator on the frequent recurrence of these extravagant and detailed accounts of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. "It clogs the narrative," quoth he; "it detracts from the

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dignity of the subject, and gives a commonplace air to the adventures."

Porte Crayon responded with heat: "I despise your squeamish, transcendental, metaphysical dyspeptic who can't eat. I have no respect for sentimentality or sick people. There must be something radically wrong either in the *morale* or *physique* of a person who does not enjoy a good meal, and whose mouth don't water at a good description. Is Walter Scott deficient in interest? and are not his best books juicy with sirloins and venison pasties? Does the eating scene between Cœur de Lion and Friar Tuck clog the narrative? Where will you find a more refreshing picture than that of the rustic repast served to the itinerant deities by old Baucis and Philemon? Is Homer wanting in dignity? Are not his feasts of gods and heroes, his boilings of mighty chines and barbecuing of fat oxen the very essence, or, more properly, the sauce of his world-famous epic? Ah!" continued Porte, in a softened tone, "none but a mountain wanderer knows how fondly memory will cling to these daily recurring incidents of travel. All your beatification about scenery, sunrises, *et cetera*, serves very well to fill up space between my drawings, and the scraps of Latin and French that you get out of school-books, to bamboozle the public into a belief that you are learned; but depend upon it, nothing enriches a narrative like those touches of nature that would make a horse neigh with delight if he could only read."



THE STUDENT.



HOUYHNHNM REPAST.

Reflecting, probably, that in his zeal he might have been rather personal in his remarks, Crayon paused for a moment, and then, giving us a furtive wink, observed, "By the way, P——, I think there's the cold carcass of a wild turkey in the pantry—let us go down and lunch."

"Agreed." And so the dispute ended, and the description of the breakfast at Callahan's was passed over.

As they intended to go on to the White Sulphur forthwith, the horses were ordered immediately after breakfast, but not appearing in due time, Crayon walked back to the stable to ascertain the cause of the delay. Hearing a voice as of some one soliloquizing, he looked through a crevice in the logs, and there, to his surprise, saw Mice seated on a heap of straw in a vacant stall. He seemed deeply immersed in the study of some difficult problem at cards, and from time to time dealt out hands to himself and an imaginary antagonist, and then would turn a trump, talking all the while to himself.

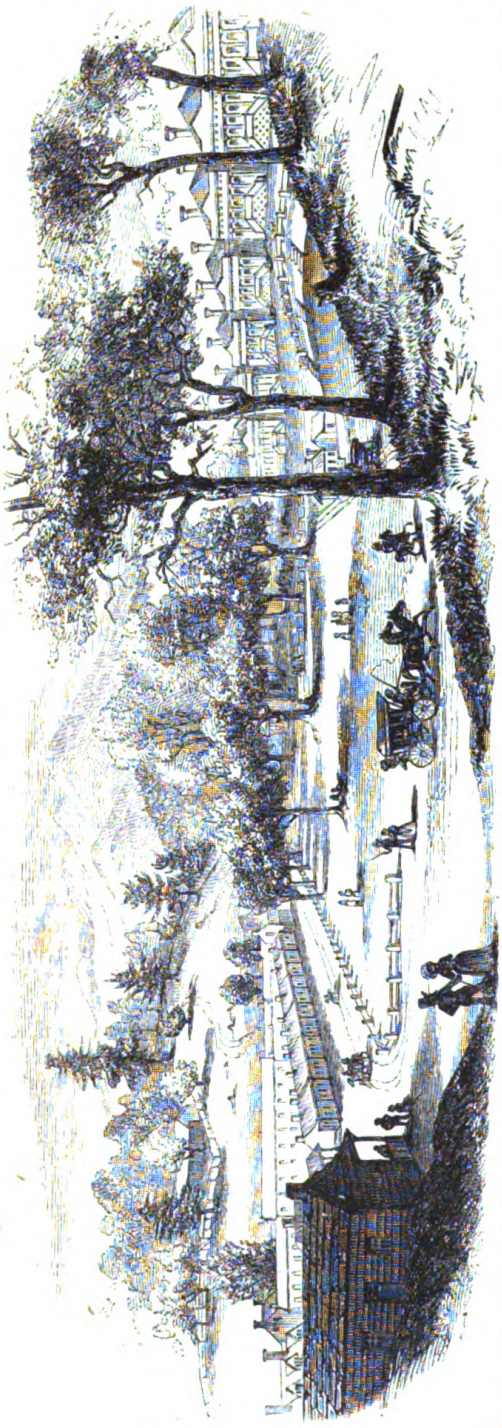
"Mist it dat time. Well, try it agin. Ugh! ugh! Queen! Ha! dat won't do, cuss de luck! I wish I dast ask Mass Porte to larn me how to thumb a jack dat way he does; it beats all!"

Porte slipped back to the house quietly, and sent a servant to require Mice's immediate attendance with the carriage.

From Callahan's to the White Sulphur is a distance of sixteen miles; and having arrived at Frazier's Hotel in time for dinner, our friends spent the afternoon in seeing what they could of that renowned watering-place.

The season had been over for a month, and the principal establishment was closed, although a few persons were yet lingering at Frazier's. It was impossible not to acknowledge the beauty of the situation and surrounding scenery, although a mountain watering-place, deserted by its visitors and canopied with snow, is but a for-

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WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

lorn theme for pen or pencil. In the improvement of this place there has been but little effort at architectural embellishment; and although the *tout ensemble* is pleasing, the buildings generally are mean, and built without taste or judgment. Colonel Hampton's house, Baltimore Row, and two or three isolated cottages, may be mentioned as exceptions. The noble fountain around which all these buildings are clustered, however grateful to the invalid, found but little favor with our travelers, as one glassful of the water served the whole party. On returning to their lodgings, chilled and, sooth to say, somewhat dispirited, our friends gathered around a crackling fire, and began to discuss their future movements. Crayon quoted Solomon: "'In the day of prosperity be joyful, in the day of adversity, consider.' Mark that, girls; Solomon does not say, 'In the day of adversity be sad and downcast;' he says, 'Consider'—consider, but be cheerful still. To this point we have followed our programme with great exactness, and our course from hence to the next great point of attraction I had purposely left to be determined by circumstances. Circumstances have arisen which render the most direct route advisable; and, indeed, in a country where every road leads to some spot of interest or beauty, it matters but little which we decide upon. However, we will not counsel to-night. Morning is the season of hope. In the morning the soul is brave and buoyant. We'll form our plans in the morning, and carry them through if we break an axle in the attempt."

Next morning Porte took a sketch of the locality, and then set forth his decision in regard to their movements. "We will return to Callahan's to-day," said he; "there we will be well fed. From thence, by Covington and Clifton Forge, to Lexington."

Porte spoke like one in authority, and the girls agreed to every thing with smiling faces, so docile and acquiescent had they become since the snow-storm. Crayon's word was law, and he felt like a potentate.

> "O woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made."

And the poet might have added, without spoiling the verse—

> "Striving by every art to rule,
> Willful as any pig or mule."

But when beset with difficulties and dangers, how naturally and sweetly she nestles under the protecting wing of the sterner sex.

"Cousin," whispered Minnie, "we must visit the Rockbridge Alum."

"It is some distance off our route," replied Porte, knitting his brows.

"But I want to go there," insisted she.

"Then you shall go, darling! I'll write it on the programme; but don't speak of it, d'ye hear."

Their return to Callahan's was signalized by a bloody war upon the pheasants which had collected in great numbers to feed upon the wild grapes that bordered the road; and when they got to their resting-place the carriage was loaded with game. Shortly after leaving their inn on the following morning, which by the journal was the 27th of October, they were overtaken by a rain, which continued with more or less violence during the whole day. A glance at Covington, as they hastened through, seemed sufficient to justify Mice's observation, that "it

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FANS OF PHEASANT TAILS.

was a 'mazin' or'nary lookin' town;" and during their passage of the gap at Clifton Forge they had glimpses of some grand scenery, although but dimly discerned through the falling torrents.

Crayon was sorely tempted to stop, and take chances for a clear day on the morrow. He even went so far as to call a halt, and make inquiry of a swarthy forgeman as to the probability of their finding entertainment. Dora's dimpled fingers plucked him by the sleeve. "Porte, don't stop here; let us go on to the Rockbridge Alum." He pretended not to notice her, but gave the order to drive on. With the rain disappeared all traces of the snow, and the swollen, turbid streams looked fearful through the crevices in the crazy bridges by which they were traversed. The road was lonesome enough as it wound over piny hills, dark sloppy vales, and occasionally crossing a roaring brook of threatening aspect. At length the gloom of an untimely twilight gathered round them, and the horses showed such signs of fatigue that they could with difficulty be urged along. Mice declared that he would as leif turn a wheat-fan all day as drive such a team; and it was unanimously resolved to take the first shelter that offered.

It was not long before they saw a white cottage among the trees, surrounded with such outbuildings as betokened some degree of prosperity. The carriage was accordingly drawn up at the door, and the demand for hospitality answered by a white-capped matron in a cordial affirmative. A couple of young negroes assisted Mice in unloading the baggage, while Crayon transferred the live cargo to the shelter of the house. They were introduced into a large whitewashed room, the walls of which were ornamented with wreaths of cedar and lithographic prints from the presses of Nassau Street. Among these were portraits of the Presidents, scenes from the Mexican War, and the Virginia Beauty, in a flaming red dress. A negro boy and girl were making all haste to kindle a fire with wet wood; and several dripping, disconsolate dogs stared wistfully in at the open door. The ladies, mindful of Solomon's recommendation, did not look downcast, but wore a quiet, determined air, as if, in the old-time phrase, each had resolved to "keep a stiff upper-lip." Crayon whistled as he busied himself drying his gun.

"This looks jolly!" said he, eying the fireplace, from whence rolled volumes of steamy smoke, that spread over the ceiling, and soon half filled the room.

"I don't see any thing particularly jolly about it," replied Fanny, in a firm tone.

"Will it clear up, Porte?"

"I think it will, Minnie."



KINDLING THE FIRE.

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"When?"

"I can't tell, Cousin Dimple; but I have always observed that when it rained it cleared up afterward."

"I think exposure to the damp has rusted your wit, Cousin Porte, as well as your gun-lock."

"Indeed, child, if you take the observation in a proper sense, there's both wit and philosophy in it."

Dora intimated that smart people were sometimes very tiresome; and Fanny observed that when one was wearied and uncomfortable, such answers appeared impolite, and, to say the least, she thought both the wit and philosophy rather untimely. Crayon apologized for his wit, but insisted that philosophy was peculiarly necessary for the weary and dispirited; something depended, however, upon the manner in which it was served up.

"If supper was served up," said Dora, "you might call your nonsense by any name you pleased."

"Ah, girls!" began Mr. Crayon, "you should read Epictetus: '*Souffrir avec patience, jouir avec moderation.*'"

"Fiddlestick!" said Fanny.

"Why didn't you quote that at breakfast this morning?"

"It seems strange that those possessed of so large a stock of health, and surrounded with every circumstance of happiness, should permit themselves to be annoyed and made ill-humored by so slight a matter as a rain. The complaint of the Sybarite, who could not sleep because of a crumpled rose-leaf in his couch, is scarcely more absurd than what we hear daily on the subject of the weather. The farmer, indeed, may grieve over his blasted crops, and the mariner dread the coming storm. Where fortune and life may be at stake, it is but human to murmur. But to the butterflies of existence, how can it matter whether it rains, or snows, or blows, when the worst result to them is but the defeat or postponement of some idle scheme of pleasure? Unless, indeed, a man may have inconsiderately eaten and drunk himself into a fit of gout or inflammatory rheumatism; then he may curse the weather a little."

"The orator descended a little toward the last, I think," said Fanny, laughing; "like a lark, he flew high, and lighted low."

Dora asked when Porte intended to preach again? And Minnie inquired if he meant to classify them with the butterflies?

"Of that species," replied he, "that will make the butter fly when the time arrives."

"Bah! what a worn-out joke!"



THE BUTTER FLIES.

Porte was about lighting the match of an intellectual rocket, intended to carry confusion and dismay into the ranks of the enemy, when supper was announced.

Peace and cheerfulness being thus restored, our friends were gathered around the blazing parlor fire, where, with needle, pen, and pencil, they busied themselves pleasantly enough. The circle was shortly enlarged by the pale, meek-eyed young woman who had done the honors of the table, and who appeared to be the daughter-in-law of the old couple. She seemed to think it her duty to entertain the strangers, but her subdued manner did not much enliven the conversation. Minnie, behindhand with her work, as usual, was engaged in finishing a pair of red socks for her doll.

"What cute little socks!" said the woman, regarding the work with interest.

Minnie exhibited her doll. As the young matron held the toy to the light, her eyes sparkled and her hand trembled. "How pretty! It is doubtless for some little girl, Miss? How it will please her!"

Her evident emotion and eagerness readily suggested the cause of this admiration, and were irresistible to one of Minnie's generous temper. "You must keep the doll, Madam," said she, "as a present for your little girl."

A look of mortal agony overspread the young

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matron's face, and her lip quivered as she essayed to speak.

"For me, Miss? No—no—not for mine! My child is dead!" And covering her face with her hands, she hastened from the room.

The sunlight streamed gloriously through the broken mass of cloud that hung upon the mountain sides, and nature looked as if her face had just been washed, and not yet wiped. The carriage was on hand betimes; our travelers had taken their seats, and were laboring to stow away the cumbersome presents of apples and chestnuts which were forced upon them by the kindly inmates of the cottage. Just then they heard the splashing sound of a horse's feet, and the farmer's son, a stout young man of about five-and-twenty, rode up.

"Stop, stranger! You can't go on. The creek is roaring out of its banks. The ford, at best, is deep and rough; but now, it is all foaming and blocked up with drift-wood."

Porte Crayon looked blank. "How far is it from here?"

"Half a mile," was the response.

"Then we will look at it ourselves."

"Very well," replied the man; "when you see it you'll be satisfied."

They drove on, accompanied by the young man, who carried an ax on his shoulder. Arrived within sight of the stream, our hero looked blanker than ever. The crossing was just below a fall of some ten or twelve feet, while above and below the frantic torrent rushed between precipitous banks, unapproachable by horse or vehicle. A mass of foam and drift-logs, heaving and plunging with the force of the current, covered the site of the ford. The scene was wild and stirring, and as Porte surveyed it the blood mounted to his head.

"Now, stranger, I suppose you're contented?"

"We'll cross it," replied Porte.

"And these young women— ?"

"Can't leave them behind."

"It looks like tempting Providence," said the young farmer, with kindling eye. "But if you're bound to cross, I'm with you."

He then showed them, a short distance below the ford, a rustic bridge, by which they might gain the opposite bank without the risk of passing in the carriage. To attain this bridge, the ladies were to be toted some distance across shallow water, and then were expected to walk a pine log that spanned the torrent, there about forty feet wide. The party descended from the carriage, and the farmer, throwing off his coat, plunged into the water, and began lustily whacking at the drift-logs. What with the ax and Mice's strength, the trees, one after another, were sent rushing down the stream, and in half an hour that part of the difficulty was removed. The ladies, meanwhile, had surrounded Crayon, and so berated him for his rashness and obstinacy, that he waded some distance into the water to get rid of them.

"Now, girls, for the bridge!"

"We can never walk it!" cried they, "with that wild torrent below!"

And with many protestations, and exclamations of alarm, they were duly transported across



CROSSING THE LOG.

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the water, to the heap of rocks that constituted the nearer abutment. In vain Porte railed and encouraged; in vain he skipped to and fro across the log, with assumed *nonchalance;* they clung together like bees hiving, and refused to move.

Porte appealed to Fanny. "Come, my heroine, lead the way! Remember Elizabeth Lane, who ran from Fort Wheeling to the powder-house and back, across the fire of five hundred Indians. Come, show the pluck of your grandmother!"

The blood began to glow in Fanny's face.

"Porte, stop with your buffoonery. I believe I could walk, if it were possible to keep from looking at the water."

"Then here—give me your hands; rest them upon my sides—thus. Keep your eyes fixed upon my glazed cap. Forward!"

As they crossed with steady, mincing steps,

"There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held their breath
For a time."

"Here we are!" said Porte, seating Fanny on a mossy rock. "It was nothing, after all."

Minnie followed, and then Dora. "All safe!" shouted Crayon, as this last sunk, pale and exhausted, beside her companions. "How her hands trembled!"

"Did mine tremble?" asked Fanny.

"That they did," replied he; "and your cheeks have scarcely recovered their color yet."

"And now, brother, as we are all over, you are surely not going back?"

"Certainly."

"What! to cross in the carriage?"

"Why not?"

"Indeed, you shall not go. Let the man drive it over. Give him money—reward him well. You shall not go back, positively. If you do, I'll certainly— What shall I do?"

"You may follow, if you think proper," said Porte, coolly, recrossing the bridge.

"If he's drowned," said she, despairingly, "it will be due to his own perversity; and they may look for his body up-stream—it will never float with the current."

"Mice, will you cross in the carriage or on the log?"

"I was jest a-thinkin', Massa," replied Mice, exhibiting considerable indecision in his manner, "if de carriage turns over, den I can't git out; if I falls off de log, den I gits drownded. I never was much for walkin' logs no how."

"Then get in the carriage."

"S'pose it washes over, Mass' Porte, den how?"

"Go across the log, then, if you prefer it."

"I say, Mass' Porte, does it wabble?"

The body of the carriage was loaded with stones to serve as ballast against the force of the current. The farmer stood in front, reins and whip in hand, ready for the start. Porte mounted beside him, crack went the whip, and in plunged the horses. In a moment they were floundering in water which swept over their backs, and a foot deep in the carriage. The sorrel stumbled and disappeared entirely, the vehicle swayed and tilted, the men swung their weight against the current, the horse rose again from the foam snorting and plunging. The driver lathered the horses and the waves alternately with the splintered whip-stock, while Porte poured forth his vocabulary of encouragement and abuse in a voice of thunder. Another tug —"Whoop!—the roan is down—we're tilting—no, she rights again!" The roan emerges, rearing like a sea-horse. Again—"Lay to it, you bloody tackies!" The wheels rattled through the shallow water, and the steeds stood dripping and panting upon the further shore. The girls hurried down the bank, breathless, to offer their congratulations, while Porte waved his cap, and drowned the voice of the waters with his triumphant shouts.

Mice finding himself alone on the other shore, and roused probably by the success of the passage, made a desperate rush at the bridge. He started upright, but finding that the log, or his his head, wabbled more than he anticipated, he sunk upon his hands and knees, and finally got astride and rode himself over.

A careful examination of the vessel and cargo showed that they had received no damage beyond a wet trunk and a damp floor. Owing to some opportune holes in the bottom the water had run out as fast as it had run in, and for the rest the carriage was all the better for a good washing. The stones were unloaded, and the legitimate proprietors restored to their places. The ladies gracefully took leave of the farmer, and the carriage went on its way.

Porte Crayon tarried until they were out of hearing.

"My friend," said he, "you have done me a great service, and done it gallantly. Permit me to offer you something in remuneration."

The young man put back the proffered gold. "For money, Sir, I would not have done as much; for the lady, I would be glad to have done much more. That one with the golden hair, may God bless her!"

Their road that day lay through a valley hemmed in by lofty mountains vale and mountain, covered, for the most part, with the primeval forest; while the clearings, with their rude huts, were few and far between. The way was a succession of mud-holes, rocks, and deep-washed gullies; sometimes the swollen brooks from the mountains, leaving their own beds, took to the highway, and the horses went splashing through water over their fetlocks for half a mile at a time. Anon they were astonished by an apparition, significant of civilization, indeed, but wholly unlooked-for in this region. This was nothing less than a toll-gate.

"What! do they take tolls on such roads as this?"

"That's what I was put here for," replied the man, laughing.

"Call dis a pike!" exclaimed Mice, swelling

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THE FORDING.

with indignation. "Haint seed no mile-posses yit."

"New road," answered the tollman. "Not put up yet."

The coachman, however, would accept no apologies; and, as he drove forward, intimated to the mortified tax-gatherer that he had better take toll of those streams that were traveling down his road, as they were likely to use it up more rapidly than carriages. He went on to say that, if he "had druv over worser roads in Ole Virginny, he did grudge to pay money on sich a pike, whar were no mile-posses."

Crayon bade the coachman hold his peace, and took up the discourse himself. He thought it as unphilosophic to complain of bad roads as of bad weather, for growling mended neither the one nor the other. "We are traveling in search of the picturesque," said he. "Good roads are by no means picturesque. We are looking for adventures. What chance for adventures on a smooth, well-beaten highway? Robbers and bandits have become obsolete: there are rogues enough to be sure, but not of the dramatic sort. Nowadays travelers are annoyed and disgusted, not frightened; cheated, not robbed. Consequently I look upon a bad road—not a dull succession of common mud-holes that only serve to tire the horses, but a fine, romantic, dangerous road, such as strikes the imagination, with

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rocks, precipices, swollen streams to cross—" Here Crayon paused.

"I think," said Fanny, "you were a great goose to go back and cross that ford in the carriage."

"Fanny," said Crayon, with an air of dignity, "should I permit a stranger to incur a risk in my service that I feared to share myself?"

Fanny's face glowed with generous feeling, and her acquiescence in the sentiment was signified by silence.

"As I have remarked, the race of robbers no longer exists."

"Bless de Lord, Massa, what kind of men is dem?"

At a little distance off, six men were seen issuing from the wood and advancing toward the carriage by the road in Indian file. Their appearance was such as might have justified any surmise in their regard that did not rank them as good citizens.

Their weather-beaten faces were nearly hidden by slouched hats, long matted locks, and shaggy beards. Their hunting-shirts and trowsers were of mountain jeans colored with hickory bark, but torn, stained, and begrimed with dirt until the original dye was almost invisible. Some wore deer-skin leggings, and carried packs, while every one was accoutred with a wicked-looking knife, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch, and carried at a slope or trail a long rifle. As this formidable company approached, with that swinging stride peculiar to the mountaineer, Mice turned of an ashy hue, and spasmodically drew up his horses.

"S'pose dese is robbers, Mass' Porte, what we gwine to do?"

The forest was dark and lonely, and the suddenness of the apparition had taken Crayon quite off his guard. He began to entertain Mice's suggestion himself, and went so far as to push back the guard of his rifle-lock and loosen his knife in its sheath. "But what chance," said he, mentally, "for one man against six stalwart, well-armed ruffians. All got knives, too. This black scoundrel is turning white, he'll be of no use. Probably I'd better give up my money quietly—and be robbed before my ladies, just after having distinguished myself, too! No, by thunder, I won't! It shall be no farce but a tragedy. At least that shag-eared villain in front shall bite the dust, perhaps the others will run; I hope so. Fanny," quoth he aloud, "hand me the knapsack."



THE HUNTERS.

"Do you want your book to sketch these queer-looking men?" asked Fanny, innocently, as Porte fumbled in the sack for his revolver.

"Probably I may," replied he, with emotion.

By this time the men were beside the carriage, but instead of any hostile demonstration, they saluted the travelers civilly, and passed on.

"Done gone by, and never toch us!" quoth the coachman, drawing a long breath; "and dere's a deer's tail and hind legs sticking out of he's bundle."

"To be sure," said Porte, greatly relieved; "they are hunters. I might have known that from the first. Mark them, girls; they resemble very much our party on their return from the great expedition to the Blackwater."

After this adventure the girls fell a-dozing, and Crayon fell into a philosophic reverie on the nature of courage and the motives of human action. However worthy of being written many of his reflections may have been, they were of too metaphysical a character to find a place in this unpretending narrative. Moreover, as the pen of the historian is scarcely ad-

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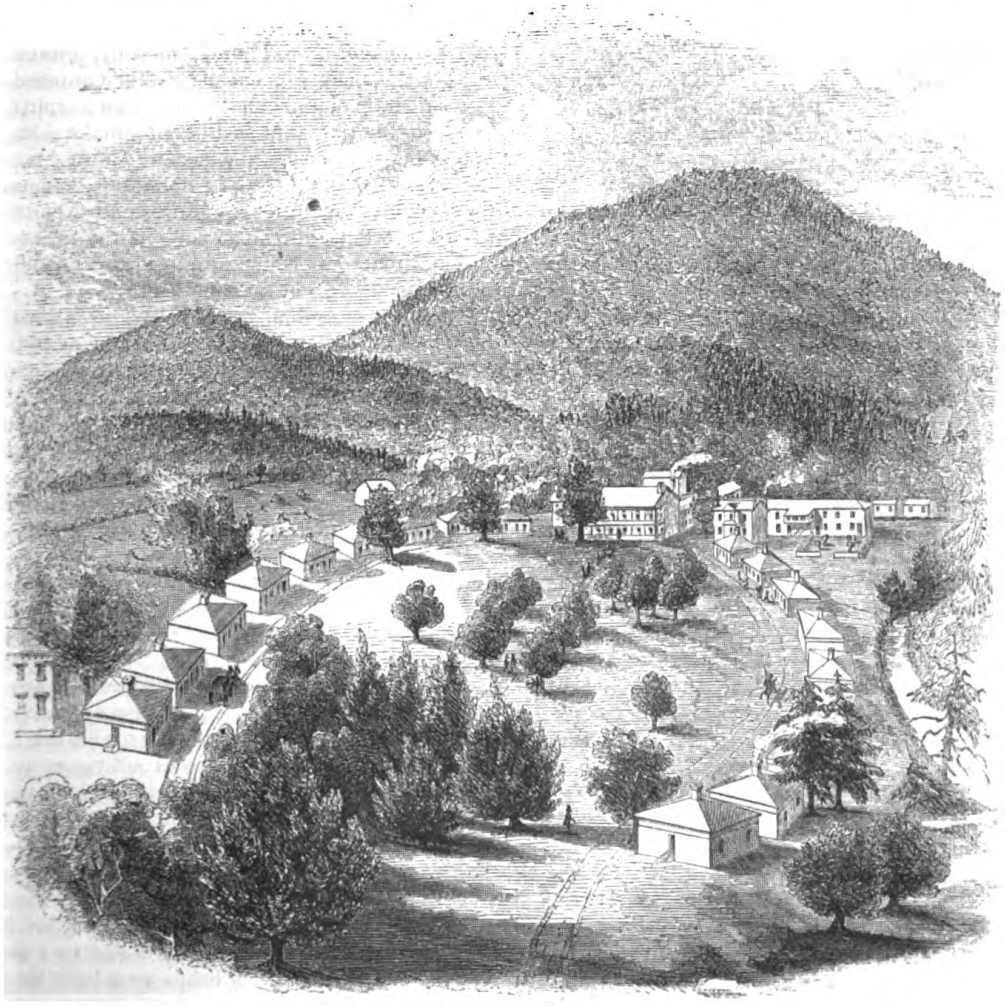
equate to the task of relating what our travelers saw and accomplished on this eventful journey, it can not be expected to tell all they thought at the same time. Even while they snoozed and dreamed, they were startled by a cracking noise about the running gear of their vehicle. A close inspection ascertained that it proceeded from the fore-axle, which was giving way under the rude and repeated shocks it had received that day. To avoid an absolute smash, it was deemed advisable to perform the rest of the day's journey on foot; nor were the ladies disheartened when a countryman told them it wanted yet four miles to their place of destination.

Early in the afternoon they espied a cluster of buildings peeping from among the trees, nestled deep in a little cove at the foot of a high mountain. This, as they guessed, was the Rockbridge Alum, and cheerily was its appearance greeted. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, they still found some lingering visitors whose politeness and agreeable manners added much to the pleasure of their short sojourn.

While the ladies were indebted to the gallantry of two gentlemen for a game of ten pins, Crayon climbed the cliff, and was soon absorbed in his favorite occupation.

These springs are situated in the northwestern part of Rockbridge County, on the main turnpike road leading from Lexington to the Warm Springs, by which route they are usually approached from east or west. The buildings are generally of brick, substantially built and well-arranged. To the eye it is one of the pleasantest places in the mountains. The character of the water is very like that of the Bath Alum, although chemists and physicians have discovered some difference in its analysis and application to diseases. The water is obtained in the same manner, by collecting the drippings from a slate cliff in little reservoirs of stone and cement. The cliff here, however, is more imposing in appearance, being eighty or ninety feet in height and nearly perpendicular.

From the summit of this bank the lawn, inclosed by a semicircle of cottages, partially shaded with trees, its green carpet dotted with groups of gayly dressed visitors, presents a pleasing and animated picture. The water in barrels and demijohns, and pills manufactured from its solid contents, are extensively exported from this



ROCKBRIDGE ALUM.

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ALUM CLIFF.

place, and bring a considerable revenue to the proprietors.

The journey from this place to Lexington, over a well-graded road, was unmarked by any circumstance worthy of record either by pen or pencil, except, indeed, the appearance of the House Mountains, around the bases of which they passed.

This isolated and curious group rises to a considerable height above the surrounding country, and is seen and remarked from a great distance. The outlines of the mountains resemble those of Virginia barns, or of old-fashioned hipped-roof houses. Hence the name.

The town of Lexington is beautifully situated on an eminence in the midst of the great valley, and its horizon is bounded on all sides by blue mountains, whose outlines are uncommonly diversified and pleasing. It is tolerably well built for a Virginia town, and can boast itself of two colleges and a law school, to say nothing of a well-kept and roomy hotel.

The buildings of Washington College are strung out upon a ridge in the suburbs of the town, and the architecture of stucco and brick, although not strictly classical in its forms or colors, stands in beautiful relief against the deep-blue background afforded by the House Mountains. This institution, like the name and principles of its great namesake, seems to be drifting out of public notice and esteem. A few hundred yards beyond, on the same ridge, stands the Military Institute, whose castellated walls and towers are properly in character with its purposes, and contrast agreeably with the Italian forms of its neighbor. The Institute, being under the patronage of the State, seems in a prosperous condition; and it is a pleasant sight to see the long array of tight little cadets marching into church or going through their daily exercises on the parade-ground; and still more agreeable to witness the manly courtesy with which they receive and do the honors of the place to strangers, and the air of order and subordination that reigns through the whole establishment.

The proximity of these institutions, governed by different systems of education, may properly lead to some general reflections on the subject. It matters little in this age of books what routine may be marked out for the intelligent pupil, the prescribed course of any college or high-school, if properly followed, would furnish a sufficient foundation for whatever superstructure of learning or science might afterward be raised thereon. But in the slovenly regulations and lax discipline of most schools, the paramount lesson of life is disregarded. The graduate returns to the paternal mansion with a smattering of the classics, some premature vices, and a little froth of philosophy, mixed with great bubbles of conceit; rather confused ideas of mathematical harmonies, and a spirit of insubordination that is likely to make him a nuisance to himself and society for a long time afterward. But those wholesome lessons of obedience, which give manliness and dignity to the character, and teach each one the necessity and greatness of being a law unto himself, where are they taught systematically?

The military system alone seems to attach sufficient importance to this leading principle, and to enforce habits of obedience and deference to superiors. The youth are taught that in subordination lies the point of honor, and the lesson, gilded with the pomp and trappings of military parade, is learned with greater facility, and becomes more permanently fixed upon the character. What effect this system, generally applied, might have in checking the tendency to impertinence and lawlessness in a future generation of young Americans, we leave to— Who shall we leave it to? Crayon rubbed his forehead and looked puzzled. "Mr. Crayon seems to be turning reformer."—"Does it seem so? Then, on consideration, you may scratch out all that stuff; I'd as lief be taken for a thief."—"Even worse than a common reformer, you have advocated turning the cog-wheel backward, and have uttered heresies against the spirit of the age, and the everlasting laws of progress."—"Have I so? Then let it stand."

From Lexington our travelers pursued their journey for ten or twelve miles over an indifferent plank road; and about mid-day had the pleasure of lunching on cakes and beer with the old woman who keeps the toll-gate. At

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CAKES AND BEER.

this point they left the main thoroughfare and turned their horses' heads eastward, toward the Natural Bridge. A drive of five or six miles brought them to the end of their day's journey; and with baskets, shawls, and other accessories, they were soon in full occupation of the old-fashioned sitting-room at the Bridge Hotel. Porte Crayon sat at one of the windows, to all appearance oblivious of the present, and humming that delectable air of Bellini's: "*Vi ravviso, O! luoghi ameni.*" Had he been less abstracted and more considerate, he must have observed the fluttering restless demeanor of his more youthful companions, for cold indeed must be that fancy, and impassive that soul, that can approach this far-famed wonder without emotion.

"Cousin, is the bridge near at hand?"

Porte started up, apologizing for his forgetfulness, and intimated to the ladies that if they would walk with him a short distance, they might have a distant glimpse of the bridge without delay. Starting from the tavern door, they followed the public road by a gentle ascent for sixty or eighty paces, when they came to a gate. Here Crayon entered, and taking Minnie by the arm, he pushed aside the branches of an arbor vitæ, and led her forward several paces until they reached a sort of rocky barrier.

"Look down, cousin!"

She shrieked, and would have fallen but for the support of her companion, who hastily withdrew her from the spot, and seated her, all pale and trembling, under the shade of an evergreen.

"What's the matter? What is it?" inquired the others, with alarmed eagerness.

"Oh, Porte, how could you do it! The bridge! the bridge! we're on the bridge! It was terrible!"

On hearing this Fanny and Dora looked wildly about, as if seeking some place of refuge, and finally fled through the gate by which they had entered, and only halted when they had gained the middle of the highway.

"Come back, you silly creatures!"

"No, no, not for the world! we would not go on it again."

"Don't you know that you are on it now?"

Dora would have taken to her heels again, but Fanny stopped her. "Don't mind Porte's quizzing," said she. "Don't you see we are in the public road, and not on any bridge?"

Porte succeeded in capturing the runaways, and holding them securely before he gave the information, explained to them that they then stood over the centre of the arch, and yet so entirely hidden was the chasm which it spanned, by the natural parapets of rocks and trees, that he had himself seen persons pass over without being aware of it. Then, by dint of fair promises, he induced his captives to return to the point of view.

"No tricks, brother; no surprises!"

"'Pon honor, none; I was too much frightened at the result of my last to try another."

He then led the ladies, one at a time, to the parapet, where on their hands and knees they ventured to look over the brink into that awful chasm, which few have nerve sufficient to view from an upright position. Fanny attempted it, holding to her brother's arm, but found she could endure it only for a moment, when her dizzy brain and trembling knees warned her to desist. Crayon looked long and earnestly into the abyss, bounded by dark impending cliffs of jagged limestone, festooned with rich wreaths of arbor vitæ, the most beautiful of all the tribe of evergreens.

"Girls, come here; observe that decayed cedar stump projecting from a crevice in the rock, over the centre of the chasm there, two hundred and twenty feet in depth by the line." It was cut or sawed off even with the top of the bridge, and presented a flat surface of about twelve inches in diameter, and distant two feet or more from the parapet. "Once upon a time, so I was told, a young lady, a Miss ——, stepped out and stood with both feet upon that stump. Her female companion fainted outright, while the heroine waved her scarf, and blew kisses to the beaux who stood aghast behind the parapet. When I was twenty years younger, I had the hardihood, or rather the folly to place one foot upon that same stump, and remain in that position for some moments. I had a great mind to try it with both feet, but was restrained by

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THE HEROINE.

the philosophic reflection that, after all, I was emulating a woman, and could only surpass her by breaking my neck, which I had no mind to do at that time, to say nothing of the probability of the whole story being a lie."

Here Porte Crayon fell into soliloquy. "The very recollection makes me shudder now. Are my nerves less firm than of yore? or is it merely want of usage? 'The native line of resolution sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;' or, as plain people say, maybe I've got more sense now!"

Crayon took a stick and commenced poking the stump, which appeared to be entirely decayed. "It wouldn't bear stepping on now, at any rate," he muttered. "It is a mere shell."

"Brother, what are you meditating? Surely not to set foot upon that stump?"

"No, child. Nothing of the kind.

'Days of my youth I mourn not your decay.'

Days of fevered blood and sickly fancies, of restless anticipation and disappointed hopes, of cankered blossoms and sour fruit, of warring with phantoms and worshiping of shadows. Wretched indeed must be his manhood who looks back with regret, and would recall the days of his youth. Probably but few would sincerely wish to roll back the wheels of time, and the frequent expression of the sentiment is nothing more than one of the forms of cant with which the world is pleased to express its chronic discontent. For me, thrice blessed is the calm current of maturity; and one of the chiefest joys of manhood is the reflection that I am no longer a boy—that my bark has descended the headlong brawling torrent, bruised and battered indeed, but still afloat, to return no more."

Whether the foregoing are Mr. Crayon's standing sentiments, or whether they were the result of his peculiar position at the time, we can not positively say. But any man who is commander-in-chief of a good carriage and a pair of stout horses, the possessor of a sound stomach and a plump purse, and sole guardian to three uncommonly pretty and interesting girls, two of them cousins to boot, may be excused for speaking in praise of that particular time of life, and in disparagement of all others. Ah, old fox, which of those sweet cousins was it that, some days back, possibly in Lexington, leaned softly on thine arm, and said "she detested boys?" and wherefore, since that day hast thou combed thy beard so broad, descanted so complacently and poetically on the superiority of a full-blown intellect, and been at such pains to pluck two coarse gray hairs from each of thine eyebrows?

It appearing that there still remained several hours of daylight, our friends determined to visit the bridge below, where they were assured they might enjoy the grandeur of the scene unmixed with terror.

Following their leader down a rapidly descending path which wound around the abrupt point of a hill, they presently entered a grove of noble evergreens, and on emerging from this all stood still with one accord. In front and below them was the yawning gorge, rugged and wild, clothed as it were in sombre shadows, through which the light glanced from the cascades of Cedar Creek with faint and trembling sheen. Above, with its outline of tree and rock cutting sharp against the blue sky, rose the eternal arch, so massive, yet so light, it springs uniting its tremendous buttresses high in mid-air, while beneath its stern shadow the eye can mark, in fair perspective, rocks, trees, hill-tops, and distant sailing clouds. There are few ob-

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jects in nature which so entirely fill the soul as this bridge in its unique and simple grandeur. In consideration of the perfection of its adaptation to circumstances, the simplicity of its design, the sublimity of its proportions, the spectator experiences a fullness of satisfaction which familiarity only serves to increase; and while that sentiment of awe inseparable from the first impression may be weakened or disappear altogether, wonder and admiration grow with time.

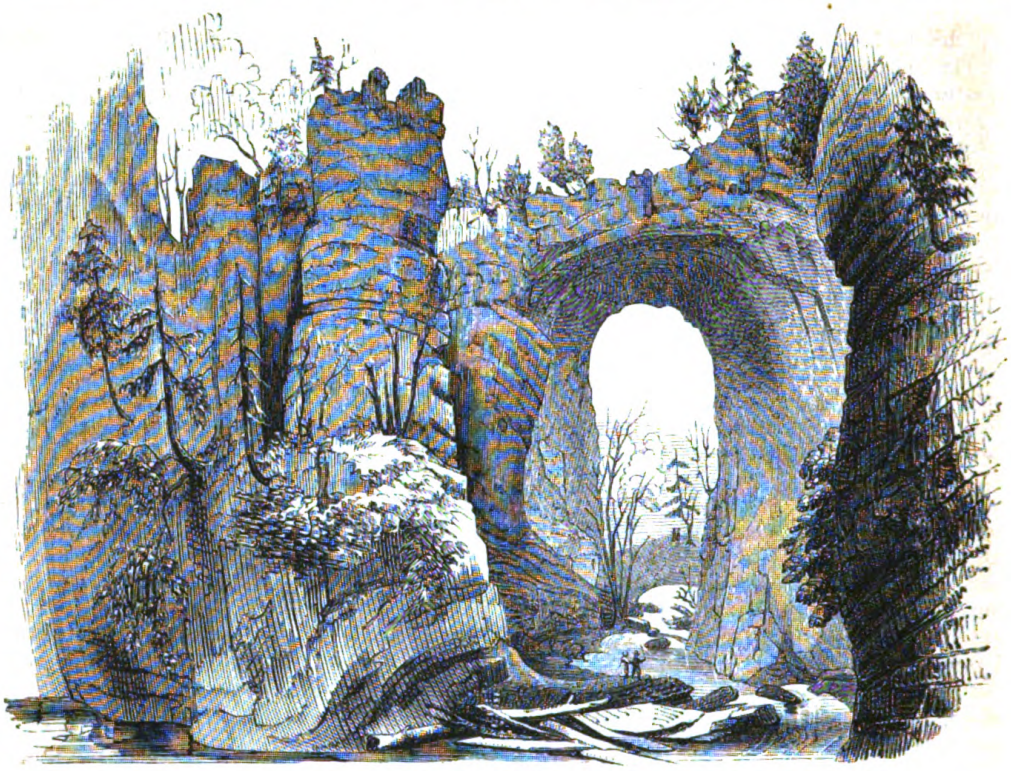
Continuing their descent, our friends reached the banks of the stream, and passed beneath the arch, pausing at every step to feast their eyes upon the varying aspects in which the scene was presented. Crossing Cedar Creek under the bridge, they gained a point above on the stream, from whence the view is equally fine with that first obtained from the descending path on the opposite side. This picture exhibits the turn of the arch to greater advantage. Then the flanking row of embattled cliffs, their sides wreathed with dark foliage and their bases washed by the stream, forms a noble addition to the scene.

The average height of these cliffs is about two hundred and fifty feet, the height of the bridge about two hundred and twenty. The span of the arch is ninety-three feet, its average



NATURAL BRIDGE.

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VIEW OF BRIDGE, UPPER SIDE.

width eighty, and its thickness in the centre fifty-five feet. It does not cross the chasm precisely at right angles, but in an oblique direction, like what engineers call a skew bridge. While the cliffs are perpendicular and in some places overhanging, the abutments under the arch approach until their bases are not more than fifty feet apart. At ordinary times the stream does not occupy more than half this space, although from its traces and water-marks it frequently sweeps through in an unbroken volume, extending from rock to rock. The top of the bridge is covered with a clay soil to the depth of several feet, which nourishes a considerable growth of trees, generally of the evergreen species. These, with masses of rock, serve to form natural parapets along the sides, as if for greater security, and entirely obscure the view of the chasm from the passer. It is now further protected by lines of board fencing, placed there by the owner of the property. Although this precaution is rather distasteful to a lover of the picturesque, yet it detracts but little from the general view, every thing being on so grand a scale that they are scarcely observed.

As our friends became familiarized with the objects around them, conversation began to resume its sway, and Crayon, as cicerone of the party, began to recall the traditionary anecdotes and minor wonders with which every place of this sort abounds. He pointed out the route by which a man is said to have climbed up the cliffs, and not the bridge, as is commonly supposed. He also robbed the story of its superhuman attributes by expressing his belief that any cool-headed man accustomed to climbing—a sailor, for instance—could do the same thing easily. He had even attempted it himself, but on attaining an elevation of thirty or forty feet, he began to perceive how things looked "to a man up a tree," and concluded to descend. He then pointed out the spread eagle which is pictured on the under side of the arch, scratching the eyes out of the British Lion, all of which the ladies were patriotic enough to see plainly; although Dora, who had lately been reading history, puzzled Crayon by asking whether he thought the picture was there before the Revolution. He got out of the difficulty by saying, that if it was there prior to the separation it must have been prophetic; but as it was formed by the growth of moss, it might have come out since the wars. Indeed, by looking awhile steadily, and allowing a little latitude to the fancy, one may see a great many things that hitherto have not been remarked. For example, in the eagle's other claw there appears to be a scroll upon which is mapped a number of the golden provinces of a neighboring Republic, while she appears to be endeavoring to swallow a long, irregularly-shaped object that resembles an island.

"Your eagle," quoth Fanny, "seems to be something of a cormorant."

Porte went on to point out the spot where Washington is said to have written the initials of his name, although he confessed he had never been able to make them out. After considering the spot attentively, Fanny declared she did not believe that any mortal could have reached it

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without a ladder. And Dora said that, while she knew from her history that Washington was a great general and statesman, she never heard that he could climb better than other people. Minnie observed that, for her part, she had always felt averse to hearing such stories about Washington, or to believing he had ever done any thing so childish. It seemed rather a derogation from the dignity of his character, who had written his name so high upon

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

As they were grouped around the hostel-fire that night, Crayon intimated to the ladies that he might be persuaded to relate an adventure which befell him in the neighborhood during his first visit to the bridge. As the proposition met with cordial approbation, he commenced as follows:

"In the fall of 1834 I made a pedestrian tour—to which you have sometimes heard me allude—in company with my friend, Jack Rawlins. Our route was nearly the same which we have followed, and on our arrival here we were entertained in the room which we now occupy. I remember every thing as if it had been but yesterday. The house was temporarily in charge of a couple of youths not much older than their guests, and who, for the sake of convenience, I shall call Bob and Tom Johnson, although, in truth, I do not recollect their real names. But you must bear in mind that the names are the only fictions made use of in the narrative. While we were studying the bridge I heard, with emulous breast, of the feats of General Washington, Miss ——, and the nameless man who climbed the cliff, and was burning to write my name somewhere, whether in the Temple of Fame or the Booth of Folly it mattered little —for at that age I ranked the heroine of the stump and the successful cliff-climber with the founder of universities and the leader of armies.

"One night the elder of our entertainers happened to speak of a wonderful cavern that was in the neighborhood. He described it as a great opening like a well, near the top of a hill several miles distant. It had never been explored, nor even fathomed, and was an object of mingled curiosity and terror to all who knew of it; and many were the stories and traditions connected with its fame. It was said that, during the Revolutionary War, chests of money had been thrown into it to secure them from Tarleton's thieving dragoons, and the owners having been slain in battle, had, of course, never returned to claim the treasures. Men and cattle that disappeared from the country were all accredited to this mysterious hole; and murderers were suspected of throwing the bodies of their victims therein for better concealment; although Bob frankly acknowledged that since his day there had been no one murdered thereabout that he knew of. He went on to say that on many a Sunday he had amused himself, with some of the bolder spirits of the neighborhood, in throwing rocks and logs into its yawning mouth, and listening with awe to the hollow crash and booming reverberations that followed. 'No one has ever dared to descend,' said he; 'and indeed I should be sorry to see any one undertake it.' My feelings during this narrative resembled those of St. George when he found the dragon's nest. Here was a dragon indeed worthy of my daring. 'Bah!' said I, affecting carelessness—for I was bursting with anxiety lest some one might go down the hole before I could get to it in the morning—'Pshaw! I will descend and explore this wonderful place, if you will only point it out to me to-morrow morning.' The young man looked at me with an expression of mingled terror and incredulity. Jack Rawlins began to protest, when Tom laughingly remarked, that he need not be uneasy, he'd warrant that I'd go no further than the mouth. 'There, you've settled the matter,' cried Jack, in despair, 'he'd go now if it was the mouth of the bottomless pit.'

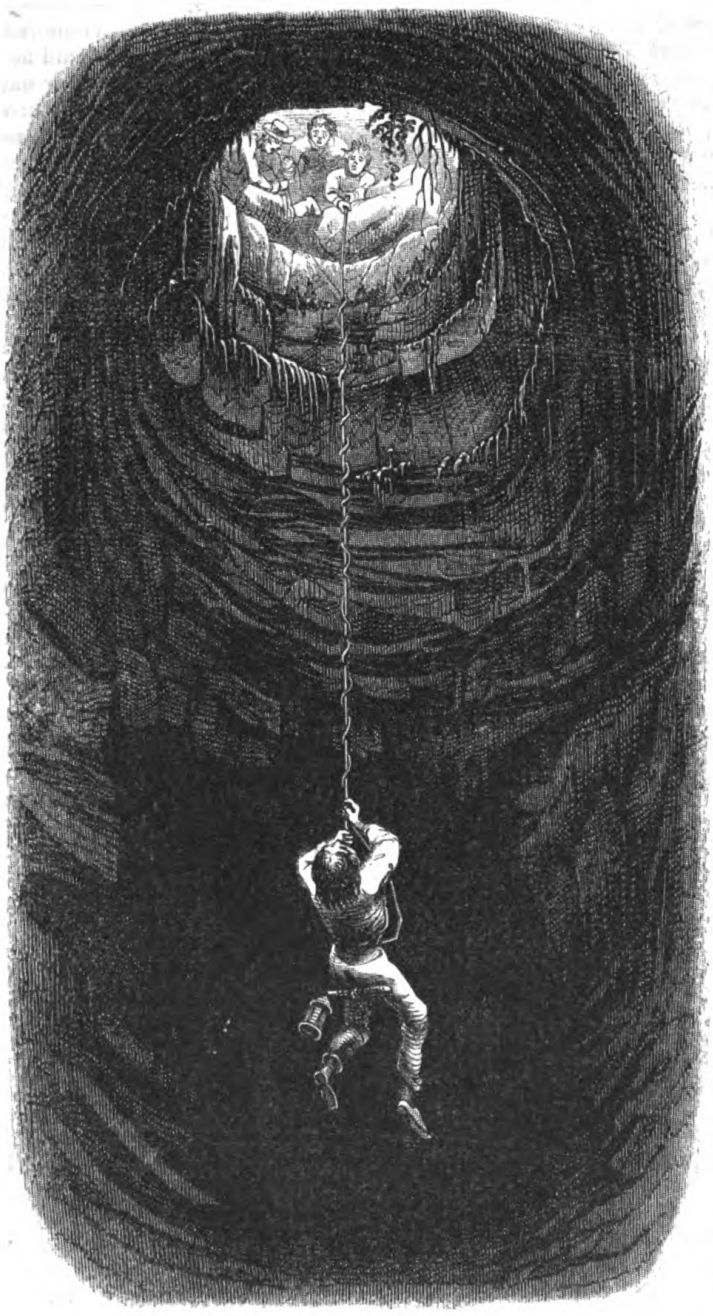
"Bob took an early opportunity to call me aside, and with a countenance playing between eagerness and doubt, asked if I seriously intended to do what I had said. I assured him of my determination. 'Well, stranger, if perhaps you should find those chests of money—?' Here he paused warily. 'Oh, we'll divide, of course,' said I, 'we four.' 'Certainly,' he replied, with delight, 'that's no more than fair. We will show you the way and assist in letting you down; but we must keep dark about it, for the place belongs to a stingy old fellow, who would go crazy if he heard of our enterprise, and would claim every thing we might happen to find.' Although I set but little store upon the imagined treasures, I was ready enough to amuse myself with the golden hopes of my host or to bedevil any stingy old fellow at a venture, and it was arranged in full council that we should start after an early breakfast next morning.

"Whether I slept well or ill, or what was the character of my dreams that night I do not remember; but I do recollect that in the cool of the morning, during the secret preparation of ropes and lights, some awkward misgivings began to sneak into the castle of my determination. But I was fully committed, and my native pride, assisted by the stimulus of a rapid walk of several miles, brought me to the scene of action in such high condition, that I surveyed the black mouth of the awful pit without a tremor.

"'Young man,' said Bob Johnson, significantly, 'I reckon you'll not venture?' I stiffened up, and to this implied doubt made scornful answer—'Do you think, Sir, that I would walk all this distance with a pack of ropes and candles merely to look down into a hole in the ground? Get your ropes ready.'

"The bed-cords were unrolled, and a short stout stick, like a well-digger's horse, tied to the end of one of them. A couple of sound fence rails were then procured and cautiously laid across the centre of the opening, which was eight or ten feet in diameter. In the mean

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ADVENTURE TWENTY YEARS SINCE.

time I had taken off my coat, tied a handkerchief about my waist, and stood prepared for the descent, when Jack Rawlins suggested that although we had taken the precaution to measure the depth of the cavern, we had forgotten to try whether it contained bad air. This suggestion was immediately acted upon. The lantern with a lighted candle was attached to the end of a cord and lowered until it touched the bottom, from whence it was drawn up after a few minutes, still burning. The experiment was reckoned satisfactory. Jack Rawlins shook hands with me and said, 'Well, Porte, I've done my best to prevent you going on this fool's errand; all I can do now is to wish you good luck.' I was getting impatient, and chid my lagging assistants, who seemed loth to begin; but at length every thing was arranged. I bestrode the stick and gave the coil of rope to the two Johnsons; another rope I knotted around my waist, put it in charge of Rawlins, and then, with lantern in hand, slid to the opening. Steadying myself with one hand on the rock and the other on the rail, I swung off, crying, 'Now keep cool, boys, and lower away!'

"Down I went steadily enough for a time, griping the cords with one hand, the lantern with the other, and pushing myself clear of the black slimy rocks with my feet and elbows. For the first thirty or forty feet the opening was walled around like a well, but presently I swung clear of every thing; the cords, which were new, began to untwist, and I whizzed round like a teetotum. 'Lower away, boys!' I shouted, for I had become so dizzy that I could neither see nor hear. After a time I stopped with a bump. 'The rope's run out!' cried a voice so high and faint that it sounded like the note of a wild goose. 'All's well, I have arrived safe!'

"As I recovered from my dizziness I disengaged myself from the ropes and looked about me. I was seated upon the apex of a pyramid of mossy rocks and decayed logs, which rose in the centre of a black cavern of unknown dimensions. I seemed to be walled around with thick darkness, and the opening through which I had descended shone above me like a moon in an inky firmament. Taking the candle I descended from my resting-place and proceeded to explore my newly-discovered empire. The feeble rays of my tallow dip revealed nothing more than an irregular floor of moist clay and walls of limestone rock, covered here and there with a few dull, dirty incrustations. After groping about two-thirds of the way around this circular hall I found an arched opening about the size of an ordinary doorway. Into this passage I penetrated with

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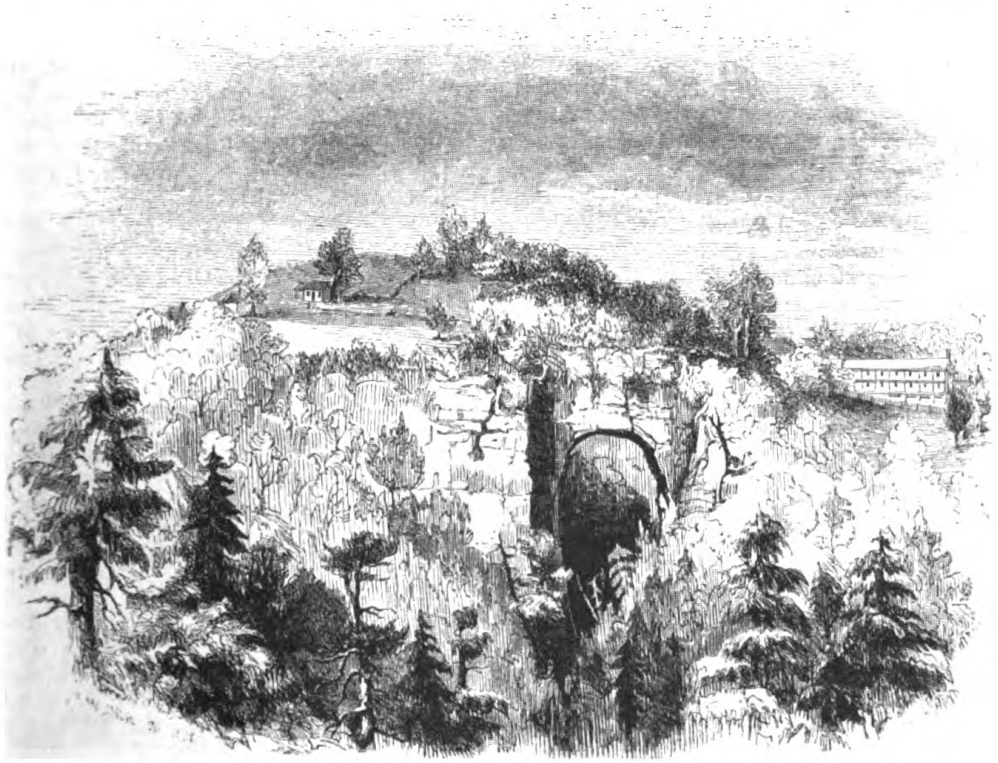


YOUTH'S FORWARD SLIP.

difficulty, for twenty or thirty yards, when my heels flew from under me, and I slid, I can not tell how far, down into what seemed, by the sense of touch, to be a bed of soft mud. It is needless to say I lost my candle in the fall and was left in utter darkness. Here was a predicament for a hero. Above, below, on every side I felt nothing but slimy mud. I feared to move lest I might sink into some deeper quagmire. I was not so much alarmed at first, but as my body began to chill, my heart sunk with the temperature of my blood. I began to calculate the chances of escape. 'If I am not forthcoming in due time, will Jack Rawlins come to my assistance? will any one come? Portentous question. Is not this cavern the bugbear of the country, and will my disappearance serve to allay that terror?' Oh, powers of mud, the heroic spirit was subdued within me—no! not all subdued; the idea occurred to me that possibly a cry for help might reach the ears of my companions and hasten my relief. But pride forbade—I resolved to die first.

"Anon I began to fancy that I could see the walls of my prison and the passage through which I had fallen, and soon the doubt brightened into reality. My eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, had begun to take in the feeble light that was reflected from the main cavern. Cautiously I crawled up the slippery ascent and in a few minutes re-entered the hall, which appeared so light that I could see over its whole extent without the aid of a candle. I scraped myself as well as I could, and then looked about for the chests of gold and dead men's bones. My search was unsuccessful, and I concluded they must be concealed under the pyramid of rubbish which had been thrown down the opening, and for aught I know they may be there at this day. I took no very accurate observation as to the size of the cavern, but guessed it was about one hundred feet in diameter, the same as its depth, which we ascertained by measuring the ropes.

"I called to my friends above that I wished to ascend, and received the prompt reply that all was ready. Mounting my wooden horse, I carefully drew the other cord around my body without even tying it, and ordered them to hoist



NATURAL BRIDGE. DISTANT VIEW.

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away. No sooner was I clear of the bottom than the spinning motion recommenced, and continued with such rapidity that I presently lost all cognizance of things around me. A sharp bump on the head advised me of my arrival at the ledge, and I eagerly grasped at the rock, but the projection shelled off and crashed into the gulf below. 'Pull, boys, pull!' I was drawn up several feet; then there was a pause, and I was lowered again out of reach of the rock, and the dangerous whirling was renewed. Dizzy as I was, I divined the cause of the difficulty. My friends were working at the two ropes on opposite sides of the pit, and the new cords had become twisted together until they could no longer separate them, and I consequently remained dangling in the air. Nor was this all. In their fright and confusion the Johnsons threw down their rope, and seemed ready to take to their heels. Rawlins, however, planted himself against a rock, and with straining sinews held on until he perceived the stone against which he was propped slowly moving from its position. It lay upon the declivity, near the mouth of the cave, and if it had rolled must inevitably have gone down the opening. Just at that moment they heard my order to put the ropes together and all pull on the same side. Such was their want of presence of mind that this simple idea had not occurred to them before. The Johnsons seized the cord, ran to the other side, and the trio pulled with renewed vigor. With such energy was I now dragged up, that my knees, elbows, and shoulders were bruised and lacerated by the sharp rocks; and when I was within twenty feet of the top the stick upon which I rode slipped from under me, and I held on by my hands alone. Upon that grip hung life or death. I knew it. The blood started from my finger ends, but my nerves were firm. Presently I found myself landed in the upper regions, and before I relaxed my grasp, or my half-frenzied comrades considered me safe, I was dragged a hundred feet from the mouth of the cavern. For several minutes all were silent, and sat pale and exhausted, panting like overdone hounds. The first greeting I received was from Bob Johnson. 'You blasted fool,' cried he, 'I've a mind to club you within an inch of your life. I never was so scared.' Tom swore he would not pull another man up from that hole for all the gold in Rockbridge.

"As for me, I sat for some time in a state of profound physical and mental apathy — the usual result of excitement and violent exertion. When at length I rose to start homeward I found that I moved with difficulty, and could not put on my coat without assistance. Although I managed to walk back to the hotel, it was several days before I could use my hands as usual. At supper I was ravenous; and the desperate efforts I made to handle my knife and fork were ludicrous enough.

"And thus ends the story of that perilous adventure."

"And," exclaimed Fanny, "I never heard of any thing so absurd. I don't wonder the young man threatened to club you. I was myself ready to boil over with indignation at your obstinacy in going down."

"Ah, Fanny! you women don't understand these things. A certain amount of glorification is necessary to boys as well as nations. Boys must slay their dragons, and nations have their wars. If their hands and heads ache for it, so much the better; they are both likely to be more rational, at least for some time afterward."

"And did you never think of it afterward, cousin, and shudder at the dangers you escaped?" asked Minnie.

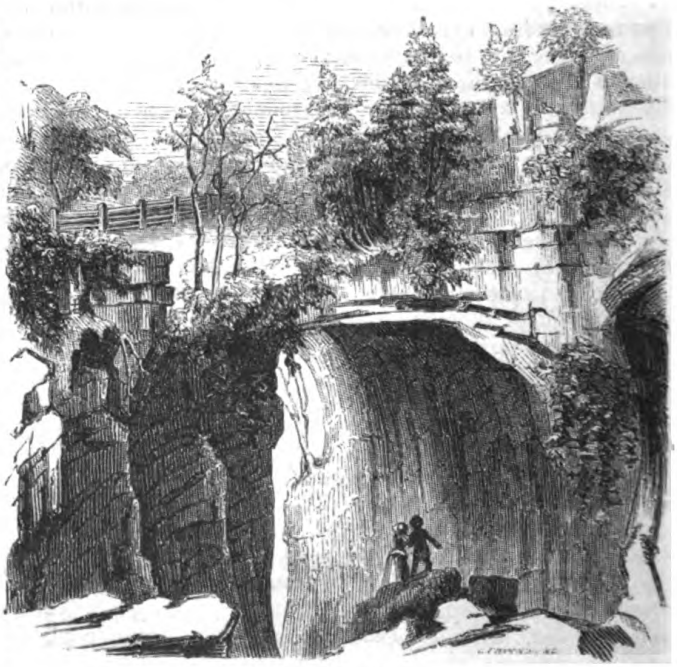
"Yes, indeed; and for many a night after I had evil dreams; sometimes fancying I was a spider swinging by a single invisible thread, and at others, a mud-turtle lying on my back and smothering in my native element."

"And what had your friends, the Johnsons, to say about the money?"

"They scarcely referred to the subject afterward. Their curiosity was satisfied, and they seemed sufficiently pleased with the termination of the affair."

"Now, Dora," said Porte Crayon, pinching the sleeper's dimpled cheek, "what comments have you to make on my story?"

"Gracious!" exclaimed she, with a start; "I must have been asleep."



VIEW FROM CLIFF.

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"You dropped off about the time I was floundering in the mud at the bottom of the cave. Thank you, Cousin Dimple, for your attention and sympathy with my dangers and afflictions."

"Ah, Porte, exeuse me; I couldn't help it. But how did you get out of that dreadful place? I must have gone off in a dream, for I thought you had found a great many chests of gold and jewelry, and beautiful shawls, and that you had presented each of us with charming sets of pearls, diamonds, and mosaic—bracelets, ear-rings, and all—and such splendid Turkish shawls, and silks of such lovely colors."

"With such a dream as that, sweet cousin, you were better entertained than in listening to me. Good-night, girls."

As they retired, Fanny struck up rather appropriately,

"Go thou and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber."

Next day our friends revisited each point of view above and below the bridge with increased gratification, while Crayon employed himself in the attempt to portray its most striking features upon tinted paper. This he avers can not be accomplished by mortal hand; for while he acknowledges he has seen several sketches that rendered the general outline and even minute details with great accuracy, he never saw one that conveyed, even in a remote degree, any idea of the majestic grandeur of the original. One of the most satisfactory views is obtained from a hillside about half a mile below the bridge. From this point the perfection of the arch is more remarkable; and there is a fine view of the hill, which, a short distance to the right of its apex, is cleft to its base by this singular chasm.

The most rational hypothesis which has been advanced in regard to the formation of this wonderful structure is that this hill was formerly perforated by one of the limestone caverns common in this region, and that by the combined action of water and force of some earthquake the superincumbent masses have fallen in, leaving the chasm open to the day, except where the arch now stands.

Another view well worth attention is that from the cliffs in the tavern yard. These upper views are perhaps more impressive than any other, as combining more of the terrible with the sublime.

It was probably from this quarter that Mice got his impressions, when, in reply to some questions, he told Miss Fanny, "It was de quarest place he had seed yit," and he supposed "it mought have been built by the devil."

As the Piersons, man and wife, are the most kindly and obliging of hosts, the table delightfully served, and, according to the coachman's account, the oats are unexceptionable, it may be well to leave our travelers to their repose for a season.

SCOTT'S BATTLES IN MEXICO.

NORTHERN MEXICO lay helpless at Taylor's feet. The stars and stripes floated over the citadel of Monterey, and the flower of the Mexican army, commanded by their greatest general, had been repulsed at Buena Vista. Nothing now remained but to strike a blow at the vitals of the Southern Republic. That task had been imposed on General Scott, whose skill and experience designated him as the proper man to conduct a campaign in which the fate of the war was to be decided.

On the 6th March, 1847, the fleet of transports and men-of-war was concentrated near Vera Cruz. It bore a small but well-disciplined force of some twelve thousand men, comprising the whole standing army of the United States—four regiments of artillery, eight of infantry, one of mounted riflemen, and detachments of dragoons—besides eight volunteer regiments of foot and one of horse. Major-General Scott commanded the whole, with Worth, fresh from the brilliant capture of Monterey, Twiggs, and the volunteer Patterson as his brigadiers. Under the latter served three of the bravest men and —though civilians—the best officers that ever drew sword—Generals Quitman, Pillow, and Shields; all three fired by a noble emulation of their professional comrades, and destined to prove that the United States need never regret the sturdy prejudice which exists against a large regular army. With this force the Commander-in-chief intended to take Vera Cruz.

It is the strongest place on this continent, after Quebec. Situate on the border of the Gulf, it is surrounded by a line of bastions and redans, terminating at either extremity in a fort of large capacity. A sandy plain encircles it on the land side, affording no protection to an assailant within seven hundred yards of the walls; and toward the sea, on a reef at a distance of rather more than half a mile, the famous fort of San Juan d'Ulloa commands the harbor. In March, 1847, the city mounted nearly ninety, the castle one hundred and twenty-eight guns of various calibres, including several thirteen-inch mortars and ten-inch Paixhans. So implicit was the faith of the Mexicans in the strength of the place that, having rendered it, as they believed, impregnable, they left its defense to a garrison of 5000 men, and bade them remember that the city was named Vera Cruz the Invincible. This was the first mistake of the enemy; a second was omitting to provision the place for a siege; a third was allowing women, children, and non-combatants to remain in the town. In this instance, as in so many others, the overweening assurance of the Mexicans was the cause of their ruin. Monterey and Buena Vista should have taught them to know us better.

The fierce sun of the 9th March had begun to decline, when Worth's division embarked in the surf-boats and pulled toward land, about three miles below the city. In the distance, the forts and castle could be seen distinctly, and

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on every height the telescope revealed groups of eager spectators. It was expected that the enemy would oppose the landing; and when the men leaped into the water, waist deep, they were fully prepared for a warm reception. To their surprise, all was silent on shore. The thickets were untenanted; not a gun or a Mexican was to be seen. A hearty cheer burst from the troops as the national flag was planted on Mexican soil; and ere the morning had come the whole army had landed without accident.

Once encamped on dry land, the task of the besiegers was easy. The pickets driven in, and a few parties of skirmishers and light cavalry dispersed, Scott found no difficulty in investing the place. The heat was intense, and water was scarce; but the patience of the army bore up against these trials, and on the evening of the 12th a line of troops five miles long encircled Vera Cruz. The issue then became a mere question of time. No attempt being made from the interior to raise the siege, the place was sure to fall when the provisions were exhausted. Unfortunately for the Mexicans, the season of the deadly vomito was approaching, and Scott dared not waste time. He resolved to proceed by bombardment and assault. High winds retarded the disembarkation of the siege-artillery, and several days were spent in digging trenches and constructing earthworks. At length, on the afternoon of the 22d—General Morales, the commandant, having peremptorily refused to surrender—the cannonade was commenced from batteries eleven hundred yards from the walls. The enemy replied with spirit; and till nightfall the roar of cannon was incessant—a portion of the fleet blazing away at the outer defenses, while the land batteries kept up a stream of shot and shells on the south bastions. It was soon found that, though the advantage in the cannonade was all on the side of the Americans, who were less exposed than the enemy, Scott's heaviest guns were too light for breaching purposes. A message was accordingly sent to the fleet for heavier metal, and, on the night of the 23d, a fresh battery was erected, under cover of a clump of chaparral, in which three 32-pounders and as many Paixhans, throwing enormous 68-pound shells, were mounted. As morning broke, a party of sailors hastily cut away the brushwood which masked it, and opened a terrific fire: shattering the walls at each shot, and blowing up house after house with the shells. The army batteries followed with equal good-will; and the garrison, nothing daunted, poured a sheet of flame from the bastions. All that day, all the next night, and the day following, the roar continued. On our side but little damage was done. Occasionally a round shot would come flying through an embrasure in the earth-works, and carry off a head or a limb; and now and then a huge shell would fall within the batteries, spluttering and scattering its deadly fragments among the gunners; but the bulk of the troops were out of range, and the firing parties were well protected by their parapets. Far different was it within the city. Our artillerymen had the range perfectly, and every shell crashed through a house and spread havoc among the inmates. Flames rose fiercely in various quarters above the smoke, threatening a general conflagration; and, between the reports of the cannon, the noise of falling roofs and toppling walls could be distinctly heard. More dreadful than all, at night, when the fire had slackened and attentive groups watched the meteor-like course of the shells through the air, often and often, as the hissing globes descended swiftly behind the walls, wild shrieks would precede the explosion—shrieks of agony from female lips—shrieks of children murdered in their sleep. Hunger, too, pressed cruelly on the defenders. Famished groups walked the streets, seeking food, and rudely repulsed by the soldiery. Still the fire was kept up; and as fast as the Mexican flag was shot down it was hoisted afresh on a new staff. The governor had sworn to defend the city to the last gasp.

It was not till the curtain connecting the bastions was torn down in half a dozen places, several bastions shattered, one thousand men killed, and half the houses on the land side battered to pieces, that a white flag appeared on the ramparts. The time for an assault had arrived—the breach was complete—the forlorn hope had been selected; but General Scott gladly welcomed the chance of sparing further effusion of blood. On the morning of the 26th, the firing ceased, and negotiations for a surrender began. Three days afterward the whole garrison slowly defiled through the gate of Mexico toward the American lines. On reaching these, the officers gave their parole for themselves and their commands not to serve in the war until exchanged, and the men laid down their arms. At the same moment the Mexican flags were struck, and that of the United States rose triumphantly over the city walls and the castle of San Juan d'Ullos. General Worth was immediately installed as governor; and, to the honor of our troops and the delight of the natives, Vera Cruz was occupied without any of those horrible scenes which have so often followed the capture of important cities. But one man—a negro—was executed for a capital offense.

A week was spent in landing wagons and other material for the march; during which Lieutenant Hunter, of the navy, occupied Alvarado without resistance, and trifling skirmishes occurred between the outposts and Mexican guerrillos. On the 8th April, Twiggs's division moved forward toward the interior by the National Road, followed by two brigades of volunteers. Vague rumors of Santa Anna's advance were brought in by the scouts; but nothing definite was known until Twiggs reached the village of Plan del Rio, near the mountain pass of Cerro Gordo. There he discovered the enemy occupying the road and pass in his front with a large force, under the command of Santa Anna in person. The Mexican position was strong. On the south the Rio del Plan—a small but rapid stream—and a

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ridge of lofty hills on its south bank, secured his right from being turned: on the north, broken ground, intersected by ravines and much covered by brushwood, offered a fair cover for the left flank. In the centre, the artillery occupied positions of great strength. Two batteries—one of seven the other of five guns—were planted on the road along which our troops were advancing. Three others occupied ridges on the south of the road, so as to sweep it and the slope between it and the river. But the strongest point was a redoubt with breast-works which crowned the summit of a rugged and precipitous eminence, called Cerro Gordo, and completely commanded the pass from the north side of the road. Every inch of level ground on the field was thus within easy range of cannon; and besides this arm, Santa Anna had some twelve thousand horse and foot, many of whom had fought at Buena Vista, and whose discipline and valor were worthy of all praise.

After a hasty reconnoissance, General Twiggs resolved to attack with the troops he had, and if possible to win a battle before Scott came up. He saw at a glance that the enemy's left might be turned, and issued the requisite orders for a movement in that direction on the 14th; but unfortunately for his plans, before dawn on that day, an aide-de-camp from General Patterson reached him with orders to suspend the attack till the arrival of the general-in-chief. Scott arrived, a few hours after, and commenced his reconnoissance; and Worth, who led the rear division, hearing of the prospect of a battle, marched the fifteen miles which separated him from the main army without a halt.

Early on 17th Twiggs advanced by the right, as he had intended, and began to cut a road through the brushwood. Harassed by a party of skirmishers on his left, Lieutenant Gardner was detailed to dislodge them, and a sharp encounter took place. The Mexicans being in greater force than was supposed, Colonel Harney sent a party of rifles and a battalion of artillery under Lieutenant-colonel Childs to Gardner's support; but, as soon as they were perceived, a reinforcement more than twice their number hurried up from the Mexican camp, and Santa Anna rode forward himself to the point of attack. The struggle was brief; after a brisk fire, the Mexicans fell back, Childs following in hot pursuit to the base of a hill called Atalaya. Here the men stopped for an instant to gain breath; then, notwithstanding a heavy flank fire from the batteries on the road, they rushed up the hillside and drove the Mexicans from the crest with the bayonet. Carried away by the excitement of the moment, Childs no sooner found himself master of the Atalaya, than he started to storm the other height—Cerro Gordo. Down charged the artillerymen, in the teeth of a terrible fire from the redoubt, over the valley, and up to the base of the hill: it was not till they began to scale the height that Childs discovered he had but sixty men with him, having lost thirty-two in the charge, and that the recall had been sounded. He had no choice but to fall back to the other eminence, which was occupied by our troops, and armed with a couple of howitzers and a 24-pounder during the night.

At daybreak next morning these guns gave the signal of battle by opening fire on Cerro Gordo. Colonel Harney, who was in command on the height, sent his rifles round to the left of the hill to intercept reinforcements, and to commence the attack on that side. He had intended to await their fire before moving with the infantry; but the impatience of the men could not endure the delay, and a few minutes after the rifles set out, he advanced at the head of the 3d and 7th infantry and 1st artillery to storm the redoubt. A sheet of flame burst from the crest of the hill and from the breast-works, as the storming party descended in double-quick time down the hill. How a man escaped was a wonder; had the Mexicans been better marksmen, at so close a range their fire would have been murderous. As it was, with the balls whizzing over their heads, Harney's men charged up the hill, and leaped into the outer works, shooting every man who did not fly. At the same moment, on the north side of Cerro Gordo, Riley's brigade had engaged some Mexican skirmishers, and was driving them up the hill, and following close on their heels. Both parties—Harney's and Riley's—reached the summit at the same moment on opposite sides, and dashed at the redoubt. Many of the 3d and 7th—too excited to load—had clubbed their guns, and whirled them fiercely over their heads; others, better disciplined, rushed at the gunners with the bayonet. At the same moment, a party of rifles had clambered up the south side of the hill, and the sharp crack of their weapons announced their arrival at the summit. The struggle lasted but a few minutes; then, General Vasquez being killed, and prodigious slaughter committed among his men, the Mexicans leaped over their own defenses and rolled like an avalanche down the side of the hill. Up went the "Stars and Stripes" over Cerro Gordo, and the fire of the batteries on the road—hitherto directed against less exposed points—instantly turned against the redoubt, and the troops on the hillside. Five pieces, well-manned, poured an incessant stream of grape and canister upon our men. Time was precious: Riley's brigade and Shields's volunteers were ordered to charge and take the battery. The moment the latter debouched from behind the chaparral, a volley of grape laid low their leader—shot through the lungs. Not an instant did his men falter; Baker leading sword in hand, they dashed gallantly at the battery on one side, while Riley swept down the hillside on another, and the pieces were ours. In dire confusion, Mexican gunners, foot and horse, fled from the plain. Boiling with rage, Santa Anna thundered a command to the dragoons to charge the Americans, if they should need to charge up Cerro Gordo: but Canalejo could not master the panic that had begun to spread among his men. Heavy

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BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

discharges of grape from the captured heights increased the havoc and disorder.

On the left, General Pillow had vainly sought to storm the Mexican batteries with his volunteers. For some distance in front of the batteries the enemy had cut down the chaparral and strewed it on the ground, so as to impede the advance of the stormers. This obstacle had not been foreseen, and threw the first storming party—the Tennesseans under Haskell—into some confusion. The moment they wavered the batteries opened with grape, and over a thousand infantry, securely posted behind breastworks, delivered a fatal fire. Not a single eminence offered shelter to the volunteers: the slope was gradual, the range easy; and cool as were the Mexicans, had the stormers stood their ground, they would have been cut off to a man. As it was, Haskell advanced till 100 of his men had fallen, then ordered a retreat. The Pennsylvanians were to follow him, but they too fell into disorder, and to add to all, Pillow was wounded the moment he appeared on the scene. A hasty retreat was effected, and Pillow, wrapping a handkerchief round his arm, began to reform his volunteers for a second assault. It was not needed. By this time the guns of Cerro Gordo were playing on the batteries, and seeing the defeat of Santa Anna, the Mexicans hoisted a white flag. Three thousand men, including five generals, surrendered as prisoners of war.

Santa Anna, mounted on a baggage mule, fled through a defile. Many of his soldiers threw down their arms and escaped into the

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mountains. The cavalry and the remnant of the main army—leaving over 1000 men killed and wounded on the field of battle—fled by the road, and were pursued by all the force Scott could send as far as Jalapa. This brilliant victory, which destroyed the Mexican army, cost Scott 431 men—of whom 63 were killed—out of a total force of 8500.

As soon as Scott arrived at Jalapa, he sent Worth to seize the formidable castle of La Hoya, and to occupy Perote — the strongest places between Jalapa and Puebla. Both objects were accomplished without loss, and Scott would undoubtedly have pressed on toward the capital before Santa Anna had time to repair his losses, had the volunteers been willing to continue the campaign. Unfortunately their term expired in June, and as the sickly season was approaching, they begged earnestly to be discharged before it began; and the General, yielding to humanity at the sacrifice of his own fame, acceded to their request. Three thousand men—Patterson's division—left for Vera Cruz, and embarked for the United States. Having sent for fresh reinforcements, Scott ordered Worth to march on Puebla with Quitman and 4000 men. Worth started from Perote on the anniversary of the battle of Palo Alto, and Quitman on that of Resaca de la Palma, and both reached Puebla in a week; having met with no other obstacle than a body of Mexican horse, which—though led by Santa Anna in person—had broken and fled at the first discharge of Duncan's guns. The 80,000 inhabitants of Puebla were in no humor for fighting: Worth advised them to surrender, and they did so at once. His men, ragged, tired, and dirty, marched into the Gran Plaza, quietly stacked their arms, and many of them lay down beside them to sleep. The Pueblanos—half-curious, half-frightened—congregated in groups around them, wondering at the feeble numbers and squalid appearance of the army to which they had surrendered without firing a shot. "How is it possible," wrote a citizen of Puebla, "that these ridiculous, sordid, and filthy troops have continually beaten our army, which not only surpasses them in appearance, but has positive advantages over them in every way?" Strange as this might be, it appeared still stranger that this handful of "ridiculous, sordid, and filthy troops"—only 4000 strong—should hold a city which could turn out ten thousand idlers to stare at them as they lay sleeping defiantly in the great square of Puebla. Hold it they did, however; and at the end of a fortnight Scott joined them with the remnant of his army, having abandoned Jalapa, and moved his hospital to Perote.

Reinforcements arrived but slowly, and each detachment, as it moved from Vera Cruz to the mountains, had to sustain a running fight with the guerrillas whom Santa Anna had let loose on the road. All arrived however in safety, and by the beginning of August, General Scott was ready to move on the valley of Mexico with 10,738 men, leaving Colonel Childs with 1400 to garrison Puebla. On the 7th, Twiggs's division of regulars was drawn up in order of march before the government. Scott rode along the lines, and, as the last man fell into his place, waved his hat high in air, and shouted: "Now, my lads, give them a Cerro Gordo cheer!" The air still rung with the echoes as the vanguard marched into the plain with steady tread and bold heart. The other divisions followed by detachments, and the ascent of the Cordilleras was commenced. It was a toilsome march for the infantry, encumbered with heavy knapsacks and arms; and as they neared the mountain height, the rarefied air was a source of great inconvenience. On they trudged, however, stopping now and then to quench their thirst at some mountain brook, or to gaze at the quenched volcano of Popocatepetl, its sides begrimed with lava, and its peak soaring above the clouds. On the third day they stood upon the summit of the ridge which looks down upon the valley of Mexico, with the city itself glittering in the centre, and bright lakes, grim forts, and busy causeways dotting the dark expanse of marsh and lava. That night the troops encamped at the foot of the mountains, and within the valley on the border of Lake Chalco.

With the energy which characterized Santa Anna throughout the war, he had prepared for a desperate defense. Civil strife had been silenced, funds raised, an army of 25,000 men mustered, and every precaution taken which genius could suggest or science indicate. Nature had done much for him. Directly in front of the invading army lay the large lakes of Xochimilco and Chalco. These turned, vast marshes, intersected by ditches and for the most part impassable, surrounded the city on the east and south—on which side Scott was advancing—for several miles. The only approaches were by causeways; and these Santa Anna had taken prodigious pains to guard. The national road to Vera Cruz—which Scott must have taken had he marched on the north side of the lakes—was commanded by a fort mounting 51 guns on an impregnable hill called El Peñon. Did he turn the southern side of the lakes, a field of lava, deemed almost impassable for troops, interposed a primary obstacle; and fortified positions at San Antonio, San Angel, and Churubusco, with an intrenched camp at Contreras, were likewise to be surmounted before the southern causeways could be reached. Beyond these there yet remained the formidable castle of Chapultepec and the strong inclosure of Molino del Rey, to be stormed before the city gates could be reached. Powerful batteries had been mounted at all these points, and ample garrisons detailed to serve them. The bone and muscle of Mexico were there. Goaded by defeat, Santa Anna never showed so much vigor; ambition fired Valencia; patriotism stirred the soul of Alvarez; Canalejo, maddened by the odium into which he had fallen, was boiling to regain his soubriquet of "The Lion of Mexico." With a constancy equal to any thing recorded of the Ro-

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man Senate, the Mexican Congress, on learning the defeat at Cerro Gordo, had voted unanimously that any one opening negotiations with the enemy should be deemed a traitor; and the citizens with one accord had ratified the vote. Within six months Mexico had lost two splendid armies in two pitched battles against the troops now advancing against the capital; but she never lost heart, and her spirit quailed not.

The engineers reporting that the fortress on El Peñon could not be carried without a loss of one-third the army, Scott decided to move by the south of the lakes; and Worth accordingly advanced, leading the van, as far as San Augustin, nine miles from the city of Mexico. There a large field of lava—known as the Pedregal—barred the way. On the one side, a couple of miles from San Augustin, the fortified works at San Antonio commanded the passage between the field and the lake; on the other, the ground was so much broken that infantry alone could advance, and General Valencia occupied an intrenched camp, with a heavy battery, near the village of Contreras, three miles distant. Scott determined to attack on both sides, and sent forward Worth on the east, and Pillow and Twiggs on the west. The latter advanced as fast as possible over the masses of lava on the morning of the 19th, and by 2 P.M. a couple of light batteries were placed in position and opened fire on the Mexican camp. At the same time, General Persifor Smith conceived the plan of turning Valencia's left, and hastened along the path through the Pedregal in the direction of a village called San Jeronimo. Colonel Riley followed. Pillow sent Cadwallader's brigade on the same line, and later in the day Morgan's regiment was likewise dispatched toward that point. They drove in the Mexican pickets and skirmishers, dispersed a few parties of lancers, and occupied the village without loss. Seeing the movement, Santa Anna hastened to Valencia's support with 12,000 men. He was discovered by Cadwallader just as the latter gained the village road; and appreciating the vast importance of preventing a junction between the two Mexican generals, that gallant officer did not hesitate to draw up his brigade in order of battle. So broken was the ground, that Santa Anna could not see the amount of force opposed to him, and declined the combat. This was all Cadwallader wanted. Shields's brigade was advancing through the Pedregal, and the troops which had already crossed were rapidly moving to the rear of Valencia's camp. Night, too, was close at hand. When it fell, Smith's, Riley's, and Cadwallader's commands had gained the point they sought. Shields joined them at ten o'clock; and at midnight Captain Lee crossed the Pedregal, with a message from General Smith to General Scott, to say that he would commence the attack at daybreak next morning.

It rained all night, and the men lay in the mud without fires. At three in the morning (20th August) the word was passed to march. Such pitchy darkness covered the face of the plain that Smith ordered every man to touch his front file as he marched. Now and then a flash of lightning lit up the narrow ravine; occasionally a straggling moonbeam pierced the clouds, and shed an uncertain glimmer on the heights; but these flitting guides only served to make the darkness seem darker. The soldiers groped their way, stumbling over stones and brushwood, and did not gain the rear of the camp till day broke. Then Riley bade his men look to the priming of their guns, and reload those which the rain had wet. With the first ray of daylight the firing had recommenced between the Mexican camp and Ransom's corps stationed in front, and Shields's brigade at San Jeronimo. Almost at the same moment Riley began to ascend the height in the rear. Before he reached the crest, his engineers, who had gone forward to reconnoitre, came running back to say that his advance had been detected, that two guns were being pointed against him, and a body of infantry were sallying from the camp. The news braced the men's nerves. They gained the ridge, and stood a tremendous volley from the Mexicans without flinching. Poor Hanson of the 7th—a gallant officer, and an excellent man—was shot down with many others; but the Mexicans had done their worst. With steady aim, the volley was returned; and ere the smoke rose, a cheer rung through the ravine, and Riley fell with a swoop on the intrenchments. With bayonet and butt of musket, the 2d and 7th drove the enemy from his guns, leaping into his camp, and slaughtering all before them. Up rushed Smith's own brigade on the left, driving a party of Mexicans before them, and charging with the bayonet straight at Torrejon's cavalry, which was drawn up in order of battle. Defeat was marked on their faces. Valencia was nowhere to be found. Salas strove vainly to rouse his men to defend themselves with energy; Torrejon's horse, smitten with panic, broke and fled at the advance of our infantry. Riley hurled the Mexicans from their camp after a struggle of a quarter of an hour; and as they rushed down the ravine, their own cavalry rode over them, trampling down more men than the bayonet and ball had laid low. On the right, as they fled, Cadwallader's brigade poured in a destructive volley; and Shields, throwing his party across the road, obstructed their retreat, and compelled the fugitives to yield themselves prisoners of war. The only fight of any moment had taken place within the camp. There, for a few minutes, the Mexicans had fought desperately; two of our regimental colors had been shot down; but finally Anglo-Saxon bone and sinew had triumphed. To the exquisite delight of the assailants, the first prize of victory was the guns O'Brien had abandoned at Buena Vista, which were regained by his own regiment. Twenty other guns and over 1000 prisoners, including eighty-eight officers and four generals, were likewise captured, and some 1500 Mexi-

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cans killed and wounded. The American loss in killed, wounded, and missing was about 100 men.

Barely taking time to breathe his troops, Smith followed in pursuit toward the city. By ten o'clock in the morning he reached San Angel, which Santa Anna evacuated as he approached. The general-in-chief and the generals of division had by this time relieved Smith of his command; Scott rode to the front, and in a few brief words told the men there was more work to be done that day. A loud cheer from the ranks was the reply. The whole force then advanced to Coyacan, within a mile of Churubusco, and prepared to assault the place.

Santa Anna considered it the key to the city, and awaited the attack in perfect confidence with 30,000 men. The defenses were of a very simple description. On the west, in the direction of Coyacan, stood the large stone convent of San Pablo, in which seven heavy guns were mounted, and which, as well as the wall and breast-works in front, was filled with infantry. A breast-work connected San Pablo with the *tête de pont* over the Churubusco river, four hundred yards distant. This was the easternmost point of defense, and formed part of the San Antonio causeway leading to the city. It was a work constructed with the greatest skill —bastions, curtain, and wet ditch, every thing was complete and perfect — four guns were mounted in embrasure and barbette, and as many men as the place would hold were stationed there. The reserves occupied the causeway behind Churubusco. Independently of his defenses, Santa Anna's numbers—nearly five to one—ought to have insured the repulse of the assailants.

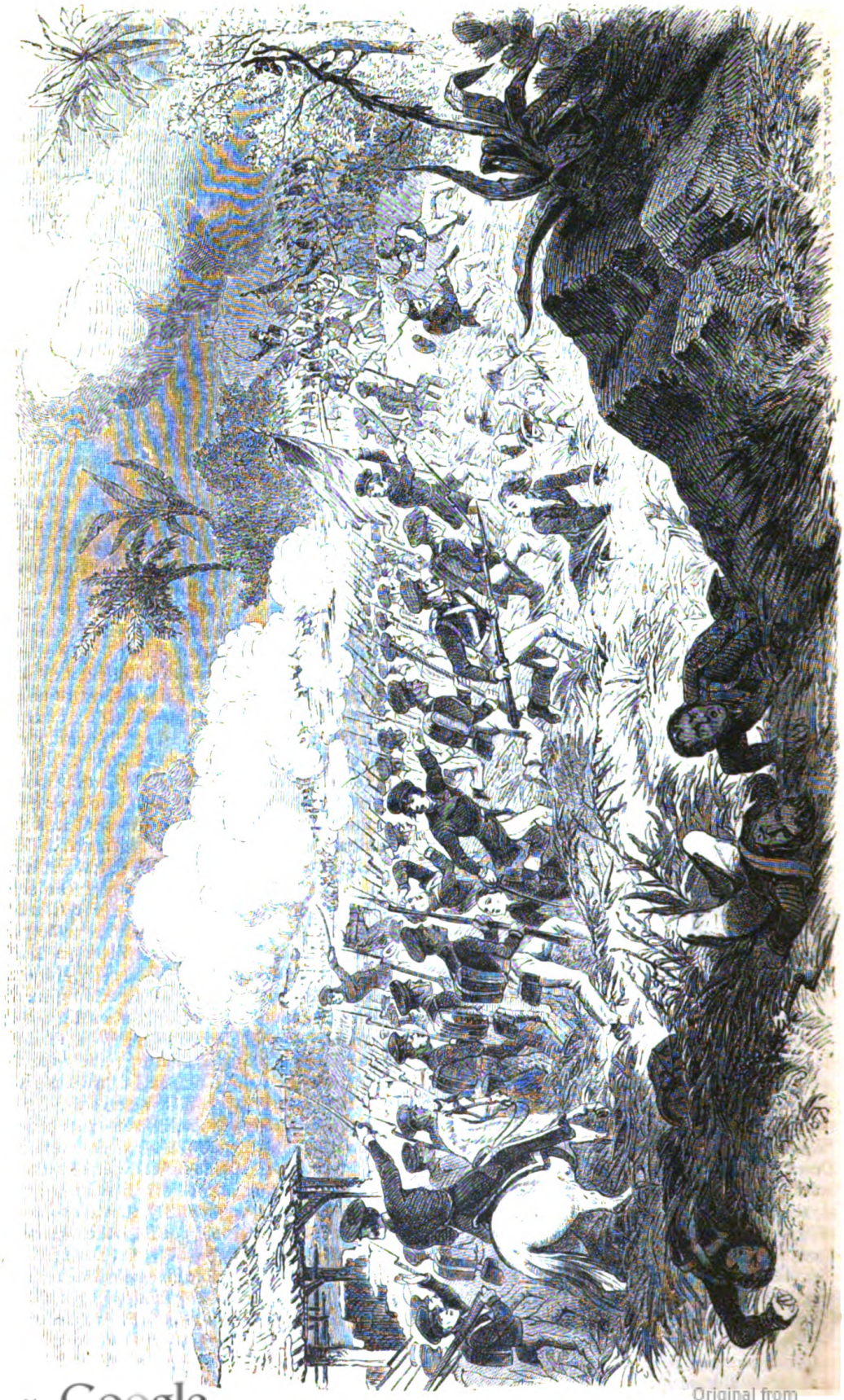
By eleven—hardly seven hours having elapsed since the Contreras camp had been stormed, five miles away—Twiggs and Pillow were in motion toward the San Antonio causeway. Nothing had been heard of Worth, who had been directed to move along the east side of the Pedregal on San Antonio; but it was taken for granted he had carried the point, and Scott wished to cut off the retreat of the garrison. Twiggs was advancing cautiously toward the convent, when a heavy firing was heard in advance. Supposing that a reconnoitring party had been attacked, he hastily sent forward the 1st artillery, under Dimmick, through a field of tall corn, to support them. No sooner had they separated from the main body, than a terrific discharge of grape, canister, and musketry assailed them from the convent. In the teeth of the storm they advanced to within one hundred yards of that building, and a light battery under Taylor was brought up on their right, and opened on the convent. Over an hour the gunners stood firm to their pieces under a fire as terrible as troops ever endured; one-third of the command had fallen before they were withdrawn. Colonel Riley meanwhile, with the stormers of Contreras, had been dispatched to assail San Pablo on the west, and, like Dimmick, was met by a murderous rain of shot. Whole heads of companies were mowed down at once. Thus Captain Smith fell, twice wounded, with every man beside him; and a single discharge from the Mexican guns swept down Lieutenant Easley and the section he led. It was the second time that day the gallant 2d had served as targets for the Mexicans, but not a man fell back. General Smith ordered up the 3d in support, and these, protecting themselves as best they could behind a few huts, kept up a steady fire on the convent. Sallies from the works were constantly made, and as constantly repulsed, but not a step could the assailants make in advance.

By this time the battle was raging on three different points. Worth had marched on San Antonio that morning, found it evacuated, and given chase to the Mexicans with the 5th and 6th infantry. The causeway leading from San Antonio to the *tête de pont* of Churubusco was thronged with flying horse and foot; our troops dashed headlong after them, never halting till the advance corps—the 6th—were within short range of the Mexican batteries. A tremendous volley from the *tête de pont* in front, and the convent on the flank, then forced them to await the arrival of the rest of the division. This was the fire which Twiggs heard when he sent Dimmick against the convent.

Worth came up almost immediately; and directing the 6th to advance as best they could along the causeway in the teeth of the *tête de pont*, dispatched Garland's and Clarke's brigades through the fields on the right to attack it in flank. Every gun was instantly directed against the assailants; and though the day was bright and clear, the clouds of smoke actually darkened the air. Hoffman, waving his sword, cheered on the 6th; but the shot tore and ripped up their ranks to such a degree that in a few minutes they had lost ninety-seven men. The brigades on the right suffered as severely. One hundred men fell within the space of an acre. Still they pressed on, till the 8th (of Clarke's brigade) reached the ditch. In they plunged, Lieutenant Longstreet bearing the colors in advance—scrambled out on the other side—dashed at the walls, without ladders or scaling implements—bayoneted the defenders as they took aim. At last, officers and men mixed pell-mell, some through the embrasures, some over the walls, rushed or leaped in, and drove the garrison helter-skelter upon their reserves.

The *tête de pont* gained, its guns were turned on the convent, whence the Mexicans were still slaughtering our gallant 2d and 3d. Duncan's battery, too, hitherto in reserve, was brought up, and opened with such rapidity, that a by-stander estimated the intervals between the reports at three seconds! Stunned by this novel attack, the garrison of San Pablo slackened fire. In an instant the 3d, followed by Dimmick's artillery, dashed forward with the bayonet to storm the nearest bastion. With a run they carried it, the artillery bursting over the curtain; but at that moment a dozen white flags waved in their

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CHARGE OF THE PALMETTOS AT CHURUBUSCO.

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faces. The whole fortified position of Churubusco was taken.

Meantime, however, a conflict as deadly as either of these was raging behind the Mexican fortifications. Soon after the battle commenced, Scott sent Pierce's and Shields's brigades by the left, through the fields, to attack the enemy in the rear. On the causeway, opposed to them, were planted Santa Anna's reserves—4000 foot and 3000 horse—in a measure protected by a dense growth of maguey. Shields advanced intrepidly with his force of 1600. The ground was marshy, and for a long distance—having vainly endeavored to outflank the enemy—his advance was exposed to their whole fire. Morgan, of the 15th, fell wounded. The New York regiment suffered fearfully, and their leader, Colonel Burnett, was disabled. The Palmettos of South Carolina, and the 9th, under Ransom, were as severely cut up; and after a while all sought shelter in and about a large barn near the causeway. Shields, in an agony at the failure of his movement, cried imploringly for volunteers to follow him. The appeal was instantly answered by Colonel Butler, of the Palmettos: "Every South Carolinian will follow you to the death!" The cry was contagious, and most of the New Yorkers took it up. Forming at angles to the causeway, Shields led these brave men, under an incessant hail of shot, against the village of Portales, where the Mexican reserves were posted. Not a trigger was pulled till they stood at a hundred and fifty yards from the enemy. Then the little band poured in their volley, fatally answered by the Mexican host. Butler, already wounded, was shot through the head, and died instantly. Calling to the Palmettos to avenge his death, Shields gives the word to charge. They charge—not 400 in all—over the plain, down upon 4000 Mexicans, securely posted under cover. At every step their ranks are thinned. Dickenson, who succeeded Butler in command of the Palmettos, seizes the colors as the bearer falls dead; the next moment he is down himself, mortally wounded, and Major Gladden snatches them from his hand. Adams, Moragne, and nearly half the gallant band are prostrate. A very few minutes more, and there will be no one left to bear the glorious flag. But at this very moment a deafening roar is heard in the direction of the *tête de pont*. Round shot and grape, rifle balls and canister, come crashing down the causeway into the Mexican ranks, from their own battery. Worth is there—the gallant fellow—just in time. Down the road and over the ditch, through the field and hedge and swamp, in tumult and panic, the Mexicans are flying from the bayonets of the 6th and Garland's brigade. A shout, louder than the cannon's peal—Worth is on their heels, with his best men. Before Shields reaches the causeway, he is by his side, driving the Mexican horse into their infantry, and Ayres is galloping up with a captured Mexican gun. Captain Kearney, with a few dragoons, dashes past, rides straight into the flying host, scatters them right and left, sabres all he can reach, and halts before the gate of Mexico. Not till then does he perceive that he is alone with his little party, nearly all of whom are wounded; but, spite the hundreds of escopetas that are leveled at him, he gallops back in safety to head-quarters.

The sun, which rose that morning on a proud army and a defiant metropolis, set at even on a shattered, haggard band, and a city full of woe-stricken wretches, who did nothing all night but quake with terror, and cry, at every noise, "*Aqui viene los Yanquies!*" All along the causeway, and in the fields and swamp on either side, heaps of dead men and cattle, intermingled with broken ammunition-carts, marked where the American shot had told. A gory track leading to the *tête de pont*, groups of dead in the fields on the west of Churubusco, over whose pale faces some stalks of tattered corn still waved, red blotches in the marsh next the causeway, where the rich blood of Carolina and New York soaked the earth, showed where the fire of the heavy Mexican guns, and the countless escopetas of the infantry had been most murderous. Scott had lost, in that day's work, over 1000 men, in killed and wounded, 79 of whom were officers. The Mexican loss, according to Santa Anna, was one-third of his army, equal probably to 10,000 men, one-fourth of whom were prisoners, the rest killed and wounded. As the sun went down, the troops were recalled to head-quarters; but all night long the battle-field swarmed with straggling parties, seeking some lost comrade in the cold and rain, and surgeons hurrying from place to place, and offering succor to the wounded.

It would have been easy for Scott to have marched on the city that night, or next morning, and seized it before the Mexicans recovered the shock of their defeat. Anxious, however, to shorten the war, and assured that Santa Anna was desirous of negotiating; warned, moreover, by neutrals and others, that the hostile occupation of the capital would destroy the last chance of peaceable accommodation, and rouse the Mexican spirit to resistance all over the country, the American general consented, too generously perhaps, to offer an armistice to his vanquished foe. It was eagerly accepted, and negotiations were commenced, which lasted over a fortnight. In the mean time General Scott had the satisfaction of hanging several of the Irishmen who had deserted to the Mexicans, and, serving as the battalion of San Patricio, had shot down so many of their old comrades at Buena Vista and Churubusco. This act of justice was approved by the army and the nation. Early in September the treachery of the Mexicans became apparent. No progress had been made in the negotiations; and, in defiance of the armistice, an American wagon, proceeding to the city for provisions, had been attacked by the mob, and one man killed and others wounded. Scott wrote to Santa Anna, demanding an apology, and threatening to terminate the armistice

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on the 7th, if it were not tendered. The reply was insulting in the extreme; Santa Anna had repaired his losses, and was ready for another fight.

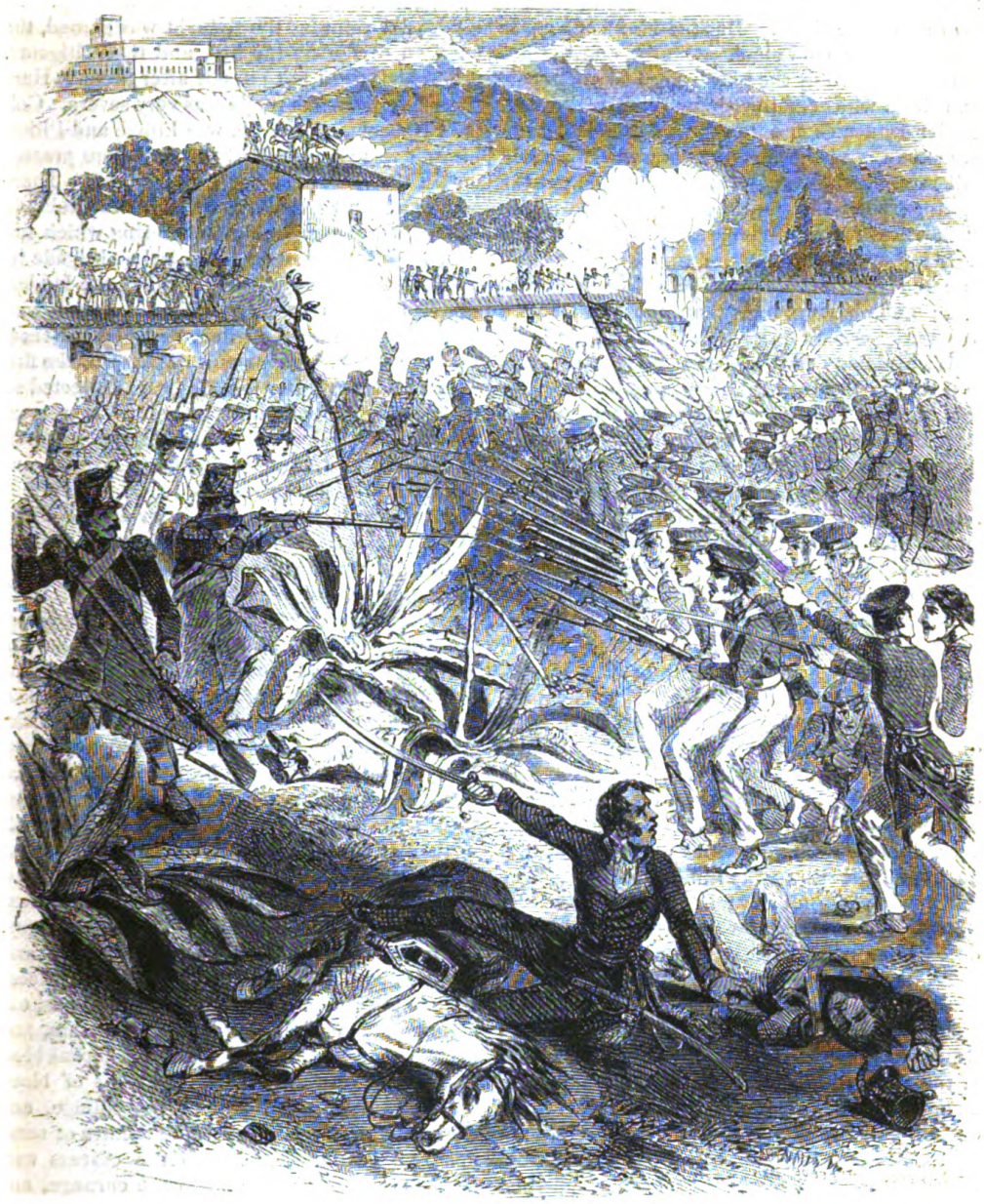
On the evening of the 7th September, Worth and his officers were gathered in his quarters at Tacubaya. On a table lay a hastily-sketched map, showing the position of the fortified works at Molino del Rey, with the Casa Mata on one side, and the castle of Chapultepec on the other. The Molino was occupied by the enemy; there was reason to believe it contained a foundry, in full operation, and Worth had been directed to storm it next morning. Over that table bent Garland and Clarke, eager to repeat the glorious deeds of the 20th August at the *tête de pont* of Churubusco; Duncan and Smith, already veterans; Wright, the leader of the forlorn-hope, joyfully thinking of the morrow; famous Martin Scott, and dauntless Graham, little dreaming that a few hours would see their livid corpses stretched upon the plain; fierce old M'Intosh, covered with scars; Worth himself, his manly brow clouded, and his cheek paled by sickness and anxiety. Each officer had his place assigned to him in the conflict; and they parted to seek a few hours' rest. At half-past two in the morning of the 8th, the division was astir. 'Twas a bright starlight night, whose silence was unbroken as the troops moved thoughtfully toward the battle-field. In front, on the right, about a mile from the encampment, the hewn-stone walls of the Molino del Rey—a range of buildings five hundred yards long, and well adapted for defense—were distinctly visible, with drowsy lights twinkling through the windows. A little farther off, on the left, stood the black pile of the Casa Mata, the arsenal, crenelled for musketry, and surrounded by a quadrangular field-work. Beyond the Casa Mata lay a ravine, and from this a ditch and hedge ran, passing in front of both works, to the Tacubaya road. Far on the right the grim old castle of Chapultepec loomed up darkly against the sky. Sleep wrapt the whole Mexican line, and but few words were spoken in the American ranks as the troops took up their respective positions—Garland, with Dunn's battery and Huger's 24-pounders, on the right, against the Molino; Wright, at the head of the stormers, and followed by the light division, under Captain Kirby Smith, in the centre; M'Intosh, with Duncan's battery, on the left, near the ravine, looking toward the Casa Mata; and Cadwallader, with his brigade, in reserve.

Night still overhung the east when the Mexicans were roused from their slumbers by the roar of Huger's 24-pounders, and the crashing of the balls through the roof and walls of the Molino. A shout arose within their lines, spreading from the ravine to the castle; lights flashed in every direction, bugles sounded, the clank of arms rang from right to left, and every man girded himself for the fray. With the first ray of daylight Major Wright advanced with the forlorn-hope down the slope. A few seconds elapsed; then a sheet of flame burst from the batteries, and round shot, canister, and grape hurtled through the air. "Charge!" shouted the leader, and down they went, with double-quick step, over the ditch and hedge, and into the line, sweeping every thing before them. The Mexicans fell from their guns, but soon, seeing the smallness of the force opposed to them, and reassured by the galling fire poured from the azoteas and Molino on the stormers, they rallied, charged furiously, and drove our men back into the plain. Here eleven out of the fourteen officers of Wright's party, and the bulk of his men, fell killed or wounded. All of the latter who could not fly were bayoneted where they lay by the Mexicans. Captain Walker, of the 6th, badly shot, was left for dead; he saw the enemy murdering every man who showed signs of life, but the agony of thirst was so insupportable, that he could not resist raising his canteen to his lips. A dozen balls instantly tore up the ground around him; several Mexicans rushed at him with the bayonet, but at that moment the light division, under Kirby Smith, came charging over the ditch, into the Mexican line, and diverted their attention.

Garland, meanwhile, moved down rapidly on the right with Dunn's guns, which were drawn by hand, all the horses having been wounded and become unmanageable. These soon opened an enfilading fire on the Mexican battery; and some of the gunners flying, the light division charged, under a hot fire, and carried the guns for the second time. Their gallant leader was shot dead in the charge. But the enemy could afford to lose the battery. From the tops of the azoteas, from the Casa Mata, and the Molino, a deadly shower of balls were rained crosswise upon the assailants. Part of the reserve was brought up; and Dunn's guns and the Mexican battery were served upon the buildings without much effect at first. Lieutenant-Colonel Graham led a party of the 11th against the latter; when within pistol-shot a terrific volley assailed him, wounding him in ten places. The gallant soldier quietly dismounted, pointed with his sword to the building, cried "Charge!" and sunk dead on the field.

As fiercely raged the battle at the other wing, where Duncan and M'Intosh had driven in the enemy's right toward the Casa Mata. M'Intosh started to storm that fort; and, in the teeth of a tremendous hail of musketry, advanced to the ditch, only twenty-five yards from the work. There a ball knocked him down; it was his luck to be shot or bayoneted in every battle. Martin Scott took the command, but as he ordered the men forward he rolled lifeless into the ditch. Major Waite, the next in rank, had hardly seen him fall, before he too was disabled. By whole companies the men were mowed down by the Mexican shot; but they stood their ground. At length some one gave the word to fall back, and the remnants of the brigade obeyed. Many wounded were left on the ground; among others Lieutenant Burnell, shot

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STORMING OF MOLINO DEL REY.

in the leg, whom the Mexicans murdered when his comrades abandoned him. After the battle his body was found, and beside it his dog, moaning piteously, and licking his dead master's face.

At the head of four thousand cavalry, Alvarez now menaced our left. Duncan watched them come, driving a cloud of dust before them, till they were within close range; then opening with his wonderful rapidity, he shattered whole platoons at a discharge. Worth sent him word to be sure to keep the lancers in check. "Tell General Worth," was his reply, "to make himself perfectly easy; I can whip twenty thousand of them." So far as Alvarez was concerned, he kept his word.

On the American right the fight had reached a crisis. Mixed confusedly together, men of all arms furiously attacked the Molino, firing into every aperture, climbing to the roof, and striving to batter in the doors and gates with their muskets. The garrison never slackened their terrible fire for an instant. At length, Major Buchanan, of the 4th, succeeded in bursting open the southern gate; and, almost at the same moment, Anderson and Ayres, of the artillery, forced their way into the buildings at the northwestern angle. Ayres leaped down alone into a crowd of Mexicans—he had done the same at Monterey—and fell covered with wounds. In our men rushed on both sides, stabbing, firing, and felling the Mexicans with their muskets. From room to room and house to house a hand-to-hand encounter was kept up. Here a stalwart Mexican hurled down man after man as

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they advanced; there Buchanan and the 4th leveled all before them. But the Mexicans never withstood the cold steel. One by one the defenders escaped by the rear toward Chapultepec, and those who remained hung out a white flag. Under Duncan's fire the Casa Mata had been evacuated, and the enemy was every where in full retreat. Twice he rallied and charged the Molino; but each time the artillery drove him back toward Chapultepec, and parties of the light infantry pursued him down the road. Before ten in the morning the whole field was won; and, having blown up the Casa Mata, Worth, by Scott's order, fell back to Tacubaya.

With gloomy face and averted eye the gallant soldier received the thanks of his chief for the exploits of the morning. His heart was with the brave men he had lost: near 800 out of less than 3500, and among them fifty-eight officers, many of whom were his dearest friends. All had fallen in advance of their men, with sword in hand and noble words on their lips. 'Twas a poor price for these to have stormed Molino del Rey, and cut down near a fifth of Santa Anna's 14,000 men. Sadly the general returned to his quarters.

The end was now close at hand. Reconnoissances were carefully made, and the enemy's strength being gathered on the southern front of the city, General Scott determined to assault Chapultepec on the west. By the morning of the 12th the batteries were completed, and opened a brisk fire on the castle; without, however, doing any more serious damage than annoying the garrison and killing a few men. The fire was kept up all day; and at night preparations were made for the assault, which was ordered to be made next morning.

At daybreak on the 13th the cannonade recommenced, as well from the batteries planted against Chapultepec, as from Steptoe's guns, which were served against the southern defenses of the city in order to divert the attention of the enemy. At 8 A.M. the firing from the former ceased, and the attack commenced. Quitman advanced along the Tacubaya road, Pillow from the Molino del Rey, which he had occupied on the evening before. Between the Molino and the castle lay first an open space, then a grove thickly planted with trees; in the latter Mexican sharpshooters had been posted, protected by an intrenchment on the border of the grove. Pillow sent Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone with a party of voltigeurs to turn this work by a flank movement; it was handsomely accomplished, and just as the voltigeurs broke through the redan, Pillow, with the main body, charged it in front and drove back the Mexicans. The grove gained, Pillow pressed forward to the foot of the rock; for the Mexican shot from the castle batteries, crashing through the trees, seemed even more terrible than it really was, and the troops were becoming restless. The Mexicans had retreated to a redoubt halfway up the hill; the voltigeurs sprang up from rock to rock, firing as they advanced, and followed by Hooker, Chase, and others, with parties of infantry. In a very few minutes the redoubt was gained, the garrison driven up the hill, and the voltigeurs, 9th, and 15th in hot pursuit after them. Here the firing from the castle was very severe. Colonel Ransom, of the 9th, was killed, and Pillow himself was wounded. Still the troops pressed on till the crest of the hill was gained. There some moments were lost, owing to the delay in the arrival of scaling ladders, during which two of Quitman's regiments and Clarke's brigade reinforced the storming party. When the ladders came, numbers of men rushed forward with them, leaped into the ditch, and planted them for the assault. Lieutenant Selden was the first man to mount. But the Mexicans collected all their energies for this last moment. A tremendous fire dashed the foremost of the stormers in the ditch, killing Lieutenants Rogers and Smith, and clearing the ladders. Fresh men instantly manned them, and, after a brief struggle, Captain Howard, of the voltigeurs, gained a foothold on the parapet. M'Kenzie, of the forlorn hope, followed; and a crowd of voltigeurs and infantry, shouting and cheering, pressed after him, and swept down upon the garrison with the bayonet. Almost at the same moment, Johnstone, of the voltigeurs, who had led a small party round to the gate of the castle, broke it open, and effected an entrance in spite of a fierce fire from the southern walls. The two parties uniting, a deadly conflict ensued within the building. Maddened by the recollection of the murder of their wounded comrades at Molino del Rey, the stormers at first showed no quarter. On every side the Mexicans were stabbed or shot down without mercy. Many flung themselves over the parapet and down the hillside, and were dashed in pieces against the rocks. More fought like fiends, expending their last breath in a malediction, and expiring in the act of aiming a treacherous blow as they lay on the ground. Streams of blood flowed through the doors of the college, and every room and passage was the theatre of some deadly struggle. At length the officers succeeded in putting an end to the carnage, and the remaining Mexicans having surrendered, the stars and stripes were hoisted over the castle of Chapultepec by Major Seymour.

Meanwhile Quitman had stormed the batteries on the causeway to the east of the castle, after a desperate struggle, in which Major Twiggs, who commanded the stormers, was shot dead at the head of his men. The Mexicans fell back toward the city. General Scott coming up at this moment, ordered a simultaneous advance to be made on the city, along the two roads leading from Chapultepec to the gates of San Cosme and Belen respectively. Worth was to command that on San Cosme, Quitman that on Belen. Both were prepared for defense by barricades, behind which the enemy were posted in great numbers. Fortunately for the assailants an aqueduct, supported on arches of solid masonry, ran along the centre of each

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causeway. By keeping under cover of these arches, and springing rapidly from one to another, Smith's rifles and the South Carolina regiment were enabled to advance close to the first barricade on the Belen road, and pour in a destructive fire on the gunners. A flank discharge from Duncan's guns completed the work; the barricade was carried; and, without a moment's rest, Quitman advanced in the same manner on the garita San Belen, which was held by General Torres with a strong garrison. It too was stormed, though under a fearful hail of grape and canister; and the rifles moved forward toward the citadel. But at this moment Santa Anna rode furiously down to the point of attack. Boiling with rage at the success of the invaders, he smote General Torres in the face, threw a host of infantry into the houses commanding the garita and the road, ordered the batteries in the citadel to open fire, planted fresh guns on the Paseo, and infused such spirit into the Mexicans, that Quitman's advance was stopped at once. A terrific storm of shot, shells, and grape assailed the garita, where Captain Dunn had planted an 8-pounder. Twice the gunners were shot down, and fresh men sent to take their places. Then Dunn himself fell, and immediately afterward Lieutenant Benjamin and his first sergeant met the same fate. The riflemen in the arches repelled sallies, but Quitman's position was precarious, till night terminated the conflict.

Worth, meanwhile, had advanced in like manner along the San Cosme causeway, driving the Mexicans from barricade to barricade, till within two hundred and fifty yards of the garita of San



SCOTT'S ENTRY INTO MEXICO.

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Cosme. There he encountered as severe a fire as that which stopped Quitman. But Scott had ordered him to take the garita, and take it he would. Throwing Garland's brigade out to the right, and Clarke's to the left, he ordered them to break into the houses, burst through the walls, and bore their way to the flanks of the garita. The plan had succeeded perfectly at Monterey, nor did it fail here. Slowly but surely the sappers passed from house to house, until at sunset they reached the point desired. Then Worth ordered the attack. Lieutenant Hunt brought up a light gun at a gallop, and fired it through the embrasure of the enemy's battery, almost muzzle to muzzle, the infantry at the same moment opened a most deadly and unexpected fire from the roofs of the houses; and M'Kenzie, at the head of the stormers, dashed at the battery, and carried it almost without loss. The Mexicans fled precipitately into the city.

At one that night two parties left the citadel, and issued forth from the city. One was the remnant of the Mexican army, which slunk silently and noiselessly through the northern gate, and fled to Guadalupe Hidalgo; the other was a body of officers who came under a white flag, to propose terms of capitulation.

The sun shone brightly on the morning of the 14th of September. Scores of neutral flags float from the windows on the Calle de Plateros, and in their shade beautiful women gaze curiously on the scene beneath. Gayly-dressed groups throng the balconies, and at the street-corners dark-faced men scowl, mutter deep curses, and clutch their knives. The street resounds with the heavy tramp of infantry, the rattle of gun-carriages, and the clatter of horses' hoofs. "*Los Yanqueis!*" is the cry, and every neck is stretched to obtain a glimpse of the six thousand bemired and begrimed soldiers who are marching proudly to the Gran Plaza. On him especially is every eye intently fixed, whose martial form is half concealed by a splendid staff and a squadron of dragoons, as he rides, with flashing eye and beating heart, to the National Palace of Mexico. But six months before, Winfield Scott had landed on the Mexican coast; since then he had stormed the two strongest places in the country, won four battles in the field against armies double, treble, and quadruple his own, and marched without reverse from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico; losing fewer men, making fewer mistakes, and creating less devastation, in proportion to his victories, than any invading general of former times. Well might the Mexicans gaze upon his face!

SKETCHES IN THE EAST INDIES.

PULO PINANG.

IT was in July that a party of us landed at Pinang from one of the steamers which run between Hong-Kong and Bombay. The steamer stopped for three or four hours; and during that time all the passengers were on shore admiring the beauties of the Gem of the Eastern Seas, as Pinang is justly called. As we had come through the narrow strait which divides the island from the Malayan peninsula, we had had a chance to observe the luxuriance of vegetation, the lofty hills, celebrated among the English residents from Calcutta to China for their invigorating atmosphere, and the town, encircled by plantations of nutmegs and spices, snugly ensconced on the plain spread between the hills and the sea. As soon as the anchor was dropped, we were surrounded by the usual clamorous swarm of boatmen, all yelling, shrieking, and gesticulating as if they would jump out of their skins. We, like "griffins" as we were, as those are denominated who have not been in the East for a year and a day, got into a large boat manned by about a dozen Klingh boatmen, who, naked except a breech-cloth, black as jet, and perspiring till they shone again, pulled lustily for the shore, the steersman shrieking out a sort of chant, while the crew grunted a burden to it. These Klinghs come from the southern coast of the peninsula of Hindostan, and are to be found in swarms at Singapore and Pinang. They are hard-working and penurious, but they are the greatest knaves unhung. I said that we were "griffs" to take their boat; for though it was well enough for me who had a quantity of luggage, better informed travelers who were unencumbered would have patronized the Chinamen, who, each in a small boat of a shape approaching a triangle, which he propels by standing in the stern with his face to the bow and "backing water," would be content with a few coppers, while these rapacious Klinghs "did" us out of two rupees, and then chased us for an hour, demanding more.

Nearly grilled by the sun during our transit, which laughed to scorn the protecting screen of thick cotton umbrellas, we were delighted to reach the quay, which is a covered one, and seemed most refreshingly cool by contrast. Arrived there, the question was what should we do; and as the others were here but for a few hours, they started off to see the lions, some in one way and some in another, while I, who intended to stay, saw my luggage in charge of half-a-dozen "coolies," and then, getting into a "palki-gari," drove to the hotel. These "palki-garis," or horse-palanquins, are queer little boxes something like our carriages; that is, they have two doors, four windows, and two seats within. They hold four with tight fitting, though such a test of their capacity is seldom given but by travelers, Jacks on shore for a spree, and the lower classes. The roof is raised about two inches from the sides for a greater circulation of air. This vehicle runs on four wheels, and is drawn by a pony which is incited to speed by his "syce," or groom, who runs alongside of him. This syce is expected to run all the time, and consequently there are neither reins nor driver's box; but I am sorry to say, that after stirring up his equine friend into a powdering trot, the syce generally squats himself upon the whipple-tree, regardless of the load which poor pony has already to drag.

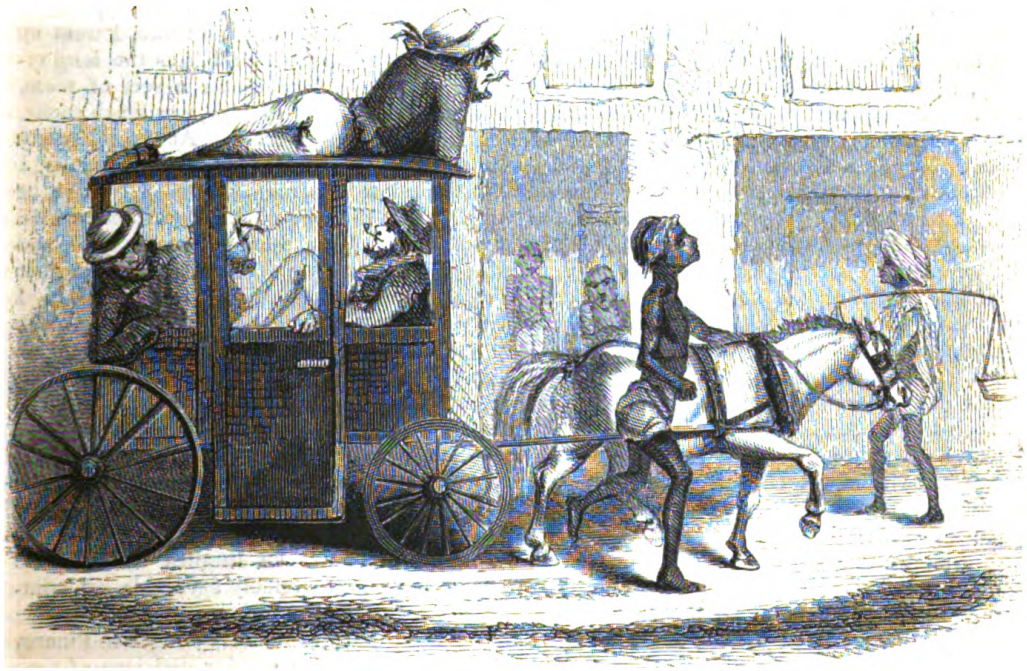
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BOAT, SAHIB! BOAT!

The hotel I found to be rather a barn-like place, with apparently but very little custom; but I managed to get a bath, and ordered "tiffin," or lunch; and while that is getting ready, let us gain a little information about the island.

Pulo Pinang, which is Malay for Betel-nut Island, has been thrust by loyal English into the ponderous and corset-like name of Prince of Wales's Island. The town is called Georgetown, and were there any counties, they doubtless would be King's County and Queen's County. Why can't people, when they find a well-sounding name already given to a place, leave it so? The island took its Malayan title from the quantity of betel-nut palms which were on it. There are still sufficient of these trees to keep the name; and as the nuts form quite an article of export, one would think that gratitude would have prevented the change. A number of nutmeg and spice plantations are spread over the plains, and yield abundantly. There are some coffee plantations which would succeed well enough, were it not for the monkeys, of which more anon. The island is situated in the Straits of Malacca, in about 5° north latitude, nearly opposite to the head of Suma-



"GARI," WITH A CARGO OF "JACKS."

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tra, and only about two miles distant from the Province Wellesley, an English possession in the Malayan peninsula. There! these statistics being known, let us go to tiffin. What did I have? Why, a nice curry, bread, butter, cheese, and bottled ale for the substantials; while for fruit, there were pine-apples, the never-failing bananas, which, by-the-way, I believe were sent upon earth expressly to be eaten with cheese, and the delicious mangosteens. Oh, ye who have never been in these favored regions, never hope to be able to imagine perfectly the flavor of a mangosteen! In appearance it is about the size of an apple, with a hard rind, a quarter of an inch in thickness, brown without and crimson within; and in this blushing chamber the snow-white luscious pulp nestles—a mouthful for the gods! The flavor is a mixture of sweet and sour, indescribably good, as I have already said. It is juicy, but not too much so, with a consistency to be seen in none of our northern fruits. The sphere of pulp is in five or six parts, which are separate after you remove the rind, saving a delicate junction in the centre. There are no apparent seeds, though in the middle of each piece the pulp is denser, and may perhaps conceal some small germ. This, if there be any, is only discoverable, however, by the scientific observer; for generally one too gladly swallows the exquisite morsel, to go chewing after a seed.

Well; this was tempting, was it not? Though the living on the steamers is excellent, a tiffin like this is not to be slighted. So I thought; and sitting down, had just demolished the curry, when in poured a batch of my shipmates. Some had been out to the Cascade, some to the spice plantations, some had been "shinning up" fruit-trees, and now appeared with their white pantaloons streaked with green and yellow, and some had merely been driving about any where; but all were hot, all were hungry, and particularly, all were thirsty. The consumption of ale and brandy and soda-water that morning was something astounding. Orders were of course given for a very decided increase of tiffin, and we all sat down together. A very pleasant hour and a half we passed in that forlorn old hotel, when a gun from the steamer made every body rush off, wishing me a hearty good-by.

Compassionating the desolate appearance I must have had when so suddenly left alone, the waiter entered into conversation. He informed me in shocking bad English that he was a Mhug! What the deuce that was, I couldn't imagine, though I could see that his was a fearfully ugly one. I afterward discovered that the Mhugs are a tribe somewhere up in Burmah. He chatted on, doing all the talking, telling me what a good fellow he was, how many English and Americans he had served, etc., etc., and finally—all this was while he was washing glasses at the sideboard—he pulled out a drawer full of papers, which he desired me to read. I looked over one or two, which I found were certificates from various of his masters. One of them, from an American shipmaster, said that Mhug was very well in his way, but rather too fond of *boxes*. That puzzled me. I thought it over, wondering whether Mhug appropriated his master's boxes, or whether he'd neglect his work to make boxes. No solution seemed plausible, so at length I asked him what it meant. He said, "Nothing;" but his countenance changed, and he took the papers away from me. His conversation died away too, and I was afraid that Mhug must have stolen somebody's trunks. When I told about this to some friends in the evening, they roared with laughter, and said that it was "backsheesh" that the worthy captain meant, which is in this part of the world pronounced "boxes" or "buxes." Mhug was honest, but never satisfied with his wages.

I then thought that I would deliver a letter of introduction which I had to a mercantile house, the head of which was the American consul. This gentleman, when I presented myself, welcomed me with even more than the usual hospitality found all over the East, and said that I must take up my quarters with him immediately; that when he went home to dinner at four o'clock, he should expect to find me installed there. This was very pleasant; so going back to the hotel and finding that Mhug knew where the house was, I put myself and luggage under his care and went over, not without some misgivings, however, on my part, on account of the yet unexplained mystery of the "boxes." I was received by the butler, a black Mussulman from Madras, who showed me a bedroom and stowed away my traps, after I had counted them carefully over, still with an eye to that certificate of Mhug's. After a while I thought I would try to find the parlor; and as I knew that my host, being a bachelor, had no family upon whom I could intrude, I went up stairs. There I found it; but as the long veranda, which in fact became a sort of room, as it was inclosed with blinds, was much cooler, I established myself there. At the other end was a stranger; and as he *was* a stranger, I didn't speak to him, and as I was a stranger, he didn't speak to me, so I sat down and twirled my thumbs. I sat there for some time, and then looked at my watch. It was after four o'clock, as my stomach had already hinted. I sat patiently for some time longer, when the horrible idea came across me that I had got into the wrong house; if so, what a predicament! I burst into a profuse perspiration, and at last was just going to ask the redoubtable stranger, when our host appeared, and with him two more guests. He introduced me to all; and I found that the gentleman whose company I had been enjoying for two hours without either of us speaking, was an English baronet, who proved to be an extremely agreeable acquaintance.

And now that we are fairly housed in Pinang, we will do away with regular divisions of time and skip about, observing what there is and what

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there's done on the island which will be strange or interesting to an American eye.

Let us begin with the drive after dinner, for every one who has read at all about the East must be familiar with its rice and curry, the principal feature which makes the difference between a dinner here and a dinner at home. Well, the meal ended, and a delicious Manilla cheroot in your mouth—no one ever smokes a Havana here—we get into our "gari," and easily monopolizing the whole interior, with an elbow out of each window and our feet spread out against the front of the carriage, we shout, "*Lari lakasi!*" "run quickly!" to our syce; he insinuates the same, in a striking manner, to the pony, and off we go, the syce running alongside until the pony is fairly up to his work, and then, as usual—the rascal!—perching on the whipple-tree. The roads are excellent—as they are in every English possession—and in the drives usually taken, in fact in all accessible by a carriage, they are quite evel; so on we spin, our physical ease undisturbed by jolts, and our consciences, as we are tender-hearted, equally quiescent about tiring the pony. These roads are exquisite. Bordered on each side by hedges of flowering shrubs, with here and there odoriferous spice trees, and with the broad, cool leaves of the banana enlivening with its light green the darker masses of foliage, the whole overshadowed with feathery palms, their plumed tops waving about gracefully in the evening breeze, and courting with soft whispers the dallying zephyrs—it seems like fairy-land! Occasionally you catch glimpses, through an opening in the hedge, of a Malay "campon," with its mat-house perched upon piles to keep the inmates from the dampness and intrusion of reptiles. These houses are mere shells, made of bamboo and wicker-work, and are raised on posts some four feet from the ground. Underneath is the favorite resort for the fowls, a colony of which is to be seen about every native dwelling, and there, too, you may descry the matron cooking her rice in primitive style in a kettle over a fire of sticks. Why these frail and apparently combustible dwellings don't continually catch fire with a blaze so often under them, was to me always a wonder; but I believe that such an accident seldom occurs. The door is reached by a simple ladder, and the divisions within, if there be any, are made by wicker-work of rattan. The roof is thatched with a leaf resembling somewhat our flags. Around is always a grove of cocoa-nuts—those trees so useful to every tropical nation—and, mayhap, if the dweller be a money-making person, he will have a group of areca palms, which produce what is usually called the betel-nut. For each of these trees—both the cocoa and the areca—he pays a certain rent to the government, and then is at liberty to sell the fruit. Excepting a small cleared space directly about the house, the vegetation is so dense that to any one but a native it would be very injurious. It adds to the beauty of the scenery, however, and will not hurt us who merely pass it, so grateful for its shade, we drive along. Here we see the gate-posts of some gentleman's grounds, the house barely visible through the thick foliage; and here, in this crossroad, we halt to look at the pagodas. This tall, graceful one, blackened by the damps of years, and looming up in the shade of this cocoa-nut grove, is the Siamese Pagoda. What its use is, beyond ornament, I never could find out. I suppose it is like the steeples to our churches, for that building behind it is the temple, which we find, on entering, to be meagre and bare enough, with one poor, little wooden idol squatting on the cold stones. The scene around is lovely, though! The grove extending until lost in its own shadow, with the little houses of the priests nestled so snugly in it. There are open sheds around two sides of the square, which seem to be places whence the women and children, on a gala night, can look out safely on the spectacle. Here comes one of the priests, a fat, jolly, sensual-looking rascal, with his head shaven smooth, and his portly person enveloped in the greenish-yellow robes which Buddhist priests always wear. Wherever the Buddhist religion extends—that is in the regions which have come under my observation—the priests seem to be, with some few exceptions, a worthless race, picked up from the dregs of the people, and leading a life of animal ease on the offerings of worshipers. In their monastic life and vows of celibacy they resemble the Roman Catholic priesthood. Across the road is the Burmese Pagoda, also ensconced in a grove of cocoa-palms, but looking brighter and cleaner. The walks and grass-plots are well-kept, and the priests' houses wear a more smiling aspect.



BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

There go a batch of Burmese damsels—or, rather, half-Burmese, their mothers are Malay or demi-Chinese. They are buxom, and, for the country, pretty. How strange it is that the Burmese women should be so good-looking,

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KLINGHS AND CHINAMEN.

while the men are so ugly! In the centre of the grounds stands a tall wooden column, on the summit of which is a Brobdignagian gilt bird, carved in a most primitive style out of wood, holding in its beak a long, inflated tube bound with rings. What it means I can't tell you, for I can't speak Burmese, and these jolly priests don't speak English. There is an evident similarity in the rules of structure of the two pagodas, though one is squat and thick set, while the other is tall and graceful. The religion of each nation is the same—Buddhist—with perhaps some slight national differences. Whatever their religion may be, we must acknowledge that they have charming places of worship.

Getting into our "gari" again, we drive along; slowly now, for we want to have a good look at the pedestrians we pass. Most are Klinghs and Malabar-coast men, handsome in face, with their white or scarlet turbans, their clean-cut, aquiline features, large sparkling eyes, and curling mustaches. Their chests and arms, too, carelessly draped with the robe thrown over the shoulder, are symmetrical enough on a small scale; but their legs—O Apollo! what a fall! cucumber shins and nigger heels, and they all have them! Here are a bevy of Malay girls, and precious ugly they are! Their figures, however, are good; but it is hard to be graceful enveloped in those slinky robes, which look like what ladies call a "wrapper," without any ornaments, and without any "skirts" beneath to give a flowing fullness. Not that the Malay Venuses are destitute of *tournure;* far from it; but it would look better to have no drapery at all than so scant a one. All, men and women, chew the betel-nut, and the bloody look which that imparts to the huge mouths of these damsels does not heighten their beauty; and as Malays file and blacken their teeth, when they smile, O Heavens! what a horrid chasm is revealed. Next comes a Malay man; surly-looking and haughty, he stalks along like a tiger on the search for prey. There are very few Malays now on the island in proportion to the rest of the inhabitants, for they don't like intruders, and keep off in the wilderness. Ugly customers to have about at night; for if you are alone and have any valuables, the chances are that as you pass some dark spot you feel a "badé" in your throat, and then that is all you ever will feel! The "badé" is the favorite assassination weapon of the Malay. It is a small knife, with a handle just big enough to be grasped, and with a blade from four to six inches long, inclining from the handle at an angle of fifty degrees. This, clutched so that the blade lies along the inner side of the wrist, is concealed by the sleeve until the victim comes within arm's length, when, with a sweep of the left hand, the right sleeve is brushed up to the elbow, and the blade of the "badé," by a backhanded blow, is buried in

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MALAY NURSES AND CHILDREN.

the throat of the unwary passenger. It penetrates down behind the clavicle, and inflicts an always mortal wound. Then, stripped of whatever is covetable by the murderer—which would be every thing on a European—the corpse is tossed into the nearest marsh or jungle. I don't mean to say that murders like this are common on the highways of Pinang; but I would not like to trust myself unarmed, or, in fact, any way, alone at night in any unfrequented place there. While we are on this subject, we may glance at the superstitious esteem that a Malay has for any weapon which has shed much blood. There are certain rules by which the value of a "kris," or "badé," may be ascertained according to the figures formed by the wavy lines caused by the welding together of the "white-iron" and steel; and incantations are held and prayers whispered over the red-hot metal, to make it a perfect and blood-drinking blade; but the fact of an insignificant and apparently worthless knife having taken many lives, will cause it to be more highly prized than the carefully-forged and richly-mounted "kris" which comes from the hands of the mountain manufacturer fortified and warranted by the proper ceremonies; for "facts are stubborn things" in Malay as well as English, and though it would be wrong to doubt the efficacy of a true believer's prayers, said in the proper manner and at the right time, yet "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and the poor but blood-stained blade is the one more valued after all. Some years ago, a man, wrought up to the extremest pitch of frenzy by the fumes of "bhang," seized the blade of an old kris, which had no handle, and making rags wrapped round the guard do for a hilt, slaughtered his wife and chil-



MALAY ASSASSIN.

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dren, and then dashing out of his house and running "amok" through the streets, killed eleven people before he was himself slain. The weapon, in the course of the examination, came into the possession of the police magistrate, and he has since been repeatedly entreated by Malays to sell them that kris for any price that he might name. My servant represented the Malays to me as extremely uxorious, and that if the wife of any one of them should upbraid him with the paucity of her raiment and ornaments, making odious comparisons between him and the lavish husband of some one of her neighbors, he would forthwith "go out into the night," and taking his stand behind some bush on the highway, would deliberately slaughter the first woman who passed whose ornaments seemed sufficiently valuable, and with his booty return to gladden the heart of his dear, covetous spouse. But as the said servant was a Madrasee, married to a Malay wife who was decidedly his better half, his statements on this subject are to be received with a grain of caution.

Every other man we meet, almost, is a Chinaman. This island, and, indeed, all the European possessions hereabouts, are full of them. They are shopkeepers, farmers, and particularly mechanics. Hardly a mechanic can be found here who is not a Chinaman. Incessant and indefatigable workers, they save a competency, and sometimes large fortunes, and then return to China to raise a family and live at ease. Many well-to-do Chinamen go home before their youth is passed, and marrying, stay a short time; then they return to their money-making and their temporary Malay wives. Thus the knowing knaves have a family growing up at home ready to be ruled over when they see fit to return, and at the same time they enjoy the comforts of matrimony in their foreign abiding places. I suppose there must be a motto in Chinese, which they go by, similar to our "It is well to have two strings to your bow!"

No respectable Chinese woman ever leaves China, for it is against the law; and even if their lives were not forfeited on their return, all social standing would be lost to them. On this account the Chinamen do not bring their wives with them, and though their sons that are born abroad are brought up as Chinese, the daughters never go to China, but settle in the land of their birth.

Here we meet a "gari" full of Armenians, handsome people, both men and women. It is a pity that they wear the European dress, for their own costume is so much more graceful and characteristic. There whirls by an English phaeton holding English ladies and English children. Here canters past a stout officer of artillery, looking very comically in his tight little scarlet shell-jacket, and his very well-filled white pantaloons; his little nag must have a hard time of it!

"Who *can* these be, in that old rusty "gari," drawn by a forlorn-looking little pony, which is urged on by a dirty syce, whose only clothing is his ragged breech-cloth! What Guys! as an English boy would say. The man in garments of a fashion twenty years old, and the women quite as bad, tricked out in dismal attempts at finery, and being perfect illustrations of the phrase "shabby-genteel!" Those, my dear Sir, those are the descendants of families whose names have once been in the mouths of the whole world, the descendants of those daring Portuguese navigators who first made known these Eastern regions to Europe; now, like almost all their countrymen in the East, sunk into poverty and ignorance, and looked upon by Europeans as almost inferior to natives. The natives themselves hold them in nearly the same estimation, as I found one day, when listlessly scribbling I had sketched a figure of a regular "loafer," and asking my servant what he thought of it, he replied, "Very nice, master, Portugee man!"

By this time we find it too dark to see much more, as there is no twilight in these tropical regions, until we reach the town, and then what a picture strikes the eye! Groups of swarthy natives sitting, standing, lying around torches stuck in the earth before the stands of fruit-sellers and market-men, the red light flashing in their brilliant eyes and on their white teeth, and pouring its lurid flood over their many-colored drapery: Rembrandt, were he living, and could he see this, would be beside himself with enjoyment. From this glare, which dazzles our eyes, our "gari" drives into what, by contrast, is Erebus itself; a narrow, black street, with yet blacker cavernous openings along its sides, leading into houses and alleys, with here and there the darkness made visible by a paltry wick glimmering in cocoa-nut oil. Visions of Malays, with their bumps of acquisitiveness highly inflamed, begin to penetrate into our minds when we emerge into the starlight again, turn a corner, and rattling into the "campong," find ourselves at home.

Cooled and refreshed by our drive, we saunter up into the veranda, and hear the mild, slow voice of our hospitable host calling out to mysterious regions behind the house, "Boy, coffee lou!" which mixture of English and Hindostani brings in his Chinese valet bearing cups of glorious coffee. We take a draught with a sigh of pleasure, light our cheroots, and with our legs thrown recklessly about in any position, and on any thing within reach, as comfort indicates, we sit smoking, chatting, and enjoying ourselves in the cool evening breeze.

Going to bed here is worth a description. When you first arrive, your home notions of independence and helping yourself, make you recoil from being undressed by a blackie; but this soon wears off, and with indolent enjoyment you gaze at your "boy" as he pulls off your inexpressibles and socks, and lazily getting into your "sleep-clothes," you watch him as he lashes about violently, but adroitly with the mosquito whisk; and then, as he opens the "bar" just wide enough for your body, you slip

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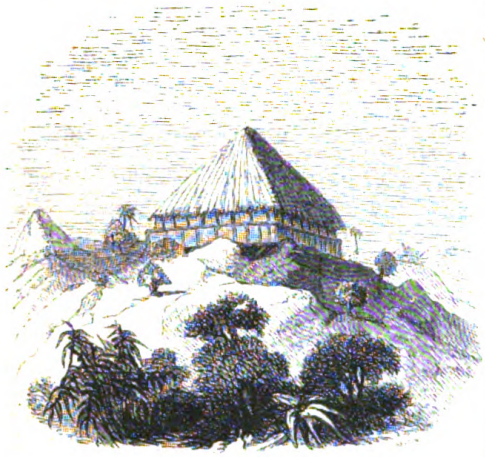
CONVICTS AND PEONS.

in with a celerity which practice makes perfect, and stretching yourself on the wide, hard bed, while he tucks you in, you laugh at the sharp, spiteful buzz of the blood-thirsty little wretches which hover in clouds about the net, furious at being defrauded of their prey; and if a bat should dart in, and, with a bump against the ceiling, fall upon the curtain (he would have been on you but for the protecting bar), you chuckle still louder, and murmuring, "Glorious things, these mosquito nets!" you turn over into the arms of Morpheus with a delightful feeling of security against all fluttering, buzzing, creeping abominations!

In the morning your "boy," with a graceful salaam, opens your curtains, and hoping that "master has slept well," lets you out. All are early risers here, and saunter about in the cool of the morning in their "sleep-clothes," sipping a cup of coffee and smoking a cheroot. You can tell from what part of the East a European is by his "sleep-clothes." If from China, he will have a grass-cloth Chinaman's shirt; if from Java, a "cabayo," which is a garment of the shirt "genus," but without any collar or fastening any where; if from Madras, he will be got up in showy cottons, and so on through the list of countries. All wear the "pahjahmahs," loose drawers, which tie around the waist, and are made of silk, cotton, grass-cloth, or muslin, according to the wearer's taste; and very nice things they are, too, for with no addition to your toilet but a pair of slippers you can lounge about with perfect propriety. These early morning hours, before the sun has heated the air, form the pleasantest part of the day. If so disposed, and it will well repay you for the exertion, take a ride on pony-back, or a drive in your "gari." As you issue out of the house, and roll along through the cool, shady roads, you realize that you are in the spice regions of the aromatic East, and you no longer disbelieve the tales of those navigators who assert that they can smell these fragrant isles before they can see them. Nature seems to have turned perfumer, and, by the union of many heavenly scents, so overwhelms you with one odoriferous whole, that for a while you can only lie back and inhale with great gasps of pleasure; until, like a spoiled child, you consider these sweets as only your due, and take no further heed of them, except to miss them sadly when the sun parches them up, and lets loose their opposite extremes from decaying vegetation which its heat devours.

On this morning drive, you will, it is likely, see, on turning a road, a little crowd ahead, all clad alike, and all trundling wheel-barrows; and perhaps, like me, you will imagine them the members of some "agricultural school for natives" going to their morning's labor; but as you approach, a strange tinkling strikes upon

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HIU BUNGALOW.

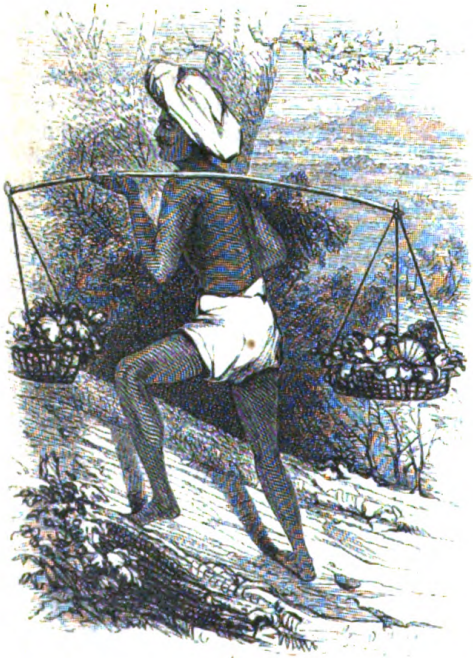
your ear, and a moment more lets your eye observe the shining fetters on each man's legs and waist, while surly visages and scowling eyes are turned upon you. They are convicts from India and Hong-Kong, and those whom you probably imagined the masters of the "school," are the "peons" in charge; handsome men from the Malabar coast, clad in bright white and scarlet drapery, who give you graceful salaams as you pass.

If too lazy to dress and drive, you saunter about as I have described, looking lazily out of the window, enjoying the morning breeze, and watching the signs of life beginning to show themselves around. Perchance your eye falls on the banana-tree beneath, and there you see a "bulbul" with outspread wings and nestling plumage, skating over the polished surface of the leaf in huge globules of dew, while he scatters the sparkling moisture over himself with evident delight. His enjoyment makes you quit your lounging to hasten to the bath, and there you stand on the broad tiles, not doubled up in a tub, nor gasping under a shower-bath, but dousing yourself with the glorious element from a little gutta percha bucket, which you replenish from the huge jar in front of you, on the sides of which are clustered myriads of dewy beads, promising a most refreshing coolness.

Breakfast is not till ten or twelve o'clock, but then substantial enough to make up for the delay. Great piles of snowy Keddah rice, helped with a spoon the size of which would have delighted Mrs. Squeers, fresh eggs and butter, delicious Malay curry, fish, just caught, and relishes of all sorts. A Pinang breakfast is a thing not to be forgotten! After breakfast you may amuse yourself as you best can; but I wouldn't advise you to follow my example, and



GROUP OF SERVANTS.



BAZAAR MAN.

shoot sheep—it is too expensive! The way I came to do it was this: there was an air-gun in the house, belonging to an American then in Singapore—one of those affairs which look like a walking-stick, and make a noise when they go off like a slap in the face. With this, the English baronet before spoken of used to pass his leisure hours in shooting Pariah dogs, the sworn objects of hatred to every European. I asked if it didn't kill them? and he answered, "Oh, no! that they would run like winking; and that it was capital fun." So, one day, being alone, and there being no Pariah dogs about, I thought I'd try my hand at a flock of sheep which were feeding on the green near by, under the care of a black shepherd. As the gun was nearly empty, I must needs pump it full, and then went to the window for my "fun." There was the shepherd taking a nap, and his sheep lying

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about him. I was tempted to pepper the fellow's black back, which offered a beautiful shot; but I thought I would be prudent, and it was lucky for me that I so resolved, as it turned out. I took aim at a sheep, however, and fired. The ball whistled close to the shepherd's ear, who jumped up in a fright, while I dodged out of sight, chuckling at my joke. Hearing a tremendous bobbery pretty soon, I peeped out, and saw the shepherd surrounded by a small crowd, to whom he was declaiming and gesticulating—pointing now to the sheep, and now to my window. Fearing that I had done some damage, I sent my servant to see what was the matter; and he returned, saying, "Oh, master, seep got one hole in him!" So I had to go down, and finding that there *was* a hole in the animal where my bullet had entered, I had to go to the owner and pay ten dollars, that being the regular price; for all sheep have to be imported from Bengal, as the climate here is too hot for them to breed. We lived on mutton for three days, and very nice mutton it was, but I thought it "didn't pay" to shoot any more. The poor shepherd was terribly frightened, and my servant reported, in the following language, that he exclaimed, "What sort of a man your master? He no shoot with gun; he shoot with stick! I 'fraid to come before he eyes!" and, sure enough, he avoided that pasture-ground for more than a month.

Pinang is celebrated, as I have already said, among the English residents in the East, for its lofty hills, which are the resort of invalids who require a bracing air. These hills vary from 2100 to 2400 feet in height, and on the apex of each are one or more "bungalows," or one-storied houses. Each bungalow has its name, taken either from its owner or some peculiarity of its location. The highest hill is called "Government Hill," and on it is the Governor's bungalow, and a signal-station, which communicates with the one at the fort in the town. Then there is "Convalescent Bungalow," so called from the number of invalids recruiting there; "Strawberry Hill," so called from there being no strawberries—"*lucus a non lucendo*," and many others, some with imposing titles, and more with very common ones. Though the noonday sun on these hills is as powerful as in the plains below, the nights, and the larger part of the twenty-four hours are much cooler; indeed a blanket at night is a necessity, and such a necessity, from its rarity in these regions, becomes a luxury. The view is, of course, magnificent. On either side you can see the ocean; and when you face the East, you look down upon the plain, which forms a nearly right-angled triangle, the hypotenuse being the range of hills. On the outer corner, and stretching down by the Straits, lies the town; and at this distance, which decidedly "lends enchantment to the view," you lose all the dirty and mean appearance of the native part of the city, and the whole wears a smiling, cheerful, picturesque look. Between you and it are the "paddi" fields and spice plantations, the trees looking like the toys children have; and, in fact, the whole scene reminding one very much of the landscapes we made on our nursery floors, except that here there rise curling, graceful columns of smoke from some burning pile of brush, and occasionally you catch glimpses of ant-like figures moving through the roads, which are stretched across like a "cat's-cradle" of thread. What makes the illusion that it is some fairy scene, or most artistically arranged puppet-show, got up expressly for your gratification, is the absence of all sound; for you see the indications of life deprived of the "busy hum of men." While I was living up in one of the bungalows, the English squadron rounded the northern point, and came sailing down, in line, until they reached their anchorage off the fort, and the ships seemed yet more like toys than what I had already seen. Shrunk by the distance, they looked like barks of nutshells, their masts like Tom Thumb's spear, and tapering off till you could not fix the point. The sea was as smooth as glass, there being but just breeze enough to waft them alóng; and when they came to anchor, it was precisely as if they were stopped by the hands of the showman behind the scenes, for the noise of falling anchors, rattling chains, the shrill boatswain's whistle, and the tramp of many feet, was absorbed in space. Then puff, puff, puff; and tiny jets of white smoke shot from their sides, and, spreading, enveloped all but the topmost spars in its snowy drapery, while to me expectant, it seemed an age before the dull "thud" of the report reached my ears.

This part of the hill-life is very pleasant, but wait till there comes a "Sumatra," as a western gale is termed! Then you will recognize the power of Æolus, if you never have before. The one I became acquainted with came at night, and I lay trembling in bed while doors were slamming, shutters banging, and the whole house quivering, expecting every moment to see the roof whisked bodily off; and "then," thought I, "it will be my turn!" Then, too, centipedes and scorpions seem to like bracing air, for they are to be found in profusion; and you may "phansy my feelinks" when, the first morning I was there, I stared aghast at my "boy," who, apparently mad, seized one of my slippers by the toe, between his finger and thumb, and giving it a convulsive shake, peered cautiously into it, and then performed the same operation with the other. He had hammered my socks, and was shaking my inexpressibles, when I found my voice, and exclaimed, "Abdul Gani, what on earth are you doing?" He replied, with a knowing shake of the head, "Centipede, master; centipede like warm place very much. Sometimes," he continued, "sometimes they climb up bed-post, and get under pillow." Gh-r-r-r! with my skin all "gooseflesh," and my hair rising on my scalp, I started "on my head's antipodes, bolt upright," and with a clutch sent the pillow flying across the

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room. There was nothing there, though; and my black rascal assured me, with a grin, that I'd get used to them.

During my sojourn on the hill I killed—or rather, we killed, for it took the whole household—a centipede nine inches long. I have his nippers now in my desk; they look like a canary bird's claws! The tenacity of life which these reptiles possess is wonderful. I saw one which had had its head and an inch of its body "scrunched" off by the heel of a boot, two hours before, that ran about with as much liveliness as if it were "all right."

When you go to cool off on the hills, you have to take a retinue of servants with you and a supply of bed-linen. The furniture, etc., is already there. Owing to the castes of the Hindoos, and the things prohibited to the followers of Mohammed, a *retinue* is really required. For me alone, while I was up there as an invalid, I had to have six servants. There was my "boy," or valet; a "masoljee," whose labor it was to wash two plates, light two lamps, and sweep the rooms; a cook; a "bheestie," or water-carrier, who also cut wood in the jungle for the "cook-house" fire; a "mehter," or one of the lowest caste of Hindoos, who would come up the hill every day merely to empty my slops; and, the most useful of all, a "bazaar-man," who would bring up my daily marketing, and perform any errands which I might have for the town. With the exception of the bazaar duty, one man could have easily done all the rest of the work, and have had half of the day for leisure besides, but owing to castes I had to hire all these. The wages in Pinang are much higher than in India: I believe the combined sums which I paid my household amounted to thirty-five dollars a month. The marketing here is pretty fair, there being plenty of vegetables and fruit, and any quantity of fowls, ducks, and eggs; mutton is a luxury only occasionally to be indulged in, owing to its cost, and beef is pretty poor. There is plenty of pork, but as the cooks are mostly Mohammedans, you will find a difficulty in getting it cooked, for they won't touch the unclean flesh. I was amused at an instance of horror in which a true believer holds swine, which occurred in my own household. While I was up on the hill my "bheestie," a Mussulman, asked leave to go to a neighboring bungalow and visit a friend of his. Permission was granted, and off he went, but only to come tearing back in a few minutes, out of breath, and as pale as so black a man could be. Of course questions were showered upon him by his fellow-servants, who thought that he must have at least seen a tiger, and were prepared to barricade the house forthwith; but his tale calmed their fears, and set their sides to shaking. It seemed that he had gone leisurely to the next hill, and as his friend was a sub-deputy-vice-cook, he bent his steps to the "cook-house." He stooped to enter, when what a vision struck his eye! There was a dead pig, his white skin looking the more ghastly for the surrounding blackness, his mouth open, his eyes starting, his ears erect, and his legs trussed on the table as if ready for a spring. Poor "bheestie" stopped; for an instant his knees gave way beneath him, and then, with a spring, he dashed down the pathway, and arrived home as I have described. His nerves received such a shock that he never asked to visit his friend, the incipient *cuisinier*, again.

Rice and curry is the staple ingredient of all meals; and the best rice in the world, that from Keddah, is to be had in abundance, while the Malay curry, to my taste, far surpasses all other kinds. While we are speaking of eatables, mention must be made of the "duriaú," which is the most wonderful fruit in the world. Its size varies from that of a small musk-melon to that of a big water-melon, and the rind is rough and covered with prickles. The natives are passionately fond of it; so much so, that I have heard of a Malay mother having given her child for this fruit in a season of scarcity; and those Europeans who have lived in the country for some time generally become equal lovers of it. Its consistency is that of a rich custard, while—now we come to it—its odor is that of garlic, onions, rotten eggs, Sharon Springs' water, asafœtida, and—is there any thing else that smells *very* bad? if so, just add it, and you will get an approximation to what you'd perceive in a "duriaú." Most strangers, their stomachs being acted upon through their noses, are made sick by the first mouthful; but occasionally you find one who takes to it naturally, and then he beats the natives in his devotion to it. The tiger, too, it is said, is fond of it, and will roll himself on the fallen fruit, apparently to carry off as much of the smell with him as possible.

Among other, or perhaps I should say, among the delicious fruits on the island, the custard-apple takes high rank. Its appearance is a little like that of a large pine cone grown very fat, and with its rough edges flattened down. The inside is exactly of the consistency of custard—so that, to eat it comfortably, you need a spoon—and of a delightful flavor. It has a great many seeds, which are jet black and about the size of a melon-seed.

On many of the hills the proprietors have tried coffee plantations, which would succeed very well, were it not for the monkeys, of which the neighboring forests are full. These beasts, when the coffee berry is ripe, come in crowds at night and strip the trees. As perhaps some of my readers may not be acquainted with the appearance of the coffee while growing, I will give a slight description. The tree is a small one, but little more than a shrub, while the fruit is about the size of a cherry, and has somewhat the appearance of an "ox heart." Within the pulp, which is sweetish, are two seeds, each covered with a thin skin. When deprived of the pulp and the skin, the seed is ready for market.

Well! the monkeys, liking the sweet pulp, come in crowds and soon demolish the crop, but, luckily, there is not a dead loss to the

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planter, for, as the monkeys' mouth-pouches have a limited capacity, large though it may be, some of the fruit has to be swallowed, and while the stomach retains the pulp as nutritious, it ejects the seed, which, thanks to its enveloping skin, falls to the ground uninjured. In this way the proprietor may pick up, after the monkeys have left, some hundreds of "peculs." To be sure this is but a small proportion out of the thousands destroyed, but then he is spared the trouble of freeing his seed from the pulp; and I was told that this "monkey-cleaned" coffee brought as good a price as any other. In fact, I should think it would have a heightened flavor!

The hills except where clearings have been made for the plantations, are thickly covered with wood, many of the trees of an enormous size, while both forest and underbrush are closely matted together by the serpentine folds of gigantic vines, among which the rattan is conspicuous. These jungles have as inhabitants the monkeys, which are of a black, long-tailed species, and some veritable "striped pigs"—not the Yankee article. There are many poisonous snakes, and I was told of boas by natives, but never saw any. There is a plant which is to be found in abundance in these woods, the flower of which is called the "monkey-cup" from its beautiful adaptation to the wants of these animals. It is shaped something like our "trumpet-flower," and has a valve which prevents the water, after the flower has been filled by rain, from escaping. Thus in dry seasons, when the monkeys can not quench their thirst at the exhausted springs, they find, ready to their hands, a graceful goblet fashioned and filled by provident Nature.

The ascent of these hills is quite an undertaking, though there are many who go up every night for the sake of the coolness. The well ride up on ponies, and the sick are carried up on chairs, borne on the shoulders of a band of "coolies." The road is necessarily zigzag, but, even with that precaution, is sometimes dreadfully steep; and after you have climbed until you think that you must be at the top, you begin to descend and then have all the climbing to do over again, for there is a deep ravine which cuts across the path. At the base of the hills, among the nutmeg plantations, one hears repeated at intervals, a shrill, wailing sound, which brings to the imagination the plaintive call of the panther; but there is no cause for alarm: it is only the screams of the boys who are stationed through the groves to frighten away the birds, whose weight, and the jar they would give in perching, would shake off quantities of the nearly ripened fruit. Here, too, is the cascade, which is one of the "lions" of the island, but which is not worth going to see, except immediately after a succession of rains. Another of the lions is an enormous tree in the interior, said to be something wonderful, but which I was prevented by illness from visiting.

Pinang does a good deal of trade in the export of cocoa-nuts, areca-nuts, nutmegs, spices, and rattan, and frequently one may see the pepper ships from the west coast of Sumatra, which rendezvous here, or put in for supplies. The steamers, at the present time of writing, touch here on their bi-monthly passages between Bombay and Hong-Kong, so that there is a convenient and comfortable mode of arriving or leaving. There is a very fair public library, where the leading English papers and periodicals are taken, and the European society is extremely hospitable and agreeable. "In short," as Mr. Micawber would say, "Pinang possesses so many attractions that they make it a delightful place to visit."

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER LXVI.

IN WHICH THE COLONEL AND THE NEWCOME ATHENÆUM ARE BOTH LECTURED.

AT breakfast with his family, on the morning after the little entertainment to which we were bidden, in the last chapter, Colonel Newcome was full of the projected invasion of Barnes's territories, and delighted to think that there was an opportunity of at last humiliating the rascal.

"Clive does not think he is a rascal at all, papa," cries Rosey, from behind her tea-urn; "that is, you said you thought papa judged him too harshly; you know you did, this morning!" And from her husband's angry glances, she flies to his father's for protection. Those were even fiercer than Clive's. Revenge flashed from beneath Thomas Newcome's grizzled eyebrows, and glanced in the direction where Clive sat. Then the Colonel's face flushed up, and he cast his eyes down toward his tea-cup, which he lifted with a trembling hand. The father and son loved each other so, that each was afraid of the other. A war between two such men is dreadful; pretty little pink-faced Rosey, in a sweet little morning cap and ribbons, her pretty little fingers twinkling with a score of rings, sat simpering before her silver tea-urn, which re-

* Continued from the July Number.

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flected her pretty little pink baby face. Little artless creature! what did she know of the dreadful wounds which her little words inflicted in the one generous breast and the other?

"My boy's heart is gone from me," thinks poor Thomas Newcome; "our family is insulted, our enterprises ruined, by that traitor, and my son is not even angry! he does not care for the success of our plans—for the honor of our name even; I make him a position of which any young man in England might be proud, and Clive scarcely deigns to accept it."

"My wife appeals to my father," thinks poor Clive; "it is from him she asks counsel, and not from me. Be it about the ribbon in her cap, or any other transaction in our lives, she takes her color from his opinion, and goes to him for advice, and I have to wait till it is given, and conform myself to it. If I differ from the dear old father, I wound him; if I yield up my opinion, as I do always, it is with a bad grace, and I wound him still. With the best intentions in the world, what a slave's life it is that he has made for me!"

"How interested you are in your papers," resumes the sprightly Rosey. "What can you find in those horrid politics?" Both gentlemen are looking at their papers with all their might, and no doubt can not see one single word which those brilliant and witty leading articles contain.

"Clive is like you, Rosey," says the Colonel, laying his paper down, "and does not care for politics."

"He only cares for pictures, papa," says Mrs. Clive. "He would not drive with me yesterday in the park, but spent hours in his room, while you were toiling in the city, poor papa!—spent hours painting a horrid beggar-man dressed up as a monk. And this morning he got up quite early, quite early, and has been out ever so long, and only came in for breakfast just now! just before the bell rung."

"I like a ride before breakfast," says Clive.

"A ride! I know where you have been, Sir! He goes away morning after morning, to that little Mr. Ridley's—his chum, papa, and he comes back with his hands all over horrid paint. He did this morning; you know you did, Clive."

"I did not keep any one waiting, Rosa," says Clive. "I like to have two or three hours at my painting when I can spare them." Indeed, the poor fellow used so to run away of summer mornings for Ridley's instructions, and gallop home again, so as to be in time for the family meal.

"Yes," cries Rosey, tossing up the cap and ribbons, "he gets up so early in the morning, that at night he falls asleep after dinner; very pleasant and polite, isn't he, papa?"

"I am up betimes too, my dear," says the Colonel (many and many a time he must have heard Clive as he left the house); "I have a great many letters to write, affairs of the greatest importance to examine and conduct. Mr. Betts from the city is often with me for hours before I come down to your breakfast-table. A man who has the affairs of such a great bank as ours to look to, must be up with the lark. We are all early risers in India."

"You dear kind papa!" says little Rosey, with unfeigned admiration; and she puts out one of the plump white little jeweled hands, and pats the lean brown paw of the Colonel which is nearest to her.

"Is Ridley's picture getting on well, Clive?" asks the Colonel, trying to interest himself about Ridley and his picture.

"Very well; it is beautiful; he has sold it for a great price; they must make him an academician next year," replies Clive.

"A most industrious and meritorious young man; he deserves every honor that may happen to him," says the old soldier. "Rosa, my dear, it is time that you should ask Mr. Ridley to dinner, and Mr. Smee, and some of those gentlemen. We will drive this afternoon and see your portrait."

"Clive does not go to sleep after dinner when Mr. Ridley comes here," cries Rosa.

"No; I think it is my turn then," says the Colonel, with a glance of kindness. The anger has disappeared from under his brows; at that moment the menaced battle is postponed.

"And yet I know that it must come," says poor Clive, telling me the story as he hangs on my arm, and we pace through the Park. "The Colonel and I are walking on a mine, and that poor little wife of mine is perpetually flinging little shells to fire it. I sometimes wish it were blown up, and I were done for, Pen. I don't think my widow would break her heart about me. No; I have no right to say that; it's a shame to say that; she tries her very best to please me, poor little dear! It's the fault of my temper, perhaps, that she can't. But they neither understand me, don't you see; the Colonel can't help thinking I am a degraded being, because I am fond of painting. Still, dear old boy! he patronizes Ridley; a man of genius, whom those sentries ought to salute, by Jove, Sir, when he passes. Ridley patronized by an old officer of Indian dragoons, a little bit of a Rosey, and a fellow who is not fit to lay his pallet for him! I want sometimes to ask J. J.'s pardon, after the Colonel has been talking to him in his confounded condescending way, uttering some awful bosh about the fine arts. Rosey follows him, and trips round J. J.'s studio, and pretends to admire, and says, 'How soft; how sweet;' recalling some of mamma-in-law's dreadful expressions, which make me shudder when I hear them. If my poor old father had a confidant into whose arm he could hook his own, and whom he could pester with his family griefs as I do you, the dear old boy would have his dreary story to tell too. I hate banks, bankers, Bundelcund, indigo, cotton, and the whole business. I go to that confounded board, and never hear one syllable that the fellows are talking about. I sit there because he wishes me to sit there; don't you think he sees

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that my heart is out of the business; that I would rather be at home in my painting-room? We don't understand each other, but we feel each other as it were by instinct. Each thinks in his own way, but knows what the other is thinking. We fight mute battles, don't you see, and our thoughts, though we don't express them, are perceptible to one another, and come out from our eyes, or pass out from us somehow, and meet, and fight, and strike, and wound."

Of course Clive's confidant saw how sore and unhappy the poor fellow was, and commiserated his fatal but natural condition. The little ills of life are the hardest to bear, as we all very well know. What would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame, and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman—of any glory, and happiness, or good-fortune, avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? All fame and happiness would disappear, and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails. I strove, by such philosophic sedatives as confidants are wont to apply on these occasions, to soothe my poor friend's anger and pain; and I daresay the little nails hurt the patient just as much as before.

Clive pursued his lugubrious talk through the Park, and continued it as far as the modest-furnished house which we then occupied in the Pimlico region. It so happened that the Colonel and Mrs. Clive also called upon us that day, and found this culprit in Laura's drawing-room, when they entered it, descending out of that splendid barouche in which we have already shown Mrs. Clive to the public.

"He has not been here for months before; nor have you, Rosa; nor have you, Colonel; though we have smothered our indignation, and been to dine with you, and to call, *ever* so many times!" cries Laura.

The Colonel pleaded his business engagements; Rosa, that little woman of the world, had a thousand calls to make, and who knows how much to do? since she came out. She had been to fetch Papa at Bays's, and the porter had told the Colonel that Mr. Clive and Mr. Pendennis had just left the club together.

"Clive scarcely ever drives with me," says Rosa; "papa almost always does."

"Rosey's is such a swell carriage, that I feel ashamed," says Clive.

"I don't understand you, young man. I don't see why you need be ashamed to go on the Course with your wife in her carriage, Clive," remarks the Colonel.

"The Course! the Course is at Calcutta, papa!" cries Rosey. "*We* drive in the Park."

"We have a park at Barrackpore too, my dear," says Papa.

"And he calls his grooms *saices!* He said he was going to send away a *saice* for being tipsy, and I did not know in the least what he could mean, Laura!"

"Mr. Newcome! you must go and drive on the course with Rosa, now; and the Colonel must sit and talk with me, whom he has not been to see for such a long time." Clive presently went off in state by Rosey's side, and then Laura showed Colonel Newcome his beautiful white Cashmere shawl round a successor of that little person who had first been wrapped in that web, now a stout young gentleman whose noise could be clearly heard in the upper regions.

"I wish you could come down with us, Arthur, upon our electioneering visit."

"That of which you were talking last night? Are you bent upon it?"

"Yes, I am determined on it."

Laura heard a child's cry at this moment, and left the room with a parting glance at her husband, who, in fact, had talked over the matter with Mrs. Pendennis, and agreed with her in opinion.

As the Colonel had opened the question, I ventured to make a respectful remonstrance against the scheme. Vindictiveness on the part of a man so simple and generous, so fair and noble in all his dealings as Thomas Newcome, appeared in my mind unworthy of him. Surely his kinsman had sorrow and humiliation enough already at home. Barnes's further punishment, we thought, might be left to time, to remorse, to the Judge of right and wrong; Who better understands than we can do, our causes and temptations toward evil actions, Who reserves the sentence for His own tribunal. But when angered, the best of us mistake our own motives, as we do those of the enemy who inflames us. What may be private revenge, we take to be indignant virtue, and just revolt against wrong. The Colonel would not hear of counsels of moderation, such as I bore him from a sweet Christian pleader. "Remorse!" he cried out with a laugh; "that villain will never feel it until he is tied up and whipped at the cart's tail! Time change that rogue! Unless he is wholesomely punished, he will grow a greater scoundrel every year. I am inclined to think, Sir," says he, his honest brows darkling as he looked toward me, "that you too are spoiled by this wicked world, and these heartless, fashionable, fine people. You wish to live well with the enemy, and with us too, Pendennis. It can't be. He who is not with us is against us. I very much fear, Sir, that the women, the women, you understand, have been talking you over. Do not let us speak any more about this subject, for I don't wish that my son and my son's old friend should have a quarrel." His face became red, his voice quivered with agitation, and he looked with glances which I was pained to behold in those kind old eyes: not because his wrath and suspicion visited myself, but because an impartial witness, nay, a friend to Thomas Newcome in that family quarrel, I grieved to think that a generous heart was led astray, and to see a good man do wrong. So, with no more thanks for his interference than a man usually gets who

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meddles in domestic strifes, the present luckless advocate ceased pleading.

To be sure, the Colonel and Clive had other advisers, who did not take the peaceful side. George Warrington was one of these; he was for war *à l'outrance* with Barnes Newcome; for keeping no terms with such a villain. He found a pleasure in hunting him and whipping him. "Barnes ought to be punished," George said, "for his poor wife's misfortune; it was Barnes's infernal cruelty, wickedness, selfishness, which had driven her into misery and wrong." Mr. Warrington went down to Newcome, and was present at that lecture whereof mention has been made in a preceding chapter. I am afraid his behavior was very indecorous; he laughed at the pathetic allusions of the respected member for Newcome; he sneered at the sublime passages; he wrote an awful critique in the "Newcome Independent" two days after, whereof the irony was so subtle, that half the readers of the paper mistook his grave scorn for respect, and his gibes for praise.

Clive, his father, and Frederic Bayham, their faithful aid-de-camp, were at Newcome likewise when Sir Barnes's oration was delivered. At first it was given out at Newcome that the Colonel visited the place for the purpose of seeing his dear old friend and pensioner, Mrs. Mason, who was now not long to enjoy his bounty, and so old, as scarcely to know her benefactor. Only after her sleep, or when the sun warmed her and the old wine with which he supplied her, was the good old woman able to recognize her Colonel. She mingled father and son together in her mind. A lady who now often came in to her, thought she was wandering in her talk, when the poor old woman spoke of a visit she had had from her boy; and then the attendant told Miss Newcome that such a visit had actually taken place, and that but yesterday Clive and his father had been in that room, and occupied the chair where she sat—"The young lady was taken quite ill, and seemed ready to faint almost," Mrs. Mason's servant and spokeswoman told Colonel Newcome, when that gentleman arrived shortly after Ethel's departure, to see his old nurse. "Indeed! he was very sorry." The maid told many stories about Miss Newcome's goodness and charity; how she was constantly visiting the poor now; how she was forever engaged in good works for the young, the sick, and the aged. She had had a dreadful misfortune in love; she was going to be married to a young marquis; richer even than Prince de Moncontour down at Rosebury; but it was all broke off on account of that dreadful affair at the Hall.

"Was she very good to the poor? did she come often to see her grandfather's old friend? it was no more than she ought to do," Colonel Newcome said; without, however, thinking fit to tell his informant that he had himself met his niece Ethel five minutes before he had entered Mrs. Mason's door.

The poor thing was in discourse with Mr. Harris, the surgeon, and talking (as best she might, for no doubt the news which she had just heard had agitated her), talking about blankets, and arrow-root, wine, and medicaments for her poor, when she saw her uncle coming toward her. She tottered a step or two forward to meet; held both her hands out, and called his name; but he looked her sternly in the face, took off his hat and bowed, and passed on. He did not think fit to mention the meeting even to his son Clive; but we may be sure Mr. Harris, the surgeon, spoke of the circumstance that night after the lecture, at the club, where a crowd of gentlemen were gathered together, smoking their cigars, and enjoying themselves according to their custom, and discussing Sir Barnes Newcome's performance.

According to established usage in such cases, our esteemed representative was received by the committee of the Newcome Athenæum, assembled in their committee-room, and thence marshaled by the chairman and vice-chairman to his rostrum in the lecture-hall, round about which the magnates of the institution, and the notabilities of the town were rallied on this public occasion. The baronet came in some state from his own house, arriving at Newcome in his carriage with four horses, accompanied by My lady, his mother, and Miss Ethel, his beautiful sister, who now was mistress at the Hall. His little girl was brought—five years old now; she sate on her aunt's knee, and slept during a greater part of the performance. A fine bustle, we may be sure, was made on the introduction of these personages to their reserved seats on the platform, where they sate encompassed by others of the great ladies of Newcome, to whom they and the lecturer were especially gracious at this season. Was not Parliament about to be dissolved, and were not the folks at Newcome Park particularly civil at that interesting period? So Barnes Newcome mounts his pulpit, bows round to the crowded assembly in acknowledgment of their buzz of applause or recognition, passes his lily-white pocket handkerchief across his thin lips, and dashes off into his lecture about Mrs. Hemans and the poetry of the affections. A public man, a commercial man, as we well know, yet his heart is in his home, and his joy in his affections; the presence of this immense assembly here this evening; of the industrious capitalists; of the intelligent middle class; of the pride and main stay of England, the operatives of Newcome; these surrounded by their wives and their children (a graceful bow to the bonnets to the right of the platform), show that they too have hearts to feel, and homes to cherish; that they too feel the love of women, the innocence of children, the love of song! Our lecturer then makes a distinction between man's poetry and woman's poetry, charging considerably in favor of the latter. We show that to appeal to the affections is, after all, the true office of the bard; to decorate the homely threshold, to wreathe flowers round the domestic hearth, the delightful duty of the Christian

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singer. We glance at Mrs. Hemans's biography, and state where she was born, and under what circumstances she must have at first, etc., etc. Is this a correct account of Sir Barnes Newcomes's lecture? I was not present, and did not read the report. Very likely the above may be a reminiscence of that mock lecture which Warrington delivered in anticipation of the baronet's oration.

After he had read for about five minutes, it was remarked the Baronet suddenly stopped and became exceedingly confused over his manuscript; betaking himself to his auxiliary glass of water before he resumed his discourse, which for a long time was languid, low, and disturbed in tone. This period of disturbance, no doubt, must have occurred when Sir Barnes saw before him F. Bayham and Warrington seated in the amphitheatre; and, by the side of those fierce, scornful countenances, Clive Newcome's pale face.

Clive Newcome was not looking at Barnes. His eyes were fixed upon the lady seated not far from the lecturer—upon Ethel, with her arm round her little niece's shoulder, and her thick black ringlets drooping down over a face paler than Clive's own.

Of course, she knew that Clive was present. She was aware of him as she entered the Hall; saw him at the very first moment; saw nothing but him, I dare say, though her eyes were shut and her head was turned now toward her mother, and now bent down on the little niece's golden curls. And the past and its dear histories, and youth and its hopes and passions, and tones and looks forever echoing in the heart, and present in the memory—these, no doubt, poor Clive saw and heard as he looked across the great gulf of time, and parting, and grief, and beheld the woman he had loved for many years. There she sits; the same, but changed: as gone from him as if she were dead; departed indeed into another sphere, and entered into a kind of death. If there is no love more in yonder heart, it is but a corpse unburied. Strew round it the flowers of youth. Wash it with tears of passion. Wrap it and envelop it with fond devotion. Break heart, and fling yourself on the bier, and kiss her cold lips, and press her hand! It falls back dead on the cold breast again. The beautiful lips have never a blush or a smile. Cover them and lay them in the ground, and so take thy hat-band off, good friend, and go to thy business. Do you suppose you are the only man who has had to attend such a funeral? You will find some men smiling and at work the day after. Some come to the grave now and again out of the world, and say a brief prayer, and a "God bless her!" With some men, she gone, and her viduous mansion your heart to let, her successor, the new occupant, poking in all the drawers, and corners, and cupboards of the tenement, finds her miniature and some of her dusty old letters hidden away somewhere, and says—Was this the face he admired so? Why, allowing even for the painter's flattery, it is quite ordinary, and the eyes certainly do not look straight. Are these the letters you thought so charming? Well, upon my word, I never read any thing more commonplace in all my life. See, here's a line half blotted out. Oh, I suppose she was crying then—some of her tears, idle tears. . . . Hark, there is Barnes Newcome's eloquence still plapping on, like water from a cistern—and our thoughts, where have they wandered? far away from the lecture—as far away as Clive's almost. And now the fountain ceases to trickle; the mouth from which issued that cool and limpid flux ceases to smile; the figure is seen to bow and retire; a buzz, a hum, a whisper, a scuffle, a meeting of bonnets and wagging of feathers and rustling of silks ensues. Thank you! delightful, I am sure! I really was quite overcome; Excellent; *So* much obliged, are rapid phrases heard among the polite on the platform. While down below, yaw! quite enough of *that*. Mary Jane, cover your throat up, and don't kitch cold, and don't push *me*, please, Sir. Arry! Coom along and av a pint a ale, etc., are the remarks heard, or perhaps not heard, by Clive Newcome, as he watches at the private entrance of the Athenæum, where Sir Barnes's carriage is waiting with its flaming lamps, and domestics in state liveries. One of them comes out of the building bearing the little girl in his arms, and lays her in the carriage. Then Sir Barnes, and Lady Ann, and the Mayor; then Ethel issues forth; and as she passes under the lamps, beholds Clive's face as pale and sad as her own.

Shall we go visit the lodge-gates of Newcome Park with the moon shining on their carving? Is there any pleasure in walking by miles of gray paling, and endless palisades of firs? Oh you fool, what do you hope to see behind that curtain? Absurd fugitive, whither would you run? Can you burst the tether of fate; and is not poor dear little Rosey Mackenzie sitting yonder waiting for you by the stake? Go home, Sir, and don't catch cold. So Mr. Clive returns to the King's Arms, and up to his bedroom, and he hears Mr. F. Bayham's deep voice as he passes by the Boscawen Room, where the jolly Britons are as usual assembled.

CHAPTER LXVII.

NEWCOME AND LIBERTY.

We have said that the Baronet's lecture was discussed in the midnight senate assembled at the King's Arms, where Mr. Tom Potts showed the orator no mercy. The senate of the King's Arms was hostile to Sir Barnes Newcome. Many other Newcomites besides were savage, and inclined to revolt against the representative of their borough. As these patriots met over their cups, and over the bumper of friendship uttered the sentiments of freedom, they had often asked of one another, where should a man be found to rid Newcome of its dictator? Generous hearts writhed under the oppression; patriotic eyes scowled when Barnes Newcome went by:

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with fine satire, Tom Potts at Brown the hatter's shop, who made the hats for Sir Barnes Newcome's domestics, proposed to take one of the beavers—a gold-laced one with a cockade and a cord—and set it up in the market-place and bid all Newcome come bow to it, as to the hat of Gessler. "Don't you think, Potts," says F. Bayham, who, of course, was admitted into the King's Arms club, and ornamented that assembly by his presence and discourse, "Don't you think the Colonel would make a good William Tell to combat against that Gessler?" Ha! Proposal received with acclamation — eagerly adopted by Charles Tucker, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, who would not have the slightest objection to conduct Colonel Newcome's or any other gentleman's electioneering business in Newcome or elsewhere.

Like those three gentlemen in the plays and pictures of William Tell who conspire under the moon, calling upon liberty and resolving to elect Tell as their especial champion, like Arnold, Melchthal, and Werner, Tom Potts, F. Bayham, and Charles Tucker, Esqs., conspired round a punch-bowl, and determined that Thomas Newcome should be requested to free his country. A deputation from the electors of Newcome, that is to say, these very gentlemen, waited on the Colonel in his apartment the very next morning, and set before him the state of the borough; Barnes Newcome's tyranny, under which it groaned; and the yearning of all honest men to be free from that usurpation. Thomas Newcome received the deputation with great solemnity and politeness, crossed his legs, folded his arms, smoked his cheroot, and listened most decorously, as now Potts, now Tucker, expounded to him; Bayham giving the benefit of his emphatic "hear, hear," to their statements, and explaining dubious phrases to the Colonel in the most affable manner.

Whatever the conspirators had to say against poor Barnes, Colonel Newcome was only too ready to believe. He had made up his mind that that criminal ought to be punished and exposed. The lawyer's covert innuendoes, who was ready to insinuate any amount of evil against Barnes which could safely be uttered, were by no means strong enough for Thomas Newcome. "'Sharp practice! exceedingly alive to his own interests — reported violence of temper and tenacity of money' — say swindling at once, Sir—say falsehood and rapacity — say cruelty and avarice," cries the Colonel—"I believe, upon my honor and conscience, that unfortunate young man to be guilty of every one of those crimes."

Mr. Bayham remarks to Mr. Potts that our friend the Colonel, when he does utter an opinion, takes care that there shall be no mistake about it.

"And I took care there should be no mistake before I uttered it at all, Bayham!" cries F. B.'s patron. "As long as I was in any doubt about this young man, I gave the criminal the benefit of it, as a man who admires our glorious constitution should do, and kept my own counsel, Sir."

"At least," remarks Mr. Tucker, "enough is proven to show that Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Baronet, is scarce a fit person to represent this great borough in parliament!"

"Represent Newcome in Parliament! It is a disgrace to that noble institution the English House of Commons, that Barnes Newcome should sit in it. A man whose word you can not trust; a man stained with every private crime. What right has he to sit in the assembly of the legislators of the land, Sir?" cries the Colonel, waving his hand as if addressing a chamber of deputies.

"You are for upholding the House of Commons?" inquires the lawyer.

"Of course, Sir, of course."

"And for increasing the franchise, Colonel Newcome, I should hope?" continues Mr. Tucker.

"Every man who can read and write ought to have a vote, Sir; that is my opinion!" cries the Colonel.

"He's a liberal to the backbone," says Potts to Tucker.

"To the backbone!" responds Tucker to Potts. "The Colonel will do for us, Potts."

"We want such a man, Tucker; the 'Independent' has been crying out for such a man for years past. We ought to have a liberal as second representative of this great town—not a sneaking half-and-half ministerialist like Sir Barnes, a fellow with one leg in the Carlton and the other in Brookes's. Old Mr. Bunce

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we can't touch. His place is safe; he is a good man of business: we can't meddle with Mr. Bunce—I know that, who know the feeling of the country pretty well."

"Pretty well! Better than any man in Newcome, Potts!" cries Mr. Tucker.

"But a good man like the Colonel—a good liberal like the Colonel—a man who goes in for household suffrage."

"Certainly, gentlemen."

"And the general great liberal principles—we know, of course—such a man would assuredly have a chance against Sir Barnes Newcome at the coming election! could we find such a man! a real friend of the people! I know a friend of the people if ever there was one," F. Bayham interposes.

"A man of wealth, station, experience; a man who has fought for his country; a man who is beloved in this place as *you* are, Colonel Newcome; for your goodness is known, Sir—*You* are not ashamed of your origin, and there is not a Newcomite, old or young, but knows how admirably good you have been to your old friend, Mrs.—Mrs. Whatd'youcallem."

"Mrs. Mason," from F. B.

"Mrs. Mason. If such a man as you, Sir, would consent to put himself in nomination at the next election, every true liberal in this place would rush to support you, and crush the oligarch who rides over the liberties of this borough!"

"Something of this sort, gentlemen, I own to you, had crossed my mind," Thomas Newcome remarked. "When I saw that disgrace to my name, and the name of my father's birthplace, representing the borough in Parliament, I thought for the credit of the town and the family, the member for Newcome at least might be an honest man. I am an old soldier; have passed all my life in India; and am little conversant with affairs at home (cries of You are, you are). I hoped that my son, Mr. Clive Newcome, might have been found qualified to contest this borough against his unworthy cousin, and possibly to sit as your representative in Parliament. The wealth I have had the good fortune to amass will descend to him naturally, and at no very distant period of time, for I am nearly seventy years of age, gentlemen."

The gentlemen are astonished at this statement.

"But," resumed the Colonel, "my son Clive, as friend Bayham knows, and to my own regret and mortification, as I don't care to confess to you, declares he has no interest in politics, or desire for public distinction—prefers his own pursuits—and even these I fear do not absorb

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him—declines the offer which I made him, to present himself in opposition to Sir Barnes Newcome. It becomes men in a certain station, as I think, to assert that station; and though a few years back I never should have thought of public life at all, and proposed to end my days in quiet as a retired dragoon officer, since—since it has pleased Heaven to increase very greatly my pecuniary means, to place me as a director and manager of an important banking-company, in a station of great public responsibility, I and my brother directors have thought it but right that one of us should sit in Parliament, if possible, and I am not a man to shirk from that or from any other duty."

"Colonel, will you attend a meeting of electors which we will call, and say as much to them and as well?" cries Mr. Potts. "Shall I put an announcement in my paper to the effect that you are ready to come forward?"

"I am prepared to do so, my good Sir."

And presently this solemn palaver ended.

Besides the critical article upon the baronet's lecture, of which Mr. Warrington was the author, there appeared in the leading columns of the ensuing number of Mr. Potts's "Independent" some remarks of a very smashing or hostile nature against the member for Newcome. "This gentleman has shown such talent in the lecturing business," the "Independent" said, "that it is a great pity he should not withdraw himself from politics, and cultivate what all Newcome knows are the arts which he understands best, namely, poetry and the domestic affections. The performance of our talented representative last night was so pathetic as to bring tears into the eyes of several of our fair friends. We have heard, but never believed until now, that Sir Barnes Newcome possessed such a genius *for making women cry*. Last week we had the talented Miss Noakes from Slowcome, reading Milton to us; how far superior was the eloquence of Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., even to that of the celebrated actress! Bets were freely offered in the room last night that Sir Barnes would *beat any woman*. Bets which were not taken, as we scarcely need say, so well do our citizens appreciate the character of our excellent, our admirable representative. Let the Baronet stick to his lectures, and let Newcome relieve him of his political occupations. He is not fit for them, he is too sentimental a man for us; the men of Newcome want a sound practical person; the liberals of Newcome have a desire to be represented. When we elected Sir Barnes, he talked liberally enough, and we thought he would do, but you see the honorable Baronet is so poetical! we ought to have known that, and not to have believed him. Let us have a straightforward gentleman. If not a man of words, at least let us have a practical man. If not a man of eloquence, one at any rate whose word we can trust, and we can't trust Sir Barnes Newcome's; we have tried him, and we can't really. Last night when the ladies were crying, we could not for the souls of us help laughing. We hope we know how to conduct ourselves as gentlemen. We trust we did not interrupt the harmony of the evening, but Sir Barnes Newcome, prating about children and virtue, and affection and poetry, this is really too strong.

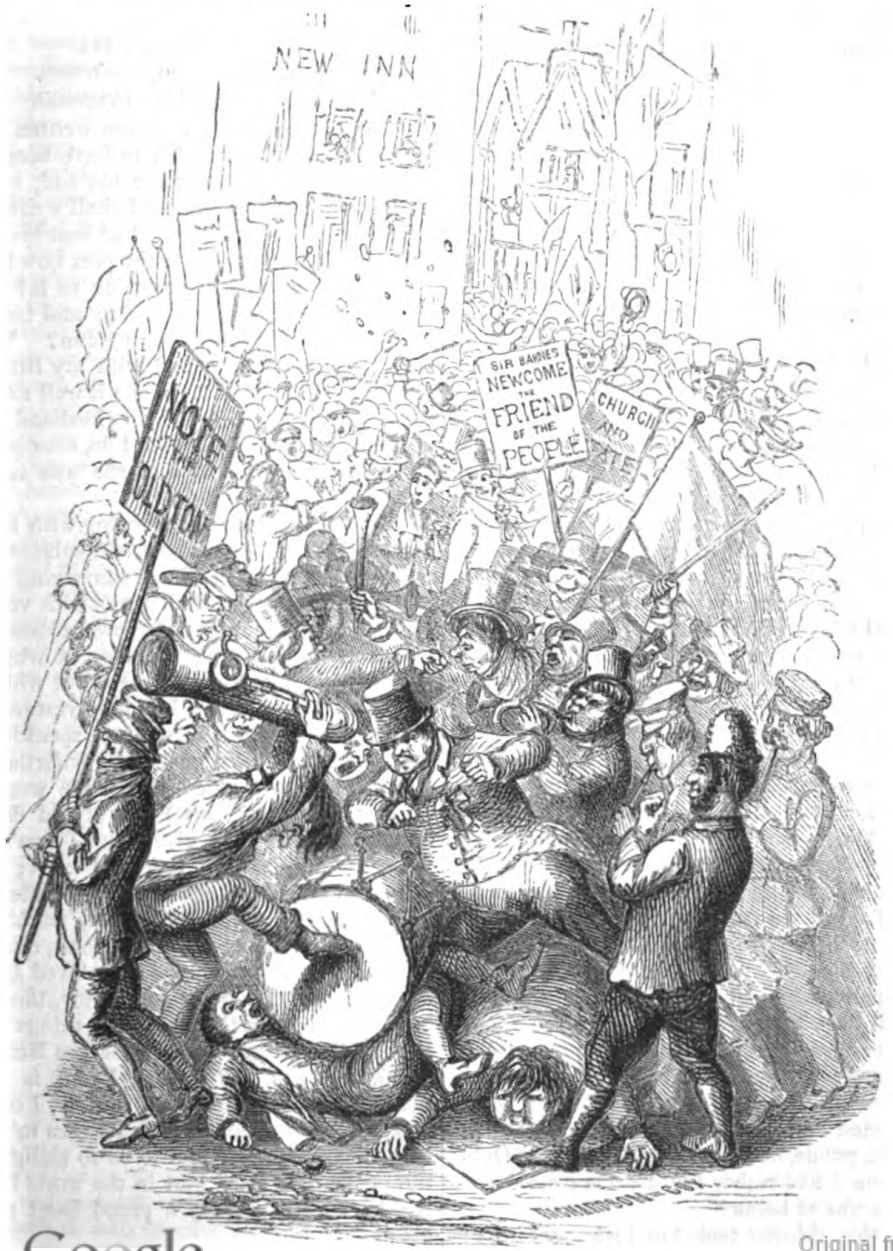
"The 'Independent,' faithful to its name, and ever actuated by principles of honor, has been, as our thousands of readers know, disposed to give Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., a fair trial. When he came forward after his father's death, we believed in his pledges and promises, as a retrencher and reformer, and we stuck by him. Is there any man in Newcome, except, perhaps, our twaddling old contemporary the 'Sentinel,' who believes in Sir B. N. any more? We say no, and we now give the readers of the 'Independent,' and the electors of this borough, fair notice, that when the dissolution of Parliament takes place, a good man, a true man, a man of experience, no dangerous radical, or brawling tap orator—Mr. Hicks's friends well understand whom we mean—but a gentleman of liberal principles, well-won wealth, and deserved station and honor, will ask the electors of Newcome whether they are or are not discontented with their present unworthy member. The 'Independent,' for one, says, we know good men of your family, we know in it men who would do honor to any name; but you, Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., we trust no more."

In the electioneering matter, which had occasioned my unlucky interference, and that subsequent little coolness upon the good Colonel's part, Clive Newcome had himself shown that the scheme was not to his liking; had then submitted, as his custom was: and doing so with a bad grace, as also was to be expected, had got little thanks for his obedience. Thomas Newcome was hurt at his son's faint-heartedness, and of course little Rosey was displeased at his hanging back. He set off in his father's train a silent, unwilling partisan. Thomas Newcome had the leisure to survey Clive's glum face opposite to him during the whole of their journey, and to chew his mustaches, and brood upon his wrath and wrongs. His life had been a sacrifice for that boy! What darling schemes had he not formed in his behalf, and how superciliously did Clive meet his projects! The Colonel could not see the harm of which he had himself been the author. Had he not done every thing in mortal's power for his son's happiness, and how many young men in England were there with such advantages as this moody, discontented, spoiled boy? As Clive backed out of the contest, of course his father urged it only the more vehemently. Clive slunk away from committees and canvassing, and lounged about the Newcome manufactories, while his father, with anger and bitterness in his heart, remained at the post of honor, as he called it, bent upon overcoming his enemy, and carrying his point against Barnes Newcome. "If Paris will not fight, Sir," the Colonel said, with a sad look following his son, "Priam must." Good

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old Priam believed his cause to be a perfectly just one, and that duty and his honor called upon him to draw the sword. So there was difference between Thomas Newcome and Clive his son. I protest it is with pain and reluctance I have to write, that the good old man was in error—that there was a wrong-doer, and that Atticus was he.

Atticus, be it remembered, thought himself compelled by the very best motives. Thomas Newcome, the Indian banker, was at war with Barnes, the English banker. The latter had commenced the hostilities, by a sudden and cowardly act of treason. There were private wrongs, to envenom the contest, but it was the mercantile quarrel on which the Colonel chose to set his declaration of war. Barnes's first dastardly blow had occasioned it, and his uncle was determined to carry it through. This I have said was also George Warrington's judgment, who in the ensuing struggle between Sir Barnes and his uncle, acted as a very warm and efficient partisan of the latter. "Kinsmanship!" says George, "what has old Tom Newcome ever had from his kinsman but cowardice and treachery? If Barnes had held up his finger the young one might have been happy; if he could have effected it, the Colonel and his bank would have been ruined. I am for war, and for seeing the old boy in Parliament. He knows no more about politics than I do about dancing the polka; but there are five hundred wiseacres in that assembly who know no more than he does, and an honest man taking his seat there, in place of a confounded little rogue, at least makes a change for the better."



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I dare say, Thomas Newcome, Esq. would by no means have concurred in the above estimate of his political knowledge, and thought himself as well informed as another. He used to speak with the greatest gravity about our constitution as the pride and envy of the world, though he surprised you as much by the latitudinarian reforms which he was eager to press forward, as by the most singular old Tory opinions which he advocated on other occasions. He was for having every man to vote; every poor man to labor short time and get high wages; every poor curate to be paid double or treble; every bishop to be docked of his salary, and dismissed from the House of Lords. But he was a stanch admirer of that assembly, and a supporter of the rights of the crown. He was for sweeping off taxes from the poor, and as money must be raised to carry on government, he opined that the rich should pay. He uttered all these opinions, with the greatest gravity and emphasis, before a large assembly of electors and others convened in the Newcome Town Hall, amidst the roars of applause of the non-electors, and the bewilderment and consternation of Mr. Potts, of the "Independent," who had represented the Colonel in his paper as a safe and steady reformer. Of course the "Sentinel" showed him up as a most dangerous radical, a seapoy republican, and so forth, to the wrath and indignation of Colonel Newcome. He a republican! he scorned the name! He would die as he had bled many a time for his sovereign. He an enemy of our beloved church! He esteemed and honored it, as he hated and abhorred the superstitions of Rome. (Yells, from the Irish in the crowd.) He an enemy of the House of Lords! He held it to be the safeguard of the constitution and the legitimate prize of our most illustrious naval, military, and —and—legal heroes (ironical cheers). He repelled with scorn the dastard attacks of the journal which had assailed him; he asked, laying his hands on his heart, if, as a gentleman, an officer bearing her Majesty's commission, he could be guilty of a desire to subvert her empire and to insult the dignity of her crown?

After this second speech at the Town Hall, it was asserted by a considerable party in Newcome that Old Tom (as the mob familiarly called him) was a Tory, while an equal number averred that he was a Radical. Mr. Potts tried to reconcile his statements—a work in which I should think the talented editor of the "Independent" had no little difficulty. "He knows nothing about it," poor Clive said with a sigh; "his politics are all sentiment and kindness; he will have the poor man paid double wages, and does not remember that the employer would be ruined: you have heard him, Pen, talking in this way at his own table; but when he comes out armed *cap-à-pied*, and careers against windmills in public, don't you see that as Don Quixote's son I had rather the dear brave old gentleman was at home?"

So this *fainéant* took but little part in the electioneering doings, holding moodily aloof from the meetings, and councils, and public-houses, where his father's partisans were assembled.



CHAPTER LXVIII.

A LETTER AND A RECONCILIATION.

Miss Ethel Newcome to Mrs. Pendennis.

Dearest Laura—I have not written to you for many weeks past. There have been some things too trivial, and some too sad, to write about; some things I know I shall write of if I begin, and yet that I know I had best leave; for of what good is looking to the past now? Why vex you or myself by reverting to it? Does not every day bring its own duty and task, and are these not enough to occupy one? What a fright you must have had with my little god-daughter! Thank Heaven she is well now, and restored to you. You and your husband I know do not think it essential, but I do, *most essential*, and am very grateful that she was taken to church before her illness.

"Is Mr. Pendennis proceeding with his canvass? I try and avoid a certain subject, but it *will* come. You know who is canvassing against us here. My poor uncle has met with very considerable success among the lower classes. He makes them rambling speeches at which my brother and his friends laugh, but which the people applaud. I saw him only yesterday, on the balcony of the King's Arms, speaking to a great mob, who were cheering vociferously below. I had met him before. He would not even stop and give his Ethel of old days his hand. I would have given him I don't know what, for one kiss, for one kind word; but he passed on and would not answer me. He thinks me—what the world thinks me, worldly and heartless; what I *was*. But at least, dear Laura, you know that I always truly loved *him*, and do now, although he is our enemy, though he believes and utters the most cruel things against Barnes, though he says that Barnes Newcome, my father's son, my brother, Laura, is not an honest man. Hard, selfish, worldly, I own my poor brother to be, and pray Heaven to amend him; but dishonest! and to be so maligned by the person one loves best in the world! This is a hard trial. I pray a proud heart may be bettered by it.

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"And I have seen my cousin; once at a lecture which poor Barnes gave, and who seemed very much disturbed on perceiving Clive; once afterward at good old Mrs. Mason's, whom I have always continued to visit for uncle's sake. The poor old woman, whose wits are very nearly gone, held both our hands, and asked when we were going to be married? and laughed, poor old thing! I cried out to her that Mr. Clive had a wife at home, a dear young wife, I said. He gave a dreadful sort of laugh, and turned away into the window. He looks terribly ill, pale, and oldened.

"I asked him a great deal about his wife, whom I remember a very pretty, sweet-looking girl indeed, at my aunt Hobson's, but with a not agreeable mother as I thought then. He answered me by monosyllables, appeared as though he would speak, and then became silent. I am pained, and yet glad that I saw him. I said, not very distinctly I daresay, that I hoped the difference between Barnes and uncle would not extinguish his regard for mamma and me, who have always loved him; when I said loved him, he gave one of his bitter laughs again; and so he did when I said I hoped his wife was well. You never would tell me much about Mrs. Newcome; and I fear she does not make my cousin happy. And yet this marriage was of my uncle's making: another of the unfortunate marriages in our family. I am glad that I paused in time, before the commission of that sin; I strive my best, and to amend my temper, my inexperience, my shortcomings, and try to be the mother of my poor brother's children. But Barnes has never forgiven me my refusal of Lord Farintosh. He is of the world still, Laura. Nor must we deal too harshly with people of his nature, who can not perhaps comprehend a world beyond. I remember in old days, when we were traveling on the Rhine, in the happiest days of my whole life, I used to hear Clive, and his friend Mr. Ridley, talk of art and of nature in a way that I could not understand at first, but came to comprehend better as my cousin taught me; and since then, I see pictures, and landscapes, and flowers, with quite different eyes, and beautiful secrets as it were, of which I had no idea before. The secret of all secrets, the secret of the other life, and the better world beyond ours, may not this be unrevealed to some? I pray for them all, dearest Laura, for those nearest and dearest to me, that the truth may lighten their darkness, and Heaven's great mercy defend them in the perils and dangers of their night.

"My boy at Sandhurst has done very well indeed; and Egbert, I am happy to say, thinks of taking orders; he has been very moderate at College. Not so Alfred; but the Guards are a sadly dangerous school for a young man; I have promised to pay his debts, and he is to exchange into the line. Mamma is coming to us at Christmas with Alice; my sister is very pretty indeed, I think, and I am rejoiced she is to marry young Mr. Mumford, who has a tolerable living, and who has been attached to her ever since he was a boy at Rugby school.

"Little Barnes comes on bravely with his Latin; and Mr. Whitestock, *a most excellent and valuable* person in this place, where there is so much Romanism and Dissent, speaks highly of him. Little Clara is so like her unhappy mother in a thousand ways and actions, that I am shocked often; and see my brother starting back and turning his head away, as if suddenly wounded. I have heard the most deplorable accounts of Lord and Lady Highgate. Oh, dearest friend and sister!—save you, I think I scarce know any one that is happy in the world: I trust you may continue so—you who impart your goodness and kindness to all who come near you—you in whose sweet serene happiness I am thankful to be allowed to repose sometimes. You are the island in the desert, Laura! and the birds sing there, and the fountain flows; and we come and repose by you for a little while, and to-morrow the march begins again, and the toil, and the struggle, and the desert. Good-by, fountain? Whisper kisses to my dearest little ones for their affectionate

"AUNT ETHEL.

"A friend of his, a Mr. Warrington, has spoken against us several times with extraordinary ability, as Barnes owns. Do you know Mr. W.? He wrote a dreadful article in the 'Independent,' about the last poor lecture, which was indeed sad, sentimental, commonplace: and the critique is terribly comical. I could not help laughing, remembering some passages in it, when Barnes mentioned it: and my brother became so angry! They have put up a dreadful caricature of B. in Newcome: and my brother says he did it, but I hope not. It is very droll though: he used to make them very funnily. I am glad he has spirits for it. Good-by, again.—E. N."

"He says he did it!" cries Mr. Pendennis, laying the letter down. "Barnes Newcome would scarcely caricature himself, my dear!"

"'He' often means—means Clive—I think," says Mrs. Pendennis, in an off-hand manner.

"Oh! he means Clive, does he, Laura?"

"Yes—and you mean goose, Mr. Pendennis!" that saucy lady replies.

It must have been about the very time when this letter was written, that a critical conversation occurred between Clive and his father, of which the lad did not inform me until much later days, as was the case—the reader has been more than once begged to believe—with many other portions of this biography.

One night the Colonel having come home from a round of electioneering visits, not half-satisfied with himself; exceedingly annoyed (much more than he cared to own) with the impudence of some rude fellows at the public-houses, who had interrupted his fine speeches with odious hiccups and familiar jeers, was seated brooding over his cheroot by his chimney-

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fire; friend F. B. (of whose companionship his patron was occasionally tired) finding much better amusement with the Jolly Britons, in the Boscawen Rooms below. The Colonel, as an electioneering business, had made his appearance in the Club. But that ancient Roman warrior had frightened those simple Britons. His manners were too awful for them: so were Clive's, who visited them also under Mr. Potts's introduction; but the two gentlemen—each being full of care and personal annoyance at the time, acted like wet-blankets upon the Britons—whereas F. B. warmed them and cheered them, affably partook of their meals with them, and graciously shared their cups. So the Colonel was alone, listening to the far-off roar of the Britons' chorusses by an expiring fire, as he sate by a glass of cold negus, and the ashes of his cigar.

I dare say he may have been thinking that his fire was well-nigh out, his cup at the dregs, his pipe little more now than dust and ashes—when Clive, candle in hand, came into their sitting-room.

As each saw the other's face, it was so very sad and worn and pale, that the young man started back; and the elder, with quite the tenderness of old days, cried "God bless me, my boy, how ill you look! Come and warm yourself—look, the fire's out! Have something, Clivy!"

For months past they had not had a really kind word. The tender old voice smote upon Clive, and he burst into sudden tears. They rained upon his father's trembling old brown hand as he stooped down and kissed it.

"You look very ill too, father," says Clive.

"Ill? not I!" cries the father, still keeping the boy's hand under both his own on the mantel-piece. "Such a battered old fellow as I am, has a right to look the worse for wear; but you, boy, why do *you* look so pale?"

"I have seen a ghost, father," Clive answered. Thomas, however, looked alarmed and inquisitive, as though the boy was wandering in his mind.

"The ghost of my youth, father, the ghost of my happiness, and the best days of my life," groaned out the young man. "I saw Ethel to day. I went to see Sarah Mason, and she was there."

"I had seen her, but I did not speak of her," said the father. "I thought it was best not to mention her to you, my poor boy. And are—are, you fond of her still? Clive!"

"Still! once means always in these things, father, doesn't it? Once means to-day and yesterday, and forever and ever."

"Nay, my boy, you mustn't talk to me so, or even to yourself so. You have the dearest little wife at home, a dear little wife and child."

"You had a son, and have been kind enough to him, God knows. *You* had a wife; but that doesn't prevent other—other thoughts. Do you know you never spoke twice in your life about my mother? You didn't care for her."

"I—I, did my duty by her; I denied her nothing. I scarcely ever had a word with her, and I did my best to make her happy," interposed the Colonel.

"I know, but your heart was with the other. So is mine. It's fatal, it runs in the family, father."

The boy looked so ineffably wretched, that the father's heart melted still more. "I did my best, Clive," the Colonel gasped out. "I went to that villain Barnes and offered him to settle every shilling I was worth on you—I did—you didn't know that—I'd kill myself for your sake, Clivy. What's an old fellow worth living for? I can live upon a crust and a cigar. I don't care about a carriage, and only go in it to please Rosey. I wanted to give up all for you, but he played me false—that scoundrel cheated us both; he did, and so did Ethel."

"No, Sir, I may have thought so in my rage once, but I know better now. She was the victim and not the agent. Did Madame de Florac play *you* false when she married her husband? It was her fate, and she underwent it. We all bow to it, we are in the track and the car passes over us. You know it does, father." The Colonel was a fatalist: he had often advanced this Oriental creed in his simple discourses with his son and Clive's friends.

"Besides," Clive went on, "Ethel does not care for me. She received me to-day quite coldly, and held her hand out as if we had only parted last year. I suppose she likes that marquis who jilted her—God bless her! How shall we know what wins the hearts of women? She has mine. There was my Fate. Praise be to Allah! It is over."

"But there's that villain who injured you. His isn't over yet," cried the Colonel, clenching his trembling hand.

"Ah, father! Let us leave him to Allah too! Suppose Madame de Florac had a brother who insulted you. You know you wouldn't have revenged yourself. You would have wounded her in striking him."

"You called out Barnes yourself, boy," cried the father.

"That was for another cause, and not for my quarrel. And how do you know I intended to fire? By Jove, I was so miserable then that an ounce of lead would have done me little harm."

The father saw the son's mind more clearly than he had ever done hitherto. They had scarcely ever talked upon that subject, which the Colonel found was so deeply fixed in Clive's heart. He thought of his own early days, and how he had suffered, and beheld his son before him racked with the same cruel pangs of enduring grief. And he began to own that he had pressed him too hastily into his marriage; and to make an allowance for an unhappiness of which he had in part been the cause.

"Mashallah! Clive, my boy," said the old man, "what is done is done."

"Let us break up our camp before this place,

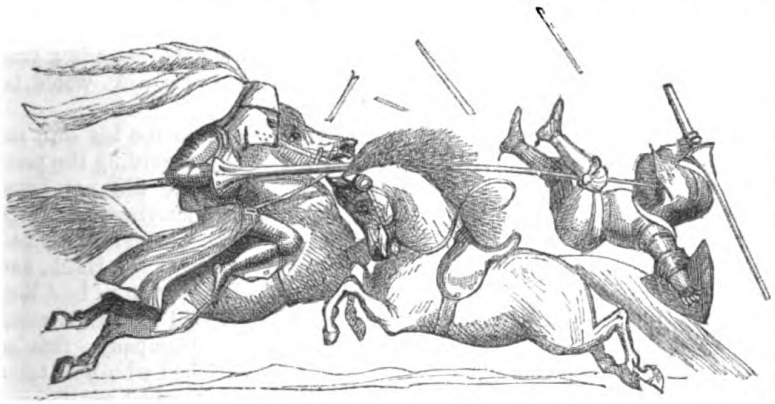
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and not go to war with Barnes, father," said Clive. "Let us have peace—and forgive him if we can."

"And retreat before this scoundrel, Clive?"

"What is a victory over such a fellow? One gives a chimney-sweep the wall, father."

"I say again—What is done is done. I have promised to meet him at the hustings, and I will. I think it is best: and you are right: and you act like a high-minded gentleman—and, my dear, dear old boy—not to meddle in the quarrel—though I didn't think so—and the difference gave me a great deal of pain—and so did what Pendennis said—and I'm wrong—and thank God I am wrong—and God bless you, my own boy!" the Colonel cried out in a burst of emotion—and the two went to their bedrooms together, and were happier as they shook hands at the doors of their adjoining chambers than they had been for many a long day and year.



CHAPTER LXIX.

THE ELECTION.

HAVING thus given his challenge, reconnoitered the enemy, and pledged himself to do battle at the ensuing election, our Colonel took leave of the town of Newcome, and returned to his banking affairs in London. His departure was as that of a great public personage; the gentlemen of the Committee followed him obsequiously down to the train. "Quick," bawls out Mr. Potts to Mr. Brown, the station-master, "Quick, Mr. Brown, a carriage for Colonel Newcome!" Half a dozen hats are taken off as he enters into the carriage, F. Bayham and his servant after him, with portfolios, umbrellas, shawls, dispatch-boxes. Clive was not there to act as his father's aid-de-camp. After their conversation together, the young man had returned to Mrs. Clive and his other duties in life.

It has been said that Mr. Pendennis was in the country, engaged in a pursuit exactly similar to that which occupied Colonel Newcome. The menaced dissolution of Parliament did not take place so soon as we expected. The ministry still hung together, and by consequence, Sir Barnes Newcome kept the seat in the House of Commons, from which his elder kinsman was eager to oust him. Away from London, and having but few correspondents, save on affairs of business, I heard little of Clive and the Colonel, save an occasional puff of one of Colonel Newcome's entertainments in the "Pall Mall Gazette," to which journal F. Bayham still condescended to contribute; and a satisfactory announcement in a certain part of that paper, that on such a day, in Hyde Park Gardens, Mrs. Clive Newcome had presented her husband with a son. Clive wrote to me presently, to inform me of the circumstance, stating at the same time, with but moderate gratification on his own part, that the Campaigner, Mrs. Newcome's mamma, had upon this second occasion, made a second lodgment in her daughter's house and bedchamber, and showed herself affably disposed to forget the little unpleasantries which had clouded over the sunshine of her former visit.

Laura with a smile of some humor, said she thought now would be the time when, if Clive could be spared from his bank, he might pay us that visit at Fairoaks which had been due so long, and hinted that change of air and a temporary absence from Mrs. M'Kenzie, might be agreeable to my old friend.

It was, on the contrary, Mr. Pendennis's opinion that his wife artfully chose that period of time when little Rosey was, per force, kept at home and occupied with her delightful maternal duties to invite Clive to see us. Mrs. Laura frankly owned that she liked our Clive better without his wife than with her, and never ceased to regret that pretty Rosey had not bestowed her little hand upon Captain Hoby, as she had been very well disposed at one time to do. Against all marriages of interest this sentimental Laura never failed to utter indignant protests; and Clive's had been a marriage of interest, a marriage made up by the old people, a marriage to which the young man had only yielded out of good-nature and obedience. She would apostrophize her unconscious young ones, and inform those innocent babies that *they* should never be made to marry except for love, never—an announcement which was received with perfect indifference by little Arthur on his rocking-horse, and little Helen smiling and crowing in her mother's lap.

So Clive came down to us careworn in appearance, but very pleased and happy, he said, to stay for a while with the friends of his youth. We showed him our modest rural lions; we got him such sport and company as our quiet neighborhood afforded, we gave him fishing in the Brawl, and Laura in her pony-chaise drove him

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to Baymouth, and to Clavering Park, and town, and to visit the famous cathedral at Chatteris, where she was pleased to recount certain incidents of her husband's youth.

Clive laughed at my wife's stories, he pleased himself in our home; he played with our children, with whom he became a great favorite; he was happier, he told me with a sigh, than he had been for many a day. His gentle hostess echoed the sigh of the poor young fellow. She was sure that his pleasure was only transitory, and was convinced that many deep cares weighed upon his mind.

Ere long my old school-fellow made me sundry confessions, which showed that Laura's surmises were correct. About his domestic affairs he did not treat much, the little boy was said to be a very fine little boy, the ladies had taken entire possession of him. "I can't stand Mrs. M'Kenzie any longer, I own," says Clive; "but how resist a wife at such a moment? Rosa was sure she would die, unless her mother came to her, and of course we invited Mrs. Mac. This time she is all smiles and politeness with the Colonel: the last quarrel is laid upon me, and in so far I am easy, as the old folks get on pretty well together." To me, considering these things, it was clear that Mr. Clive Newcome was but a very secondary personage indeed in his father's new fine house which he inhabited, and in which the poor Colonel had hoped they were to live such a happy family.

But it was about Clive Newcome's pecuniary affairs that I felt the most disquiet when he came to explain these to me. The Colonel's capital, and that considerable sum which Mrs. Clive had inherited from her good old uncle, were all involved in a common stock, of which Colonel Newcome took the management. "The governor understands business so well, you see," says Clive, "is a most remarkable head for accounts, he must have inherited that from my grandfather, you know, who made his own fortune: all the Newcomes are good at accounts except me, a poor useless devil, who knows nothing but to paint a picture, and who can't even do that." He cuts off the head of a thistle as he speaks, bites his tawny mustaches, plunges his hands into his pockets and his soul into reverie.

"You don't mean to say," asks Mr. Pendennis, "that your wife's fortune has not been settled upon herself?"

"Of course it has been settled upon herself—that is, it is entirely her own—you know the Colonel has managed all the business; he understands it better than we do."

"Do you say that your wife's money is not vested in the hands of trustees, and for her benefit?"

"My father is one of the trustees. I tell you he manages the whole thing. What is his property is mine, and ever has been: and I might draw upon him as much as I liked: and you know it's five times as great as my wife's. What is his is ours, and what is ours is his, of course; for instance, the India Stock, which poor Uncle James left, that now stands in the Colonel's name. He wants to be a Director: he will be at the next election—he must have a certain quantity of India Stock, don't you see?"

"My dear fellow, is there then no settlement made upon your wife at all?"

"You needn't look so frightened," says Clive. "I made a settlement on her: with all my worldly goods I did her endow—three thousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds six and eight pence, which my father sent over from India to my uncle, years ago, when I came home."

I might well indeed be aghast at this news, and had yet further intelligence from Clive, which by no means contributed to lessen my anxiety. This worthy old Colonel, who fancied himself to be so clever a man of business, chose to conduct it in utter ignorance and defiance of law. If any thing happened to the Bundelcund Bank, it was clear that not only every shilling of his own property, but every farthing bequeathed to Rosa Mackenzie would be lost; only his retiring pension, which was luckily considerable, and the hundred pounds a year which Clive had settled on his wife, would be saved out of the ruin.

And now Clive confided to me his own serious doubts and misgivings regarding the prosperity of the Bank itself. He did not know why, but he could not help fancying that things were going wrong. Those partners who had come home, having sold out of the Bank, and living in England so splendidly, why had they quitted it? The Colonel said it was a proof of the prosperity of the Company, that so many gentlemen were enriched who had taken shares in it. "But when I asked my father," Clive continued, "why he did not himself withdraw? the dear old boy's countenance fell: he told me such things were not to be done every day; and ended, as usual, by saying that I do not understand any thing about business. No more I do: that is the truth. I hate the whole concern, Pen! I hate that great tawdry house in which we live, and those fearfully stupid parties! Oh, how I wish we were back in Fitzroy Square! But who can recall bygones, Arthur, or wrong steps in life? We must make the most of to-day, and to-morrow must take care of itself. 'Poor little child!' I could not help thinking, as I took it crying in my arms the other day, 'What has life in store for you, my poor weeping baby?' My mother-in-law cried out that I should drop the baby, and that only the Colonel knew how to hold it. My wife called from her bed: the nurse dashed up and scolded me; and they drove me out of the room among them. By Jove, Pen, I laugh when some of my friends congratulate me on my good fortune! I am not quite the father of my own child, nor the husband of my own wife, nor even the master of my own easel. I am managed for, don't you see! boarded, lodged, and done for. And here is the man they call happy! Happy! Oh!!! why had I not your

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strength of mind; and why did I ever leave my art, my mistress?"

And herewith the poor lad fell to chopping thistles again; and quitted Fairoaks shortly, leaving his friends there very much disquieted about his prospects, actual and future.

The expected dissolution of Parliament came at length. All the country papers in England teemed with electioneering addresses; and the country was in a flutter with parti-colored ribbons. Colonel Thomas Newcome, pursuant to his promise, offered himself to the independent electors of Newcome in the liberal journal of the family town, while Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., addressed himself to his old and tried friends, and called upon the friends of the constitution to rally round him in the conservative print. The addresses of our friend were sent to us at Fairoaks by the Colonel's indefatigable aid-de-camp, Mr. Frederic Bayham. During the period which had elapsed since the Colonel's last canvassing visit, and the issuing of the writs now daily expected for the new Parliament, many things of great importance had occurred in Thomas Newcome's family—events which were kept secret from his biographer, who was, at this period also, pretty entirely occupied with his own affairs. These, however, are not the present subject of this history, which has Newcome for its business, and the parties engaged in the family quarrel there.

There were four candidates in the field for the representation of that borough. That old and tried member of Parliament, Mr. Bunce, was considered to be secure; and the Baronet's seat was thought to be pretty safe, on account of his influence in the place. Nevertheless, Thomas Newcome's supporters were confident for their champion, and that when the parties came to the poll, the extreme liberals of the borough would divide their votes between him and the fourth candidate, the uncompromising Radical, Mr. Barker.

In due time the Colonel and his staff arrived at Newcome, and resumed the active canvass which they had commenced some months previously. Clive was not in his father's suite this time, nor Mr. Warrington, whose engagements took him elsewhere. The lawyer, the editor of the "Independent," and F. B. were the Colonel's chief men. His head-quarters (which F. B. liked very well) were at the hotel where we last saw him, and whence issuing with his aid-de-camp at his heels, the Colonel went round, to canvass personally, according to his promise, every free and independent elector of the borough. Barnes too was canvassing eagerly on his side, and was most affable and active; the two parties would often meet nose to nose in the same street, and their retainers exchange looks of defiance. With Mr. Potts of the "Independent," a big man, on his left; with Mr. Frederick, a still bigger man, on his right; his own trusty bamboo cane in his hand, before which poor Barnes had shrunk abashed ere now, Colonel Newcome had commonly the best of these street encounters, and frowned his nephew, Barnes, and Barnes's staff off the pavement. With the non-electors, the Colonel was a decided favorite; the boys invariably hurrahed him; whereas they jeered and uttered ironical cries after poor Barnes, asking, "Who beat his wife? Who drove his children to the workhouse?" and other unkind personal questions. The man upon whom the libertine Barnes had inflicted so cruel an injury in his early days, was now the baronet's bitterest enemy. He assailed him with curses and threats when they met, and leagued his brother workmen against him. The wretched Sir Barnes owned with contrition that the sins of his youth pursued him: his enemy scoffed at the idea of Barnes's repentance; he was not moved at the grief, the punishment in his own family; the humiliation and remorse which the repentant prodigal piteously pleaded. No man was louder in his cries of *mea culpa* than Barnes: no man professed a more edifying repentance. He was hat in hand to every black coat, established or dissenting. Repentance was to his interest, to be sure, but yet let us hope it was sincere. There is some hypocrisy, of which one does not like even to entertain the thought; especially that awful falsehood which trades with divine truth, and takes the name of Heaven in vain.

The Roebuck Inn, at Newcome, stands in the market-place, directly facing the King's Arms, where, as we know, Colonel Newcome, and uncompromising toleration held their head-quarters. Immense banners of blue and yellow floated from every window of the King's Arms, and decorated the balcony from which the Colonel and the assistants were in the habit of addressing the multitude. Fiddlers and trumpeters arrayed in his colors paraded the town, and enlivened it with their melodious strains. Other trumpeters and fiddlers, bearing the true-blue cockades and colors of Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., would encounter the Colonel's musicians, on which occasions of meeting it is to be feared small harmony was produced. They banged each other with their brazen instruments. The warlike drummers thumped each other's heads in lieu of the professional sheepskin. The town-boys and street blackguards rejoiced in these combats, and exhibited their valor on one side or the other. The Colonel had to pay a long bill for broken brass when he settled the little accounts of the election.

In after times, F. B. was pleased to describe the circumstances of a contest in which he bore a most distinguished part. It was F. B.'s opinion that his private eloquence brought over many waverers to the Colonel's side, and converted numbers of the benighted followers of Sir Barnes Newcome. Bayham's voice was indeed magnificent, and could be heard from the King's Arms balcony above the shout and roar of the multitude, the gongs and bugles of the opposition bands. He was untiring in his oratory—undaunted in the presence of the crowds below. He was immensely popular, F. B.

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Whether he laid his hand upon his broad chest, took off his hat and waved it, or pressed his blue-and-yellow ribbons to his bosom, the crowd shouted, "Hurra! silence! bravo! Bayham forever!" "They would have carried me in triumph," said F. B.; "if I had but the necessary qualification I might be member for Newcome this day or any other I chose."

I am afraid in this conduct of the Colonel's election Mr. Bayham resorted to acts of which his principal certainly would disapprove, and engaged auxiliaries whose alliance was scarcely creditable—Whose was the hand which flung the potato which struck Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., on the nose as he was haranguing the people from the Roebuck? How came it that whenever Sir Barnes and his friends essayed to speak, such an awful yelling and groaning took place in the crowd below, that the words of those feeble orators were inaudible? Who smashed all the front windows of the Roebuck? Colonel Newcome had not words to express his indignation at proceedings so unfair. When Sir Barnes and his staff were hustled in the market-place and most outrageously shoved, jeered, and jolted, the Colonel from the King's Arms organized a rapid sally, which he himself headed with his bamboo cane; cut out Sir Barnes and his followers from the hands of the mob, and addressed those ruffians in a noble speech, of which the bamboo cane—Englishman—shame—fair-play, were the most emphatic expressions. The mob cheered Old Tom, as they called him—they made way for Sir Barnes, who shrunk pale and shuddering back into his hotel again—who always persisted in saying that that old villain of a dragoon had planned both the assault and the rescue.

"When the dregs of the people—the scum of the rabble, Sir, banded together by the myrmidons of Sir Barnes Newcome, attacked us at the King's Arms, and smashed ninety-six pounds' worth of glass at one volley, besides knocking off the gold unicorn's head and the tail of the British lion; it was fine, Sir," F. B. said, "to see how the Colonel came forward, and the coolness of the old boy in the midst of the action. He stood there in front, Sir, with his old hat off, never so much as once bobbing his old head, and I think he spoke rather better under fire than he did when there was no danger. Between ourselves, he ain't much of a speaker, the old Colonel; he hems and hahs, and repeats himself a good deal. He hasn't the gift of natural eloquence which some men have, Pendennis. You should have heard my speech, Sir, on the Thursday in the Town Hall—that was something like a speech. Potts was jealous of it, and always reported me most shamefully."

In spite of his respectful behavior to the gentlemen in black coats, his soup tickets and his flannel tickets, his own pathetic lectures and his sedulous attendance at other folk's sermons, poor Barnes could not keep up his credit with the serious interest at Newcome, and the meeting-houses and their respective pastors and frequenters turned their backs upon him. The case against him was too flagrant: his enemy, the factory-man, worked it with an extraordinary skill, malice, and pertinacity. Not a single man, woman, or child in Newcome but was made acquainted with Sir Barnes's early peccadillo. Ribald ballads were howled through the streets describing his sin, and his deserved punishment. For very shame, the reverend dissenting gentlemen were obliged to refrain from voting for him; such as ventured, believing in the sincerity of his repentance, to give him their voices, were yelled away from the polling-places. A very great number who would have been his friends, were compelled to bow to decency and public opinion, and supported the Colonel.

Hooted away from the hustings, and the public places whence the rival candidates addressed the free and independent electors, this wretched and persecuted Sir Barnes invited his friends and supporters to meet him at the Athenæum Room—scene of his previous eloquent performances. But, though this apartment was defended by tickets, the people burst into it; and Nemesis, in the shape of the persevering factory-man, appeared before the scared Sir Barnes and his puzzled committee. The man stood up and bearded the pale Baronet. He had a good cause, and was in truth a far better master of debate than our banking friend, being a great speaker among his brother operatives, by whom political questions are discussed, and the conduct of political men examined, with a ceaseless interest and with an ardor and eloquence which are often unknown in what is called superior society. This man and his friends round about him fiercely silenced the clamor of "turn him out," with which his first appearance was assailed by Sir Barnes's hangers-on. He said, in the name of justice he would speak up; if they were fathers of families and loved their wives and daughters he dared them to refuse him a hearing. Did they love their wives and their children? it was a shame that they should take such a man as that yonder for their representative in Parliament. But the greatest sensation he made was when in the middle of his speech, after inveighing against Barnes's cruelty and parental ingratitude, he asked, "Where were Barnes's children," and actually thrust forward two, to the amazement of the committee and the ghastly astonishment of the guilty Baronet himself.

"Look at them," says the man: "they are almost in rags, they have to put up with scanty and hard food; contrast them with his other children, whom you see lording in gilt carriages, robed in purple and fine linen, and scattering mud from their wheels over us humble people as we walk the streets; ignorance and starvation is good enough for these, for those others nothing can be too fine or too dear. What can a factory girl expect from such a fine high-bred white-handed aristocratic gentleman as Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, but to be cajoled, and seduced, and deserted, and left to starve?

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When she has served my lord's pleasure, her natural fate is to be turned into the street; let her go and rot there, and her children beg in the gutter."

"This is the most shameful imposture," gasps out Sir Barnes; "these children are not—are not—"

The man interrupted him with a bitter laugh. "No," says he, "they are not his; that's true enough, friends. It's Tom Martin's girl and boy, a precious pair of lazy little scamps. But, at first he *thought* they were his children. See how much he knows about them! He hasn't seen his children for years; he would have left them, and their mother, to starve, and did, but for shame and fear. The old man, his father, pensioned them, and he hasn't the heart to stop their wages now. Men of Newcome, will you have this man to represent you in Parliament?" and the crowd roared out, No; and Barnes and his shame-faced committee slunk out of the place, and no wonder the dissenting clerical gentlemen were shy of voting for him.

A brilliant and picturesque diversion in Colonel Newcome's favor was due to the inventive genius of his faithful aid-de-camp, F. B. On the polling-day, as the carriages full of voters came up to the market-place, there appeared nigh to the booths an open barouche, covered all over with ribbon, and containing Frederick Bayham, Esq., profusely decorated with the Colonel's colors, and a very old woman and her female attendant, who were similarly ornamented. It was good old Mrs. Mason, who was pleased with the drive and the sunshine, though she scarcely understood the meaning of the turmoil, with her maid by her side, delighted to wear such ribbons, and sit in such a post of honor. Rising up in the carriage, F. B. took off his hat, bade his men of brass be silent, who were accustomed to bray "See the Conquering Hero comes," whenever the Colonel, or Mr. Bayham, his brilliant aid-de-camp, made their appearance—bidding, we say, the musicians and the universe to be silent, F. B. rose, and made the citizens of Newcome a splendid speech. Good old unconscious Mrs. Mason was the theme of it, and the Colonel's virtues and faithful gratitude in tending her. She was his father's old friend. She was Sir Barnes Newcome's grandfather's old friend. She had lived for more than forty years at Sir Barnes Newcome's door, and how often had he been to see her? Did he go every week? No. Every month? No. Every year? No. Never in the whole course of his life had he set his foot into her doors! (Loud yells, and cries of shame.) Never had he done her one single act of kindness. Whereas for years and years past, when he was away in India, heroically fighting the battles of his country, when he was distinguishing himself at Assaye, and—and—Mulligatawny, and Seringapatam, in the hottest of the fight, and the fiercest of the danger, in the most terrible moment of the conflict, and the crowning glory of the victory, the good, the brave, the kind old Colonel—why should he say Colonel? why should he not say Old Tom at once? (immense roars of applause) always remembered his dear old nurse and friend. Look at that shawl, boys, which she has got on! My belief is that Colonel Newcome took that shawl in single combat, and on horseback, from the prime minister of Tippoo Saib. Immense cheers and cries of "Bravo Bayham!" Look at that brooch the dear old thing wears! (he kissed her hand while so apostrophising her); Tom Newcome never brags about his military achievements, he is the most modest as well as the bravest man in the world; what if I were to tell you that he cut that brooch from the throat of an Indian rajah? He's man enough to do it (He is; he is; from all parts of the crowd). What, you want to take the horses out, do you? (to the crowd, who were removing those quadrupeds)—I ain't a-going to prevent you; I expected as much of you: Men of Newcome, I expected as much of you, for I know you! Sit still, old lady; don't be frightened, ma'am, they are only going to pull you to the King's Arms, and show you to the Colonel.

This, indeed, was the direction in which the mob (whether inflamed by spontaneous enthusiasm, or excited by cunning agents placed among the populace by F. B., I can not say) now took the barouche and its three occupants. With a myriad roar and shout the carriage was dragged up in front of the King's Arms, from the balconies of which a most satisfactory account of the polling was already placarded. The extra noise and shouting brought out the Colonel, who looked at first with curiosity at the advancing procession, and then, as he caught sight of Sarah Mason, with a blush and a bow of his kind old head.

"Look at him, boys!" cried the enraptured F. B., pointing up to the old man. "Look at him; the dear old boy! Isn't he an old trump? which will you have for your member, Barnes Newcome or Old Tom?"

And as might be supposed, an immense shout of "Old Tom!" arose from the multitude; in the midst of which, blushing and bowing still, the Colonel went back to his committee-room: and the bands played "See the Conquering Hero" louder than ever: and poor Barnes, in the course of his duty having to come out upon his balcony at the Roebuck opposite, was saluted with a yell as vociferous as the cheer for the Colonel had been: and old Mrs. Mason asked what the noise was about: and after making several vain efforts, in dumb show, to the crowd, Barnes slunk back into his hole again as pale as the turnip which was flung at his head: and the horses were brought; and Mrs. Mason driven home; and the day of election came to an end.

Reasons of personal gratitude, as we have stated already, prevented his Highness the Prince de Moncontour from taking a part in this family contest. His brethren of the House of Higg, however, very much to Florac's gratification, gave their second votes to Colonel Newcome,

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carrying with them a very great number of electors: we know that in the present Parliament, Mr. Higg and Mr. Bunce sit for the Borough of Newcome. Having had monetary transactions with Sir Barnes Newcome, and entered largely into Railway speculations with him, the Messrs. Higg had found reason to quarrel with the Baronet; accuse him of sharp practices to the present day, and have long stories to tell which do not concern us about Sir Barnes's stratagems—grasping and extortion. They and their following deserted Sir Barnes, whom they had supported in previous elections, and voted for the Colonel, although some of the opinions of that gentleman were rather too extreme for such sober persons.

Not exactly knowing what his politics were when he commenced the canvass, I can't say to what opinions the poor Colonel did not find himself committed by the time when the election was over. The worthy gentleman felt himself not a little humiliated by what he had to say and to unsay, by having to answer questions, to submit to familiarities, to shake hands, which to say truth he did not care for grasping at all. His habits were aristocratic; his education had been military; the kindest and simplest soul alive, he yet disliked all familiarity, and expected from common people the sort of deference which he had received from his men in the regiment. The contest saddened and mortified him; he felt that he was using wrong means to obtain an end that perhaps was not right (for so his secret conscience must have told him); he was derogating from his own honor in tampering with political opinions, submitting to familiarities, condescending to stand by while his agents solicited vulgar suffrages or uttered claptraps about retrenchment and reform. "I felt I was wrong," he said to me in after days, "though *I* was too proud to own my error in those times, and you and your good wife and my boy were right in protesting against that mad election." Indeed, though we little knew what events were speedily to happen, Laura and I felt very little satisfaction when the result of the Newcome election was made known to us, and we found Sir Barnes Newcome third, and Colonel Thomas Newcome second upon the poll.

Ethel was absent with her children at Brighton. She was glad, she wrote, not to have been at home during the election. Mr. and Mrs. C. were at Brighton, too. Ethel had seen Mrs. C. and her child once or twice. It was a very fine child. "My brother came down to us," she wrote, "after all was over. He is furious against M. de Moncontour, who, he says, persuaded the Whigs to vote against him, and turned the election."

DUKE HUMPHREY'S DINNER.

"Have we no more coal, Agnes?"

"No more."

"What the deuce are we going to do for fire?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, Dick. You're clever; why don't you invent some way of warming one's self without the aid of fire?"

"If you were a man I could box with you," said Dick, looking meditatively at his wife, as if wondering whether she could stand a round or two. "Boxing warms one up famously; but then we have no gloves."

"No," said Agnes, with a laugh, "and we will have no shoes either, in a very short time," and she pushed out, as she spoke, a little foot with a very dilapidated slipper on it.

"What a funny thing it is to have no money, Agnes," said Dick, gazing at a very minute fire which smouldered in the grate, with a rather contemplative air. "Do you know that if it wasn't so confoundedly cold, I'd rather enjoy poverty. Now in summer time there must be something very *piquant* in misery."

"Only to think," answered Agnes, "of the thousands of dollars that I've thrown away on follies, when a tenth part of the sum would be a perfect dream of happiness now."

"At present five dollars would present as magnificent an appearance as the English national debt in gold dollars."

"Do you remember the ball at which you first proposed to me, Dick?"

"Don't I?"

"The large lofty rooms, glowing with burnished gold and soft lights. The carpets with their elastic, mossy pile, into which one's feet sank so far and so pleasantly that they became loth to leave their nests, making one lounge lazily instead of walking. The conservatory dimly lit with colored lamps, where tropical leaves nodded heavily as if bathed in Eastern dreams, and the rich scent of the tuberoses wandered through the trees like the souls of dead flowers roaming in search of some bloomy paradise. The music streaming through the wide doors of the dancing-rooms, and quivering off into the distance; the rustle of rich silks; the murmur of the thousand voices; the light; the perfume; the glory of youth and joy spreading over every thing like an atmosphere of human sunshine in which myriads of gay and splendid butterflies floated as if there was no Time. Don't you remember, Dick?"

"I do," answered Dick, with rather a sad smile, and a glance round the wretched room in which they were sitting. "I remember well the glories of the life in which you were born, and the contrast, strange enough, with the life to which I have brought you. You have described the Past, let me describe the Present. A fourth story room, in a tumble-down tenement house in the filthiest part of Mulberry Street. German shoemakers and Irish washerwomen above and below us. No furniture save a table and a pallet bed. A couple of old wine-boxes to sit on in place of chairs. Two feet of snow on the ground and no coal; an exceedingly healthy and promising hunger knawing at both of us, and no money to buy food. All our available goods sold or pawned long ago. Repudiated by our relatives because we chose to

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marry each other on the ridiculous basis of mutual affection. All our efforts to obtain work being constantly frustrated by either Providence or his Satanic Majesty. Just enough of inconvenient pride left in us to prevent us from begging, and I think, my dear Agnes, you have as pretty a case for suicide as ever came up in evidence before a Paris Police Court. Don't you feel like a pan of charcoal and a last embrace? or a dose of strychnine and a despairing letter to our friends? I would offer you a pair of pistols, and a mutual shooting arrangement, but at present my account at the Merchant's Bank is rather confused, and I do not like to draw a check for any amount until it is settled."

And the young husband laughed as heartily as if the whole thing was a sort of comedy which he was rehearsing, and which he thought he was doing exceedingly well.

"Dick," said his wife, very earnestly, coming round to where her husband sat, and kissing him gently on the forehead, "Dick, you are jesting, are you not? You have no such ideas, I trust?"

"Jesting! of course I am, you dear little puss. Of all the unphilosophical things a man can do, killing himself is about the most unphilosophical. To kill another man is unphilosophical, because the chances are ten to one that the murder will be discovered, and the perpetrator hanged. Therefore murder is only a devious way of committing suicide, with the additional disadvantage of having killed a fellow-creature. But as far as regards the individual, suicide is still more unphilosophical than murder, for you do not allow yourself even a chance of escape. We may have to die of starvation, my dear little Mentor, though I think it unlikely. If we have, however, the best thing we can do is to use all the means in our power to avert the unpleasant occurrence, and if it comes meet it manfully—you may say, womanfully if you choose. But if we were to kill ourselves by poison in order to avoid dying twenty hours later of starvation, don't you think we should be doing rather an absurd thing? Particularly if after we were dead our spirits discovered that Providence would have sent us, at the nineteenth hour, some guardian angel, in shape of a friend, who would have relieved us from all our misery. No, my dear, we won't have any Prussic acid, or French exits from life. When we are too weak to stand up we will lie down side by side; and when we are too exhausted to live, we will clasp our hands together, bless God with our last breath, and die like the babes in the wood. Perhaps after we are dead, that Irish washerwoman who lives in the fifth story may come in like the robin in the legend, and cover us with leaves. She isn't very like a robin, certainly," continued Dick, with an air of mock meditation, "for she swears frightfully, and, I regret to say, smells of whisky."

This struck the pair as so very comic an idea, that they simultaneously clapped their hands and burst into peals of laughter. To hear those shrieks of merriment one would have thought the young couple the blithest and most careless creatures in the world.

Their history was a simple romance. They were both orphans. The only difference being that Agnes Grey was an orphan with rich relatives, and Richard Burdoon an orphan with no relatives at all. Agnes had been adopted by her uncle, an old bachelor, who lived in Boston. A selfish old man, who once he took possession of the poor girl, looked on her as his personal property, and regarded all who would seek to deprive him of her as atrocious burglars, worthy of the extremest penalties of the law. He petted her, then, as Caligula petted his favorite horse. She was clothed in purple and fine linen, and had her gilded stable. Agnes Grey had but to express a desire, and every luxury that wealth could purchase dropped at her feet from the hands of the abominable old fairy, her uncle. She gave balls and *matinées*, and rode on Arab steeds. Her jewels were the newest and the most wonderful, her dresses unimaginably well-fitting. Having wealth, beauty, and an indulgent guardian, this charming young girl wanted but one thing—a lover. It is a curious dispensation of Providence, that while some young ladies are all their lives waiting for lovers, that commodity never arrives, whereas others have scarce begun to feel the vague desire, when lo! it rains, and hails, and snows any quantity of adoring young gentlemen. Agnes Grey, then, had scarcely conjured up the youngest of desires in her most secret heart, when the wall opened, and Mr. Richard Burdoon stepping out, proclaimed himself her lover. I don't mean to say that the wall opened in reality, but it is a metaphorical way I have of expressing that he arrived in the nick of time. They met at a party. Mr. Burdoon having been left a few thousand dollars, just one year previously, by the death of his only surviving relative, set off for Europe to spend them. He succeeded to admiration, and at the time I speak of had just returned with an immense deal of useless experience, and just three hundred and fifty dollars. Considering, very properly, that so enormous a capital justified any folly, he ran off with Miss Agnes Grey without consulting her avuncular dragon. That jealous old relative, wounded in his tenderest spot, raged like a fury—disowned his unhappy niece, and swore a solemn oath that he would let her die of starvation ere he would assist her. At first Agnes and her husband mentally whistled at his threats. Had they not three hundred and fifty dollars? Armed with so incalculable a sum what cared they for poverty? They came to New York. Ah! how quickly did the scenes in the panorama succeed each other. Metropolitan Hotel and splendid apartments. Then boarding-house and sudden departure therefrom owing to bills unpaid. Then cheap lodgings, and visits to the pawnbroker. Then appealing letters to old uncle, all of which

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were returned unopened. Lastly, in the miserable tenement in Mulberry Street, we find them without sixpence, laughing in the face of starvation.

What wonders will not youth and hope work! What horrible witches fly affrighted at its merry laugh, piercing as the clarion of the cock! Midas should have been the god of youth, for he turned every thing to gold!

After a pause in the merry talk of this young couple, which I took advantage of in order to relate all I knew of their history, Dick said suddenly, as if the conviction forced itself on him for the first time,

"Do you know, Agnes, that I feel absolutely hungry?"

"No! do you, though?" said Agnes, with the most comic air of surprise; "let us hasten up dinner."

"Certainly," answered Dick, falling instinctively in with her humor. "This cook of ours is confoundedly slow to-day. I shall give her warning;" and he made a feint of looking at his watch.

"I will ring the bell, and tell John to hurry her," said Agnes, pulling an imaginary bell-rope. "John!" she continued, after a pause sufficient to allow the mythical John to mount the stairs; "John! tell the cook to send up the dinner instantly. Master is very angry at the delay."

"Yes, Mum," replied a gruff voice, which Agnes, of course, did not affect to consider as proceeding from the bottom of Dick's chest. Then Agnes and her husband talked of indifferent matters for a moment or two, as if beguiling the weary time before dinner. After a proper period having elapsed, John's gruff voice announced dinner in the same mysterious manner as before. Then Dick made a great show of giving Agnes his arm, and leading her in great state into the dining-room. This solemn procession, however, consisted in marching round the naked chamber a couple of times, and bringing up before the old deal table, which was supposed to be loaded with all the delicacies of the season. Dick was agreeably surprised at the splendor of the repast.

"What!" he exclaimed, seating himself on the old wine-box, and glancing over the bare table; "what a sumptuous feast! Ha! I shall enjoy it. My appetite is splendid. John, remove the cover from the soup. This is *Potage à la Reine*, my dear. Excellent, if I may judge by the odor. Shall I send you some?"

"Thank you, dear," answered Agnes, receiving a supposititious soup-plate from the mythical John. "It is delicious; but oh! I declare I have burned my mouth: it is *so* hot!" and Agnes went through all the spasms of a person suffering from a spoonful of burning soup.

"As I live, a salmon!" exclaimed Dick, starting into an attitude of surprise. "It is early in the season for such fish."

"It was sent from Scotland in ice," replied Agnes.

"It is a noble animal," said Dick, using an aerial fish-knife with wonderful dexterity. "There is no sport more magnificent than that of salmon-fishing, particularly on the Scotch and Irish rivers. The noble scenery, the rapid river, the long lithe rod, the whizzing line that drops the gorgeous fly into the deep pool where the silver-sided rascals lurk. Then the strike! the quick whirring of the wheel; the flashing leaps of the captive; the moments of agony when the line slackens as he runs up stream; the joy when he pulls again; the breathless anxiety when the gaff is thrust under him as he swims; the deep sigh of relief when he is hauled flapping, shining, bleeding, dying into the boat; all this is—"

"Very eloquent, no doubt," says Agnes; "but your salmon is cooling all this time, my dear husband."

"Ah! true," cries Dick, with a sudden start, and applying himself with instant vigor to the discussion of a supposed cut of rosy flesh with mealy flakes of white lying in the crevices of the meat. "What a delicious salmon! We are indebted to our noble friend in Scotland."

"You will find this *Turban de volaille aux truffes* very excellent," said Agnes, peering with the air of a connoisseur at the ideal dish before her.

"François' last master says that he is celebrated for it."

"Hum! we will see,' muttered Dick, pursing up his lips, and leaning back as far as he could on the wine-box, with a critical importance. "Good Heavens! Agnes," he exclaimed the moment after, with an air of horror, "how could you recommend this? Why, the fellow has not put a single cock's comb in it. Pshaw! Here, John! take this away, and tell François if he sends up a dish of that kind again, I will condemn him to eat it."

"Fortunately there are some delicious *cotelettes à la financiere* left, so that we can dispense with the *volaille*," says Agnes.

"They are indeed excellent," answers Dick, making believe that his mouth is full of the succulent meat of the *cotelettes*.

So on through the whole of this strange repast. Delicacy after delicacy was announced; some relished, others criticised, more dismissed indignantly. The unlucky François came in for many severe rebukes transmitted through the mythical John. The game was pronounced overdone, and an English pheasant—a present from an illustrious British friend—was condemned as having been utterly spoiled in the dressing. The dessert, however, consisting of a *soufflet*, and a delicious confection called *Gateaux Egyptienne*, was solemnly pronounced to be perfect, and John was commissioned to convey a flattering compliment to François, as a salve for the rebukes given during the previous courses. Two children, playing at "feasting," could not have conducted this visionary repast more earnestly. The correct wines were drank at the correct moment, and all the little cere-

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monies of a formal dinner scrupulously performed.

When all was over—when the coffee had been served and drank—when the table had been cleared away, and John had respectfully retired, the eyes of the young couple met, and a flash of laughter sprang from the encounter. Casting aside the elegant formality of the great lady *en grand tenue*, Agnes ran to her husband, and clasping him round the neck, fairly sobbed out her laughter on his breast.

"Do you know, dear," said Dick, after a little while, "it may entail on me the reputation of being a glutton; of having a wolf in my stomach; of being a vampire, or a thousand other unpleasant reports, but I nevertheless can not help confessing that I feel rather more hungry than I did before I commenced that exquisite dinner, which, in spite of some failures, does François infinite credit on the whole."

"Would you like to dine over again, Dick?" inquired his wife with a grave air. "Nothing is easier, you know."

"Certainly," answered Dick dubiously, "nothing is easier—but—but I'm rather afraid that my tastes are becoming somewhat coarse. I am really ashamed of the very idea; but the fact is that at this very moment I have an intense longing for a piece of roast beef."

"That is singular," said Agnes with an air of surprise. "However, Nature sometimes avenges herself on luxury, by afflicting her votaries with homely tastes. I really pity you, Dick. For my part, nothing less delicate than a reed-bird—tender, succulent, melting—an epitome, in fact, of perfume, nourishment, and flavor—nothing less than this could possibly tempt my pampered appetite."

"I declare, Agnes," cried Dick, "I have a fancy just now to behave like a poor devil who hasn't got a penny. Yes! you may shrug your shoulders, but I really wish to divest myself of my splendor, and commit an act that contradicts the magnificence with which we are surrounded."

"Explain yourself."

"You remember that magnificent edition of Erasmus which my old friend, Harry Waters, gave me when I was going abroad. Well, I cherish that book dearly, for the sake of him, and the few affectionate lines he has written on the fly-leaf. Now if a very poor man had that book he would sell it, if he had nothing else to dispose of, for it is clasped with silver, and is worth something; so I, who wish, merely for a freak, to experience the sensations of a poor man, have an idea of going out and selling that book—merely for the sake of the illusion, you know. Nothing more, on my honor."

"You always had queer fancies, dear," answered Agnes, as unconcernedly as if she had millions in her purse; but one might see beneath all that careless gayety a sudden flash of hope sparkle for an instant. One could see very plainly that this book—which, doubtless, had till then been forgotten—gave her a new lease of life; one could see very plainly how bravely she had been smiling in the faces of Hunger and of Death.

"Let me perform the last act of the millionaire before I play the part of a beggar," said Dick, rising joyously from his wine-box. "Sardanapalus burned his furniture; why should not I consume my chairs? The fire is going out in a most unaccountable manner; let us see how this *fauteuil* will blaze." So saying he broke the wine-box into fragments, and cast it into the almost fireless grate.

The wine-box blazed. A lofty ruddy flame sprang up in the fire-place, and shed a glow over the cold, naked room. It seemed as if the purple Burgundy that once had lain between those few boards had left some portion of its fiery heart behind it. Who knows but that a bottle of that glowing wine was at that very moment sparkling on some splendid table—that in some other hemisphere the curtains were drawn close, and the wax-lights blazing, and some party of jolly fellows, with legs well stretched under the shining mahogany, were toasting beautiful women, while the case which held the precious juice they were quaffing, the shell from which the soul that they were inhaling had fled, was burning in a rusty grate, and making a bonfire to scare away the wehr-wolf, Death?

"The blaze is really quite cheerful," said Agnes, warming her hands, while a faint glow of pleasure spread itself over her face. "Do you know that I think a wood-fire preferable to all others."

"It recalls the feudal times," answered Dick. "We are in a vast baronial hall. The roof is solid with ribs of blackened oak, and antlers hang from the walls, to each horn of which cling a thousand memories of the chase. The floor is of solid stone. Old tattered banners droop from the walls, and wave heavily, as if too weak with age to shake off the thickening dust that soils their historic splendor. No modern garments shroud our limbs. You, dearest, are clad in a lustrous Cramoisie velvet, with peaked stomacher, and stately train sweeping on the ground. A cavalier's hat, with its trailing feather, droops over my temples. My sword clangs against the pavement, and I assume a picturesque and haughty attitude, as I stand with my back to the wide fire-place, where huge logs of oak, supported by iron 'dogs,' spit and blaze, and send streams of sparkles up the huge chimney. I am at present meditating whether Hubert the seneschal shall be beheaded or not. Shall I order his instant execution, or—"

"Sell the book," interrupted Agnes; "please yourself."

"By Jove, I forgot!" said Dick, forgetting in a moment all his splendor and feudality. "Agnes, I'll be back in five minutes. Tell John to prepare tea, and let us have the *Sèvres* service," and he bolted down the crazy stairs, reaching the bottom in a few bounds.

Agnes smiled sorrowfully as she crouched over the rapidly-sinking fire. The wine-box was fast losing its fiery spirit, and was degener-

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ating into a dull mass of blackening embers. Now that her joyous young husband was away, she had no one with whom she could laugh at misery. It takes two to fight that crawling, cruel monster. The moment the echoes of his feet had died away, the horror laid its cold hand upon her heart. It was in vain that she tried to sing, to laugh to herself, to conjure up those comical visions which she and Dick had used so often before as an exorcism. She felt a black wall, as it were, closing gradually round her. The air became too thick to breathe. The last bit of sky was gradually being shut off—then—then a quick foot on the stairs, a merry cricket-like voice, a half-sung carol, and Dick burst into the room, performing a species of triumphal dance. A piece of paper fluttered in his hand.

"Two dollars!" he cried, executing an indescribable figure. "Going for two dollars! This splendid, magnificent, delicious, succulent book, with silver facings, like a militia officer, going for two dollars! Who'll bid? Only two dollars! Gone at two dollars!"

"You don't mean to say—" said Agnes, rising eagerly.

"I do. I absolutely got two dollars for the book. 'Twas worth fifteen, but then you know we must not be too nice. Isn't it splendid?" and he waved the two-dollar bill as a young ensign waves his standard in the battle. "I brought it home, Agnes dear, because I think you are the best person to spend it. These wretches of trades-people would certainly cheat me if I attempted to buy any eatables. What shall it be?"

"What do you think of sausages?" said Agnes, suggesting rather timidly. "They are cheap and—"

"Excellent!" cried Dick, with a new pirouette, "charming! I adore the sausage. Sausage, with some nice white bread, a pat of butter, and a few apples, and we shall feast in dazzling splendor!"

"Not forgetting a cigar for Dick," whispered Agnes, looking up lovingly in his face. "I know that you long for a cigar."

"Angel!" cried Dick, clasping her in his arms, and waltzing round the room with her. "There are no soundings to the deeps of woman's love!"

"I'm off to the market, love," said Agnes, giving him a kiss; but this chaste salute was suddenly interrupted by a knock at the door. Both hearts leaped. Who could it be? A new misfortune? The bookseller, where Dick sold the book, seemed suspicious about his being in possession of such property. Heaven grant that nothing unpleasant threatened, was the prayer of the young couple.

"Does Mr. Burdoon live here?" said a very deep, gruff voice.

"Yes," said Dick boldly, "come in."

A short thickset man in a great-coat entered, and stood near the door. It was a dusky twilight in the room. The Assyrian bonfire of the wine-box had just expired in a few convulsive sparkles, and it was in vain that Dick endeavored to discern the stranger's countenance.

"Are you Mr. Burdoon?" asked the visitor.

"I am," answered Dick; "what is your business, Sir? I would ask you to be seated, but, unfortunately, all my furniture is packed up."

"Never mind," answered the man, gruffly. "You sold a book a short time since at Mr. Marbell's book-store, did you not?"

"I really am not aware, Sir," said Dick, haughtily, "that this is any one's business but my own."

"Softly, softly, my friend," answered the newcomer. "No need of quarreling. How did that book come into your possession?"

"Are you a police officer?" inquired Dick, in a menacing tone.

"Never mind," said the man, "answer my question first."

"When I have answered it I shall kick you down stairs, my friend."

"I'll run the risk," said the fellow, with a short laugh.

"Well, then, I was made a present of it by a friend," answered Dick, making an ominous step toward the intruder.

"Wait a moment—don't kick me down stairs just yet. Why did you part with that book?"

"Curse you, that's none of your business," cried Dick, savagely. "If you value your bones you'll leave me."

"I don't value my bones, so I'll stay until you have answered me," said the man, very quietly. Dick could not help smiling at this audacity.

"Every question I answer," said he, "I shall give you an additional kick for—you know the terms. Ask away."

"Why did you part with that book?"

"Because I was starving. Because I saw my wife fainting, and dying of cold and hunger before my eyes, all the time with a brave smile upon her lips. Because I have sought for work and could not get it. Because there was neither food, nor fire, nor furniture in this wretched hole. Because Starvation was flapping his wings like a vulture, hoping each moment to plunge his beak into our vitals—for these reasons I sold the book that dear old Harry Waters gave me, and for none other would I have profaned his gift. Now I have exposed my misery to you, Sir, whoever you are, and you shall pay dearly for it. I will break every bone in your body," and he sprang like a tiger at the short thickset man, who stood in the gloom. He felt himself suddenly seized by the shoulder, and rooted to the earth, as if he had been in the grip of an enormous vice.

"Dick Burdoon," said the thickset man, and this time his voice was sweet and soft as a woman's, "You are not going to kick me, Dick Burdoon; for many a star-lit night, in the silent fields, you have lain with my arms around you, and your head upon my bosom, while we talked of the splendid things we would achieve when we two went out into life hand-in-hand.

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Dick trembled like a leaf, and said not a word.

"You will not kick me, Dick Burdoon," went on the thickset man, loosening his grasp of Dick's shoulder, and drawing closer as he spoke, "because one day when the sun was pitiless, and the river cool, a young, weak boy, tempted by the clear waters, ventured into a deep part, and went down. And then his friend, older and stronger than himself, plunged in, determined to rescue that fair boy or perish with him. And he dived into the deep waters twice, and the second time he found him, clasped in the meshes of loathsome weeds, with the merciless river sweeping away his young life. The elder boy struggled with him to land, and when they reached the shore people could scarce tell the saviour from the saved. But when both recovered their strength and speech, the younger boy swore eternal gratitude to his preserver, and they vowed to be friends for evermore."

"I remember—I remember!" cried Dick, sobbingly.

"Since that time," continued the thickset man, "their paths in life lay asunder, but I know that in the hearts of both the old, old friendship lived still, and that if one of the twain was frowned on by the world, the other would pour out his life in smiles to make it sunshine with him again. That is why I know that you will not kick me, Dick Burdoon."

"Harry! Harry Waters—my dear, dear old boy!" cried Dick, through his tears, and flinging himself into the thickset man's arms. "God bless you for coming, Harry, for I needed you sorely."

"I saw you, my boy," said Harry, folding him in an embrace so gentle that one would imagine he was fondling a child—"I saw you the moment you entered the shop. You know I was always famous for poking in old bookstores, and I am glad I have such tastes. I saw you selling the old Erasmus, my boy, and knew that something must be wrong with you. I followed you here, and now we three are joined, thank God, for a long time to come," and the kind fellow took poor, timid Agnes's hand and drew her close till all three were united in one fond trinity of love.

Need I tell how Harry Waters, the rich bachelor, swept Agnes and Dick off that evening to his house, and made much of them there? Need I say how they lived with him until Dick got employment, from which he has gradually raised himself to be a great merchant? Need I tell about that solemn christening, whereat Dick's first-born was named, with much ceremony, Harry Waters Burdoon? A hint of all those happy days will, I am sure, be enough for the warm-hearted reader, who has long since, I know, wished the young couple a full meal. One thing I must relate, however—an incident that occurred on the very evening when the Erasmus was sold. When the sobbings and the embraces were all over, Harry Waters, by way of saying something general, said to Dick—

"By the way, have you dined yet?"

Dick turned to his wife, who smiled.

"Oh! yes, we dined sumptuously an hour ago," said Dick.

"Ah! indeed!" said Harry, rather surprised.

"Yes! we dined with Duke Humphrey!"

THE MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE IN LAMBETH.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

"YESTERDAY morning, about a quarter to six o'clock, as police constable B 45 was returning from his round, he perceived the door of a house in Transom Street, Lambeth, apparently not quite closed, and judging that it must have been left in this condition all night, he thought it advisable to enter in order to warn the inhabitants against such gross carelessness, which only gives encouragement to the pilfering habits long a reproach to that neighborhood. On pushing the door, however, he found that it was chained on the inside, and now feeling his suspicions still more excited, he knocked loudly for admission. No answer was returned from the house; but his repeated applications to the knocker called forth several of the neighbors, from whom he received information which induced him at once to force his way in. This was effected by means of a crowbar obtained from the shop of Mr. Tibbits, a blacksmith, five doors farther down the street, which, being introduced through the small aperture left between the door and the door post, when the former was pushed back as far as the chain would allow it, wrenched out the staple through which the iron catch was passed. Immediately this was accomplished the officer and four of the nearest neighbors, namely, Mr. Andrew Tibbits, the blacksmith above mentioned, Mistress Golding, a lady who keeps a chandler's shop opposite, Mr. Stimpkins the tailor in the same street, and Mr. John Piggensdorff, the German sausage-maker who lives at the corner, entered the house and proceeded to examine the rooms on the first floor.

"Nothing of any importance met their eyes in the parlor, which is a small room fronting the street. Every thing seemed in perfect order, and wore evidence of two people having taken tea there. The teapot was found quite cold, but half full, with two teacups on the table, which had clearly been used the night before. The sugar basin was in its place, and the silver teaspoons had not been disturbed. The window shutters also in all the under rooms were shut and barred; and in the further examination which took place after the discovery of the facts presented above stairs, it was found that every fastening was firmly fixed and undisturbed in the lower part of the house. The back parlor offered nothing worthy of remark, all the furniture being in order; and the parties who had entered would have been inclined to think that the inhabitants had clandestinely left the house, had such an idea been compatible with the fact of all the doors and windows be-

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ing fastened on the inner side. After inspecting the ground floor, the constable and those who were with him ascended the stairs and entered the front room, where a spectacle presented itself which at once accounted for the solemn stillness which pervaded the dwelling. On the floor, near the foot of the bed, with her throat cut in a ghastly manner, lay an old lady whom the neighbors instantly recognized as the mistress of the house. She was quite dead, and indeed must have expired in a few minutes after receiving the injury which caused her death; for the wound severed both the trachea and œsophagus, completely dividing the carotid artery and jugular vein on the right side, and coming within the breadth of a shilling of the former on the left. The idea that she had committed suicide naturally suggested itself from the circumstances, especially as the deceased was known to be a person of very singular habits; but no instrument with which the cut could have been performed was found in the room after the most diligent search; and moreover, a cut from some sharp instrument in the palm of the right hand testified trumpet-tongued that she had resisted the sanguinary purpose of her murderer.

"No clew has yet been discovered as to his means of entrance or escape. The little yard behind the house is paved with stone, and the most minute examination has failed to discover the trace of a footstep there. But we have reason to believe that the skill and address of our justly celebrated detective force will not be found at fault upon this occasion, and that suspicions point at a certain person, whom for obvious reasons we shall not more distinctly designate."

Such was a paragraph that met my eyes in one of the morning papers of the 6th of May, 182–. Stripping it of its verbiage, and setting aside the "trumpet tongues" and "sharp instruments," etc., it appeared simply that an eccentric old lady had been murdered in Lambeth no one knew how. This was my conclusion over my first cup of coffee; but before I had sipped out the second, I began to doubt whether there were not something more in the matter. If the statements of the article manufacturer were true, it was indeed a very curious and mysterious affair.

If—there was the question. How often is it that we see correct statements of any thing whatever that occurs being furnished by daily journals, especially on the first blush of the affair? Does it not rather seem that a false, a perverted, and exaggerated account is given one day for the purpose of correcting it the next, with a new apocrypha, to be re-corrected on the day following?

The end of all these questions was, that I determined to go myself to the spot. I knew something of the locality, even of the very street; and I thought that, at all events, if the tale were substantially true, it would be worth while to trace it out; if it were principally false, I should get at the truth. I accordingly got into a cab and drove over to Lambeth; but I took care to alight two or three streets' distance from the house I sought, and thence trudged forward on foot.

Most people in London—at least those who take any interest in the less busy, and in the less aristocratic parts of the metropolis where mediocrity and inactivity vegetate—know Transom Street. It is what is called a "respectable street;" that is, a street where there is only one public house and no pawnbrokers. It is narrow, however, and dull, with the red houses rising, grenadier-like, close opposite to each other, as if they were about to fight the next moment. The buildings bear evidence of having been well smoked; and, very flimsily built at first, they have not acquired any appearance of additional stability from the crooked finger of Time having scraped out the mortar of the pointings.

The first house I came to was that of Mr. Piggensdorff, described in the newspaper as "the German sausage-maker who lives at the corner." By the way, the journal had denied Mr. Piggensdorff his fair proportion, inasmuch as Mr. Piggensdorff dealt in dead pig in all its shapes; and looking in at his window at the number of dead hogs there ranged, I felt that a man so accustomed to murder must have let a great number of little incidents escape him. I therefore passed by his door, and soon saw a shop with a keg of Dutch butter on the step, a box of raisins in the window, and the name Golding in large letters over all. This was on the opposite side of the street; and next but one I perceived a public house, with a clap-board painted in blue and white upon the door-post, indicating that it was called the Checquers. Several people, principally men, were gossiping before that house; but a glance into Mrs. Golding's shop showed me metal more attractive than either her butter or her raisins. This was the coat of a police constable, with stiff collar and glazed hat, in the individual bearing which official signs I recognized an acquaintance. Constable Greenly, whom I now found to be no other than B 45 of the newspapers, had been employed by me more than once in some business matters, and had been well paid for his services.

I accordingly walked across the street, entered Mrs. Golding's shop, and accosted him. He was all deference and respect; for one of the principal members of great law firms is always reverenced in the eyes of gentlemen of the police force, who look upon themselves as a sort of link between two professions less dissimilar than they seem at first sight—a sort of half-breed between the bar and the army.

My first questions elicited from him and from Mrs. Golding (who was running over with murder) numerous details of what had occurred on their first entrance into the house, all of which tended to show that the newspaper account was substantially correct. My interest was now,

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however, a good deal excited, and I asked Greenly whether it would be possible for me to go and examine the premises with my own eyes.

"Certainly, Sir, certainly," he said; "I have got the key. The adjourned inquest is to meet at the Checquers in half an hour; but I can show you all the places before that. There is not much to see but the poor old lady herself. We let her lie till the jury had viewed the body, but after that, by permission of the coroner, we took her up and put her on the bed quite comfortable."

Hang the fellow! what a ghastly idea of comfort he had!

We went over the street, Greenly lingering behind for a moment to tell Mrs. Golding that I was a great lawyer, and a very curious gentleman, and he unlocked the street-door to give me admission. A number of loiterers round the door of the Checquers were darting after us to get in too; but Greenly, without words, warned them off by a mere Bow Street look, and shut the door in their faces. The parlors, the kitchens, etc., were all exactly as he had found them, with the exception of a chink of the window-shutter being left open in each room. But he explained to me, and showed me exactly how each had been fastened; and it was very apparent that no one could have got out of the house that way, having nobody but a dead woman in it. Up stairs we next went, and there certainly the sight was horrible. The poor old woman had been stretched upon the bed in the front room in her clothes, and a sheet drawn over her as far as the neck; but a part of the ghastly wound was uncovered, and the ashy white face above seemed to bear still an expression of pain and mortal terror. Then at the foot of the bed, partly dabbling a little piece of carpet which was stretched there, partly staining the uncovered floor, was a great blotch of blood unwiped up, and indeed not yet quite dry. I felt all the dreadful character of the scene; but I am accustomed to sights which make men's blood run cold, and I stood and gazed at the harsh, wan countenance, with its petrified expression of terror. I even lifted a part of the cap, and, in doing so, brought part of the gray hair up with it. It had evidently been torn from the roots; and pointing out the fact to Greenly, I said, "There has been a terrible struggle before the deed was done."

"There has indeed, Sir. The poor old creature died hard, I'll warrant," said the policeman, with more feeling in his tone than I thought he would have displayed, "She would fight for her money, if not for her life."

"Robbery was the object, I suppose," replied I.

"Oh, that's certain, Sir," said Greenly. "They rummaged her pockets, and cleared out that cupboard, too. She had lots o' money, I don't doubt; for she was very stingy, the neighbors say, and we find she had a very good sum in long annuities—more to live on than she ever spent. They got a good haul up here, and that's the reason, I suppose, they never went down stairs after the plate."

"But how could they get in and out?" I asked, musing. "Were these windows shut too?"

"All down, Sir," answered Greenly. "It must have been people who knew the premises and the neighborhood well; and I'll tell you how it must have been done—there was no other way to do it. You see the two windows in this room were not only down, but the spring bolts atop were fastened; but though the window in the little back room looking into the yard was drawn down, the bolt was back. That was the only way any one could get in or could get out."

"What's the height?" I asked.

"Oh, twelve feet, I dare say, Sir," said the policeman; "but that makes no difference. Nobody could have jumped it; for the window was pulled down after them, and there is not room upon the sill for a cat to turn round. They must have had a ladder, got in by that window, robbed and murdered the poor old soul; then out again, closing the window to hide how they did it."

"Then there must have been collusion on the part of some of the neighbors," I said; "for from the stairs I perceived that the yard is surrounded by houses."

"Likely," replied Greenly, laconically; "but none of them will peach at present. I dare say they have had snacks, for in that closet, if the gossip be true, she kept a number of valuables well worth sharing."

I turned toward the closet and opened the door, which was unlocked and had the key in it. Not an article was left within. If it had really ever contained any thing, the sweep was clean and complete. I remarked, indeed, a splinter of wood lying on the floor, but where it came from I could not perceive, for there was no appearance of the door having been forcibly opened.

I then went into the back room, where was a little bed and some women's apparel lying about. I threw open and drew down the window, and found that it was very hard to move—more especially to pull down. The mystery, in my eyes, became greater than ever; for I could hardly conceive it possible for any one standing on a ladder outside to close it completely. I then inquired if there was a trap-door leading to the roof. Greenly replied that there was, but it had been found secured by two bolts.

It was now nearly time for the meeting of the coroner's jury; and having carefully closed the house again, we went over to the Checquers. All the first part of the evidence was to the effect stated in the first newspaper account. Very prolix narratives were given by the witnesses, and very absurd questions asked by the jury. Then came a world of gossip, to which I listened very attentively in the hope of finding a grain of corn in a bushel of chaff. Poor old Mrs. Reader, it seemed, was a widow of very penurious and eccentric habits. None of the neigh-

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bors had ever got into her house except accidentally; and one old maiden lady, living on the second floor three doors off, declared that she was not fond of any living thing—not even a cat. This evidence, however, was rebutted by others, who declared that she had a niece, of whom she was as fond as she could be of any thing—which, of course, implied some degree of fondness for something—and that this niece sometimes slept at her aunt's house—sometimes had been known to stay there for a week at a time. No one knew her name, or where she came from, or whither she went; but all agreed that she was a "very pretty, genteel young lady," and quite gentle and civil-spoken when any one addressed her. She had sometimes, too, been seen walking with a gentleman with black whiskers, "who seemed quite a gentleman."

Upon this hint the coroner, who knew a little more than the jury, recalled Mrs. Golding, and inquired if she had remarked from her shop —which, it must be remembered, was very nearly opposite—any one enter or go out of Mrs. Reader's house on the day of the murder.

Yes, she said, she had seen Miss Emily go in and come out twice that day. The first time she went in was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and then she came out in about half an hour. Mrs. Golding remembered it quite well, for she came across to change a five-pound note.

All the detectives put their heads forward, for this five-pound note was evidently something to be hunted down from its infancy in the cradles of the Bank of England to the day of the murder, and thenceforward forever.

But Mrs. Golding had more to tell, and she went on to state that about dusk Miss Emily came out of her aunt's house, and went down the street. Mrs. Golding watched her in a peculiar manner. She did not go out to the door to watch; but her shop had been constructed, as if for the purpose of watching, with a projecting front having a sort of elbow with a perpendicular row of panes in it, through which, when a head was advanced slanting from behind the counter, one could see all the way down the street. Through these panes, then, Mrs. Golding had seen Miss Emily walk down almost as far as the shop of Mr. John Piggensdorff. There she was joined, or rather overtaken, by the gentleman with the black whiskers, who drew her arm through his, and they walked away together beyond the mortal ken of Mrs. Golding. Poor lady! she knew not what a storm of cross-examination she was about to bring upon her head, or she would have held her tongue, I am sure. She was asked if Miss Emily was agitated when she came to change the note. She replied, yes, she thought she was a good deal flustered. Then she was asked if she saw where the gentleman with the black whiskers came from before he joined Miss Emily. She declared that she did not, for she was looking after the young lady. Here she was solemnly reminded that she was upon her oath, and asked if she could swear that he had not come out of Mrs. Reader's house. To this she wisely replied that she could not swear any thing of the kind, for she did not see where he came from. Then followed some five hundred questions, tending to elicit all she knew of Miss Emily and the gentleman with the black whiskers: what were their names, professions, and relationships; where they lived, and what they had to do with each other. The coroner and the jury both were sometimes very sharp with her, and at others very cajoling; but Mrs. Golding was accustomed to deal both in vinegar and soap, and on these points she could not and did not give any information.

The last question was, "Pray, ma'am, did you ever see Mrs. Reader after Miss Emily, as you call her, quitted the house?"

"I never see her alive, Sir," replied Mrs. Golding, "but I see her dead the next morning."

At a late hour of the day the jury returned a verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown. They were wiser men than I thought them.

In the mean time, the detectives had gathered in a knot round the door taking counsel together, and I could see as I passed them, that they had already fixed upon the murderer in their own minds, and that the gentleman in the black whiskers was likely to be put to some inconvenience if he could be found in London or elsewhere. My conclusions in such cases are never so very rapid; for I have seen too many fatal errors committed to be very hasty. I believe that at least one man out of every three who grace Horsemonger Lane or the debtors' door at Newgate, are judicially murdered. I therefore left them to trace the history of the bank note, and dog the steps of their intended victim, and determined to make further inquiries for myself. I have said that I knew something of the very street, which occurred from my having a client who lived next door to the house of the murdered woman, and I thought that either from him, his wife, or family, I might obtain some information regarding Mrs. Reader more precise and definite than the mere gossip of the neighborhood. He was a tolerably well-informed man, somewhat soft and weak, who possessed a leasehold property, not very large but quite sufficient for a man in his station, which we used to manage for him. His wife was a shrew, who led him a terrible life I believe, and he had two buxom daughters, very fond of ribbons and young officers in the army. His chief weakness was a desire to associate with persons above himself, and as he had a good deal of cunning, he contrived often very dextrously to conceal both his want of birth and his want of means to fit him for the society he affected. He gave himself out as a gentleman who had seen better days, but who had still enough left to give a friend a bottle of wine and take his daughters to the opera now and then. But I have remarked that he was very sullen when his sub-tenants did not pay up to

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the day, and had some reason to believe that, like many another "good-humored fellow" with his equals, he was a little inclined to be tyrannical with those he could venture to bully.

On knocking at the door, a somewhat sooty servant girl opened it and told me that Mr. Hartup was ill. He had not been able to get up for two days, she said.

Mrs. Hartup, however, was at home, and into her presence I was ushered.

"It was so unfortunate," she said, "that Hartup was ill; he wanted to see me of all things about that horrid Mr. Lackfarthing, who had not paid his rent in March." Hartup was determined to have the money, she assured me, and had that day talked of writing me a note to beg I would distrain.

I quieted her evidently angry mood by telling her that the rent was paid, and handing her the money; and then, in the fullness of her heart, came out that Hartup would not give the girls the spring bonnets he had promised them, nor let them have a glass coach to go to the Haymarket theatre till the money was paid. "He has grown quite morose about it, I do declare," said Mrs. Hartup. As soon as this affair was settled I learned from the good lady a world of small facts concerning the poor old woman next door. All her eccentricities were detailed with a good deal of spite. I was told how she used to cook her own dinner and sweep her own room, though she was prodigiously rich. How she had refused to lend Mrs. Hartup only half-a-dozen silver spoons when she had a party, and the next day had given a golden sovereign to a beggarly Irishwoman, who lived in those horrid low buildings at the back, just because her husband had been sued for eleven and ninepence in the Court of Requests—and Mrs. Hartup added that she dared to say the Irishwoman or her husband had something to do with I know what.

Sometimes we get at the end of a long thread in the midst of a confused ball of very insignificant shreds, and I asked more about this Irishwoman; but I need not dwell upon what Mrs. Hartup said concerning her, for nothing came of it. Mrs. Hartup had only seen her twice in the house next door, once when she was there doing some clearing, and once when old Mrs. Reader fell down in a fit, and she and Hartup ran in out of Christian charity to help.

I next went to the Irishwoman; but I could make nothing out of her except that Miss Emily was the most darling girl in the world, and would break her heart when she heard what had happened to her poor aunt, for they doated on one another. But what Miss Emily's surname was she either could not or would not tell; and the rest of her story, though voluble enough, and abundant too, and all in English, had better have been in Greek, for then I might have had some chance of understanding it. As it was, the parts and portions were confused, the pronouns were put to so many questionable uses, the interjections were so numerous, and the fragments were so disjointed that the meaning could only have been discovered by intuition which I did not possess. I thought I might perhaps find out something farther from her husband if I could see him; as he was out at his work, I wrote my address down and bade her tell him to call on me. It could but cost me half a crown. I did not see him then, however, nor for some time afterward; for on my return to my chambers I found a note waiting for me, which forced me to go immediately to Carlisle upon business of importance. It was speedily accomplished, and there being no railroads in those days, I took my place in the mail on my return. I hate traveling in a post-chaise alone. It is a sort of voluntary solitary confinement, for which the occasional conversations that we hold with the trees, and milestones, and hedgerows, as we whirl past them, afford no compensation. Dull and heavy is the man who can not extract some fun, some amusement, some interest, or some information from a journey in a mail coach, if he have not unfortunately the choice of all the four corners.

On the present occasion I had, for a part of the way, two companions, a young gentleman and a young lady, both very good-looking people. She was as pretty a girl—quite young—as ever I saw in my life; and there was a look of tenderness—a sort of confiding, imploring look—especially when she called him Charles, which made me fancy they had not been long married.

Youth is generally open-hearted; and there is something in jolting and jumbling over hard roads that shakes open the doors of sympathy, if not very tight locked. We were soon in full conversation. I could tell them a good deal about the country through which we were passing, and the remarkable places by which we passed, of which they were quite ignorant. Among other facts, I informed them that we were going, in a reverse sense, over the road which foolish young people sometimes took toward the too famous Gretna Green; and being somewhat given to moralizing, I added some sage remarks upon the imprudence and danger of such trips. My young lady colored a good deal, and, after a profound silence of a moment or two, the young gentleman answered, somewhat sternly, "General truths are rarely without exceptions. I can conceive circumstances, Sir, in which that which you stigmatize as imprudent and improper, and which is really so in most cases, would not only be prudent and right, but absolutely necessary. What would you say if a young lady had a father, a well-intentioned but very violent man, married to a second wife, who made his house intolerable to his daughter, and, having forced her to seek another home as a governess, compelled her to remain there, when she knew that she was daily subject, if not to temptation, to insult and importunity, while an old and devoted friend was seeking her hand, and unable to obtain her parent's consent?"

I saw I had made a little mistake, and, an-

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swering quietly, "What you say is quite true; general truths are never without exceptions," I turned the conversation to other subjects.

At night I lost my two companions, who remained behind at a town on the road; but I picked up two stout manufacturers, who, if they were not quite as interesting, served to fill up the space in the coach somewhat more largely.

Two days of very active business succeeded my arrival in town. I had no time for any thing but to read and write dull papers. But on the evening of the second day, after I had dined, I put on my slippers, and, always liking to be aware of what is passing around me, I took up the public journals, which had accumulated during my absence, to make up for lost time. I had gone on about half an hour, when once more my eyes were attracted by a paragraph, headed "Mysterious Occurrence in Lambeth. Apprehension of the supposed Murderers." I run my eye down the article, and soon found that, as I had anticipated, the suspicions of the police had fixed at once upon the murdered woman's niece, Miss Emily, and the gentleman with black whiskers; that they had been traced and apprehended with a considerable sum of money in their possession, and, what was still more important, some of the jewelry known to have belonged to the unfortunate Mrs. Reader.

I had not read the whole story, and only gathered that they had been subjected to an examination at which no one appeared to advise them, and had then been remanded for further examination, when my servant came to inform me that a man named Patrick Monaghan desired to see me immediately. I remembered the man's name at once as the husband of the Irishwoman to whom Mrs. Reader had given a sovereign in a moment of difficulty, and I ordered him to be admitted. He seemed to be a very respectable man, and much more clear-headed than his puzzle-brained little wife; but he was in a great state of agitation. His object, however, was to induce me to go at once to see Mr. Marchmont, the accused man, in the prison to which he had been remanded.

"Faith, Sir, if you don't go," said the good man, "they'll murther him intirely, and purty Miss Emily too; that they will do, and you'll see it. The very magistrate his self told them they'd better have counsel; and I just got to speak a word to them—all fair before the constables, as they were taking them out—and told them how kind your honor had been, and advised them to send for you; and Mr. Marchmont, God bless him! said, 'Very well, Pat.'"

I looked at my watch. There was just time to get in before the regulated hours would have excluded me, and away I went in a hackney cabriolet. The preliminaries were speedily got through, and I was admitted to my new clients' cell.

I must not say that I was surprised to see my traveling companion on the Carlisle road; a sort of instinct had forewarned me; but oh! how changed he was. The situation in which he was placed seemed totally to have overpowered and confounded him. I was very glad of it; for, to one accustomed to watch emotions and their results, small signs are of great importance. No stage trick, no affectation, hardly any hypocrisy, unless long practiced and consummate, can have any effect on the opinion of a jailer, if he be a man of common penetration and observation. The best trial in the world would be to have for a jury a dozen of honest turnkeys—if it were possible to find them—and let them secretly watch a prisoner for a couple of hours in his cell, without any other evidence whatever. My life for it, their verdict would be a just one.

I was glad to see Mr. Marchmont so utterly confounded by his situation. Had he done the deed, he must have been in some degree prepared for all the consequences.

He knew me directly, and seemed quite rejoiced to see me; but it was some time before I could get him to talk calmly. He continually recurred to his Emily, and spoke of the agony she must feel, and the horror of her being separated from him, and confined in a dreadful cell like that; and he railed a good deal against the law, which would not allow two people accused of the same crime to communicate with each other, so that their mutual explanations might make things clear to the mind of each which were otherwise obscure.

"It is to prevent them, my dear Sir," I said, "from concocting together such a story as would frustrate the ends of justice."

"Don't you think, if they were guilty, they would do that beforehand?" he asked.

"Not always," I answered, "and in the law a little wrong must sometimes be done to attain a great right."

"In the law of man," he answered, "not in the law of God."

When once I got him to argue, I soon contrived to quiet him, at least into a reasonable state, and I then pointed out to him that if I were to defend him, he must tell me every thing in perfect sincerity and truth.

"I have nothing to tell," he exclaimed, almost petulantly. "I told every thing I knew before the magistrates. It is just a week ago last Tuesday, that Emily and I set out. Her situation had become intolerable. Her father being completely under the rule of his termagant wife, the only place where she could see me was at her aunt's, good old Mrs. Reader, who was ever our fast friend; and it was with her consent—indeed, by her advice—that we determined to go off and be married. She told us that she would not live long, she knew—that Emily should have all she possessed, and that in the mean time she would help me in my profession, so that I need not care whether I got any thing with my wife or not. I told her that I did not care so long as I was able to maintain her even in perfect obscurity. Emily hesitated for some time from fear of her father; but it was Mrs. Reader herself who re-

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moved her scruples. She did every thing for us; for she was the kindest-hearted, most liberal woman in the world in great things; and gavé us two hundred pounds to set us off in life."

"That will account for the money," I said, "but how about these jewels which I find mentioned?"

"I can tell nothing about them," he answered at once. "Emily said before the magistrates to-day, she could tell nothing either. We did not know they were in the trunk at all till it was searched; for we had not opened that one since we went away. But, sure enough, there was the case with the emerald necklace at the very bottom. But it is all nonsense to accuse the dear girl of murdering an aunt, whom she loved like a mother, on that account; for I can prove that I saw Mrs. Reader after Emily left her, and then she was quite well."

"How can you prove it?" I asked.

"I can swear to it," he answered. "I told the magistrate all about it this morning. It was arranged that we should go down to Berwick by sea, and then cross the country to avoid all pursuit. Mrs. Reader was afraid of our being seen going from her house, and so, just before dusk, Emily was to walk down the street and I was then to join her. The trunks had been sent down to the wharf the day before. I could not refrain from stopping one moment to thank the good old lady and wish her good-by. But she hurried me off after the dear girl, and I heard her lock and bolt the door. I can swear all this, and that must exculpate Emily at least."

I was obliged to confound all such hopes by telling him that the one could not be a witness for the other; and then his countenance fell indeed. He sat for several minutes in profound and gloomy silence, and did not even seem to hear the questions that I addressed to him. But this desponding mood had a salutary effect. They banished the sort of hasty irritation, which had mingled with other feelings, and taught him to look the difficulties and dangers that surrounded both himself and his young wife in the face with a firmer and more steady eye. He then entered into all the details of the past fortnight with far greater precision and regularity than I had expected from the commencement of our interview. The narrative was simple, clear, and probable; but at length the case presented itself thus: Mrs. Reader had been murdered some time between half-past six at night and daylight the next morning. Nobody, as far as had been yet shown, had been in the house, or at the house, during the whole day but Emily and himself. The former had been there all day; he had been there at half-past six or a quarter to seven. Emily had quitted the house in a somewhat private manner before him, and he had followed, joined her, and eloped with her. When apprehended, a larger sum of money had been found upon them than they could show had been received from any other person than Mrs. Reader, and a case, containing an emerald necklace, known to have been the property of the murdered woman, had been found in one of their trunks, which neither could account for. The aspect of the affair was very formidable, and I doubted not that several other little links in the chain of evidence would be brought forward and render it more formidable still.

Nevertheless, I did not in the least doubt the truth of Mr. Marchmont's story; but, hitherto, every body had been seeking for proofs against him, and no one for him. That was my business; but I fairly confess I did not know where to look for them. I questioned him as closely as possible in regard to every particular; but I could extract nothing on which to hang a reasonable hope of defense against the presumptive proofs against him and his poor young wife. The only fact which afforded a glimmering was, that his portmanteau and Emily's two trunks had been left at Mrs. Reader's for two days, and sent by her to the Berwick smack, or packet-boat, which conveyed them to Scotland. If I could find out the man who conveyed them, I might build up something like a probability in their favor. But I know juries too well to trust to slender proofs of innocence. Juries never remember that it is proof of guilt they are to obtain before they convict, not proofs of innocence before they condemn. A sort of Aristides feeling possesses them the moment they enter the jury-box: they make a vanity of it—a self-conceit; and knowing themselves to be as weak as water, they try to harden themselves into ill. They read the newspapers, too; and into their soft clay the impress of the type stamps marks that are indelible.

I suppose he saw that I looked very grave; for after a somewhat long pause, he exclaimed, "Good God! You can not think there is really any danger?"

It was necessary to tell him that there was; and I can not attempt to describe the state into which this mere expression of opinion threw him. Hitherto, it was evident, what had principally oppressed him was the sense of disgrace attendant upon his situation, with a sort of indignation at being treated as a culprit, and separated from his poor young wife. But now other feelings succeeded, and dark and terrible phantasms of the future, I could see, rose thick and horrible before his eyes.

No time was to be lost. I could not stay to console or cheer him, even if I had possessed the means. From his cell I went to that of Emily. It is strange: she was infinitely more calm. She had a hope and a trust that nothing could shake. She was very glad to see me; but she repeated more than once, "God will defend us! But if it be his will that we suffer innocent, his will be done."

I made her give me her own story without suggestion or question. It was precisely that of Charles Marchmont; and the perfect coincidence determined at once one part of my

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course. I promised both that I would be with them before the magistrates on the following day, and then set out to search for the man who had carried their baggage to the vessel, never doubting that he was no other than my friend, Patrick Monaghan. The faithful fellow was not far to seek. I found him outside of the jail, waiting to see me come out. But I had deceived myself. He had not conveyed the baggage, and knew not who had. I went with him to Lambeth; I inquired all round the neighborhood. No one could give me any information; and I returned home tired to death, and in a very uncomfortable state of mind.

On my table I found a note, saying,

"DEAR SIR—Papa would be very glad if you would call upon him directly. He is quite sick, and has got the blues. He fancies he is dying, and, I believe, wants to make his will. Mamma says it is all stuff; but as he has told me to write, I am forced to inflict the trouble of reading this from Yours sincerely,

"JULIA BESSY HARTUP."

I am afraid I swore; but making a memorandum to send a clerk the following day, I went to bed.

The next morning before daybreak I was at work again. An advertisement, coupled with promise of reward, for the man who carried the baggage, was drawn up; every particular of the story, as told by Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont, was reduced to writing, the facts arranged and classified, and compared with the imperfect statements of the newspaper. The case looked very black. True, links were wanting in the chain of circumstantial evidence against the prisoners, but the minds both of magistrates and juries, like electric fire, have a habit of jumping from point to point, if they be not too far apart; and many a man has been hanged in the gap between doubt and certainty.

At the appointed hour I was in —— Street office. The presiding magistrate and I were old acquaintances, and I had a moment's chat with him before the case was called on. It was a rather slack day.

"So you have to appear for the two young Marchmonts," said his worship. (I nodded.) "What do you think of their affair?"

"As innocent as you are."

He wrinkled up his snout with a sort of cynical grin, and asked, "Sincere?"

"On my word of honor," I answered.

"Looks bad," said he, in a doubting tone.

"Very," I said; "but you'll find me right. I don't meddle with such things usually, but when I do I am sure."

The prisoners were here brought into court, and I took my place close to them. The examination was about to begin; but I begged to be heard, and requested that the case against each should be investigated separately. The magistrate asked for what reason; and I replied, "Because I think the cause of justice will be served thereby. These two interesting young persons have each a statement to make. They can not be witnesses for each other; but the coincidence or discrepancy of their accounts afford a kind of evidence which must have its weight in any court. Believing them to be perfectly innocent of the crime charged against them, instead of advising them, as is very customary, to reserve their defense, I have desired them each to tell his own tale here, with the full knowledge that whatever they say may be used against them with whatever ingenuity legal acumen can supply. But truth is great and will prevail, and therefore I now counsel them to tell the whole truth."

The magistrate had nothing to object but that the proposed course would occupy a good deal of time; but I did not mind spoiling his ride in the park, and I prevailed. Emily and Charles told their tale simply and well, entered into all the minute details, which could not all have been concerted, and accounted for their whole time but one fatal hour, which was not very clearly made out. I understood well that the last hour of their stay in London had been one of agitation; and at all events the appearance of sincerity and the perfect similarity of the statements made, did them good with the court.

I should otherwise never have got another remand, for the evidence against them was very telling. The five-pound note which Emily had changed on the day of the elopement, had been traced to the possession of the murdered woman. And Mrs. Golding recollected that though she was accustomed to see Mrs. Reader once or twice every day from her shop window, either opening the door or looking out of her bedroom, she had remarked on the day in question she had never beheld her at all, and wondered what had become of the good woman. Thus the exact period at which the murder had been committed was extended to a very indefinite space. It might have been even before the five-pound note was changed.

The magistrate, rubbing his spectacles, asked what would be the good of remanding them. He might as well commit them for trial, he thought; for he believed it must come to that in the end.

I replied that I trusted it would not; that to two young persons in their position a trial for murder was in itself a punishment which, if they were innocent, they might well be spared; that only having heard of the case on the preceding night, I had not had time to seek evidence to rebut the testimony offered against my clients; but that I doubted not, if two days were allowed me, I should be able to make the defense so clear that a discharge must follow. Upon the understanding that I sincerely did entertain such an expectation, I obtained a remand, and left the court just half an hour before my time of dinner. My clerk was waiting for me in the passage of the Police Office with one of those business faces which I hate to see him wear when I am tired and hungry.

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"If you please, Sir"— he began, but I cut him short, saying, "Come to me after dinner, Mr. Tyson. I shall have a great deal to do to-night; but if the world were bursting, I must have a few minutes to eat and a few minutes to think."

Only, Sir"— persisted Mr. Tyson; but I broke away, and got home.

Before I had half peeled a pear after dinner, pertinacious Mr. Tyson was in the room; and, to stop his mouth, I made him sit down and take a glass of wine. It was down in a moment, and then he told me that, according to my orders, he had been to see Mr. Hartup, but that Mr. Hartup desired to see me, and would consult with no one else. "He is very bad, Sir—can't last long."

"Pooh! he is a hypochondriacal fool," I answered, peevishly.

"But the doctor has told him he is dying, Sir," said Mr. Tyson; "and told me so too."

"Well, you can draw a will as well as I can, Mr. Tyson," I said; "his property does not extend to the Hebrides, nor require as accurate a description as a Geographical Survey."

"I suspect, Sir, his affairs are a little complicated," said Mr. Tyson, dryly. "He has been taking up money, I know, and I fancy has got into bad hands. His daughters are very expensive; and he won't let his wife come near him."

The argument was somewhat disjointed, but it was conclusive. "Well, I will go," I said; "but, in the mean time, you must attend to some other matters," and I made some notes of various things to be done, one of which was to send for the constable, Greenly—now, by the way, promoted to the rank of sergeant.

I then traveled over to Lambeth, in a perplexed and truly desponding mood. The sights of London streets at night never raise my spirits; the great goggle eyes of the lamps looking in at the windows of the cab as I rolled down the Haymarket, and through Charing Cross and Parliament Street, offended me by their impertinent stare; the groups of bad women and worse men grieved me; and even the fools with cigars in their mouths, and children training up to vice, and wretched members of Parliament, annoyed me.

But I was soon there, and soon disentangled from noisy Mrs. Hartup and the two young women in tears, and up stairs to Mr. Hartup's room on the first floor. It was not the room he had formerly occupied, and in which I had once seen him. This seemed a retreat set apart for himself from the eternal vibration of Mrs. Hartup's tongue. It was the front room, and the largest; but the bed was evidently constructed for one. I found myself at once in the presence of the doctor, the nurse, and the sick man; for Mrs. Hartup had told me previously that her husband was very "morose"—it was a favorite word of hers—and would hardly let any of his family come near him. The doctor was a very sage-looking man of about fifty; the nurse was a still sager-looking woman, five or six years older. The sick man was a very unpleasant-looking specimen of a living corpse. I saw at once that his peril had not been overstated. He had been a stout man—though not corpulent—with a face on which a good number of red spots had been partially concealed by a general rubicundity of visage. Now the predominant hue was a livid white, on which the once red spots lay in blotches of bluish purple. The lips were pale and bloodless, the nose pinched, the eyes hollow, and the cheeks fallen in. There was clearly no great time to be lost.

He felt that it was so, though he was strong enough to turn sharply in his bed, and say he was glad I had come, and add a few words about my not coming sooner. His tone was rude and unpleasant; but one can not resent the incivilities of a dying man, and I simply replied, "My good Sir, it was impossible for me to come before; but do not let us waste words. Only inform me what it is you want."

"Ask him if I am dying," said Mr. Hartup, pointing to the doctor.

I put the question, and the doctor—never having spoke straightforwardly in his life—was entering into various pros and cons, when the voice of Mr. Hartup sounded again through the room, like a groan in a cave. "Am I dying, or am I not?" he said.

"Why, to speak the truth, I think you are," answered the doctor, advancing to the bedside; "at all events, my dear Sir, it is a safe precaution to make your will. No man ever died a day sooner for making his will."

"D—n the will!" said Mr. Hartup vehemently; "how long do you think I can last?"

"Perhaps an hour," said the doctor, with his fingers on the pulse.

"An hour!" said the dying man, with a tone full of horror. "An hour!"

But then he paused, and seemed to wander a little. "Let me see," he said: "Union Street—that's seventeen minutes: and back—that's seventeen minutes more—I'll wait ten minutes. Put those people out of the room, will you."

The last words were addressed to me; and I accordingly insinuated to the doctor and the nurse that they had better leave me alone with my client, at the same time begging both to remain below, in case of need.

"When the room was clear, and I had drawn a table, with pen and ink and paper, to the bedside, a profound silence succeeded. I waited for full five minutes, until the silence grew oppressive, and then I said, "My good Sir, you had better go on. The instrument may take some time to write. Your affairs are somewhat complicated, I believe."

He was still silent, and I looked at his face, thinking he might have died or become speechless. He was lying motionless, it is true, but the whole face showed life—painful, anxious life. Even the glassy eyes, turned up toward the ceiling, were full of intense and bitter thought.

At length he turned partly on his side, and said, "Now write—'I, Samuel Hartup, do hereby declare and certify—'"

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"That is not the usual form," I said.

"Put it down—put it down!" he cried. "'I, Samuel Hartup, do hereby declare and certify that I alone, and no other, did kill the old woman, Reader, at eleven o'clock of the night of—'"

"Good God!" I exclaimed; "how could that be?"

"Put your hand between the sacking and the palliasse," said the dying man; "higher up—here—take out the key."

I put my hand in, and could clearly feel several things, I knew not at the time what; but among the first I found a key, which I drew forth and looked at.

"There — there," said the unhappy man, "take it, and open that cupboard."

He pointed to a door on his right hand as the bed stood, which a moment's thought showed me must exactly correspond on that side with the cupboard I had examined in Mrs. Reader's house; and waiting for no further direction, I opened the door. In the bottom was a pile of rubbish, with a plasterer's hammer and hatchet. The shelves which had once been in the cupboard had all been removed; the plaster and the single row of bricks which separated the two houses had been worked through from the mass of the chimney to the other side of the closet next the partition. Plain boards appeared beyond, forming the back of the closet in Mrs. Reader's house; and now, comprehending all, I doubted not that those boards would be removable by a touch. But it was of the utmost importance to obtain a full confession; and suppressing every indication of surprise, curiosity, or horror, I returned to the bedside, saying, "I see now; what am I to write next?"

He did not answer the question directly, but he said, "I did not intend to kill her; on my life and soul, I did not. She used to go into the kitchen late at night to wash up the cups and spoons, and I had no notion she was in the room. So I just pulled back the two middle boards, and was helping myself to the things as I had done the night before, when she made a dart at me, knocked down the middle shelf, and got me by the neck. She gave one scream, and I knew it was all over if I let her give many more; so I stopped her screaming."

"What with?" I asked.

"A knife she had in her own hand," he answered; "put it all down, and don't ask me questions. You'll find the knife with the rest of the things. It was all done in a minute; but I thought, as it was done, I might as well have the benefit, and I brought in the light, and cleared that room pretty well, putting up the boards again and fastening them with the new nails. But what good was it? I staved off Dixon, the tax-gatherer, by sending him down twenty sovereigns. That's all it has done! What good has it done?"

"What good, indeed," I said, mournfully; "and what could drive you to such an act?"

"My wife," he answered, bitterly; "my two daughters. But mind, mind, mind. They know nothing of it. It was by their constant craving for money. They nearly drove me mad. Mrs. Hartup must have this, Julia must have that, Octavia must have the other thing. I told them I could not do it—that they were ruining me. But it was like pouring water on sand. They never seemed to comprehend that a hundred pounds was not a thousand. If I spoke of economy, Mrs. Hartup sulked and declared she was the most economical wife ever known; asked if she did not work her fingers to the bone to make the girls look decent with nothing at all, and talked of Mrs. Jones's fine cloak or Mrs. Smith's beautiful vail. If I refused them any thing, they all looked injured for three or four days; and so they made me—mark—they made me first, an insolvent debtor, and then a robber, and then a murderer; and now I am here, and they must go to the work-house when the breath is out of my body. Have you got it all down? Tell them that's all the will I have to make. Where are you going? I won't be given up; I won't be taken to jail!"

"No fear, no fear, unfortunate man," I said. "But it is necessary that this confession should be witnessed, and, if possible, certified by a magistrate. There are two young innocent creatures now in prison on the charge of having committed the crime you perpetrated."

"That's hard," he said; but without waiting for discussion, I went out and called the doctor and the nurse. The former came up three steps at a time; but before I had whispered three words to him and we had re-entered the sick-room, a great change had taken place. Whether the fear of being apprehended and committed to prison had shaken the hour-glass, or whether the exertion of speaking had been too great, I know not; but the wretched man's eyes were rolling convulsively in his head.

"Stay," said the doctor, "stay;" and pouring something into a glass—I know not what—he applied it to the dying man's lips. It revived him for a moment; and pointing to the paper I had written, I asked, "Is all this true? Did you kill Mrs. Reader in the way you have told me?"

He gazed at me intently for a moment, and then answered, "I did; and her death has killed me. I lay in bed at first from fear, but I am dying now, no mistake — Colonel Jenkins — that's my friend Colonel Jenkins of the ——. What's trumps? That's good Champagne—imported it myself. Try the hock, Colonel—"

All was still.

There was a tremendous outcry in the house when the nurse, running down, told that the husband and the father was gone. All those who had received him flew up to mourn, or to affect mourning. I gave a little way to the semblance of grief, but then I put them all out of the room, and sent—not for an undertaker—but for a police officer. Him I put in possession of the room, and made him search the bed.

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Between the sacking and the palliasse, where I had found the key, we discovered all that was needed to confirm the confession, and Emily and her husband were liberated. It was not, however, till more than a year after that any one discovered how the emeralds had been placed in the trunk where they were found. As has been said, the baubles were shut up in an old-fashioned case. Beneath them was some cotton, and beneath the cotton was a bank-bill for a hundred pounds, together with a scrap of paper in Mrs. Reader's handwriting, telling her niece that the jewels had belonged to her grandmother, and that she, Mrs. Reader, having always intended them for her dear girl, had put them into the trunk while it was left at her house. Emily remembered having left the keys for a whole day with her aunt, and doubtless the good lady had expected to give her niece an agreeable surprise. It had well-nigh proved a fatal one.

THE REVEREND SYDNEY SMITH.*

SOME twelve or thirteen years ago, a portion of the press of this country had a great deal to say about a certain slanderer, who had had the unpardonable impudence to criticise the financial policy of the State of Pennsylvania, and to desire that the interest on the bonds which he held might be paid. The wish was singular, no doubt, and the manner of urging it preposterous; but as, since then, Pennsylvania has good-naturedly deferred to common usage, by liquidating her debts, and the "slanderer" has lately paid the one he owed to nature, it may be safe to mention his name without flying into a passion. The popular wrath has been cooling these twelve years, and can not burn very fiercely now. Minos and Rhadamanthus have long since passed sentence on the insolent bondholder; Philadelphia may console herself with the reflection that a special fire has certainly been lit for his punishment; and, with the rest of the country, she can now afford to waive her resentment, and do justice to the most eminent wit and one of the noblest minds of the present century. Whatever the sacrifice of feeling may cost, it is fairly due on other grounds; for the Life and Correspondence of Sydney Smith, now first published, abundantly confirm the impression produced by his Essays, namely, that no eminent Englishman of the present day has done fuller justice to, or expressed warmer regard or deeper respect for the United States, than the author of the Petition to Congress on Pennsylvania Repudiation. The whole tenor of his writings—save on that one topic—bears out his emphatic assurance in a private letter to Jeffrey: "I am to the full as much a Philo-Yankeeist as you are. I doubt if there ever was an instance of a new people conducting their affairs with so much wisdom, or if there ever was such an extensive scene of human happiness and prosperity." Had he possessed a more intimate acquaintance with American society, or a less contented disposition, he might have found in his own career still more cogent reasons for preferring the Yankee world to his own.

He was fortunate in his parentage—that is to say, his father appears to have been a sensible man, and was able to afford him a first-rate education. Triumphs at school secured him a fellowship at college, worth some $500 a year, with which, after the usual studies, and a trip to France—where he figured as "le citoyen Smit, membre affilié au Club des Jacobins de Mont Villiers"—he settled down to a small curacy in Salisbury Plain. His parish was poor and wild, and the parson often dined off a plate of potatoes seasoned with catchup; but he had the art of making friends, and the Squire engaged him to travel with his son. They "put into Edinburgh," as he says, "in stress of politics," all Europe being at war; and having nothing particular on his hands, he started the *Edinburgh Review*, in company with Brougham, Jeffrey, Horner, and others.

The idea was a very simple one. Enormous abuses had overgrown State, Church, Society, and Letters; every thing was wrong, from the policy of the king to the treatment of chimney-sweeps and the prevailing taste in literature. These young men—brimful of vigor, learning, and ambition—undertook to set matters right, and the engine they wrought with was the *Review*. Under what difficulties they began the task, how well they succeeded, what radical reforms they carried, and what reputation they achieved, can not be described here, and indeed are pretty well known. Sydney Smith, as vigorous as Brougham himself, and as clear-sighted as Horner, brought to the work a faculty which none of his associates possessed—keen and sparkling wit. Most of the reviewers were Scotchmen, and "it requires," says he, "a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or *wut*, as they call it, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals." The English curate was the most mirth-provoking of writers. He could not help being funny. To him, even such subjects as disease and death had their comical side. If he spoke of taxation, or the poor-rates, or counsel for prisoners, he made his hearers laugh while he convinced them. His political essays are more amusing than most men's jokes. It wanted little that he should have kept his congregation in a roar with his sermons. Such a man, interleaved with the profound thinkers of Buccleugh Place, appeared the brightest of the cluster, and was certainly more read than any other. To his dear friend Jeffrey he was a striking contrast. Jeffrey was cold, critical, skeptical. Smith mimicked his habit of disparaging every thing, and gave out that he had been heard to say: "Confound the solar system! bad light—planets too distant—pestered

* *A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith*, by his daughter, Lady HOLLAND: with a selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs. AUSTIN. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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with comets—feeble contrivance: could make a better with ease!" The witty parson, on the contrary, was an optimist; encouraged speculation on all subjects, had a firm belief in the excellence of the world and of mankind, and found much to praise where Jeffrey saw nothing to spare. Mackintosh, another famous member of the corps, was equally unlike Smith. He was a gigantic mind, accustomed to deal with the greatest subjects, and incapable of reducing his visual focus. "If he had to write on pepper," says Sydney, "he would say, 'Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly-pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit, an article rather of condiment than diet, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure rather than affords nutrition, and by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the north, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man.'" Smith himself used the plainest and briefest language; always went straight to the point, without preface or circumlocution; wrote without stopping to think or erase; and never seemed to care about words, so his thought was rendered.

He staid long enough in Edinburgh to edit a couple of numbers of the *Review*, then left it to Jeffrey, and went off to England to marry. He had given it as his opinion that a bishop could not marry; "for," he asked, "how can he flirt? The most he can say is, 'I will meet you in the vestry after service!'" So, to provide against episcopal accidents, he took unto himself a wife—a Miss Pybus—when the slenderest church preferment would have been a gain to him. Six silver spoons, much the worse for wear, were the bride's dower. Miss Pybus's mother had presented her daughter with a necklace; this the happy couple sold, bought linen and a little furniture; the balance, together with Smith's little savings, were his whole fortune, and of this one hundred pounds were given to a distressed lady, and forty to a young literary man. A tutorship at Edinburgh kept the wolf from the door for a year or two; then to London, where the kindness of a generous friend procured for him the preachership of the Foundling Hospital, with a magnificent salary of $250 a year. He tried, but vainly, to obtain permission to preach in a small chapel then used by a Dissenter; the Tories were in power, and there was no mercy for the Edinburgh reviewer. His letter on this occasion to the clergyman with whom the power of licensing him resided, shows how precarious were his circumstances: "My pretensions" [in point of ability, zeal, etc.] "must, of course, be judged by others. But of my situation in life (as I am the only judge of it), I hope you will allow me to say a few words. I am a married man, with two children, and, as I am young, my family may increase; I have a very small fortune" [it was sixty pounds a year], "no preferment, nor any friends who are likely to give me any. The chapel where I preach will soon be sold. . . . . It is not for want of exertion my situation in the Church is not better, for I have not been idle in the narrow and obscure field which is open to the inferior clergy. I hope you will have the goodness to consider these circumstances before you refuse me the opportunity of supporting my family, and bettering my situation, by my own exertions." He was refused, and ungraciously; would have starved, perhaps, had it not been for an allowance made him by his brother, who had returned rich from India.

Happily, his talent as a preacher began to be known. The proprietor of a city chapel engaged him to preach there, and his eloquence soon attracted crowds to hear him. The aisles used to be thronged with well-dressed persons who could not obtain seats. His success as a preacher suggested the idea of a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy. While they lasted, they were the event, and Smith the lion of the day. "Not a seat to be procured," says Horner, "even if you go an hour before the time. Who but Sydney could make such a mixture of odd paradox, quaint fun, manly sense, liberal opinions, and striking language?" The volume which contains these lectures justifies the encomium. But though they were more successful than any similar performances at the time, their proceeds barely enabled Mr. Smith to furnish his house, and after this was done, left him as poor as before. It began to be generally known that he was the writer of fierce reform articles in the *Edinburgh*, and all who had their court to make frowned upon him. It was understood that George the Third had said, "Yes, he is a clever fellow, but he will never be a bishop." Englishmen seldom neglect a royal cue. The truly enlightened spirits of the day clustered round him—Brougham, Mackintosh, Horner, Wishaw, Luttrell, Lord Holland, etc.—but they were but a handful, and out of office. Still, in the midst of his poverty, there was not a merrier man than he. His bon-mots have served as the basis of half a dozen reputations, and float through the world still, buoying up ever so many half-forgotten names. His wit, as somebody said, always had the fresh dew on it; it was irresistible. His biographer tells a story of Mrs. Siddons similar to that on record about Johnson and Foote—that she agreed not to laugh at any thing he might say; but after hearing him a few minutes, threw herself back in her chair in such a fearful paroxysm of laughter that the persons present grew alarmed for her life. Sydney afterward acknowledged her civility, but retaliated for the threat by saying that she "never got out of tragedy even in common life. She used to stab the potatoes, and said, 'Boy, give me a knife;' as she would have said, 'Give me the dagger!'"

Nothing he enjoyed more than to meet one of those unfortunate matter-of-fact persons who have no idea of a joke. To a Mrs. Jackson, remarkable for obtuseness on this head, he once

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said: "Heat, madam; it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones!" "Take off your flesh! Oh, Mr. Smith," said the horrified lady, "how could you do that?" "Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see next time." But the bare idea so shocked the lady's modesty that she ordered her carriage and drove off indignantly. The story of his dinner with a party of country squires, whom he startled over their port wine by saying pleasantly that the thing he would most like to do would be to "roast a Quaker," has been told over and over again.

In 1806, the Whigs came into power, and he obtained, as a great favor, the living of Foston le Clay—a place in Yorkshire "twelve miles from a lemon," as he described it. For the first two years he resided in London, and employed a curate to perform his duty; but, in 1808, an Act of Parliament rendered residence compulsory on all incumbents of livings, and he was compelled to remove to Yorkshire. The act further compelled clergymen to build parsonages. This fell hard on Sydney Smith, who had no money to spare; but there was no help for it; so he borrowed five hundred pounds from his brother, and smaller sums from other friends, and set about building. An architect proposed plans which would have ruined him; he undertook to be his own builder. "I took to horse," says he, "to provide bricks and timber; was advised to make my own bricks out of my own clay: of course, when the kiln was opened, all bad; mounted my horse again, and in twenty-four hours had tons of timber and thousands of bricks. Was advised by neighboring gentlemen to employ oxen; bought four—Tug and Lug, Haul and Crawl; but Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of sal volatile, and Haul and Crawl to lie down in the mud.... In spite of obstacles, I landed my family in my new house nine months after laying the first stone, and issued forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud, and fairly established them before twelve o'clock at night in the new parsonage-house." It made him poor for years. He educated his son, Mrs. Smith her daughters. As he could not afford a man-servant, he "caught up a little garden-girl made like a mile-stone, christened her Bunch, made her his butler; the girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and he undertook her morals." How well he succeeded in his department we learn from an anecdote told by Mrs. Marcet. The besetting sin of the peasants of Yorkshire is slowness of comprehension; however simple the question, they can not give a prompt answer. Sydney Smith drilled Bunch on this head. Calling her one day to him, he asked her, sharply, "Come here, Bunch, and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet." The little girl began, as grave as a judge, and without the least hesitation, "Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, bluebottle-fly-catching, and curtsy-bobbing."

Established at Foston, he became doctor, farmer, and magistrate, as well as parson. His skill in medicine was very great, and in a country place added materially to his usefulness. He tells a story of his being called out suddenly to visit a child that was dying. "I went," he says, "and gave it a dose of castor-oil, and then I christened it, so that now the poor child is ready for either world." His practice, of course, became large, as it was gratuitous, and he had the satisfaction of saving his own daughter's life by boldly administering medicine when the regular practitioner shrank from the risk.

Nothing he liked better than farming and cattle-raising. Seeing him in the fields, one of his friends compared him to an Athenian carter, he was such a mixture of Attic wit, sense, and clumsiness. He had a horse, bred on his farm, so lank, and gaunt, and ravenous, that he christened him Calamity: a lazy brute, whom his master stimulated to exertion by suspending a sieve of corn from a bar projecting from the shafts, just beyond his reach. This he called his patent Tantalus. Another curious invention of his was his universal scratcher. This was a "sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and low post, adapted to every height from a horse to a lamb. All animals," said he, "have a passion for scratching their backbones; they break down your gates and palings to effect this. Now, since I put up my universal scratcher, I have not had a gate broken. Even an Edinburgh reviewer can take his turn at it." His letters—which are among the best in the language—are full of allusions to his farming experiments. He was passionately fond of flowers. "Geranium-fed bacon," says he, to his friend Mrs. Meynell, "is of a beautiful color; but it takes so many plants to fatten one pig, that such a plan can never answer. I pray you keep the pigs out."

It is curious to note that, in the midst of all these practical pursuits, and while he was constantly writing on living topics for the *Review*, the course of study he prescribed for himself would have delighted the most hardened professor. In his commonplace book was found a memorandum:

"*Plan of Study for* 1820.

"Translate every day ten lines of the 'De Officiis,' and retranslate into Latin. Five chapters of Greek Testament. Theological studies. Plato's 'Apology for Socrates;' Horace's 'Epodes,'" etc.

Another similar memorandum prescribes "for morning reading, either Polybius or Diodorus Siculus, or some traits of Xenophon or Plato."

For all this mould, his own ideas were more modern, and his style more fresh, than those of any churchman of his day. His papers in the *Edinburgh* evince more freedom of thought, and less subserviency to precedent, than almost any others. His advice to parsons is admirable, and deserves to be circulated as widely as possible

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for the benefit of some ministers at the present day.

"That the attention of the greater part of an audience can be kept up, through many repetitions, in a service that lasts an hour and a half, or an hour and three quarters, is as much to be wished as it is to be little expected. Piety, stretched beyond a certain point, is the parent of impiety. By attempting to keep up the fervor of devotion for so long a time, we have thinned our churches and driven away fluctuating, lukewarm Christians. . . . . Preaching has become a by-word for long and dull conversation of any kind; and whoever wishes to imply in any piece of writing the absence of every thing agreeable and inviting calls it a sermon. One reason for this is the bad choice of subjects for the pulpit. The clergy are allowed about twenty-six hours a year for the instruction of their fellow-creatures, and I can not help thinking that this had better be employed on practical subjects, than in critical explanations of difficult passages of Scripture, dissertations on doctrinal points of religion, learned investigations of the meaning and accomplishment of prophecies, etc. . . . . There is a bad taste in the language of sermons, evinced by a constant repetition of the same scriptural phrases which perhaps were used with great judgment two hundred years ago, but which are now become trite; 'Putting off the old man, and putting on the new man;' 'the one thing needful;' 'the Lord hath set up his candlestick;' 'the armor of righteousness,' etc., etc. The sacred Scriptures are surely abundant enough to afford us the same idea with some novelty of language. We can never be driven, from the penury of these writings, to wear and fritter away their holy language into a perfect cant, which passes through the ear without leaving any impression. To this cause of the unpopularity of sermons may be added the extremely ungraceful manner in which they are delivered. A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye riveted on his book, speaks of the ecstasies of joy and fear with a voice and a face which indicate neither, and pinions his body and soul into the same attitude of limb and thought for fear of being thought theatrical and affected. Is it wonder, then, that every semi-delirious sectary who pours forth his animated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion, should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine, and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is sin to be taken from men as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? or from what perversion of sense are we all to look like field-preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice?" etc.

As was to be expected, such opinions as these exposed him to much animadversion on the part of the higher clergy; and not a few, in spite against the reviewer, called him a downright atheist. Of the orthodoxy of his opinions his correspondence fortunately contains ample proof. One of his letters is addressed to an eminent publishing firm, who had sent him a skeptical work they had issued; he returned the book indignantly, and remonstrated with them warmly on their share in circulating infidelity. To Jeffrey he wrote many private letters in the same strain; and on the occasion of a skeptical article finding its way into the *Review*, he declared positively that if it were not the last of its kind, his connection with the periodical would cease. His tolerance in matters of religion is well known. No man in England did more for the removal of the disabilities pressing on Roman Catholics than he; the letters he published under the pseudonym of Peter Plymley, led directly to the passage of the Toleration Acts now in force in Great Britain. He wrote and spoke for the Catholics at the cost of his reputation, and at some personal risk, for the British have always been fond of baiting their Papists; but he persevered to the end, and the Toleration Acts were passed.

He has been often accused of unfairness to the Quakers, but his malice never exceeded a lively joke. "Madam," said he to a lady who spoke of a Quaker child being born, "that is impossible. There is no such thing as a Quaker baby, there never was; they are always born full-brimmed and wide-awake. Have you heard the report that in youth they are fed on drab-colored pap? It must be this which gives them their beautiful complexion. I have a theory about them and the blue-coat boys which I will tell you some day."

One can fancy the sensation he created when he preached by invitation before the fiercely Protestant corporation and people of Bristol, on the anniversary of the famous Gunpowder Plot—a day devoted by immemorial usage in England to clerical excoriation of the Papists—and calmly, but strongly, exhorted his hearers to aid him in removing all disabilities from the Catholics of the kingdom. Equally startling was his sermon before the Judge of Assize on Circuit, when he selected the text: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me, according to the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?"

At Foston, poverty weighed cruelly upon him. When the bills used to come in of an evening, he would sometimes bury his face in his hands in his anguish, and cry: "I know I shall end my days in a jail." This is the more remarkable as he was an orderly, economical man; committed no follies, incurred no unnecessary expenses, and wrought as hard as any man in England. He was, at the time, not only the most successful preacher of the day, but one of the most brilliant writers, and led more minds than perhaps any living man. In one of his letters, written late in life, he says that he does not believe he ever realized £1500—say $7500—from his literary labors; a curious fact in literary history.

Notwithstanding his troubles, however, he

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kept a hospitable house; Macintosh, Lord John Russell, Lord Holland, Jeffrey, and others, were often guests under his roof. Jeffrey—the little man who had not body enough to cover his mind decently—was an especial favorite at Foston le Clay. On one occasion he arrived there when Smith was absent. The children were riding donkeys; they persuaded Jeffrey to bestride one and join them in the sport. As they rode along they met the "parson" returning home. With a burst of laughter at the comical appearance of the doughty editor of the *Edinburgh*, he shouted the impromptu:

> "Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
> As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
> Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,
> Riding on a little jackass!"

A small volume might be filled with the jokes of which Jeffrey was the subject or the occasion. Some have been preserved in Cockburn's life; others are to be found in these volumes. When Smith was still in Edinburgh, some half-crazy person—not Symmes—had a theory about the North Pole, with which he pestered his acquaintance perseveringly. Jeffrey had submitted once or twice with fortitude: but at last he broke loose from the pertinacious button-holder with a rude remark. The injured philosopher met Smith shortly afterward, and told him how badly he had been used, adding: "Will you believe it, Sir, he said, d—n the North Pole?" "My dear Sir," replied Sydney, soothingly, "you should not think of it. Jeffrey is a privileged person, and nobody minds what he says. You will hardly credit it, but he was actually heard the other day to speak disrespectfully of the equator."

Macaulay, though his junior, was likewise one of his intimates. Both were great talkers. "We both," said Smith, "talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that.'"

The poet Campbell he quizzed in a capital *jeu d'esprit*. Campbell wrote with great toil; poetry came from him drop by drop. Sydney Smith used to say that when he was delivered of a couplet, he took to his bed, had straw laid down, the knocker tied up, and expected his friends to call and make inquiries; the answer at the door being invariably, "Mr. Campbell and his little couplet are doing as well as can be expected!" When he produced an Alexandrine, he kept his bed a day longer.

Another of his friends was appointed Bishop of New Zealand. Sydney sent him some advice as to his bearing when he should receive the cannibal chiefs in his see. "You can say to them, 'I deeply regret, Sirs, to have nothing on my own table suited to your tastes; but you will find plenty of cold curate and roast clergyman on the side-board;' and if in spite of this prudent provision your visitors should end their repast by eating you likewise, why, I can only add, my dear friend, I hope you will disagree with them."

Strange to say, though no man had been more powerfully instrumental than Sydney Smith in overthrowing the Tories and placing the Whigs in power, the only benefit he reaped from the change was the living of Foston le Clay, which nearly ruined him. So much for party faithfulness. When the Tories returned to office, Lord Lyndhurst did himself honor by offering his able opponent a prebendal stall at Bristol; on the revenue of which, together with the income of the living of Combe Florey, for which he exchanged Foston le Clay, he began for the first time in his life to live comfortably. Though he had been twenty years a leading contributor to the *Edinburgh*, and resided in the country, he had never owned so indispensable a tool for a man of letters as an encyclopedia. He was now able to buy books, and his delight, as described by his daughter, was beautifully childish. He did not remain long at Combe Florey, however; for Lord Grey taking office, he obtained a prebendal stall at St. Paul's, London, and removed thither to live. It was on the strength of the pleasure the preferment gave him that he wrote the famous squib of Mrs. Partington and her battle with the Atlantic.

He was now a great man. His reputation for letters was of the first order: his opinions were those of the government; his position in the Church—though not what it should have been, for the Whigs confessed they ought to have made him a bishop—honorable and conspicuous. The first intimation he seems to have had of his greatness was a visit from a pompous little man in a rusty black coat, who called on him to say he "was compounding a history of distinguished families, and wished to obtain the Smith arms." "I regret, Sir," said Sydney, "not to be able to contribute to so valuable a work; but the Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs."

From the first, he had been a great admirer of this country. One of his expressions, taken from a private letter, not intended to see the light, has been quoted elsewhere. His correspondence is full of similar remarks. The first favorable articles on the United States that were published in Great Britain were written by him for the *Edinburgh*. Writing to Jeffrey about the time his connection with the *Review* ceased, he observes, that he had written an article on America, "many passages in which might make the Americans very angry," and therefore he withholds it; though, as he adds, "I admire the Americans, and in treating of America should praise her great institutions, and laugh at her little defects." Franklin appears to have been his hero. To a *protégée* he writes: "I will disinherit you if you do not admire every thing written by Franklin. In addition to all other good qualities he was thoroughly honest." In another place, he cordially endorses the saying that "it was honor enough

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for any one country to have produced such a man as Franklin."

His intimacy with Daniel Webster and Edward Everett showed that his admiration was not confined to the past. Webster he called the Great Western; "he reminds me," says he somewhere, "of a steam-engine in trowsers." There is a letter of Mr. Webster's published in this Life, which is quite characteristic. A story reached Sydney Smith's ears to the effect that it was reported here that he had intentionally, and by way of joke, introduced Mr. Webster to Lord Brougham as Mr. Clay: he wrote immediately to Mr. Webster to inquire into the matter. Webster replied, assuring him that he had referred to no incident of their intercourse to his (Smith's) disadvantage. He added, "If any son of —— asserts, that either through ill will or love of vulgar gossip, I tell such things of you as you suppose, I pray you let him be knocked down *instanter*. And be assured, my dear Sir, I never spoke of you in my life but with gratitude, respect, and attachment." Of Mr. Everett, who contributes also an erudite epistle to these volumes, Sydney Smith says, "We met him, and were confirmed in our good opinion of him. A sensible, unassuming man, always wise and reasonable."

At one time, he was so popular in this country, that every American who went out to Europe eagerly sought an introduction to him. Which becoming troublesome to the United States Minister, says Sydney, he was obliged at last to set up sham Sydney Smiths to present to his friends. "But they can't have been good counterfeits, for a most respectable American, on his return home, was heard describing Sydney Smith as a thin, grave, dull old fellow."

The petition to Congress cooled this mania considerably. For some time, as most readers may remember, he was pretty roundly abused for the hard things he had said about Pennsylvania. It was not pleasant, doubtless, to be called "a set of men who prefer any load of infamy however heavy, to any pressure of taxation however light;" but it is hardly worth while going into the question at this late day. As usual, there were two parties in this country. Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, took up the cudgels on behalf of the petitioner, and a large number of persons sent him letters and small presents of fruit, etc., as their share, they said, toward the payment of his Pennsylvania interest. Perhaps the most curious feature in the controversy is the change it seems to have wrought in Mr. Smith's opinions. From that time forth, he has very little to say that is civil about the United States. "It is a fortunate thing for the world," says he to the Countess Grey, "that the separate American States are making such progress in dishonesty, and are absolutely and plainly refusing to pay their debts. They would have been too formidable if they had added the moral power of good faith to their physical strength." He expresses surprise to Sir George Philips at the conclusion of the Ashburton Treaty, "because he did not imagine that the Americans ever really intended to give up a cause of quarrel which might hereafter be subservient to their ambition and extension." In another letter to the Countess Grey, he declares that "the State of Pennsylvania cheats him this year of £50. There is nothing in the crimes of kings worse than this villainy of democracy." He had long before given it as his opinion, that a diversity of interests would arise among the States and render the duration of the Union impossible; under the spur of his unpaid coupons, he says, "I verily believe the United States are cracking. A nation can not exist in such a state of morals." It is but fair to him to add, that all these bitter expressions were uttered in the belief, which he constantly reiterated in his letters, that Pennsylvania would never pay her interest, and that the policy of repudiation would be persisted in to the last.

The controversy still raged when symptoms of failing health diverted Mr. Smith's attention from public affairs. As gayly as ever he writes to the geologist Murchison, "Mrs. Sydney has eight distinct illnesses and I have nine. We take something every hour, and pass the mixture from one to another." To his daughter he said in his old quaint way: "I feel so weak both in body and mind, that I verily believe, if the knife were put into my hand, I should not have strength or energy enough to strike it into a Dissenter."

He died quietly, peacefully, consciously, as becomes a Christian. His last act was to give a living of £120 a year to a poor friendless clergyman, who had suffered poverty like himself. To all his friends he bade adieu cheerfully; his brother Bobus, who had been his close friend through life, parted from him solemnly shortly before his death, went home, and died within a fortnight.

Sydney Smith's intellectual portrait has been drawn by himself in his lecture on Wit. "An extraordinary man," he says, "is eight men, not one man; he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it; who can be witty and something more than witty; who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit, wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature."

One striking advantage he possessed over most of his contemporaries and rivals in letters, was the thorough practicalness of his mind. Among all the ideas for reform he has thown out—and they are legion—not one can be called visionary. He cut to the core of a subject at the first stroke; fastened on its heart, and never seemed to notice the rest. The practi-

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cal, the useful, were always his goal. Yet he was by no means what is generally understood by the word "utilitarian." He always spoke of the genus Gradgrind with contempt. "That school," said he, "treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations. If every thing is to be sacrificed to utility, why do you bury your grandmother at all? why don't you cut her into small pieces at once, and make portable soup of her?"

It only remains to be said that the Life of Sydney Smith, by his daughter, Lady Holland, is well done, and the letters well selected by Mrs. Austin. This is the more welcome, as we have recently had the pain of seeing the memory of more than one great and good man obscured and defamed by the clumsiness, stupidity, or ignorance of his biographer. Lady Holland has written her sketch tastefully and pleasingly, as befits a lady. Neither pretension, nor carelessness, nor bad taste, have any place in the work. It seems enough to say that she has done justice to Sydney Smith.

THE THIRD BOWL.

"DRAW your chair close up. Put your feet on those skins. You will find them soft and warm. Light another pipe, and fill your glass, Philip. It is a bitter night. My old bones shudder when I hear the wind wail over the house and through the oak-tree. Capital punch, that! John has a knack at the article that I have rarely seen equaled—never surpassed. He is a prince of servants, is John, if he is black. I have had him with me now—let me see, it must be thirty years, at least—it is thirty-two years next Christmas week, and I have never quarreled with him, and he has never quarreled with me. A rare history for master and man. I think it is because we love each other's weaknesses, and here he comes.

"John, another bowl of the punch, if you please. What, not another! Certainly, man, I must have it. This is only the second, and Philip, yonder, has drank half, of course. Not drank any! You don't mean to say that he has been drinking nothing but that vile claret all the blessed evening? Philip, you dog, I thought you knew my house-rules better than that. But you always would have your own way.

"One more bowl, John—but one. It shall be the last; and, John, get the old Maraschino, one of the thick black bottles with the small necks, and open it gently. But you know how, old fellow, and just do your best to make us comfortable.

"How the wind howls! Philip, my boy, I am seventy-three years old, and seven days over. My birth-day was a week ago to-day.

"An old bachelor! Yea, verily. One of the oldest kind. But what is age? What is the paltry sum of seventy years? Do you think I am any older in my soul than I was half a century ago? Do you think, because my heart beats slower, that my mind thinks more slowly, my feelings spring up less freely, my hopes are less buoyant, less cheerful, if they look forward only weeks instead of years? I tell you, boy, that seventy years are a day in the sweep of memory; and Once young forever young, is the motto of an immortal soul. I know I am what men call old, I know my cheeks are wrinkled like ancient parchment, and my lips are thin, and my head gray even to silver. But in my soul I feel that I am young, and I shall be young till the earthly ceases and the unearthly and eternal begins.

"I have not grown one day older than I was at thirty-two. I have never advanced a day since then. All my life long since that has been one day—one short day; no night, no rest, no succession of hours, events, or thoughts has marked any advance.

"Philip, I have been living forty years by the light of one memory—by the side of one grave.

"John, set the bowl down on the hearth. You may go. You need not sit up for me. Philip and I will see each other to our rooms to-night, John. Go, old fellow, and sleep soundly.

"Phil, she was the purest angel that flesh ever imprisoned, the most beautiful child of Eve. I can see her now. Her eyes raying the light of heaven—her brow, white, calm, and holy—her lips wreathed with the blessing of her smile. She was as graceful as a form seen in dreams, and she moved through the scenes around her as you have seen the angelic visitors of your slumber move through crowded assemblies, without effort, apparently with some superhuman aid.

"The child of wealth, she was fitted to adorn the splendid house in which she was born and grew to womanhood. It was a grand old place, built in the midst of a growth of oaks that might have been there when Columbus discovered America, and seemed likely to stand a century longer. They are standing yet, and the wind to-night makes a wild lament through their branches that sounds mournfully above her grave.

"I must pause to recall the scenery of the old familiar spot. There was a stream of water that dashed down the rocks a hundred yards from the house, and which kept always full and fresh, an acre of pond, over which hung willows, and maples, and other trees, while on the surface the white blossom of the lotus nodded lazily on the ripples with Egyptian sleepiness and languor.

"The old house was built of dark stone, and had a massive appearance, not relieved by the sombre shade in which it stood. The sunshine seldom penetrated to the ground in the summer months, except in one spot, just in front of the library windows, where it used to lie and sleep in the grass, as if it loved the old place. And if sunshine loved it, why should not I.

"General Lewis was one of the pleasant, old-fashioned men, now quite gone out of memory, as well as out of existence. He loved his horses,

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his dogs, his place, and his punch. He loved his nephew Tom, wild, uncouth, rough cub as he was; but above horses, dogs, or house, or all together, he loved his daughter Sarah, and I loved her too.

"Yes, you may look at me as you will, Phil Phillips, I loved Sarah Lewis, and, by all the gods, I love her now as I loved her then, and as I shall love her if I meet her again where she has gone.

"Call it folly, call it boyish, call it an old man's whim, an old man's second childhood, I care not by what name you call it; it is enough that to-night the image of that young girl stands before me splendidly beautiful in all the holiness of her young glad life, and I could bow down on my knees and worship her now again.

"Why did I say again? For forty years I have not ceased to worship her. If I kneel to pray in the morning, she passes between me and God. If I would read the prayers at evening twilight, she looks up at me from the page. If I would worship on a Sabbath morning in the church, she looks down on me from some unfathomable distance, some unapproachable height, and I pray to her as if she were my hope, my heaven, my all.

"Sometimes in the winter nights I feel a coldness stealing over me, and icy fingers are feeling about my heart, as if to grasp and still it. I lie calmly, quietly, and I think my hour is at hand; and through the gloom, and through the mists and films that gather over my vision, I see her afar off, still the same angel in the distant heaven, and I reach out my arms to her, and I cry aloud on God to let me go find her, and on her to come to me, and then thick darkness settles on me.

"The doctor calls this apoplexy, and says I shall some day die in a fit of it. What do doctors know of the tremendous influences that are working on our souls? He, in his scientific stupidity, calls it a disease, and warns me against wine and high living; as if I did not understand what it is, and why my vision at such times reaches so very far into the deep unknown.

"I have spoken of Tom Lewis, her cousin. Rumor said he was the old man's heir in equal proportion with the daughter; for he had been brought up in the family, and had always been treated as a son. He was a good fellow if he was rough, for he had the goodness that all who came within her influence must have.

"I have seen her look the devil out of him often. I remember once when the horses had behaved in a way not to suit him, and he had let an oath or two escape his lips preparatory to putting on the whip. We were riding together down the avenue, and he raised the lash. At the moment he caught her eye. She was walking up from the lodge, where she had been to see a sick child. She saw the raised whip, and her eye caught his. He did not strike. The horses escaped for that time. He drove them quietly through the gate, and three miles and back without a word of anger.

"Did I tell you I was her cousin also? On her mother's side. Not on the General's. We lived not far off, and I lived much of my time at his house. Tom and myself had been inseparable, and we did not conceal our rivalry from each other.

"'Tom,' said I, one morning, 'why can't you be content with half the General's fortune, and let me have the other half?'

"'Bah! Jerry,' said he, 'as if that would be any more even, when you want Sarah with it. In Heaven's name, take the half of the money, if that's all you want.'

"'Can't we fix it so as to make an even division, Tom? Take all the fortune, and let me have her, and I'll call it square.'

"'Just what I was going to propose to you. Be reasonable now, Jerry, and get out of the way. You must see she doesn't care a copper for you.'

"I twirled a rosebud in my fingers that she had given me that morning, and replied:

"'Poor devil! I did not think you could be so infatuated. Why, Tom, there is no chance for you under the sun. But go ahead; find it out as you will. I'm sorry for you.'

"A hundred such pleasant talks we used to have, and she never gave either of us one particle more of encouragement than the other. She was like a sister to us both, and neither dared break the spell of our perfect happiness by asking her to be more.

"And so time passed on.

"One summer afternoon we were off together on horseback, all three of us, over the mountain and down the valley. We were returning toward sunset, sauntering along the road, down the side of the hill.

"Philip, stir the fire a little. That bowl of punch is getting cold, it seems to me, and I am a little chilly myself. Perhaps it is the recollection of that day that chills me.

"I had made up my mind, if opportunity occurred, to tell her that day all that I had thought for years. I had determined to know, once for all, if she would love me or no.

"If not, I would go I cared not where; the world was broad enough, and it should be to some place where I should never see her face again, never hear her voice again, never bow down and worship her magnificent beauty again. I would go to Russia and offer myself to the Czar, or to Syria and fight with Napoleon, or to Egypt and serve with the men of Murad Bey. All my notions were military, I remember, and all my ideas were of war and death on the field.

"I rode by her side, and looked up at her occasionally, and thought she was looking splendidly. I had never seen her more so. Every attitude was grace, every look was life and spirit.

"Tom clung close to her. One would have thought he was watching the very opportunity I was after myself. Now he rode a few paces

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forward, and as I was catching my breath to say 'Sarah,' he would rein up and fall back to his place, and I would make some flat remark that made me seem like a fool to myself, if not to her.

"'What's the matter with you, Jerry?' said she, at length.

"'Jerry's in love,' said Tom.

"I could have thrashed him on the spot.

"'In love! Jerry in love!' and she turned her large brown eyes toward me.

"In vain I sought to fathom them, and arrive at some conclusion whether or no the subject interested her with special force.

"The eyes remained fixed, till I blundered out the old saw, 'Tom judges others by himself.'

"Then the eyes turned to Tom, and he pleaded guilty by his awkward looks, and half-blushes, and averted eyes, and forced laugh.

"By Heaven! thought I, what would I not give for Tom's awkwardness now! The scoundrel is winning his way by it.

"'Jerry, is Tom in love?'

"The naïveté of the question, the correctness of it, the very simplicity of the thing was irresistible, and I could not repress a smile that grew into a broad laugh.

"Tom joined in it, and we made the woods ring with our merriment.

"'I say, Tom, isn't that your whip lying back yonder in the road?'

"'Confound it, yes; the cord has broken from my wrist;' and he rode back for it.

"'Jerry, whom does Tom love?' said she, quickly, turning to me.

"'You," said I, bluntly.

"'Why, of course; but who is he in love with, I mean?'

"It was a curious way to get at it. Could I be justified? It was not asking what I had intended, but it was getting at it in another way, and just as well, perhaps. It was, at all events, asking Tom's question for him, and it saved me the embarrassment of putting it as my own. I determined this in an instant.

"'Sarah, could you love Tom well enough to marry him?'

"'I! Jerry; what do you mean?'

"'Suppose Tom wants you to be his wife, will you marry him?'

"'I don't know—I can't tell—I never thought of such a thing. You don't think he has any such idea, do you?'

"That was my answer. It was enough as far as it went, but I was no better off than before. She did not love Tom, or she would never have answered thus. But did she love me? Would she marry me? Wouldn't she receive the idea in just the same way?

"I looked back. Tom was on the ground, had picked up his whip, and had one foot in the stirrup, ready to mount again. I gulped down my heart that was up in my throat and spoke out:

"'Sarah, will you marry me?'

"Philip, she turned her eyes again toward me—those large brown eyes, those holy eyes—and blessed me with their unutterably glorious gaze. To my dying hour I shall not forget that gaze; to all eternity it will remain in my soul. She looked at me one look; and whether it was pity, sorrow, surprise, or love, I can not tell you, that filled them and overflowed toward me from out their immeasurable depths; but, Philip, it was the last light of those eyes I ever saw—the last, the last.

"Is there any thing left in that bowl? Thank you. Just a glassful. You will not take any? Then, by your leave, I will finish it. My story is nearly ended, and I will not keep you up much longer.

"We had not noticed, so absorbed had we been in our pleasant talk, that a black cloud had risen in the west and obscured the sun, and covered the entire sky; and even the sultry air had not called our attention to the coming thunder-storm.

"As she looked at me, even as she fixed her eyes on mine, a flash, blinding and fierce, fell on the top of a pine-tree by the roadside not fifty yards from us, and the crash of the thunder shook the foundations of the hills.

"For a moment all was dazzling, burning, blazing light; then sight was gone, and a momentary darkness settled on our eyes. The horses crouched to the ground in terror, and Sarah bowed her head as if in the presence of God.

"All this was the work of an instant, and the next Tom's horse sprang by us on a furious gallop, dragging Tom by the stirrup. He had been in the act of mounting when the flash came, and his horse swerved and jumped so that his foot caught, and he was dragged with his head on the ground.

"There was a point in the road, about fifty yards ahead, where it divided into two. The one was the carriage-track, which wound down the mountain by easy descents; the other was a footpath, which was a short, precipitous cut to a point on the carriage-road nearly a quarter of a mile below.

"Calling to Sarah to keep back and wait, I drove the spurs into my horse and went down the steep path. Looking back, I saw her following, her horse making tremendous speed. She kept the carriage-road, following on after Tom, and I pressed on, thinking to intercept his horse below.

"My pace was terrible. I could hear them thundering down the track above. I looked up and caught sight of them through the trees. I looked down, and saw a gully before me full eighteen feet wide, and as many deep.

"A great horse was that black horse Cæsar, and he took the gully at a flying leap that landed us far over it, and a moment later I was at the point where the roads again met, but only in time to see the other two horses go by at a furious pace, Sarah's abreast of the gray, and she reaching her hand out bravely trying to grasp

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the flying rein, as her horse went leap for leap with him.

To ride close behind them was worse than useless in such a case. It would but serve to increase their speed; so I fell back a dozen rods and followed, watching the end.

"At the foot of the mountain the river ran, broad and deep, spanned by the bridge at the narrowest point. To reach the bridge, the road took a short turn up stream, directly on the bank.

"On swept the gray and the black horse, side by side, down the hillside, not fifty leaps along the level ground, and then came the turn.

"She was on the off-side. At the sharp turn she pressed ahead a half length and reined her horse across the gray's shoulder, if possible, to turn him up toward the bridge.

"It was all over in an instant. The gray was the heavier horse. He pressed her close; the black horse yielded, gave way toward the fence, stumbled, and the fence, a light rail, broke with a crash, and they went over, all together into the deep black stream.

"Still, still the sound of that crash and plunge is in my ears. Still I can see them go headlong down that bank together into the black water!

"I never knew exactly what I did then. When I was conscious, I found myself swimming around in a circle, diving occasionally to find them but in vain. The gray horse swam ashore and stood on the bank by my black, with distended nostrils and trembling limbs, shaking from head to foot with terror. The other black horse was floating down the surface of the stream, drowned. His mistress was nowhere visible, and Tom was gone also.

"I found her at last.

"Yes, she was dead!

"Restore her? No. A glance at her face showed how vain all such hope was. Never was human face so angelic. She was already one of the saintly—one of the immortals—and the beauty and glory of her new life had left some faint likeness of itself on her dead form and face.

"Philip, I said I had never grown a day older since that time. You know now why. I have never ceased to think of her as on that day. I have never lost the blessing of those eyes as they looked on me in the forest on the mountain road. I have never left her, never grown away from her. If, in the resurrection, we are to resume the bodies most exactly fitted to represent our whole lives; if, as I have sometimes thought, we shall rise in the forms we wore when some great event stamped our souls forever, then I am certain that I shall awake in form and feature as I was that day, and no record will remain of an hour of my life after her burial.

"We buried her in the old vault close by the house, among the solemn oaks. Beautiful, angel-like, to the very last.

"My voice is broken. I can not say more, Philip. You have the story. That is the whole of it. God bless you, Phil, my boy. You have listened—patiently—to—my—talk.

"Good-night, boy. Go to bed. I'll stay here in the old chair awhile. I don't—exactly—feel—like—sleeping—yet."

I left him sitting there; his head bowed on his breast, his eyes closed, his breathing short and heavy, as if with suppressed grief. My own eyes were misty.

In the hall I found John, sitting bolt upright in a large chair.

"Why, John, I thought the Major sent you to bed long ago?"

"Yes, Sir; the Major always sends me to bed at the third bowl, Sir, and I always doesn't go. He's been a telling you the old story, now hasn't he, Mr. Philip?"

"What old story, John?"

"Why, all about Miss Lewis, and Mister Tom, and the General?"

"Yes."

John laid his long black finger knowingly up by the side of his nose, and looked at me.

"Why, John—you don't mean to say—eh?"

"All the punch, Sir."

"What! Sarah and the black horse, and—"

"All punch, Sir."

"John, my man, go in and take care of him. He is either asleep or drunk. Curious that! Why didn't I think that a man was hardly to be believed after the second bowl, and perfectly incredible on the third. By Jove! he is a trump at a story, though."

It would be difficult to describe all that I dreamed about that night.

APPARITIONS AND VISIONS.*

THE perception of external objects depends on the rays of light entering the eye, and converging so as to produce images which make an impression on the retina, and, through the optic nerve, are recognized by the brain. The direction of the influences, so far as the observer is concerned, is from without to within; from the Object to the Brain.

But the inverse of this is possible. Impressions already existing in the brain may take, as it were, an outward direction, and be projected and localized among external forms. Or, if the eyes be closed, or the observer is in darkness, they will fill up the empty space before him with scenery of their own.

Inverse vision depends primarily on the condition that ancient impressions which are inclosed in the optic thalami, or registering ganglia, at the base of the brain, assume such a degree of relative intensity, that they can fix the attention of the mind. The moment that an equality is established, between the intensity

* Being a chapter on *Inverse Vision*, including *Insanity of the Retina and Cerebral Sight*, from *A Treatise on Human Physiology*, by JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. To be published shortly, by Harper and Brothers.

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of these vestiges and sensations contemporaneously derived from the outer world, or that the latter are wholly extinguished, as in sleep, inverse vision occurs, presenting itself, as the conditions may vary, under different forms—Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstasy, and Somnambulism.

From the moral effect to which these give rise, we are very liable to regard them as connected with the supernatural. In truth, however, they are the natural result of that play of the nervous mechanism which of necessity produces them whenever it is placed, either by normal, or morbid, or artificial causes, in the proper position. It can act either directly, as in ordinary vision, or inversely, as in cerebral sight, and in this respect resembles those instruments which equally yield a musical note, whether the air is blown through them or drawn in.

The hours of sleep constantly present us, in a state of perfect health, illusions which appear to address themselves to the eye rather than to any other sense, and these commonly combine into moving and acting sceneries, a dream being truly a drama of the night. In certain morbid states appearances of a like nature intrude themselves before us, even in the open day, but these being corrected by the realities with which they are surrounded, impress us very differently to the phantoms of our sleep. The want of unison between such images and the things among which they have intruded themselves, the anachronism of their advent, or other obvious incongruity, restrain the mind from delivering itself up to that absolute belief in the reality which so completely possesses us in our dreams. Yet, nevertheless, such is the constitution of man, the bravest and the wisest encounter these fictions of their own organization with awe.

If we measure the importance of events occurring to us by their frequency, the depth of the impression they make, the influence they exert on our own individual career, or have exerted on the progress of the whole human race, there are very few more deserving the discussions of physiology than visual hallucinations. With respect to frequency, it may be reasonably said, that if images arise in the mind by night as thickly as sensible forms present themselves by day, it is not likely that they should be better borne in memory. But of the thousands of objects we encounter each day of our lives, how few there are that we can distinctly recollect at its close. We think we explain this wonderful forgetfulness by saying that we have paid no attention to them. And, in like manner, the dreams we remember are perhaps only a very insignificant proportion of those which have been presented to the mind.

It has been said that a belief in apparitions is an instinct with every man. However much we may dissent from the correctness of such an expression as broadly given, there can be no doubt that it has a foundation in truth. The faith of a child in this particular is only gradually sapped as he grows up to be a man. Nay, even in mature life, there may always be found those who have an unwavering confidence in the reality of these illusions, and many of these are persons characterized by their moral courage and love of truth. I have just remarked that few things have exerted a greater influence on the career of the human race than a firm belief in these spiritual visitations. The visions of the Arabian Prophet ended in tincturing the daily life of half the people of Asia and Africa for a thousand years. A spectre that appeared in the camp at Sardis, unnerved the heart of Brutus, and thereby put an end to the political system that had made the Great Republic the arbiter of the world. Another that appeared to Constantine strengthened his hand to the accomplishment of that most difficult of all the tasks of a statesman, the destruction of an ancient faith.

But these were all impostures, it may be said. Not so, they were no impostures of the persons to whom they are reported to have occurred, and who assuredly firmly believed in the real existence of what they thought they saw. To the two or three instances mentioned above, scores of a like kind might be added, which have issued in the committing of men to the most earnest kind of work. So often do historians notice an element of this kind mingling in the career of those who have made the deepest mark on our race, that some are to be found who assert the necessity of such a condition to any wide-spread and permanent political event. It is, they say, the want of an intense faith in some guiding object, which is at the bottom of all the uncertainties of modern times, and which is threatening civilization with shipwreck. There is wealth enough and strength enough on board, but there is wanting a mysterious needle, which will point forever in one direction, by day or by night, in calm or in storm. Whatever we may think of such a conclusion, the premises on which it is founded are well worthy of our consideration. The physiologist is not at liberty to deny that a lunatic and delirious man have faith in what they see. Their senses may deceive them, but they are not impostors. It is for him to consider how phantoms may arise in conditions of apparent health, as well as in states of disease; in the tranquillities of the solitary man as well as in the feverish excitement of the enthusiast.

Visual hallucinations are of two kinds: those which are seen when the eyes are open, and those perceived when they are closed. To the former the designation of Apparitions, to the latter that of Visions, may be given. Dreams, therefore, come under the latter class.

The simplest form of Apparition is that known among physicians as *muscæ volitantes*. These are dark specks, like flies, which seem to be floating in a devious path through the air. They are owing to disturbances or changes in the retina. They often appear to occupy the dying.

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Of Visions the most common, because they can be voluntarily produced, are those which depend on the remains of impressions in the retina and optic centres. If, when we awake in the morning, our eyes are turned for a moment to a window or other bright object, and then closed, there still appears to the mind a spectral representation of the object, which gradually fades away. These illusions can be caused to have, as it were, a movement in the dark space before us, answering to the voluntary rotation of the eyeball. Sometimes, when the light is not sufficiently intense, or the nervous organs not sensitive enough, the vision does not make its appearance on the closing of the eyelids, but after fastening the attention on the position in which it is expected to come, it slowly emerges at last. That it consists in a real impression which has been registered in those organs, and is not a mere product of the unaided imagination, is very clear from the fact that we may discern, by attentively considering it, many little peculiarities which we have not had time to notice in the original object; thus if there has been a lace curtain, or other such well-marked body before us, we can not only see in the vision the places where its folds intersect the window-bars, but likewise, if the impression be a good one, all the peculiarities of its figured pattern. And that our conclusions in these respects are correct, is proved as soon as we reopen our eyes.

Between Apparitions and Visions is an intermediate class, of which it is not my object now to say much; they may, however, be styled Deceptions. These take their origin in some outward existing reality, and are exaggerations of the fancy. They are commonly encountered in the evening twilight, or in places feebly illuminated. Sir Walter Scott says of children that lying is natural to them, and that to tell the truth is an acquired habit. If they are thus by nature prone to deceive those around them, they are none the less prone to deceive themselves. To them a white object faintly descried in the obscurity, is easily expanded into a moving and supernatural thing.

In a physiological sense, I consider that simple apparitions arise from disturbances or disease of the retina, visions from the traces of impressions inclosed at a former time in the corpora quadrigemina and optic thalami. In their most highly marked state the former may be treated of as results of the insanity of the retina; the latter, as of cerebral vision.

Disturbance of the retina, brought on by any cause whatever, may give rise to simple spectral apparitions, which, as the circumstances change, will have an indefinite contour or a definite form. Nor are they merely shades and shadows; they may be presented in colors, which however are usually dim or subdued. Thus, if the eyelids being closed, we press gently with the tip of the finger on the inner or outer angle of one of the eyes, a gray spot surrounded by colors makes its appearance on the opposite side of the same eye, and dances about as the pressure of the finger varies. With more extensive and heavier pressure clouds of various rainbow tints fill up all the imaginary space before us. In like manner, the passage of an electric current from a voltaic pair induces a flash of light of considerable brilliance. Internal pressures, and spontaneous variations in the rate of metamorphosis and nutrition of the retina, act in a manner analogous to external disturbances.

From the *muscæ volitantes*, which may be regarded as the first rudiments of apparitions, it is but a step to the intercalation of simple or even grotesque images among the real objects at which we are looking; and, indeed, this is the manner in which they always offer themselves, as resting or moving among the actually existing things. I do not undertake to say how far we are liable to practice deception upon ourselves after the manner we have spoken of in children, when we have once detected the fact that we are liable to this infirmity. An inanimate object—for instance a stick—is seen upon the floor, we go to pick it up, we find there is nothing there, we return to our first position; but we can observe no shadow or other reality that can be offered as an explanation of what we have seen, still less is there any spectre. An event of this kind predisposes us perhaps to return to that disposition of exaggeration so natural to our early life; and the next time the retina deceives us, we involuntarily give to the hallucination motion, and a more definite form.

Insects flying in the air, or rather floating in vacancy before us, present the incipient form of retinal malady. It may be provoked by undue use of the eyes, as reading by lamplight. I remark it constantly in my own case, after a prolonged use of the microscope. In a more aggravated form it less frequently occurs, as producing stars or sparks of light. From the earliest times physicians have observed that it is a "bad sign" when the patient localizes these images. "If the sick man says there be little holes in the curtains, or black spots on his bedclothes, then it is plain that his end is at hand."

Under the title of *Pseudoblepsis*, or false vision, medical authors enumerate several varieties of the foregoing phenomena. But when, as is most commonly the case, the derangement which gives origin to these appearances is not limited to the retina, but arising in some constitutional affection, involves more or less completely the entire nervous apparatus of the eye, retinal insanity and cerebral vision occur together. In those cases which have been investigated in a philosophical manner by the patients themselves, this complication is often distinctly recognized. Thus Nicolai, the Prussian bookseller, who published in the "Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Berlin" an interesting account of his own sufferings, states, that of the apparitions of men and women with which he was troubled, there were some which disappeared on shutting the eyes, but some did not.

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In such a case, there can be no doubt that the disease affected the corpora quadrigemina and the optic thalami, as well as the retina.

This condition in which the receiving centres and registering ganglia at the base of the brain are engaged, is the one which yields the most striking instances of hallucinations in which apparitions and visions coexist. It can, like the less complicated forms, be brought on artificially, as in the delirium tremens, which follows a cessation from the customary use of alcohol, or in the exaltation induced by the purposed administration of opium or other drugs. In this, as in those forms, it is the localization of the phantom among the bodies and things around us that begins to give power to the illusion. The form of a cloud, no bigger than the hand, is perhaps first seen floating over the carpet; but this, as the eye follows it, takes on a sharp contour and definite shape, and the sufferer sees with dismay a moping raven on some of the more distant articles of furniture. Or, out of an indistinct cloud, faces, sometimes of most surprising loveliness, emerge, another face succeeding as the former dies away. The mind, ever ready to practice imposture upon itself, will at last accompany the illusion with grotesque or even dreadful inventions. A sarcophagus, painted after the manner of the Egyptians, distresses the visionary with the rolling of its eyes. Martin Luther thus more than once saw the devil under the well-known form popularly assigned to him in the Middle Ages.

As the nervous centres have become more profoundly involved, these visions become more impressive. Instead of a solitary phantom intruding itself among recognized realities, as the shade of a deceased friend opens the door and noiselessly steps in, the complicated scenes of a true drama are displayed. The brain becomes, as it were, a theatre. According as the travel or the reading of the sick man may have been, the illusion takes a style. Black vistas of Oriental architecture, that stretch away into infinite night; temples, and fanes, and the battlemented walls of cities; colossal Pharaohs sitting in everlasting silence, with their hands upon their knees; and perhaps, to complete the scene, in a quiet gleam of sunlight, among palm-trees, the camels reposing. "I saw," says De Quincey, in his "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," "as I lay awake in bed, vast processions that passed along in mournful pomp, friezes of never-ending stories that, to my feelings, were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Œdipus and Priam, before Tyre, before Memphis. And at the same time a corresponding change took place in my dreams —a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendor."

Apparitions are the result of a false interpretation of impressions cotemporaneously made on the retina; visions are the presentment of the relics of old ones which yet remain in the registering ganglia of the brain. We convince ourselves of the truth of this general assertion, not so well from an examination of one or more well-related or authenticated cases, as from what may be termed the Natural History of Ghosts. The Greeks and Romans of antiquity were just as much liable to disorders of the nervous system as we are; but to them supernatural appearances came under mythologic forms—Venus, and Mars, and Minerva. The places of these were taken in the dreams of the ascetics of the Middle Ages by phantoms of the Virgin and the Saints. At a still later time in Northern Europe, and even in England, where the old pagan superstititions are scarcely yet rooted out of the vulgar mind, even though the Reformation has broken the system of ecclesiastical thought, Fairies, and Brownies, and Robin Goodfellows survived. The form of phantoms has changed with change in the creed of communities; and we may therefore, with good Reginald Scot, inquire, if the apparitions which have been seen by true men and brave men in all ages of the world were real existences, what has become of the swarms of them in these latter times?

One class of apparitions—perhaps it was the first to exist, as it is the last to remain—has survived all these changes; survived them because it is connected with a thing that never varies—the affection of the human heart. To the people of every age the images of their dead have appeared. They are not infrequent even in our own times. It would be an ungracious task to enter on an examination of the best authenticated of such reports. Inquiries of this kind can scarcely be covered from the liability to an imputation on personal veracity, perceptive power, or moral courage. And, after all, it is not necessary to entangle ourselves with these causes of offense. It is enough for us to perceive that even here incongruities may be pointed out. The Roman saw the shade of his friend clothed in the well-known toga, the European sees his in our own grotesque garb. The spirit of Maupertius, which stood by the bay-window of the library at Berlin, had on knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles. To the philosopher it may, perhaps, occur, that it is very doubtful if, among the awful solemnities of the other world, the fashions ever vary. Let us pause before we carry the vanities of life beyond the grave.

From such reflections as the preceding, I think it may therefore be concluded, that there are two sources from which spectral appearances are derived. First: Disturbances of the retina, which present masses of light and shade, or colors to the mind; and these are worked by the fancy into definite forms on the same principle that we figure to ourselves pictures of faces among glowing embers. This constitutes retinal insanity. Second: Gradual emergence from the registering ganglia of the brain of old impressions, which are rendered as intense and distinct as contemporaneous sensations. The two forms may, however, co-exist. Of the latter

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I may observe, that the views of Dr. Hibbert, in his work on Apparitions, appear to me to approach nearer to the truth than those of any other author. It will be perceived, however, after perusing his interesting book, that I have not laid the stress he has done on the mechanical influence of the circulation of the blood, but have viewed the effect as of a more purely nervous kind.

As this emergence of old images which have been registered in the optic thalami is not only connected with the physiological explanations we have given of the functions of the brain, but also occurs under circumstances of such singularity as to border upon the supernatural, we may pursue the consideration of it a little further. It may, I think, be broadly asserted, that all spectral appearances refer to things that are past—persons who are dead, events which have taken place, scenes that we have visited; or, if we have not the actual reality, then pictures, statues, or other such representatives thereof. It has never yet occurred that any one has seen a phantom, the indications of the bodily presence or representation of which, until that moment, he had never known. Thus, in the Middle Ages, the spectres of African negroes were common enough, but no man ever witnessed one of an American Indian; yet these, in their turn, prevailed after the voyage of Columbus. They were no strangers to the early colonial settlers. The same may be said of all kinds of inanimate objects.

As illustrating the manner in which impressions of the past may emerge from the registering ganglia, I shall here furnish an instance which borders close upon the supernatural, and fairly represents the most marvelous of these psychological phenomena. It occurred to a physician who related it in my hearing to a circle whose conversation had turned on the subject of personal fear. "What you are saying," he remarked, "may be very true, but I can assure you that the sentiment of fear, in its utmost degree, is much less common than you suppose; and though you may be surprised to hear me say so, I know, from personal experience, that it can be but little comprehended. When I was five or six years old, I dreamt that I was passing by a large pond of water in a very solitary place. On the opposite side of it there stood a great tree that looked as if it had been struck by lightning, and in the pond, at another part, an old fallen trunk, on one of the prone limbs of which there was a turtle sunning himself. On a sudden a wind arose, which forced me into the pond, and in my dying struggles to extricate myself from its green and slimy waters, I awoke trembling with terror.

"About eight years subsequently, while recovering from a nearly fatal attack of scarlet fever, this dream presented itself to me, identical in all respects, again. Even up to this time I do not think I had ever seen a living tortoise or turtle, but I indistinctly remembered there was the picture of one in the first spelling-book that had been given me. Perhaps, on account of my critical condition, this second dream impressed me more dreadfully than the first.

"A dozen years more elapsed. I had become a physician, and was now actively pursuing my professional duties in one of the Southern States. It so fell out that, one July afternoon, I had to make a long and wearisome ride on horseback. It was Sunday, and extremely hot; the path was solitary, and not a house for miles. The forest had that intense silence which is so characteristic of this part of the day. All the wild animals and birds seemed to have gone to their retreats, to be rid of the heat of the sun. Suddenly, at one point of the road, I came upon a great stagnant water-pool, and casting my eyes across it, there stood a pine-tree blasted by lightning, and on a log that was nearly even with the surface a turtle was basking in the sun. The dream of my infancy was upon me; the bridle fell from my hands; an unutterable fear overshadowed me, as I slunk away from the accursed place.

"Though business occasionally afterward would have drawn me that way, I could not summon the resolution to go, and actually have taken roundabout paths. It seemed to me profoundly amazing that the dream I had had should, after twenty years, be realized without respect to difference of scenery, or climate, or age. A good clergyman of my acquaintance took the opportunity of improving the circumstance to my spiritual advantage; and in his kind enthusiasm—for he knew that I had more than once been brought to the point of death by such fevers—interpreted my dream that I should die of marsh miasma.

"Most persons have doubtless observed, that they suddenly encounter circumstances or events of a trivial nature, in their course of life, of which they have an indistinct recollection that they have dreamt before. It seemed for a long time to me that this was a case of that kind, and that it might be set down among the mysterious and unaccountable. How wonderful it is that we so often fail to see the simple explanation of things, when that explanation is actually intruding itself upon us! And so in this case, it was long before the truth gleamed in upon me, before my reasoning powers shook off the delusive impressions of my senses. But it occurred at last. For I said to myself, 'Is it more probable that such a mystery is true, or that I have dreamed for the third time that which I had already dreamed of twice before? Have I really seen the blasted tree and the sunning turtle? Are a weary ride of fifty miles, the noontide heat, the silence that could almost be felt, no provocatives to a dream? I have ridden under such circumstances many a mile, and have awoke and known it.' And so I resolved that if ever circumstances carried me to those parts again, I would satisfy myself as to the matter.

"Accordingly, when after a few years an incident led me to travel there, I revisited the well-

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remembered scene. There still was the stagnant pool, but the blasted pine-tree was gone. And after I had pushed my horse through the marshy thicket as far as I could force him, and then dismounted and pursued a close investigation on foot, in every direction around the spot, I was clearly convinced that no pine-tree had ever grown there—not a stump nor any token of its remains could be seen. And so I have now concluded, that at the glimpse of the water, with the readiness of those who are falling asleep, I had adopted an external fact into a dream; that it had aroused the trains of thought which in former years had occupied me, and that, in fine, the mystery was all a delusion, and that I had been frightened with less than a shadow."

The instructive story of this physician teaches us how readily, and yet how impressively the remains of old ideas may be recalled—how they may, as it were, be projected into the space beyond us, and take a position among existing realities. That such images arise from a physical impression which has formerly been made on the registering ganglia, it is impossible to doubt; and that for their emergence from their dormant state it is necessary that there should be a dulling or blunting of contemporaneous sensations, so that these latent relics may present themselves with a relatively equal force. This equalization of the intensity of an old impression with a present sensation may be brought about in two different ways: first, by diminishing the force of present sensations, as when we are in a reverie, or have fallen asleep; or by breathing vapors unsuited for the support of respiration. Second, by increasing the activity of those parts of the brain in which the old impressions are stored up. On each of these a few remarks may be made.

Cerebral vision depends on an equalization in intensity between present sensations and old impressions. So long as the former predominate in power, the latter excite no attention, or are wholly overlooked. This condition is illustrated by such facts as that the flame of a candle held against the sun is utterly overpowered and imperceptible, but is seen of its proper brightness when it is in presence only of another flame like itself. Or as the stars, which are concealed by day, are plain enough when the light is withdrawn. Ancient impressions, harbored in the optic thalami, can not make themselves felt against sensations just establishing themselves. For, as when we have looked at a bright window, and then close our eyes, the retinal phantom we see becomes paler and paler, and after a while dies out, so do cerebral images undergo a diminution of intensity with lapse of time, though it may be questioned whether they ever entirely waste away. The law which obtains in our economy for other organs of sense applies in these cases too. Even in contemporaneously occurring sensations, unless there is something like an equality between them, the weaker makes no impression upon us. In the presence of a bright light a less brilliant one can not be seen; a feeble sound is made inaudible by an intensely loud one; minute variations of temperature become imperceptible when we are submitted to a great heat or cold. Ideas are no more than the vestiges of what were once sensations, and are subjected to the same physiological law. For them to become embodied, and to cheat the mind into a belief of their re-existence, equivalent in all regards to outward and actually existing things, the impressions of these latter must be diminished in their power, or the vigor of the former must be reinforced.

So when we are passing away into sleep, the organs of sense no longer convey their special impressions with the clearness and force that they did in our waking hours, and this gives to the decaying traces which are stored in the registering ganglia the power of drawing upon themselves the attention of the mind. So likewise in the delirium of fevers, the spectral phantoms which trouble the sick are first seen when the apartment is darkened and kept silent, especially when the patient closes his eyes. Until the senses are more completely overwhelmed, these shadows will disappear on brightly illuminating the room, or on opening the eyes. And so, too, in the hour of death, when outer things are losing their force upon the dim eye, and dull ear, and worn out body, images that have reference to the manner of our past life emerge, the innocent and good being attended in their solemn journey by visions in unison with their prior actions and thoughts; the evil with scenes of terror and despair. And it is right that it should be so.

The enfeebling of sensations which we are in the act of receiving from external sources, so as to bring them on an equality with those which have been long ago impressed, not only occurs in the condition of sleep and in the article of death, but may, in a temporary manner, be established by resorting to certain physical agents and drugs. Pressure upon the brain, either accidentally or purposely applied, is well known to produce such a result, and in like manner the inhalation of various agents, such as pure hydrogen gas, the vapor of ether or chloroform, or other non-supporters of respiration. On breathing these substances anæsthesia is soon induced; the external world is shut out; and on carrying forward the operation to its due extent, the mind and the brain are literally left to themselves. Opium acts in like manner, more particularly in the case of those who have accustomed themselves to its undue use. It, however, not only blunts the force of new impressions, but exerts a positive agency in intensifying the decaying remains of old ones. Under its full influence the true relations of space and of time disappear, a century of events is lived through in a single night, the vision can comprehend distances approaching to the infinite, and yet, in these circumstances, the mind does not perceive a riot of incongruous combi-

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nations, but every thing is presented in a methodical and orderly way: pictures, all the parts of which are in just proportions and severe keeping to each other, and long sequences of events that maintain a mutual harmony.

But, as I have just remarked, the equalization of new sensations with old impressions, which is necessary for phantom appearances, and the incarnation and outward localization of ideas, that is, cerebral vision, may take place by heightening or reinforcing the old impressions as well as by diminishing the intensity of the new sensations. And as in the former case, so, in this, the result can be reached in many different ways. Whatever will cause increased functional activity of the cerebral structure, will recall these old images in force. It is almost unnecessary to allude to the delirium that attends inflammatory states of the brain; artificial experiments are more instructive.

For the purpose of increasing the functional activity of the cerebral structure, protoxide of nitrogen, by reason of its greater solubility in blood, exceeds in power even oxygen gas itself. This substance, when respired, at once awakens long trains of vivid ideas, the recollection of all kinds of former scenes. Its action is divisible into two periods, the first corresponding to the heightened sensibility arising from the increased oxidation it is establishing in the economy; the second, to the depression which soon comes on through the consequent accumulation of carbonic acid, and which the lungs and skin are unable, with sufficient quickness, to remove. Sir H. Davy, who first recognized its physiological power, has given us a graphic description of these effects. He says: "A thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced. I felt a sense of tangible extension highly pleasurable in every limb; my visible impressions were dazzling and apparently magnified. I heard distinctly every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of my situation. By degrees, as the pleasurable sensation increased, I lost all connection with external things; trains of vivid, visible images rapidly passed through my mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce sensations perfectly novel. I existed in a world of newly-connected and newly-modified ideas. When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance by Dr. Kinglake, who took the bag from my mouth, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of the persons about me. My notions were enthusiastic and sublime, and for a moment I walked round the room, perfectly regardless of what was said to me. As I recovered my former state of mind, I felt an inclination to communicate the discoveries I had made during the experiment. I endeavored to recall the ideas; they were feeble and indistinct. One recollection of terms however presented itself, and, with the most intense belief and prophetic manner, I exclaimed to Dr. Kinglake, 'Nothing exists but thoughts; the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains.'"

In like manner, the intoxication that arises from alcohol has two distinct stages, depending on entirely different phases of its chemical action. At first there is an exaltation of effects, because of the increased functional activity established; but this, after a time, is succeeded by a dullness, or even stupefaction, attributable to the impression which the carbonic acid, arising from the destruction of the alcohol, is making upon the nervous centres.

By two different methods, therefore, ancient impressions may be equalized, as respects intensity, with new sensations. The vigor of the former may be increased, or the effect of the latter diminished.

Equalized in any way in their force, the mind is ready to confound its own ideas and external forms together. A cause which perhaps might seem to be too trivial fastens the attention, and at once a solitary form, or even the machinery of a long drama, emerges. It is no more possible for us to say why the thought runs in one course rather than another, and lays hold of image after image in succession, than we can foretell the way of a spark that moves darkling on the ashes of a piece of burnt paper. Yet it, too, runs in connected lines.

No better evidence can be given that the images we are speaking of are impressions of past events registered in the brain, and which gain the power of drawing upon themselves the attention of the mind, either by their assuming an unwonted intensity, or by the diminution of the influence of newly-arriving sensations, than the philosophical observations by some of those who have been liable to these infirmities on their own cases. Thus, in such a case recorded in "Nicholson's Philosophical Journal," and alluded to by Dr. Hibbert, "I had a visit," said the patient, "from Dr. C——, to whom, among other remarks, I observed, that I then enjoyed the satisfaction of having cultivated my moral habits, and particularly in having always endeavored to avoid being the slave of fear. I think, said I, that this is the breaking up of the system, and that it is now in progress to speedy destruction. In this state, when the senses have become confused, and no longer tell me the truth, they still present me with pleasing fictions, and my sufferings are mitigated by that calmness which allows me to find amusement in what are probably the concluding scenes of life. I give these self-congratulations without scruple, more particularly because they led to an observation of fact which deserves notice. When the doctor left me, my relaxed attention turned to the phantasms, and some time afterward, instead of a pleasing face, a visage of extreme rage appeared, which presented a gun at me, and made me start; but it remained the usual time, and then gradually faded away. This immediately showed me the probability of some connection between my thoughts and these images, for I ascribed the angry phantasm

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to the general reflection I had formed in conversation with Dr. C. I recollected some disquisitions of Locke, in his treatise on the Conduct of the Mind, where he endeavors to account for the appearance of faces to persons of nervous habits. It seemed to me as if faces in all their modifications being so associated with our recollections of the affections of passions, would be most likely to offer themselves in delirium, but I now thought it probable that other objects could be seen if previously meditated upon. With this motive it was that I reflected upon landscapes and scenes of architectural grandeur, while the faces were flashing before me, and after a certain considerable interval of time, of which I can form no precise judgment, a rural scene of hills, valleys, and fields appeared before me, which was succeeded by another and another in ceaseless succession—the manner and times of their respective appearance, duration, and vanishing, being not sensibly different from that of the faces. All the scenes were calm and still, without any strong lights or glare, and delightfully calculated to inspire notions of retirement, of tranquillity, and happy meditation." The same writer adds, in another place, "The figures returned, but now they consisted either of books, or parchments, or papers containing printed matter. I do not know whether I read any of them, but am at present inclined to think that they were not distinctly legible, or did not remain a sufficient time before they vanished. I was now so well aware of the connection of thought with their appearance, that by fixing my mind on the consideration of manuscript instead of printed type, the papers appeared after a time only with manuscript writing; and afterward, by the same process, instead of being erect they were all inverted, or appeared upside down."

We can not fail to remark the close resemblance between these illusions arising from a fixed meditation on recollected scenery, and the phantoms which are witnessed after our gaze has been steadily directed to some brightly-illuminated object, as a window, when we first awake. In both there is the same subdued and uncertain brilliancy of effect; in both the same gradual fading away; in both the mind does not refer the image it contemplates to an inward point or place, but sets it forth outwardly, projecting it into the empty or occupied region beyond. In inverse as in ordinary vision, the law of the line of visible direction is enforced, and this reference of cerebral images to a definite point in outer space, is a phenomenon of the same kind as the appearance of the invisible coin on pouring water into a basin, the lifting of ships into the air by atmospheric refraction, the appearance of the sun and moon every day above the horizon before they have actually risen and after they have set, and many other optical illustrations that might be mentioned.

Physiology, though full of teleological illustrations—that is, examples of the use of means for the accomplishment of an end—has none more worthy of consideration than this of inverse vision. Men in every part of the world, even among nations the most abject and barbarous, have an abiding faith not only in the existence of a spirit that animates us, but also in its immortality. Of these there are multitudes who have been shut out from all communion with civilized countries, who have never been enlightened by Revelation, and who are mentally incapable of reasoning out for themselves arguments in support of those great truths. Under such circumstances, it is not very likely that the uncertainties of tradition derived from remote ages could be any guide to them; for traditions soon disappear, except they are connected with the wants of daily life. Can there be, in a philosophical view, any thing more interesting than the manner in which these difficulties have been compensated, by implanting in the very organization of every man means of constantly admonishing him of these facts, of recalling them with an unexpected vividness before him, even after they have become so faint as almost to die out? Let him be as debased and benighted a savage as he may, shut out from all communion with races whom Providence has placed in happier circumstances, he has still the same organization, and is liable to the same physiological incidents as ourselves. Like us he sees in his visions the fading forms of landscapes that are perhaps connected with some of his most grateful recollections; and what other conclusion can he possibly derive from these unreal pictures, but that they are the foreshadowings of another land beyond that in which his lot is cast? Like us he is visited at intervals by the resemblances of those whom he has loved or hated while they were alive; nor can he ever be so brutalized as not to discern in such manifestations suggestions which to him are incontrovertible proofs of the existence and immortality of the soul. Even in the most refined social conditions we are never able to shake off the impression of these occurrences, and are perpetually drawing from them the same conclusions as did our uncivilized ancestors. Our more elevated condition of life in no respect relieves us from the inevitable consequences of our own organization, any more than it relieves us from infirmities and disease. In these respects, all over the globe we are on an equality. Savage or civilized, we carry about within us a mechanism intended to present us with mementoes of the most solemn facts with which we can be concerned, and the voice of history tells us that it has ever been true to its design. It wants only moments of repose or of sickness, when the influence of external things is diminished, to come into full play, and these are precisely the moments when we are best prepared for the truths it is going to suggest. Such a mechanism is in keeping with the manner in which the course of Nature is fulfilled, and bears in its very style the impress of invariability of action. It is no respecter of persons. It neither permits the haughtiest to be free from the monitions, nor leaves the

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humblest without the consolations of a knowledge of another life. Liable to no mischances nor loss, open to no opportunity of being tampered with by the designing or interested, requiring no extraneous human agency for its effect upon every man, but involuntarily ever present with each wherever he may go, it marvelously extracts from vestiges of the impressions of the past overwhelming proofs of the reality of the future; and, gathering its power from what would seem to be a most unlikely source, it insensibly leads us, no matter who or where we may be, to a profound belief in the immortal and imperishable, from phantoms which have scarcely made their appearance before they are ready to vanish away.

It is scarcely necessary for me to do more than barely refer to the assertions of those who would have it believed that they look upon all these appearances as fictions and deliberate impostures. What is to become of all history if such a doctrine could be maintained? Human evidence must be regarded as utterly worthless! Moreover, no one denies the existence of dreams, and the phenomena we have here been treating of are philosophically of the same order.

THISTLE FIGS; OR, THE GRAPES THAT GROW ON THORNS.

"Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive."—*My last Duchess.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

IT was in this present month of July, and Don Bobtail Fandango and I were driving upon the beach at Newport. The wind was rising, but it blew soft and warm over the ocean. The light clouds clustered around the setting sun, and the wind-mills stood against the west, stretching wide their skeleton arms. The carriages had rolled homeward, and a solitary horseman galloped by us at intervals and disappeared in the twilight. The gray solitude of the sea began to creep into the air, and to reassume the supremacy which the afternoon's promenade had for a moment interrupted. Far out upon the horizon shone the white sails—shone for a few moments, then faded.

"Like the children of Israel," said Don Bob, as his eyes roved along the horizon, "we march upon the bottom of the sea; but there is no engulfing now of Pharaoh's chariots and horsemen. They splutter on at their inscrutable pleasure; and only when they have rolled off, the sea crawls up, sadly moaning, to wash away their traces. Do you suppose it finds any music to blend with its song, from all the gay laughter that has rung here this afternoon? any brighter ray for its gems from all the glances that have shone here? any thought of a beauty and grace superior to its own, which it can secrete in its depths like a more precious pearl?"

"It is a very misanthropic old monster if it can not," replied I; "and especially misogonistical?"

"We talk of Nature," continued my diplomatic friend—I am afraid with a slight sneer—"and of the influences of Nature. But the nature that is strong is human nature. You saw Clytemnestra driving here this afternoon seated in the ample shadow of Mrs. Gorgon. When you meet Clytemnestra in the festive halls which she so despises and frequents, pleading that she is getting through the frivolities of life—which it takes her a great while to do—should you suspect—would you believe, that she had daily, or tri-weekly, for two months, driven by the side of the loud-sounding sea? Do you wonder that the laughter of the sea is inextinguishable? or what is your opinion of the poets who enlarge melodiously upon the benign influences of Nature?"

"My dear Don Bob, you are getting chilled by the evening air."

"Not at all, my young friend. It is very grateful. I like to see a wave after seeing a wriggle. The movement of the sea is almost as graceful as the tiddling of that lovely belle who came last night and will go to-morrow. I have a story to tell you of Clytemnestra—the girl who has perfect style and *chique*—who adores the proprieties—who has every crinoline charm of person and all the height that heels can impart; the girl with the right acquaintances, with an accurate knowledge of the *nuances* of gloves and the due length of ribbons, with whose dress, manners, and mind a really noble man could find no more fault than a really freezing man with the Rosenlani glacier; the girl who, without beauty, talent, character, or sincere aims of any kind, tosses her head at life superciliously, and is sure that, had a kinder fate permitted her birth in another country, she must certainly have been born a Princess Royal

"Behold my heroine! and let your pity wait upon the rising of the curtain. Hear how the sea wails and sadly dashes! Has Nature provided this eternal moan that the eternal silent tragedy of life may not be undeplored?

"Imagine that you had a sister, and that old Mrs. Gorgon was her mother! Nature probably has some intention in the construction of these chimeras dire. Your amiable Aunts Mastodon and Anthropophagus have undoubtedly a purpose. I remember when I was first accredited to the Cannibal Islands, I was one day taking my constitutional upon the banks of the blue Moselle, when I overtook his Majesty. Now the great problem that had excited my mind during my residence at his court had been why there should be any King of the Cannibal Islands at all. I knew if I could understand that, I could explain all the Mrs. Gorgons and Aunt Mastodons in the world. So I approached his Majesty, who held his hand upon his stomach and appeared to be in pain.

"'Good-morning, Majesty,' I began.

"'Good-morning, Embassador—oh! oh!' replied the King of the Cannibal Islands, pressing more heavily upon his stomach.

"'Why is Majesty so pensive this morning?' inquired I, with sympathy.

"'My dear Fandango,' he answered, 'I yes-

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terday lunched upon cold clergyman, and it disagreed with me. Honored Embassador, let me not have lived in vain; let me impart to you one counsel founded upon experience.'

"So saying, he drew nearer to me with an air of mystery.

"'Fandango,' said the King of the Cannibal Islands, 'always take your clergymen hot. They are good for nothing if they are cold. You will find that they lie very heavily indeed if they are not hot—oh! oh!'

"And the King of the Cannibal Islands died that night of a colic.

"Since that epoch of my diplomatic experience, I have had the firmest faith that every body was made for some purpose. Nor do Mesdames Gorgon, Mastodon, and Anthropophagus disturb my faith. I can swallow them all.

"Well, Clytemnestra could not very well help having Mrs. Gorgon for her mother. I think she was sorry for it. I have no doubt that children often look with wonder upon their progenitors, and try to ascertain what occult relation there can possibly be between them. You remember in your Charles Lamb's essay upon the South Sea House how exquisitely he recognizes this fact—he being one of the men who took the facts of life rather than the theories. How is it that December begets May? Poor May! how often I have seen her slowly wither, wither, wither, in that cold, spectral light which is December's best affection?

"From the beginning Clytemnestra was carefully taught how to stand, sit, move, eat, drink, sleep, and have her being. She early looked upon the world as a young ladies' academy, with grim Mamma Gorgon as the mistress, and life the long and dreary lesson. She was allowed, at a very early age, to drive hoop with discretion, and upon condition that pantalets were not torn nor frocks rumpled. Mademoiselle Tigre, her *gouvernante*, or *ennuyante*, as she preferred to call her, presided over her recreations with severe dignity. But driving hoop in state was tedious, and she abandoned that form of excitement for a daily promenade, accompanied by the *ennuyante*, who told her to keep her shoulders straight; not to waggle; not to look to the right; not to look to the left; not to stare at the shop windows; not to point; not to exclaim; not to talk too loud; not to talk too low; not to talk too much; not to talk too little; not to swing her hands; not to carry herself stiffly; not to slouch; not to gesticulate; to bow modestly when the proper people spoke to her; to look blandly unconscious when the undesirable passed. Under such auspices Clytemnestra promenaded herself to a wonder, as the *ennuyante* expressed it in the French language.

"Occasionally she was taken out in the carriage with mamma, as Mrs. Gorgon was familiarly termed by her children, and by her dependents, when speaking of their awful mistress to Miss Clytemnestra. I have seen children driving with their mammas, in the Cannibal Islands and elsewhere, and although they climbed at random over laps, and laughed at windows, and joked with papa and mamma, and were very affectionate and very troublesome, and had the most splendid time that was ever heard of—if you could trust their account of it—yet I have seen nothing in the Cannibal Islands or elsewhere that could for a moment compare with the solemn grandeur of a promenade in the carriage of Mrs. Tusk Gorgon, as performed by that distinguished leader of the fashionable world and the youthful daughter of the house, Clytemnestra. There was no laughing at the windows here; no ranging freely over affectionate laps; no confusion, and heat, and pulling of ribbons, and delicious disorder. Not at all; a king's funeral could not be conducted with more serious precision.

"Stately order reigned in the Gorgon household as it did in Warsaw. The house clock on the carved mantel, that regularly rung the hours, striking three for three, four for four, no more, no less, not too soon and not too fast, and dying away into a monotonous and muffled tick, tick, tick, was the symbol of that family. It went by clock-work. The furniture was always shiny, without scratch or nick. It held its place to an angle. Gilt books reposed mathematically upon marble tables. There was no sign of newspaper or pamphlet. Upon a buhl escritoire stood a porcelain vase. The bronze clock was flanked by bronze burners. There were no pictures on the walls. There were heavy curtains over the windows, through which stole the frightened daylight, like a thief, and lurked suspiciously in the corners of the room. There were two large chairs, easy in form, and covered with superb damask. Upon her Tuesday mornings Mrs. Tusk Gorgon occupied one, and her daughter, as she grew up, the other. Every morning, at ten o'clock, James, the waiter, entered the drawing-room and opened the piano. At the same moment, Miss Clytemnestra and Mademoiselle Tigre appeared. Under the steady superintendence of that lady, Miss Clytemnestra practiced her music-lesson for one hour. At eleven, James, the waiter, entered the drawing-room, and, the ladies having retired, he closed the instrument, and left the unhappy chairs, tables, burners, books, and other state-prisoners, to solitude, gloom, and the muffled ticking of the clock.

"The warerooms of M. Bosch himself were not fuller of more irreproachable furniture than the drawing-rooms of Madam Gorgon. The piano was never left open, by any chance; the books were always replaced; the chairs stood like statues on a tower. There were no work-baskets; no scraps of work or paper; no toys; no nameless confusion hinting that children had been at play, as the heaving wake of water shows that a ship has passed.

"'I can not make a nursery of my drawing-room,' was the crushing reply of Mrs. Tusk Gorgon to some audacious friend, who, gasping in

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a surfeit of elegant precision, ventured to suggest that the sight of a toy or a newspaper would be a relief.

"The mother received her daughter in the drawing-room in a kind of semi-state. It was just before dinner, when she was dressed for that ceremony, or just after, when Clytemnestra was about to go to bed. The little girl behaved very well. She kissed her mamma without tumbling her collar—thanks to the indefatigable instruction of the invaluable Tigre. She even climbed with propriety into the maternal lap, and sat there perfectly still. She did not jump about the room, nor hang upon the sofas or chairs, but she sat gravely in them, and looked seriously at mamma, and when that lady said, 'Good-night, my daughter,' the girl advanced and exchanged osculatory salutes with the revered being, and withdrew without a word. Alas! in what black and fathomless abyss was the mother's childhood buried? Let us pity those who have forgotten their youth as we pity Lucifer who fell from heaven!

"Clytemnestra's society was superintended in the same way by the untiring *gouvernante*. She went to select dancing-schools and small children's parties, all of whose mothers were upon Mrs. T. Gorgon's visiting list. The calm eye of that lady had fixed itself upon certain children of the other sex who would one day be youths and marriageable. Clytemnestra was occasionally permitted to invite such companions to tea. Mamma knew the advantages of early intimacies. She did not build upon them; she was much too wise for that. But she knew very well how useful certain acquaintances and habits are; and she lost no opportunities.

"As I used to contemplate Clytemnestra when she began to appear at her mamma's Tuesday mornings, and as I considered the admirable capacities which that lady possessed for accomplishing her own ends, I could not but remember the gold flies of the Cannibal Islands. I was wont to watch them during my diplomatic career, as they streamed out into the sunlight, and, whirring in the splendor, fell into the great webs of the black spiders, and there floundered feebly a second, and then lay, small balls of dingy web, their gold dimmed forever, and their flashing sun-life over.

"We all assert the supremacy of the soul over circumstances. We all insist that men must be superior to all kinds of accidents, and we draw a great many curious and conclusive analogies from nature. Now you are superior to accidents, are you not, my dear Smytthe? If a girl has a lovely soul and talks bad grammar, you are not shocked, I suppose? If she has simplicity of nature, and dresses dowdily, you are blind to that fact? If she has warm affections, and talks loud, and is generally hoydenish, you are unconcerned? If she is clever, and not neat; if she is truly generous, and fat; if she is sympathetic, and bashful to awkwardness—it all makes no difference to you, who believe in being superior to circumstances?

"You look uncertain. You absolutely shake your head and are not quite sure.

"Well now, if you, in your regard for what is essentially worthy in a woman, are affected by external circumstances and details—if you are not superior to such accidents, do you think a young girl, subject to the most artificial influences from the beginning, is apt to rise above them, or ought to be very severely censured if she utterly sinks under them, and, instead of sporting a butterfly in the sun, remains a grub in the earth all her life?

"To-morrow I will take you in my yacht to the poor-house at the head of the harbor, and show you a grisly old paralytic drunkard who was a fair baby sixty years ago. He has gone utterly astray, and, while you are disgusted, you must needs pity that wreck of a man. Then we will come back, and I will drive you on the beach in my carriage, and show you Clytemnestra sitting in the shadow of her mother; and while you confess the tournure and the general elegance, you must needs pity that wreck of a woman. For not more entirely is the grisly drunkard a tragical failure as a man, than the hard-eyed Clytemnestra a failure as a woman. Think of Shakspeare's women; of all the women poets have sung and heroes loved; think of your own love and your own romantic ideal, and then look at Clytemnestra. Do you prefer the yacht or the carriage?

"The girl grew up under this kind of pressure. Natural emotion, or rather its expression, was as effectually barred out of her life as the sunshine was curtained from her mother's drawing-rooms. She gradually came to prefer propriety to principle. How could she help it? Which did she see every where around her? From her mamma's false front to the smile with which she received the visitor whom she had been satirizing, what did she see but a vain show? Had she ever been permitted to have her hair disheveled? Had she not been more severely reprimanded for running in the street than for striking her young cousin? Had she not always come home from church, and heard the sermon mentioned, critically or cantingly, and the dresses of the congregation discussed at length, and with interest and acrimony. We elders are perfect fools with children, and fancy Jane and John in the corner, who are demurely listening, and have been told to speak when they are spoken to, do not know what subjects really interest us, and are to be fobbed off with a few phrases. They know very well that mamma is interested in the bonnet, and not in the sermon—and they survey the bonnet accordingly, and discuss it at length.

"If Clytemnestra had been a girl of great genius or remarkable energy of character, she would have resisted the warping process by the strength of her nature. But she was only very clever and quick, with a strong temper. Necessarily the smartness dwindled, as she grew, into sarcasm; the quickness became a wearisome flippancy; and the strong temper, curbed by a

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stronger, grew sour and sad. Mamma Gorgon, and the *gouvernante*, and the irreproachable furniture, and the state promenades, had their legitimate effects. When Clytemnestra was launched into the world by Mrs. Tusk Gorgon's being at home on a certain evening, with '*on dansera*' in the corner of the card, it was conceded that she was a success, and one of the most lady-like girls in society.

"So the great game began upon a wider stage. Youth would break through sometimes. The Powers to whom our fragrant first years belong will not altogether lose the incense or the sacrifice. As the child sometimes ran and shouted in the street, despite the *ennuyante*, so, in the drawing-room, the young lady yielded to her emotions, and showed whom she liked, and for whom she did not care. The calm eye of mamma surveyed it all, and her tranquil, but intense, tongue remonstrated and reproved. There was no mitigation of the maternal superintendence. Mrs. Gorgon was sure of Clytemnestra in the sequel; but she wanted her not to falter in the process.

"She was to make a brilliant match, whatever that may mean. One thing, however, it does not necessarily mean. To make a brilliant match is not another form of expression for marrying the man or woman you love. It is an arrangement, not a feeling. It is the conjunction of Jupiter with his four moons, and Venus, the evening star. Mars may wax red with rage and weeping, and Pallas hide her face in the friendly night, but the brilliant match must be made. With all my moons Jupiter must endow his bride, and the sweet evening star never know what a life she has lost.

"In Spain I can understand what a brilliant match means, and in the Cannibal Islands; but what is a brilliant match here? Young Remus Swabbers will have two millions. Is he a brilliant match? He is good-tempered, dresses well, has small hands and feet, plays a good game at billiards, is tolerably accomplished, dances well, and has an ear for music; has no bad habits, and has been to Paris, and seen the elephant. Do these things, plus two millions of dollars, make a brilliant match? If Linda of Chamouni sees Remus Swabbers, and likes him very well, without particularly loving him more than all the other young fellows she meets at the parties, does she marry brilliantly if she accepts him? Would Beatrice have made a brilliant match if she had married Dante?

"The most astute mothers sometimes fail. Why will people so perversely fall in love with the wrong objects? Why will that romantic Rebecca jump upon the very edge of the frightful parapet, and threaten to jump if the Knight Templar does not withdraw his suit? Girls are so giddy! If they could only be born with false fronts and a 'so glad to see you' on their lips! If they would only let romance and foolish love-making go to the Poets and old times to which they belong, and marry discreetly, and quietly saturate themselves with scandal! Girls are so trying, even the most carefully educated! Who would have thought that modest little Desdemona must needs go and throw herself away upon that dark-complexioned military person? Of course he would ultimately apply a pillow to her face. What did she expect? Those romantic affairs always end so. I hope, my dear Clytemnestra, you have not been educated by me in vain.

"No, Mrs. Gorgon, you may be sure of that: not in vain. Did ever a plant grow in a cellar without becoming white, although the most golden green was its birthright, and the sunshine its natural climate?

"It was during her first season at this very Newport that Clytemnestra first saw Pygmalion. He danced with her by chance one evening, having been introduced by a friend. He was handsome enough, and agreeable enough. He danced, and talked, and moved, with the air of a man who knew the world, and whose interests were not bounded by a ball-room. There was nothing especially striking about him. All the girls who didn't fall in love with him, agreed that there was no particular reason why any body should fall in love with him. He was very well, certainly. He had sufficient *air noble*. He was always well dressed. He tied his cravats well, and had such lovely small feet! He had small talk enough, and an ear for music that made him dance well: but law!

"Pygmalion was a sensitive, sympathetic, high-toned, highly-cultivated man. 'Who was his mother?' demanded Mrs. Tusk Gorgon, with dignity. 'Lord, mamma, how should I know?' replied Clytemnestra. 'He is a pleasant man; and I can tell you it is something to find a man who does not pull off his wits when he pulls on his gloves.' 'Be careful, my daughter; that is all,' returned mamma, and the conversation dropped.

"Pygmalion joined bowling parties of which Clytemnestra was one. He drove in carriages sitting on the front seat opposite Miss Gorgon. He heard her sharp short remarks upon the people who passed. He marked the calmer venom which Mrs. T. Gorgon spat upon the gay throng. There were yachting excursions at which Pygmalion carried the Gorgon shawls, and handed *paté* to the General-in-chief. There were promenades in hotel halls after dinner, at which Clytemnestra appeared upon his arm, and listened to music with him. At hops and balls it always happened that he went home with her. Clytemnestra did not commit herself. A certain social latitude is tolerated at watering-places. Amina may drive with Elvino in his open wagon at Newport *sans peur et sans reproche*. Elsewhere, having been seen driving together in the afternoon, they would be congratulated in the evening. Mrs. Gorgon was wary. She would not directly oppose. Absurd! There was no necessity. What were you thinking of? Oppose! I assure you I never oppose a little convenient flirtation. Pygmalion is a

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particular friend of the family. Mr. Pygmalion, I thank you to bring me my shawl. Come, Clytemnestra! my dear.

"Then it was astonishing to observe what a sudden intimacy had arisen between mamma and her daughter. Pygmalion always found them together in the morning. Mrs. Gorgon was very fond of bowling, it appeared, and haunted the alleys with the more ardor and uniformity that she had avoided them all the season until now. It was so pleasant, too, to go and see the young people dance in the evening. Really! I did not know how much it amused me. And, Mr. Pygmalion, I know I can depend on you to see us across the street! You are extremely kind. I hope you will drive with us to-morrow afternoon? Nobody else, I assure you. Only my daughter, and you, and myself. Engaged? Oh! I am very sorry. We arer eally very sorry, indeed, eh, Clytemnestra?

"Miss Gorgon was certainly very clever. Half the good things in Newport were traced to her, and they were so delicately done—it was foolish to be offended. Her hard round eyes surveyed the scene and saw so much more than any body else. She was considered terribly sarcastic, and the youth of the land were reluctant to be presented to her, not knowing how they would be received. But her demure politeness plastered the stabs she gave. The youth smarted, but saw no scar. Ah! why not content to have buried her own youth out of sight, like a pirate his only treasure, should Mrs. Gorgon have also crowded her daughter's life into a grave, and have hidden the mound with artificial flowers?

"Pygmalion knew that he was in love, and wondered at it as much as any body. He wondered at it, because, in a nature so sensitive, love only sharpens every instinct and perception, and he saw, more truly than any body else, the precise character of the woman he loved. No lover supposes his blonde mistress to be a brunette; nor if she is five feet high does he imagine her to be six in her stockings. No man believes the woman he loves to be intelligent if she is clearly the reverse; nor dull if she is evidently witty. He does not even conceal from himself that her temper is irritable if he finds that it is so; nor that she lacks sympathy in a hundred things, if she has proved it every time he sees her. If she is not beautiful he cheerfully confesses it. My dear Smytthe, you look amazed. But, consider, he has his revenges. He grants to you that she is not beautiful, because she has disproportioned features. Yet that very disproportion is a charm to his eyes. It is by that face that he knows her. It is with that face that he loves her. He will not argue that disproportion is beauty: not at all, he only asserts that that face is more lovely to him than beautiful faces. So he does not say that she is bad-tempered; but that suspicious quickness seems to him only a sensitiveness indicative of high spirit. If you have blood, he argues, you must take a little prancing with it. If she lacks sympathy, he asks, why should I demand her head when I have her heart? There is no advocate so placid and so subtle. He concedes all your side, and insists upon his own. If you suggest considerations, he has considered every thing. He has a perfect theory of himself, and his mistress, and life. Epictetus growls at him for looking through the rose spectacles, and he laughs Epictetus to scorn. Ah! well, let him pass! It is splendid, this spectacle of the young knight in flashing armor dashing, with waving pennon, to the field, and bowing us kisses as he smiles and passes. His is a courage which defeat will not dampen, and a heroism which is immortal as hope.

"Pygmalion saw that Clytemnestra was sarcastic, and he said that it was only high spirit a little spoiled by mamma. He winced when it showed itself sharply; but love is fate and not reason. You may control its expression—you can not limit the feeling. You may prove conclusively that this is not the woman for you; but love barricades itself in your heart, and nails its flag to the mast, and will starve and die, but will not confess nor surrender. You may scoff, best Smytthe, and you probably will. But I have known a great many people who married cheerfully, and received, without a touch of pallor or blushing, the congratulations of those who had their hearts and their secret devotions. I have great respect for the dignity of human nature. It can suffer, and endure, and smile, without even the vague consolation that sometime the heroism will be known, and an admiring public applaud. If we men are heroes, what are women? Who wouldn't take Sebastopol if he could be gazetted, and sung by Tennyson, and have the freedom of the city presented in a pinch of snuff? But there are greater victories achieved every day, and there is no crown and no singer. Yes, and how many Sebastopols of another kind are every day surrendered to an enemy which enters, carelessly reveling, and mercilessly slaughtering the whole garrison!

"Clytemnestra loved Pygmalion. But what then? If this were a pastoral poem which I were reciting to you, O Smytthe! upon the shore of the multitudinous sea, Corydon and Amaryllis should glance, and sigh, and flutter into each other's breasts, and the verse should culminate in an epithalamium. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Did I not yesterday hear Abijah Stubbs say at dinner to young Swabbers that Jason was much too wary a youth to marry Medea, because old Eson was still lively, and could not cut up very richly after all. If Jason is a man—if Jason has self-respect—if it has ever entered into the mind of Jason to conceive that there are such things as honor, and loyalty, and nobility, will he not consider within himself whether his life and character have really justified the observation of Abijah Stubbs? It may often chance that the Stubbs family will say a hundred such things without reason. But

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can any high-minded Jason hear them without exculpating himself to himself, or summoning himself to receive sentence of the extreme penalty of the law?

"You will recall the driving hoop with discretion; the promenades superintended by the *ennuyante*, or in the carriage-of-state with Madame the mother. You will remember the piano practicings, and the parlor proprieties, so punctiliously observed by the young Clytemnestra. You will not forget the ceremonious youth, the formal childhood, the total expurgation of freshness and sweet natural impulse from her life. You have seen the spring-time: you knew the seed. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Your child need not be a hoyden because she is allowed to move and do as her years incline. And if Nature must be tamed and regulated, which, I grant, is sometimes well, it is a great deal better to have it untamed and unregulated, than to have it outraged by Mademoiselle Tigre. If the dilemma is Nature or Mademoiselle Tigre, I and my family will go in for Nature, and take the chance of our hair being in disorder and the sun giving us freckles. And isn't this the dilemma a great deal oftener than we think, my precious Smytthe, and do we not usually select the amiable Tigre and let Nature go?

"Clytemnestra loved Pygmalion. Mrs. Gorgon was alarmed. 'My dear Mrs. Anthropophagus, I am astonished! Absurd! You are sure she has a preference for him? My dear lady, you have not observed them. Clytemnestra is one of his best friends—they are, in fact, very intimate. Mr. Pygmalion is a very particular friend of the family. But beyond that, of course, there is nothing. It's really quite amusing to hear people talk. Ah! nothing at all, I assure you. You see, in the first place, he is not a marrying man. He has no fortune. He has just started in his profession. And Clytemnestra, with her habits, you know—oh, no! quite absurd! You are really very much mistaken. But I must tell Clytemnestra that every body does not understand Mr. Pygmalion's position in the family, and she ought to take care. You are perfectly right, my dear Mrs. Anthropophagus, a young lady can not be too cautious. Dear me! it is quite amusing; but I assure you, you know.'

"So Mrs. Gorgon without end. Is it not astonishing that the Dragon family never can learn any thing? If Mrs. Tusk Gorgon *née* Dragon, prides herself upon any thing, it is her knowledge of the world; and yet she talks as if she really supposed Mrs. Anthropophagus believed her, or paid the slightest attention to what she said. Has not Mrs. Anthropophagus eyes, and, to a certain extent, mind, and the power of combining two twos into four? Does she not know that nothing would be more likely, so capricious is Cupid, than that these two people should love each other—not marry—that is another thing. Does she not also know that Mrs. G. would tear her hair, metaphorically, if there should be any kind of entanglement? Does she not, with great justice, reason from Mrs. G.'s ardor, that there is some apprehension in that lady's mind of the result she dreads? The case being reversed, Mrs. Gorgon would do precisely the same thing in reference to Mrs. Anthropophagus. But although she knows this, she has a vague expectation of blinding the Anthropophagus, who, I grant, is not very witty, but is a little too wise for that.

"From his chamber-window, late at night Pygmalion looked up at the stars. The noisy life of the place was hushed for a little while, and the great, black, dewy silence refreshed his eyes and his mind. He thought it very wild and strange that he should be thrall to this woman. In that moment a light seemed to fall upon his eyes from heaven, and what he saw, he saw illuminated with truth. He thought he saw her as she was, and not as he fancied her to be. He dreaded the future, and the sad uncertainties of life. All that seemed to him hard and hopeless in her recurred to his mind. But in a moment the dream returned, and floated around him like a rosy cloud, and wrapped him and lifted him, and he saw only the woman he loved robed in all her possibilities. Was not love celestial, and superior, and victorious? Could he be recreant to the greatest of powers, or pretend to be wiser than Nature? Should he with his head withstand his heart—with his reason his instinct? If he could reason himself out of love, might he not reason himself in, and was not that to destroy all conception of its subtlety and splendor?

"Clytemnestra had her meditations also. Actions may be controlled, but not feelings. She had been early taught to school her emotions, and the result was—the only possible result—she schooled their expression. The bounding, eager girl drove hoop discreetly, and the curbed woman played the great game of life with rigid propriety. There are people who hate sin much less than they hate a scene, and who consider enthusiasm and demonstration of feeling bad taste. Indifference is good taste to such judges, for they have not learned that affectation can never be tasteful nor beautiful. Their opinion of life is not worth knowing, for they do not appreciate the finest powers of life. Their estimate of persons depends upon crinoline and the tailor. So subtle is the venom of Cockneyism, that I have seen many an intelligent and originally sensible woman strongly prejudiced against another because of some want of style or conventional detail of dress. The Cockney estimate of character is *chique;* and I have a hundred times seen Ninon de l'Enclos, in a Parisian toilet, admired, and envied, and flattered, by all the women whose smiles we desire, my dear Smytthe, while the Madonna passed unrecognized in a dowdy gown. Do I, therefore, like dowdy gowns? No, my perceptive Smytthe. But I prefer beauty, and grace, and fine character—in short, a fascinating woman in a limp skirt to a sparkling sinner in boundless crinoline.

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"Our sex, fortunately for Pygmalion, is less severely judged. Women can not respect a fop or a coxcomb, as such. He may amuse but he can not permanently interest. If a man is tolerably well dressed, and does not outrage the fashion, he will pass, if he be agreeable. It is because men care less about dress than women, and therefore criticise less; and because women know very little of our dress, and therefore can not criticise at all. I say women can not like a fop, as such. But the secret of fascination in men is beyond all computing or explaining, Pygmalion is fascinating. You ask the reason, and, as you survey him and hear him, you may satisfactorily account to yourself for the fact. But Pollio is fascinating! What are you going to do there? Pollio is a man without beauty, or grace, or wit, or conversation, or good feeling, or fine character. He does not dress well; he is not heroic, he is not rich, nor famous, nor promising. Apparently he has not a single element of success, but you and I, my Smytthe, would give much to have half his triumphs with women. When Pollio comes, we metaphorically gnash our teeth, and tear our hair, and go into caves and the bowels of the earth, cursing the hour we were born, and all mankind, especially Pollio. But we smile externally, and, if we are wise, feign excuses for retiring. We go off and talk with Glumdalclitch, while Pollio takes the day of our delight captive, leads away our stately Norma, our pearl of joy, by some inexplicable fate, and leaves the world to darkness and to us. I see this dreary fact and I submit to it, but I can not explain it. We wise men are always indignant when the Queens of Love and Beauty prefer the coxcombs and the fools. We try to persuade ourselves that they do not. We try to believe that the amiable and accomplished Clarissa sees the odious Lovelace in his true light; and even while we talk with her and expatiate with eloquence upon life and the landscape, Clarissa deems us dreadful bores, and longs for a look and a word from the odious Lovelace. I beg you to notice whether the youths who are tipsy, the youths who gamble, the youths who are dissipated in every way, find any difficulty in procuring partners for the dance. The most exemplary Belindas have a hundred satisfactory reasons why they can not refuse to dance with the whole Boosey family. They give their approbation to debauchery and dissipation of various kinds in the only way they can give it, by countenancing those who are guilty. They treat the dashing Cæsar Borgia precisely as they treat the accomplished and noble-hearted Chevalier Bayard. Do you mean to tell me that, just in the degree in which they countenance the dashing Cæsar, they are not responsible for his conduct? Has the favor of woman come to be so cheap that it is given to boots and dress-coats, without regard to the man who occupies those articles of apparel? A woman who insists that the courtesies of society compel her to treat a man whose whole life is an insult to her sex, precisely as she treats a man who respects and honors her, is an unfortunate of whom I wish to speak gently as we do of the unfortunate Swiss of the Valais who are afflicted with *góitre*. But they should also be tenderly removed from society, because they infect it with a fatal disease.

"But all this does not undo the fascination of Lovelace nor lessen Clarissa's danger.

"'Pour chasser de sa souvenance
L'ami secret,
On se donne tant de souffrance,
Sans nul effet.
Toujours à la mémoire
L'image chérie revient;
En pensant qu'il faut qu'on l'oublie
On s'en souvient.'

So found Clytemnestra and Pygmalion. Her mind was made up. She knew what she should say and do whenever he declared his love, if he ever did. I think as a woman of the world she hoped he would keep silent, because she liked him and was pleased with his homage. But as a woman who loved, she could not bear not to hear that she was loved. Upon his side, he was sure of himself and a little doubtful of her. But he knew, as every lover knows, I suppose, my dear Smytthe, that he must at last say something. So the Fates drive us on.

"'Yes, we really return to town to-morrow,' he heard Mrs. Gorgon say to your aunt Mastodon one evening at the end of August. Mrs. G. did not state the reason of her departure. Perhaps Mr. Pygmalion surmised it. At all events it was a moonlight evening, and Miss Clytemnestra was promenading with young Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, who had arrived that day. Pygmalion said many pointless things to many pointless young ladies, with his eyes and mind firmly fastened upon Clytemnestra, and finally he approached her and said good-evening. She paused in her walk with the Abyssinian prince, and, after some little general conversation, withdrew her arm, and that youthful potentate sauntered away to find new worlds to conquer. Pygmalion begged to have the honor of a promenade with Clytemnestra, and they strolled through the halls, and out upon the piazza. They sat in the moonlight; they listened to the music. 'Every thing seems to me real, except realities,' said Pygmalion, quoting Landor.

"They returned within an hour to the parlor. They smiled and chatted, and, after a few moments, Clytemnestra went to her mother, shook Pygmalion cordially by the hand, and that young man, bowing, and wishing a cheerful good-evening, withdrew. Nobody saw any thing—nobody surmised any thing—nobody dreamed that the destiny of that courteous couple had been decided. Often, my young friend, while we are placidly smoking our cigars upon the piazza at evening, we say to each other, 'a shooting star!' And, even while we speak and idly gaze, some kind of luminary, perhaps a world with its infinite life, has dropped into night and death. But for one that we

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see, a score fall unseen, and worlds are wrecked without a sigh.

"In the pauses of the music, if you could only have heard her, you would have found that Clytemnestra was saying:

"'I do not deny that I love you, nor that I feel how unlikely it is that I shall ever love again. But we must not let romance overbear reality, nor suppose, like silly children, that we must needs be happy because we love. You have no profession, nor can you hope ever to have an income sufficient for an establishment such as ours must be. I am not educated, nor am I fitted by nature, to be a drudge. I must marry a rich man, if I marry at all. I am trained for that. My habits and tastes require it. I wish it were not so. I wish I had been differently educated. But I feel that I could not emancipate myself now, nor burst away from the web. You are a victim, perhaps, but so am I. I can not assume a superiority to circumstances which does not exist. You may think me frivolous, weak, and unworthy your affection. But I do still love you, not as Ophelia and Desdemona loved, but as I can love; and yet I will not marry you. Look here! Pygmalion. If from my childhood my feet had been tightly swathed until they were withered and I could not stand, could you blame me or wonder that I did not run, even to save my life? Not less withering has been my education. I see the ruin I am. Do you suppose a man who yields to a destructive appetite has not more fearful remorse than can be imagined? Does he any the less yield? Vows, prayers, shame, remorse, despair, have failed to save some men. Will you ask me why, if I see the slough of artificiality and convention in which I lie, I do not spring from it? Why, if you declare that the very fact of my perception of it implies the power to escape it, I hear you, as they who lie perishing of thirst in the desert hear the sound of running waters. I have been defrauded of my youth, of my natural emotions, of my instinctive love of simplicity and truth. Do you, therefore, demand of me what is only possible when one has enjoyed those possessions? I love you, but I can not marry you.'

"I do not wonder, Smytthe, that Clytemnestra is now feline and ferocious; nor that she bombards society with the most destructive sarcasm, and busies herself with gossip, gloves, and smiling malice. She has lost her faith. She hates people who marry for love. She calls it 'sickish,' if Robin Redbreast tenderly hands Jenny Wren to her carriage. She calls Lily Padd a very sensible girl because she married old Bull Frog. Clytemnestra has a demure, desolate air. How white it all is, but what an interior of dead men's bones!

"Don't talk to me of exaggerated pictures of society, and insist that I have had a very unfortunate experience if I have seen no noble women and honorable men. Are we to be blinded by lace—are we to be bamboozled by bland old women of the Dragon family, with their rigorous social punctuality and decorous church-going? I wish to know," demanded Don Bob, rising in the wagon and vociferating in such a way that I was very glad my aunts Mastodon and Anthropophagus, and all the Dragons, had left the beach—"I wish to know if you expect to sow lies broadcast and then reap truths? Do you expect to present mean and sordid motives to boys and girls, and have men and women act nobly? Do you propose to make your children worship artifice and suppose that truth will be recognized or heeded? Do we speak of falling stars going out in darkness and dropping from heaven? Why, look there at Clytemnestra! Remember that there is no poet's possibility of a woman that she might not have been. Stars, and roses, and precious stones, might have been only the forerunners of her coming—the pale dawn of that divine day. Spring should have been her harbinger, and summer her image. We should have understood the world in seeing her. Did you say a star fell? My friend, there is a woman lost."

THE OLD MAN'S REVENGE.

WHEN Adam Stevenson died there was grief in all the country around. It was not only the old men who had been companions of his youth and growth, and had seen him rise from boyhood to manhood, and change from the prime of life to the feebleness of age. Nor was it only the old women who had been young with him, and remembered the joyful scenes of years long gone, but children, even young children, whose years to his age were but as months, looked lovingly for his face, and wept that they should see it no more.

He was a good old man. The stamp of honesty was on his very countenance, and benevolence and charity shone out of his kindly eyes. No one could say that he had ever heard of an evil deed done by Adam Stevenson, and many lips related the good deeds of the old man with words of earnest praise.

So that when in the solemn March night, above the wailing winds, they heard the passing-bell sound over the hills and forests, they counted the strokes, ten and a pause, ten and a pause, until the eighty were summed up, and the last two were as if the bell had named him aloud, for every one within sound of the old church spire knew that he was fourscore and two, and now knew that he was gone to his reward.

To those who listened to that passing-bell it told a varied history in the brief moments that its sound occupied: a long tale swiftly but impressively told. There was but one man in the parish who understood the first strokes; but one man who could remember the first ten years of the life of the old elder. That man was John Moreton, whose years now numbered seventy-nine, and whose farm adjoined the farm of Adam Stevenson. He knew the story of those long gone years so well, that the bell but reminded him of those scenes of boyhood, and

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every vibration was a story of young joys. And the old man had soft and pleasant memories as the sound went on, but at length his thoughts grew bitter, and long before the thirtieth year was reached he was reviewing his hate and enmity, that did not change nor diminish until the whole long life was summed up, and the last stroke told him that his old enemy, as he believed him, lay dead in his old house. And then John Moreton turned him in his bed, and a grim smile settled on his wan and wrinkled countenance—a fiendish smile it was, too—and he slept for the first time in sixty years without thoughts of revenge to make him wakeful.

It was strange that there should have been one man to call Adam Stevenson his enemy. Certainly the old elder did not return the hate. It was impossible for him to do so, for his heart was all love. But John Moreton was a man of relentless disposition, whose soul was utterly callous to all the finer sensibilities of human nature, and his entire life had been devoted to nursing the idea that he had cause to hate his neighbor. The origin of his bitterness few now living knew. It was buried with many other things in the past, and with those who knew it best, in the old church-yard—the old church-yard, that solemn place where so many joys and so many sorrows, so many forgotten pleasures and so many enmities are gathered and kept for the day of awaking.

But the country story, told from father and mother to son and daughter, was this: Alice Gray was the fairest girl in all the country. It was strange to think of her as once young and beautiful whom all had known as feeble, weary, and old. But she was once very lovely in all the glory of brown tresses and blue, deep eyes, and cheeks of sunset roses; and all the young men loved her, and, as must always be the case, she loved only one, and that was Adam Stevenson.

Why, most of all his rivals, John Moreton took to heart this success of Adam, does not appear; but that he did so every one knew, for from the day that Adam Stevenson and Alice Gray were married he declared his enmity to them and their house, and he never withdrew the declaration. Years served but to deepen the hatred, and the kind and forbearing conduct of its objects added to its fury.

It is difficult to imagine this growth of hatred in the human heart. That it is possible, too many instances like the one before us show.

As he grew older, John Moreton found the necessity of a wife to take care of his farm; and he married the daughter of a wealthy neighbor, who, on the death of her father, inherited his farm, which, added to that of her husband, made them the most wealthy people in the county. One son was the only fruit of their union, born not long after the birth of Adam Stevenson's second child, who was also a son, and who, by the death of his older brother, became sole heir to the estate of his father. But neither of the sons appeared likely to come soon into the property of his father, and they were sent at about the same period of time to New York, each to the care of a friend, where they were brought up to business; and at the period of the death of Adam Stevenson they were merchants in New York, and comparatively wealthy, and had married wives who were cousins.

John Moreton passed some years of his life with his son in the city, where he acquired those habits and ways of thinking and acting which distinguish the citizen from the countryman, and which authorized him, as he supposed, to look down on his more homely neighbors.

His wife died when he was fifty years old: died in the old farm-house, with no companion to close her eyes save only her cold, calm husband. It could not have been difficult for her to leave him. There was no love between them, and he had been harsh, and even unkind; so that, when she closed her eyes on life, there was no lingering, no opening them again to look on a beloved countenance, no smiling back a kind farewell to eyes that could not smile, no reaching back of longing hands to feel the last grasp and take its soft pressure with her in the dark journey.

Nor were there any tears when she was dead; but, having buried her, her husband leased the farm, reserving only a right to a room and a home when he chose to occupy it, and took up his abode with his son in the city, where he assumed the position of a wealthy citizen.

I know not what sharp transaction between them commenced the enmity which the younger Moreton had for Joseph Stevenson. Each was very like his father, and, therefore, I take it for granted that the wrong was, as usual, on the side of the Moretons, and a subsequent transaction made the enmity perpetual. It occurred somewhat on this wise: Morton had sold Stevenson a bill of goods amounting to some ten thousand dollars. The sale was made verbally, and in that rapid manner with which New York merchants are familiar. The terms were one-third cash, and the balance at three and six months, and the goods were shipped, as per order, the same day. Next morning Moreton sent Stevenson a memorandum of the transaction, stating its terms at half cash and half at three months. The latter was somewhat astonished at the new version, which was inconvenient as well on account of his lack of funds as the fact that the shipment of the goods would operate effectually to prevent their return, and an annulling of the transaction.

He knew well that Moreton was very short; and on finding him peremptory in his terms and disposed to be insolent, he gave up any idea of opposing him, and devised a scheme of punishment which was very simple and very satisfactory. He raised funds on his own paper at the ordinary discount, and went to a broker in Wall Street.

"Is John Moreton's paper in the street?"

"Plenty of it."

"At what rate can I get it?"

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"Two per cent. a month."

"Can you get me any?"

"I think I can."

"Do so."

"When?"

"Now. I will wait for it."

The broker went out, and returned in less than five minutes with five thousand dollars' worth of the paper, which Stevenson seized, glanced at with a smile, and hurried to Moreton's counting-room, to whom he paid his five thousand cash and five thousand in "good, approved paper"—his own paper, on which the ink was not yet dry! The broker had been to Moreton for the paper five minutes before, and it came back more rapidly than he had anticipated.

This was unpardonable. Wall Street rang with it for a week as a good joke. It was only strange that the quiet Joseph Stevenson could have done it so coolly.

That evening John Moreton, Senior, and his son took John the Third aside, and sternly forbade him ever again to enter the house of Joseph Stevenson, or speak to Alice, his daughter; and thenceforth there was no word too harsh or bitter for the old man or his son to use in speaking of the objects of their hate.

And now, by one of those curious mutations of fortune, it came to pass that, within one year after the death of Adam Stevenson, his son and his daughter-in-law departed to be with him, and Alice—young, and exquisitely beautiful—was left an orphan, without a near relative, in a pitiless world.

It has already been remarked that it is difficult to imagine how hate can so entirely possess a heart; and it is more difficult to conceive of it finding gratification in wreaking its vengeance on an innocent child.

At sixteen Alice found herself under the guardianship of her father's enemy, who was the husband of her nearest relative. Her slender fortune did not suffice to support her, and she was subjected to a thousand persecutions, under which a less spirited girl would have fallen. But she had strong though secret allies in young John, who loved her faithfully, and in his cousin, Mary Bolton, the daughter of his mother's sister, and who was, like herself, an orphan dependent in the house.

John Moreton the son died, and the family consisted now of the old man, his grandson, and the two young ladies, who were his wards.

He was well aware of the love of John and Alice. He had watched it steadily for years; he had indeed nursed it, for in it he saw the means of his revenge. Mary, the poor cousin, was as nothing to him, but she might become the tool of his purposes. He had carefully kept her from education, or any visible means of earning her support, and had instructed John to believe that her sole dependence in life would be on him, so that John regarded her as his own *protégée*; and while he loved her as his cousin, he pitied her dependence.

And now the time approached when John Moreton the older was to go to his reckoning. But even in the solemn approach of death he was troubled but with the thought that he died unrevenged on his ancient foe, and he resolved to leave the imprint of his hatred on the life of the last descendant of Adam Stevenson. Fearing that his grandson would marry Alice when he was dead, and knowing that to prevent that effectually and forever would be the hardest punishment he could inflict on her, he resolved to see him married to his cousin Mary before he died, and to witness the desolation of Adam Stevenson's granddaughter as one of the last scenes in his worse than worthless life. He had a strong hold on the grandson by means of his love for his cousin, and the threat to leave them both penniless was a severe threat, since John felt that Mary was thus injured by his conduct.

Withal, strange as it may seem, they both loved the old man; and many tender recollections of childhood, when they sat on his knees, conspired to prevent their wishing to offend him now. The hour of his departure was fast approaching, and his determination had been unfolded to them privately, and impressed on them with terrible force. Young John was a noble fellow; possessed of every trait in contrast with his father and grandfather. He was worth his weight in gold, and though he had all respect for his cousin, he was by no means willing to marry her, nor did she desire it.

In point of fact, there was another man in New York whom Mary would have chosen, and who would have chosen her, had the old man left any choice open to them. But day by day he acquired fearful power over them, and they were fast losing all control over their own destinies, in the midst of the strong influences which the dying old man brought to bear on them in his lonesome house.

It was at this time that my acquaintance with them commenced. Dr. Wilson, my old friend, and constant companion in early years, mentioned to me his desire to call on me for aid, some day, in a matter in which he wished me to place full confidence in him, and do as he said, asking no questions. To this I readily assented, not knowing whereto his plans tended.

He had been the early friend, possibly the lover, of the mother of Alice Stevenson. He had been the only friend of the orphan out of the Moreton family, and had watched steadily every event in her life.

It was late in December, in the year 18—. Evening had closed in with a high wind, and all the appearances of a cold storm. I entered my house and closed the door behind me. I was thankful that the exposures of the day were over, and that a quiet seat by the fire, and a book of rare attraction were waiting me after dinner should be finished.

The table was not cleared—in fact, I had not half concluded my dinner, when Dr. Wilson was announced, and exercising his privilege as

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one familiar with the ways of the house, he came directly to the dining-room.

It was to drag me out into the pitiless night that he had come. I resisted; but resistance was vain. He stated briefly the circumstances which demanded my presence, and in ten minutes I was seated by him in his carriage, and we were driving rapidly down town. For at that day I lived almost out of town, while the wealth and aristocracy of the city was to be found below Canal Street, not having yet adopted up-town as their peculiar property.

My anticipated storm had commenced. It was driving snow, dry, harsh, and fine, for the thermometer was nearly at zero, and the weather had not yet moderated to the required temperature for a long snow-storm. We rolled our cloaks around us and over our faces and lips, while the horse sprang forward as if in haste to be stabled. At length the Doctor drew up in front of a large house near the Battery, and we alighted and entered at a door which a servant held open for us.

The change from the intense cold of the outer air to the delicious warmth of the house was at first delightful and then painful, for every nerve which had been at all exposed began to tingle with sharp pain. Doctor Wilson went immediately up the staircase, while I was shown into a small library room, where I had leisure for reflection and examination of the curiosities which surrounded the walls.

I became at length impatient at the delay which kept me there, for an hour had passed, during which I had heard no sign or sound of life about me. At length the rattle of a carriage up the street attracted my attention, and, looking from the window, I observed that it paused before the house in which I was. By the dim lamp-light in the dining-room I could not recognize the single individual dismounting from the carriage, but a moment later, when he was shown into the room where I was waiting, I knew him as one of the most eminent clergymen in the city, with whom I had no personal acquaintance. Left alone in the room with each other, we naturally fell into conversation. Another hour passed by almost imperceptibly, and then we were interrupted in an interesting discussion by a summons to attend in another room.

Doctor Wilson met me at the head of the staircase, and, in a whisper, said, "Be cautious. There has been a terrible battle!"

We entered the room silently, and for a moment were blinded by the darkness. But at length the various objects and persons became visible. It was a large room, with high ceilings and heavy ornamented cornices. The furniture was antique, such, I believe, as was styled Elizabethan. The windows were heavily curtained, and dark crimson draperies hung also over each door, so that when it opened to admit any person it was still necessary to thrust aside the curtain to obtain admission. A lamp stood in a shaded recess, and attracted my first glance on entering. It was a small silver lamp of rare and exquisite workmanship. It gave a dim unearthly light, such as seemed proper to come from the image of an Egyptian god, for such it was.

A large bed stood on one side of the room, draped in keeping with the rest of the room, but the drapery was now looped up all around, as if to admit air freely to the man who lay on the bed. It was a strange contrast to the old country cottage of the Moretons.

He was the prominent object in the chamber, propped up with pillows, and gazing on us with a sharp stern eye. He was an old man. Certainly those wrinkles contained the history of not less than eighty years. He was thin, gaunt, and yet gigantic in appearance, as he lay there. He stood six feet two when strong and well. There was no appearance of sickness about him, no indication of approaching death, for his look was keen, piercing, almost furious, and his eye glanced from me to the clergyman and back to me with a quick, rapid, searching glance, that seemed to penetrate the very heart. I had seen dying men, but none like him, though the Doctor had assured me he could not live through the night.

"Mr. Moreton, permit me; the Rev. Dr. Storms and Mr. Phillips. Don't attempt to speak to them, Sir: you are too much exhausted."

"You are determined to kill me before I am ready. I tell you I am not dying yet. Be seated, gentlemen."

We took chairs, rapidly placed for us by a servant, and here for the first time observed in the gloom of a distant part of the room a young man, who advanced, while we rose. Dr. Wilson introduced us to Mr. Moreton, Junior, the grandson of the dying man.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Moreton, Senior, in a harsh voice, which interrupted our brief courtesies with his grandson, "I have requested Dr. Wilson to explain to you my reasons for asking your presence this evening. But perhaps I can better do so myself. My grandson and his cousin, a young lady who is not my granddaughter, are to be married in my presence this evening, here in this room. All is prepared for it. This paper is my will, giving my entire property to a distant branch of my family. I wish to execute another will, giving it to my grandson. Upon his marriage being consummated I will destroy the former. I have requested Mr. Phillips's attendance to prepare the will, and yours, Sir, to perform the marriage ceremony. You will find pens and paper yonder. Dr. Wilson will give you the necessary particulars of my wishes in the will."

I immediately commenced my work. Wilson leaned over me. "For Heaven's sake, hasten, Phillips! The old man is dying rapidly."

"Wilson, isn't there something more in this than we see?"

"Go on—go on. It's all right."

"But I am unwilling to be a party to a forci-

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ble marriage, and there is something in this which looks very like it."

"Write, write, man. There is nothing you will repent of in to-night's work. But be quick. He is living now only on stimulants, and may drop off any moment."

"What is the young man's name?"

"John."

I wrote swiftly for ten minutes, during which there was a profound silence in the room, broken only by an occasional long, deep respiration from the couch of the dying man. The paper was completed, and I handed it to him for execution. He attempted to read it over, but failing, requested me to do so, and I did, whereupon he signed and sealed it, and Dr. Wilson, Dr. Storms, and myself became the witnesses.

This done, he laid it on the table by the side of the other will, and then requested the Doctor to call the ladies that the ceremony might proceed.

Never was there a more splendid vision of beauty than that which entered at the door. Two of the most lovely women the eye ever rested on came in side by side. Mary Bolton was dark, Alice Stevenson very fair. They were of about the same height, and dressed alike in simple white, the plainest dresses that could well be imagined. It was only in the expression of their countenances that any great difference was visible. Miss Bolton's face was fairly radiant with delight, so that I was surprised at it in the presence of the dying old man. But the face of the other was downcast and sad beyond description. Her eyes were tearless, and she looked up at Doctor Wilson with an expression of pain and anxiety that I could no more account for than for the joy of the other. But I judged that if the one was a willing or glad bride, as she seemed to be, the other was not a joyful witness.

"Wilson," said I, approaching the Doctor, "tell me frankly, what does all this mean? That sad girl, who is she?"

"Alice Stevenson."

"And the other is the bride?"

"She is."

"Then Moreton is the unwilling one, I take it?"

"Yes."

"Come, Wilson, out with it. Let me understand what I am an actor in."

"Wait."

I looked up and met my friend's gaze. There was much anxiety and not a little fun in his eye.

"Phillips, I have known that sad girl yonder, as you call her, from her childhood. Her mother was as pure a saint as ever blessed the world. The child grew up very much like her. I have watched her for her mother's sake. She is an orphan now, and a strange fate has thrown her into the hands of her father's worst enemy, and given her a home in the heart of his grandson. The young man loves her. The old man would murder her if he dared. He can not do that, and he strikes her now through the love he knows she has for his grandson. He is determined to have the marriage consummated before he dies, so that Alice shall never be nearer to John than now. Rather than risk the anger of the old man, and the battle which would end his life, and leave John penniless, and Mary dependent on the world's charity, as well as embitter all their recollections of one they do really love, we have devised a plan to which I do not wish you to be a party in any way. Wait and see the end. But the old man is fainting now."

A stimulant restored him, and the dimly-lighted room assumed a strange aspect as the parties prepared for the ceremony. The young man, apparently unwilling to yield even in this extremity, advanced to his grandfather's side, and addressed him in a tone of earnest entreaty. The first words were inaudible to us, but at length his voice became louder and more distinct.

"Let this horrible scene end here. Do not force me to disobey you at this moment of our parting. Have I not always been obedient, strictly, faithfully? I have loved you as more than my father. Do not, oh do not, curse my life forever, now that you should leave me your blessing!"

The old man only smiled a ghastly smile, and pointed his thin finger toward the two wills which lay on the table.

"Look at Alice Stevenson yonder—young, beautiful, worthy of a happy life. You are cursing her too. Is she not the grandchild of your old friend?"

The boy knew nothing of the past, or he would have avoided that suggestion. The old man's eyes flashed with rage as he replied:

"Boy, sixty years ago I was as young as you are now, and I knew what boys call love. Alice Gray was then young and lovely. She has since been old and dead, and I never ceased to love her from the day I saw her. Adam Stevenson crossed my track, won her love, laughed at me in my boyish anger and pain, and I hated him forever after. The love I had for Alice Gray was fuel to the hate I had for her husband. That child yonder looks to-night as her grandmother looked on her wedding-day, and I feel as I felt then. I tell you, John, that when, four years ago, I heard the passing-bell toll out the years of Adam Stevenson, dead that night, and as I lay I counted up all his taunts, his smiles, his hypocritical words of friendship and forgiveness, then, then, I vowed again, for the thousandth time, that even in the feebleness of age, if opportunity came, I would revenge myself on him and his for all the misery of my sixty years of suffering. And now, disobey me if you dare! Do as I desire, and you and your cousin are rich to-morrow when I shall be dead; but if you refuse, you shall be beggars in the street, with my curse besides."

"And is this my answer?"

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The answer was that same cold smile. The young man turned abruptly away into the dim corner of the room where his cousin and Alice stood side by side. The old man, in a harsh but evidently failing voice, bade the clergyman proceed.

There was some disturbance in the gloomy part of the room, as several of the servants entered to witness the ceremony, and at length, amidst deep silence, the reverend gentleman commenced.

At the very first I thought the bride's countenance remarkably fair and clear; but, thinking that perhaps the dim light of the room deceived me, I was not at all conscious of the fact that an exchange of places had been made, and that the bride was not Mary Bolton.

Wilson retained his place near his patient, fanning him, and keeping back as well as he might the ebbing tide of life.

"Do you take this woman to be your wife?"

"I do."

The old man heard his grandson's voice, and it appeared as if his overstrained attention were suddenly at an end, and he was fully satisfied. Again that ghastly smile, more hideous now for the swift-coming pallor of death, stole over and took possession of his countenance.

"The will, Doctor; quick, quick!" he gasped.

Wilson handed him both.

"Which is which?"

"This is the old one."

He held it in the flame of the lamp, which he could reach with his long bony arm, that looked like the arm of a skeleton, as he stretched it out toward the recess where the silver lamp stood. It blazed up, shedding for a moment a new light in the room, and making every thing startlingly distinct, and Wilson caught the blazing paper as the dying man's grasp relaxed, his fingers loosened their convulsive clutch, and, as the solemn words, "I pronounce you man and wife; whom God hath joined let not man put asunder," sounded through the room, he fell back on his pillow, his eyes closed, and his stern features relaxed into a cold, calm look, devoid of all expression save only that bitter smile that lingered yet around his thin, old lip. He heeded nothing now of the sudden advance of all in the room toward him. He did not know of the prayers of his grandson who knelt by his side. He heard nothing of the storm that wailed in the trees without. Whether in that moment the angel of peace—that blessed angel, Azrael, blessed though so dreaded by some, abhorred by some, blessed and bearing blessings to all the weary—whether that angel whispered in his old ear, and to his old soul, any word of gentleness, any word that might soften his hard heart, any memory of long-forgotten childhood, or of the never cold, ever kind and forgiving face of Alice Gray, before he wrapped him in the cloud and carried him away, we may never know. He made no sign. He never spoke again. Once he opened his eyes, gazing steadfastly upward, but without expression either of penitence, or love, or hope; and the smile was there still, and then, and then, up through driving snow, through winter clouds, through tempest and gloom, up beyond clouds, beyond storms, the proud man's soul, now conscience-spurred and driven by remorse, sought the judgment of a faith and love avenging God.

He lay dead there on the couch, gaunt, harsh, stern—cold in death as in life—and his grandson and grand-daughter knelt by his bedside with bowed heads but with interlocked arms, and their prayers were at the throne before the soul of the dead old man had knelt to receive its doom.

There is but one scene more in this story. Perhaps it were as well to end it here; but a strange accident occurred in the burial of John Moreton, that is worthy of record.

Again the old bell sounded mournfully over the hills of the country parish, summing up the story of another long life. And the old house of the Moretons was for the last time opened to receive its old master.

The village church-yard lay close beside the church, and even partly in front of it, so that Sir Thomas Brown's remark was fully met, that a church should stand in a grave-yard, so that we may pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, even as we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.

But the snow was three feet deep on all the graves, and the old sexton had difficulty in telling where to dig a grave for John Moreton. Bunsan, the sexton, was nearly as old as the man he was burying. He had laid the country dead, one by one, in their graves for nearly half a century; and he had done it kindly, gently, lovingly, for he was a good and gentle old man. Many a young child's coffin had he wet with his own tears, as he drew up the cords that were its last bonds to those who lived to remember. Many a maiden's dark tresses had he laid down gently on their last white pillow; many an old man's weary limbs had he composed to peaceful and long-desired rest.

And now his eyes were dim with years, his memory half gone, and he was tottering toward the corner of the yard that he had long reserved for his own sleep among his old companions.

There were but two private inclosures in the grave-yard, and these were close together. He thought he knew which was John Moreton's; and he remembered that that old man had, with curious obstinacy, directed, when his wife was buried, that she should be laid north and south, not east and west, as was the custom. But as the old sexton's faith in the old custom was unshaken, and as he had no directions to the contrary, he determined to bury John Moreton in proper line; and having groped in the snow till, as he supposed, he had found the wife's grave, he marked the husband's across the foot of it, forgetting, in his old brain, to look at the sun, or to think which way was north; and cutting a narrow path toward it in the deep snow, and clearing off a small space around it to throw up

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the earth, he dug the narrow resting-place, and there they buried him.

It was a bitter day, and a cold burial. There were no tears shed then, not even by Abraham Bunsan; and when they threw in the earth it was mixed with ice and snow, and there was no feeling of rest or comfort about it, as there sometimes is, when the earth is laid gently over an old man's body. It did not seem that he could sleep there. But had they known where he was lying, they would have thought his old bones would have shuddered in their coffin. For in an hour after all was over, the wind had drifted the inclosure full again; and it was not till the spring came, and the flowers were blooming on the hills, and the myrtle blossoms were out all over the church-yard, that, on a Sunday noon, an old lady, who remained till the second service, bringing her dinner with her always, and sitting, in pleasant weather, on some grave to eat it and to moralize, walking up and down among the country dead, discovered that they had buried John Moreton at the feet of Adam and Alice Stevenson!

A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA.

"HOW excessively romantic you are, Mr. Montaine!"

"Miss Laura, I adore you!"

"Bless me! how well you do it. Did you learn it in Italy or France? For so young a man, you feign passion wonderfully!"

"Feign!" cried the young man bitterly. "You think it feigning, do you? Do you believe that, because I am not yet twenty, I can not love?"

"After a fashion, yes! The love of a youth is wild, boisterous, and uncertain; capricious as a Barbadoes hurricane; slippery as the seed of an orange. A man must be thirty before he understands love, and thirty-five before he comprehends women."

"If I chose, I could show you," said the boy, compressing his lips, "that we understand women earlier than that. I know *you*, Miss Laura Barbelle; for the eyes of twenty are strong as those of thirty, and I have read your character —and turned the page!"

"Indeed!" said Miss Barbelle, suddenly piqued at the strange tone of young Montaine. "I would give worlds to hear your analyzation. I differ from most patients, and prefer being dissected by inexperienced surgeons to employing an old operator!"

"Take care!" answered Montaine, bitterly; "my scalpel is sharp."

"So much the better, Sir. It will cut the cleaner. I only fear the ragged wounds that bunglers make." And she drew herself proudly up, and gazed at young Montaine with a smile of pity for his audacity.

"*Eh bien! nous nous commençons*," replied the young man. "Arm yourself, Miss Barbelle, for you will hear bitter truths."

She smiled again, but this time scornfully.

"You are lovely," said Mr. Montaine, bowing with a mocking courtesy. "You are lovely, as every body in New York knows—and even several women admit it; therefore it is true. You are well educated, for you play the harp and the piano, can sing '*Robert toi que j'aime*,' and subscribe to the Society Library. You dance beautifully—by the way, we are engaged for the next waltz—you dress better, and possess the rare accomplishment of being able to talk well."

"I did not know that I was about to endure a catalogue of my charms," said Miss Barbelle, coldly.

"Madam," answered Montaine, "the picture must be painted before it can be criticised."

"Criticise me, then, and do it quickly," and she bit her lip, as if in vexation.

"She is piqued," thought Montaine. "She is mine!" He continued aloud: "It is a rare thing, Miss Barbelle, to find a woman who knows any thing about herself, beyond the fact that she is pretty. Self-examination is not a female characteristic. They are content to take the opinion of men as to their qualities, and consequently seldom, if ever, get a true idea of themselves. Miss Barbelle is an exception to this rule. She has examined herself. She has probed her own heart. She knows her virtues and imperfections as well as I know them, and therefore has no excuse for being the hypocrite that she is!"

"Mr. Arthur Montaine, you are insolent!" exclaimed Miss Barbelle, starting from her seat, and flushing with anger.

"I told you the scalpel was sharp, madam. Pray, keep quiet. I touched a nerve just then."

"I am no hypocrite, Sir."

"Yes, madam, you are. You have let me love you for a whole year, and in the whole time your heart never throbbed once for me. You kept me dangling round you for your amusement. You said to yourself, doubtless, 'Here is a pretty boy, somewhat clever, well-bred, and traveled. What a pity one can not buy young gentlemen as one buys poodle dogs. I must have some one to amuse me; and since I can not purchase this pretty lad, why I will let him fall in love with me, and thus he will become my slave.' You succeeded, madam. I did fall in love with you. I dreamed of no one but you. I loved you with all the power of a young and strong heart. But what did you care? You took me to the theatres, you permitted me to lead 'the German' with you, you drove with me at Newport, you gambled with me at Saratoga. I was a well-dressed piece of mechanism to you, and that was all. A *laquais de place*, without a salary; an amusing puppet, that pulled his own wires. This could not last, Miss Barbelle; so I disclosed to you my love. I did not hope very much, to be sure; but I still thought that in time you might like me. What did you reply, madam, to my honest avowal? You sneered, and laughed, and pulled your bouquet to pieces, and told me I was too young! It is true there there were two years between us, but what of that? I was not too young for you to flirt with, to dance with, nay even to be *compromised* with.

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Miss Barbelle; but, forsooth, I was too young to marry! Why were you not honest, and tell me that you loved another suitor?"

"Because I did not, or do not love any other *suitor*," replied Miss Barbelle, with cold distinctness.

"I do not believe it," said young Montaine, savagely.

"Mr. Montaine," said Miss Barbelle, rising, "after these insults, it will be impossible for me to have the honor of dancing with you again. Mr. Preston," she cried, calling to a tall, handsome young man who stood at a little distance from her, "I wish to dance this waltz. Will you dance with me?"

"It is he; 'tis that cursed fellow Preston that she loves," muttered Montaine, as they whirled off together. "Let him look out!"

"I say you did, Sir!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Montaine; I did not."

"I say you spilled that wine on me designedly, Mr. Preston, and insist on an apology."

"You will not get it, Mr. Montaine!"

"Then, Sir, I pray of you to accept the intention evinced by this;" and, so saying, Mr. Montaine drew his white glove gently across Mr. Preston's cheek. The next moment he had received a stunning blow between the eyes.

This occurred in a small room in the top of Mrs. Pegu's magnificent house, which, on this occasion, had been thrown open for a splendid ball. Maddened by Laura Barbelle's conduct toward him, a few hours previously, and enraged against Mr. Preston, young Montaine had sought the first opportunity for a quarrel. Fortunately this difficulty had but two witnesses, mutual friends of both parties—Messrs. Hinton and Calby—both men of fashion, and both thoroughly *au fait* as to the proper mode of arranging such matters. Under their skillful superintendence, it did not take ten minutes to arrange a meeting for the following morning at six o'clock at Hoboken. The affair was to be managed in the most artful way. Principals and seconds were to proceed separately to the ground, and every precaution was taken to prevent its reaching the ears of the authorities in case of a fatal result. Having settled the preliminaries to the satisfaction of all parties, the gentlemen again descended to the ball-room, whither they had come in search of chairs, for the German cotillion. Laura Barbelle "led" with Preston; and it was with a feeling of the most concentrated satisfaction that Montaine looked forward to shooting him in the morning.

About eight o'clock next day young Montaine stood with haggard face in his bedroom, hastily packing a trunk. Hinton was with him, in traveling costume, and also looked gloomy and sad.

"This is a devil of a business, my poor boy," said Hinton, with true pity in his tones.

"Oh, I shall never forget his face, as he lifted himself on his elbow and looked at me. It will haunt me, Hinton, to my dying day."

"Well, you couldn't help it, you know. You must try and forget it in Europe. Devilish lucky for us that steamer sails to-day. The duel and its result will, I know, be kept dark until we are off."

"I don't care much for myself," said Montaine, gloomily. "Who's there?" he cried, with a start, as some one knocked.

The servant entered with a note for Montaine. He tore it open. "My God!" he cried; "this was all that was wanting!"

Hinton took it. It was from Laura Barbelle:

"I know all," it said. "You have killed him. You are a coward, because you struck at me through him. I will not upbraid you; I only curse you. I may now tell you why I could not love you as you wanted to be loved. Henry Preston—whom you have murdered—was my husband. I married in secret, and in secret will I mourn. As for you, God will punish you.—LAURA BARBELLE."

"Come, Montaine, rouse yourself!" cried Hinton; "we will miss the steamer. Time's up, and I have no wish to be hanged. Come along."

So saying, he bundled Montaine, who staggered like a drunken man, into a carriage, and in half an hour both were standing on the deck of the Havre steamer, as it plowed its way past the sunny uplands of Staten Island.

Six months after this, a paragraph to this effect appeared in the *New York Daily Times*:

"On the twentieth of this month, Mr. Arthur Montaine, who was some time since supposed to have been the principal in a late fatal and mysterious occurrence, was killed in a night-sortie made by the Russians on the French outposts. Mr. Montaine had entered the Russian service, and had already distinguished himself by several acts of daring, when he met with this untimely end. He was not yet of age."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE domestic incidents of the past month have not been of special interest in any department. In politics there is a general ferment throughout the country, and various movements have been made to bring forward candidates for the Presidency at the approaching election; but none of them have the general concurrence of the country, or promise very important results. The National Council of the American Order held its session at Philadelphia from the fifth to the twelfth of June. Its proceedings and the action taken have considerable interest as connected with the prospects of the party. E. B. Bartlett, of Kentucky, was elected President, receiving, on the sixth ballot, ninety-four votes out of one hundred and forty-six cast. A Committee, consisting of one from each State, was appointed to prepare resolutions for the

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action of the Convention. A majority of the Committee, after several days of deliberation, reported two resolutions—the first declaring that the American party could not be held responsible for the obnoxious acts of the other political parties; that the agitation of the Slavery question had brought the country into peril, from which it could only be delivered by the interposition of the American party, and that the National Council deemed it the best guarantee of common justice and future peace to abide by and maintain the existing laws upon the subject of Slavery, as a final and conclusive settlement of that subject in spirit and in substance: the second declared that Congress had no power to legislate on the subject of Slavery in the States, or to exclude any State from admission into the Union on account of Slavery; that it forebore any expression of opinion as to whether Congress could, or could not, prohibit or establish Slavery within the Territories; and that Congress ought not to interfere in any way with Slavery in the District of Columbia. These resolutions were passed in the Committee by a vote of 18 to 12, the minority submitting a resolution declaring that "the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was an infraction of the plighted faith of the nation, and it should be restored; and if efforts to that effect shall fail, Congress should refuse to admit any State tolerating Slavery which shall be formed out of any portion of the Territory from which that institution was excluded by that compromise." In the Council, after a long and excited discussion, the majority resolutions were adopted—the minority report having been rejected by a vote of 89 to 51. A number of the delegates from Pennsylvania and Indiana presented protests against introducing the question of Slavery into the Council at all, and declaring that they could act with no party which would acquiesce in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Upon the adoption of the majority report, the delegates from the New England States as well as those from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin withdrew from the Council, and issued an address, declaring that they would demand the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, the protection by the National Government of the settlers in Nebraska in the peaceful exercise of their rights, a reform in the Naturalization laws, and a check upon the importation of foreign paupers and felons into this country. The majority also issued an address, recommending a change in the Naturalization laws, and a repeal of all State laws which permit foreigners to vote; resistance to the aggressive policy of the Roman Catholic Church, the appointment of native Americans only to office, and the Slavery resolutions which had been previously adopted.——The disruption in the National Council was followed by meetings in the several States, each one sustaining the action of its own delegates.——The anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was very generally celebrated throughout the country. At Dorchester, Massachusetts, an exceedingly able and eloquent oration was delivered by Edward Everett, in which a very graphic sketch was given of the early settlement of Massachusetts, and of the subsequent War of Independence.——The Fourth of July was the day fixed in the State of New York for the enforcement of the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors. In the City of New York the Mayor had issued a proclamation, declaring, on the advice of his legal counsel, that imported liquors were excepted from the prohibition, and that no such liquor must be seized. In that city, therefore, the law was a nullity, and no attempt was made to enforce it. In other sections of the State more attention was paid to its requirements. In Brooklyn the Mayor issued a proclamation declaring that he should enforce the law, and calling upon all the officers of Police to arrest every person whom they might see violating its provisions.——The ship *Star Republic*, on her way from New York to Galveston, took fire and was destroyed on the 1st of July. Her passengers and crew were rescued by a passing vessel.——Governor Reeder started from New York on the 14th of June on his return to resume his duties as Governor of Kansas. The night before leaving he received a letter from Mr. Marcy, Secretary of State, advising that the President was unwilling to permit his continuance in office without some explanation of the charges made against him, that he had been engaged in the purchase of lands from the Indians in violation of the rules and regulations of the Department. In a letter, dated the 30th of March, Governor Reeder had admitted the fact of purchase, and had insisted that in so doing he violated no law, but had only exercised a right which he enjoyed in common with every other citizen. On the 13th of June he acknowledged the receipt of Mr. Marcy's letter, but said that as he had to leave immediately, it would be impossible for him to reply to it until his arrival in Kansas. ——In spite of the legal obstacles interposed by the authorities of the Government, Colonel Kinney effected his departure on the objects of his expedition to Nicaragua. He went secretly, however, with only five or six of the party which he expected to accompany him, and without any of the munitions and provisions which he had collected. Some weeks after his departure, a card from him was published setting forth the necessity of his immediate departure, and recommending those who had enlisted to join them at as early a day as possible by whatever opportunities might be offered. Meantime a hostile reception awaits him on his arrival—a decree issued at Granada on the 1st of June, calling upon all citizens to aid the authorities in repelling the invasion, prohibiting Kinney and his companions from entering the territory, and directing them to be immediately seized and given up to the authorities. In a letter to Colonel Walker, whose invasion of Sonora was defeated last year, Colonel Kinney states that he had purchased a very large tract of land on Lake Nicaragua, which contained mines of gold and silver. Colonel Walker, on the other hand, had been offered a very large domain to be chosen from the public lands as a reward for lending his aid to one of the aspirants to the Presidency. The two adventurers were to join their forces and make a common cause. Colonel Kinney's detention, however, prevented the fulfillment of this purpose. Colonel Walker left San Francisco and landed on the coast of Nicaragua on the 27th of June, where he was joined by about 300 men, and took possession of the small town of Rivas. On the 7th of June the bark *Magnolia* was seized in Mobile Bay, by the United States revenue officers, laden with arms destined for the expedition.——News has been received of part of the United States surveying squadron in the North Pacific, which has met with poor success in attaining the objects of the expedition. On the 16th of September the *Porpoise* and *Vincennes* left

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Hong Kong for Corea. Nine days afterward they were parted by a fearful gale, and the *Porpoise* was undoubtedly lost, as nothing has ever since been heard of her. The *Vincennes*, after being absent making surveys for four months and a half, on the 30th of January returned to Hong Kong, and on the 6th of April again started for Loo Choo, whence she was to proceed to Japan and Behring's Straits, and so to California.——The Legislature of New Hampshire has elected James Bell and John P. Hale United States Senators from that State.——The instructions from the Navy Department, under which Commodore Macauley was sent to Cuba in April, have recently been published. They bear dated April 10, and state that recent events on the high seas, in the vicinity of Cuba, call for constant vigilance to protect the rights of our countrymen and our commerce. Special attention is directed to the conduct of the Spanish frigate *Ferrolana*, in firing at and detaining the United States steamship *El Dorado*—an occurrence which, if approved by the Spanish Government, is likely to disturb the friendly relations of the two governments. The right of visitation or search of our vessels on the high seas is one the existence of which the United States has steadily refused to recognize, and the exercise of which they will not tolerate. If any officer in command of a ship of war be present when such an outrage is perpetrated upon a vessel rightfully bearing our flag, he is instructed promptly to interpose, relieve the arrested American ship, prevent the exercise of the assumed right of visitation and search, and repel the interference by force. The disturbed state of Cuba, and the apprehensions of its authorities, whether just or not, can not make any suspension of national law, nor reconcile a submission to the violation of any right resulting from the law of nations, or from treaty stipulations. The Commodore's instructions are limited to the high seas: if any invasion of American rights should occur within the teritorial jurisdiction of Cuba, he is instructed to report them immediately to the Department, unless his prompt interposition should become necessary for the preservation of the lives and property of citizens of the United States.——The Supreme Court in the city of New York has decided that the New Haven Railroad Company is responsible to the holders of the stock fraudulently issued by its agent Robert Schuyler.

From *California* our advices are to the middle of June, but they are not important. The election in San Francisco resulted in the election of half Democratic and half Know-Nothing members of the Council. The claim of James R. Bolton to three square leagues of land adjoining San Francisco has been decided in his favor by the United States Land Commissioners. The decision created a good deal of feeling, and steps were taken to appeal the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. The claim of W. C. Jones to thirteen square leagues in the County of San Diego has also been confirmed. In Lower California the wheat crop has suffered serious damage from the ravages of insects.——In *Oregon* the election was the principal subject of interest. A very bitter contest took place between General Gaines and General Lane, rival candidates for Congress, which had led to personal collisions, and resulted in General Lane's election by over two thousand majority. The people have also voted in favor of forming a State Government, and applying for admission to the Union.

From *Northern Mexico* we continue to receive reports of insurrectionary movements: several of the departments, indeed, seem to be in a state of permanent rebellion; but very little progress is made against the government. A number of towns are reported to be in possession of the insurgents, and others have pronounced against the authorities.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The conduct of the war and the general subject of Administrative Reform have occupied public attention in England during the past month. Our last record announced the defeat in the House of Commons, by a vote of 319 to 219, of a motion proposed by Mr. Disraeli, as a censure upon the Ministry for their conduct of the war, after a spirited and important debate. Other resolutions were immediately offered, but the adjournment of Parliament for the Whitsuntide holidays postponed further action. The reassembling on the 4th of June renewed the debates, which were continued for several days—Lord Palmerston announcing at the outset the receipt of a telegraphic dispatch from Vienna declaring that the conferences had finally closed. During the debate Lord John Russell urged that the war had driven Russia into accepting terms which she had rejected at the opening of hostilities; but he admitted that nothing had yet been done which would give permanent security to Turkey against future aggression, and that Russia would probably not grant any such security except under the pressure of much severer reverses than she had yet experienced. The debate—which developed an endless variety of opinion as to the objects and conduct of the war—was terminated on the 9th of June by the withdrawal of all the other resolutions and the adoption of one offered by Sir Francis Baring, declaring that the House, having seen with regret that the conferences of Vienna had not led to a termination of hostilities, felt it a duty to declare that they would continue to support the Queen in the prosecution of the war until a safe and honorable peace should be obtained. This was adopted unanimously, as containing nothing to which any party could take exception.——The report of the Committee of Inquiry appointed on Mr. Roebuck's motion was submitted to the House on the 18th of June. It was very long, and consisted of a summary of the evidence presented in regard to the various topics of investigation. Although the general conclusion reached was that there had been very gross mismanagement in nearly every department connected with the war, the language of the report was so guarded as to express a very qualified censure of the Ministry. This result was said to have been determined by a majority of the Committee against the sentiments of Mr. Roebuck himself.——The subject of Administrative Reform was brought up in the House on the 15th of June by Mr. Layard, who submitted a resolution declaring, first, that the House viewed with concern the state of the nation; next, that the cause of this concern was the manner in which merit was sacrificed to party and family influence in the public service; and, lastly, that they feared an adherence to this system would bring discredit upon the national character, and involve the country in grave disasters. In his speech he alleged that merit was entirely neglected in the promotion of officers, which was regulated by rank and wealth, and insisted on the necessity of abolishing the practice of buying and selling commissions. The

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diplomatic and consular service was confined almost exclusively to the peerage, and in the civil department favoritism equally controlled all appointments. He insisted upon the absolute necessity of reforming all this, and of adopting some system by which merit, and that alone, should regulate admission to the public service. Mr. Gladstone contested the statements of Mr. Layard, and Sir E. B. Lytton moved an amendment calling upon the Government to make an early revision of the official system, saying he could not join in the popular cry for reform, as it threatened greater damages to the State than it proposed to cure. Lord Palmerston, at a subsequent stage of the debate, accepted this amendment on the part of the Government; and on a division, Mr. Layard's resolution was rejected by a vote of 359 to 46, and that of Sir E. B. Lytton was subsequently adopted. ——On the 12th of June resolutions were offered and discussed at length in favor of a decimal system of coinage, and urging the issue of coins, representing the hundredth part of a pound, to be called cents, and others, representing the tenth of a cent, to be called mills. Assurances being given that the Government had the subject under serious consideration, the resolution was modified so as simply to express approval of the decimal system, and in that shape they were passed, 135 to 56.——At the Trinity House meeting Prince Albert made a brief address, in which he took occasion to express the opinion that, in the existing war, the Czar of Russia had very great advantages in that force which unity of purpose and action, impenetrable secrecy, and uncontrolled despotic power give him over a constitutional and limited government. The Queen can levy no troops, nor has she any at command except such as offer their voluntary services; her Government can take no steps which it has not to explain beforehand in Parliament; her army and navy can make no movements which are not announced publicly in the papers; her embassadors can enter into no negotiations without the Government having to defend them by arguments which, for the success of the negotiation, should be concealed; and, at the most critical moment of all, an adverse vote in Parliament may deprive her of all her confidential servants. Constitutional government, he said, was thus undergoing a heavy trial; and nothing could carry it safely through but full and frank confidence in the Ministry. The Prince's speech has elicited a good deal of comment, as embodying an indirect attack upon constitutional governments.

A large meeting in favor of Administrative Reform was held on the 13th in Drury Lane Theatre, London, at which Mr. Layard made an earnest and effective speech in support of the movement, which was aided and encouraged by all the men of common sense, respectability, and wealth, and opposed only by the small party who claim a monopoly of government, and who grow fat by the corruptions and evils which the association seeks to remove. He felt that agitation was necessary to correct an evil greater than it could itself produce. Nothing could be more startling than the ignorance and incompetence of government officials, as disclosed in the evidence taken before the Committee of Inquiry; and all that had been done to relieve suffering and redress wrongs had been the result of private effort. He censured the Cabinet severely for neglect of duty, and urged the importance of a thorough reform in the diplomatic service.——The bill repealing the stamp duty on newspapers has passed both Houses of Parliament and become a law.

THE CONTINENT.

In *France* the Crystal Palace Exposition continues to be the leading event of interest: as a spectacle it is represented as very fine, but as a speculation it is a failure. The Emperor has taken it out of the hands of the Company, and committed its management to officers of the State, reducing the prices of admission. The exhibition of flowers and plants, and that of agricultural produce, were very fine, and attracted a very large attendance. ——The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Walewski, has published a circular letter in reply to the dispatch in which Count Nesselrode attempted the vindication of the course pursued by Russia in the Vienna Conferences.——A good deal of discontent is felt among the workmen in various parts of France, and serious strikes have occurred in several of the departments.——The Chambers have been convoked, by Imperial decree, for July 2, to take steps for authorizing a new loan which has become necessary in consequence of the long continuance of the war.

In *Germany* no movements of special importance have taken place. Austria continues to maintain, with great skill, her attitude of masterly inactivity, in which, moreover, she has very considerably strengthened herself by the issue of the Viennese Conferences. At the last meeting of the embassadors, held on the 4th of June, Count Buol said that Austria was prepared to submit one more proposition as a basis of negotiation—the substance of which was that Russia and Turkey should propose, by common consent, to the Conference, the equal amount of naval forces to be kept up by them in the Black Sea; the Straits to remain closed, but each of the other powers to be authorized to station two frigates in the Black Sea; and in case of hostilities, the Sultan to open the passage to all the naval forces of his allies. The Russian envoys expressed their willingness to refer this proposition to their government, but the French and English embassadors declared their powers exhausted, and the Conference was dissolved. The Austrian government thereupon issued a circular to its representatives, defining the position of Austria as one of expectancy; it will take no part in the war, but, in spite of the defeat of its efforts to promote peace, it will hold itself ready to renew them whenever an opportunity may be afforded. Meantime Austria retains possession of the Principalities, and signalizes her rule by the proclamation of martial law, and the commission of the grossest barbarities upon the people.——In Prussia no movement of importance has taken place. Baron Manteuffel has replied to the circular of Count Buol, of May 17. Evincing no little dissatisfaction at the exclusion of Prussia from the councils of the Western Allies, the Secretary says that he can not believe Russia is striving to disunite Germany on the Eastern question, when she only declares her intention of abiding by the concessions made in the first and second points. Prussia reserves her judgment on Count Nesselrode's circular respecting these two points, ' out of consideration for Austria;" and thinks, at the same time, that they call for no action or declaration from the Diet.

In *Italy* a decree has been issued reducing the tariff in the Roman States very considerably upon a great variety of articles of commerce. An at-

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tempt was made on the 12th to assassinate Cardinal Antonelli, but it failed, and the assassin was arrested. Five young men, accused of taking part in the political assassinations of 1849, have been executed, after undergoing an imprisonment of over five years.——In Sicily two military executions were decreed by courts martial for carrying prohibited weapons.——In Piedmont the law abolishing religious corporations has passed both branches of the Chamber of Deputies. There are thirty-five monastic orders to be affected by this decree, and they possess 331 houses, inhabited by 4543 persons.

In *Spain* a fresh Carlist insurrection has taken place, and although no formidable gathering was effected at any one point, the demonstrations were sufficiently formidable to excite considerable alarm. The Government applied to the Cortes for extraordinary powers of arrest, which were granted on the 23d of May, by a vote of 124 to 49. The Minister of Justice issued a circular to the provincial governors, directing them to adopt measures of special precaution toward the clergy, who were suspected of having fomented the insurrection, in revenge for the recent acts affecting church property. These, and other difficulties, led to the resignation of the Ministry on the 10th of June; it was reorganized, with some changes. The Government subsequently abandoned the tax it had proposed to levy on the dividends of the public funds. Great dissatisfaction was felt by the Pope at the action affecting the Church, and it was feared a serious rupture would ensue.

THE CRIMEA.

The progress of the war has been signalized by some important incidents. A detachment of the allied armies, under command of Sir George Brown, was dispatched to the southeastern extremity of the Peninsula, where it took possession of the towns of Kertch and Yenikale—the Russians evacuating the former place, and destroying their war steamers in its harbor, and retreating also from the latter without striking a blow. At Kertch, which is a place built of stone, and having some ten thousand inhabitants, the Allies captured a quantity of ammunition, and destroyed a foundry where shot and shells had been largely manufactured. This important step cut off one source of the supplies by which the Russian forces in Sebastopol have been sustained, as it gave the Allies command of the Sea of Azoff. Operations were at once commenced against the towns of Taganrog, Marianopoli, and Cheisk, on the borders of that sea, and they were successively captured on the 3d, 5th, and 6th of June. No resistance was offered by the Russians, who evacuated also the town of Anapa, on the shores of the Black Sea, which was at once occupied by the Allies. At the same time, on the southwestern extremity of the Peninsula, the Allies advanced to the Tchernaya, and took possession of its banks without opposition. These movements gave the Allies complete possession of the Straits, and cut off the Russian reinforcements and supplies. Very large quantities of grain and other provisions had been destroyed by the Russians when they retreated, and it was supposed it would be impossible to obtain supplies for a large army from the interior of the Crimea, after the communication with the inexhaustible granaries of the Sea of Azoff had been cut off.

On the 7th of June the attack upon Sebastopol was renewed—the main point at which it was directed being the Malakoff Tower and the Redan and Mamelon works by which it was protected. After an effective cannonade of over twenty hours, on the evening of the 6th a French column advanced to the attack of the Mamelon, and the British at the same time proceeded to the parallel attack. After a hot engagement the two detachments drove the Russians out of the Mamelon and Round Towers and retained possession of them. It was supposed that they would immediately attack the Malakoff Tower; but no attempt was made upon that point until the 18th, and then it resulted disastrously. Details of this engagement have not yet reached us, but it is known that the Allies were driven back with great slaughter, and with very heavy losses on the part of the British, and that the Russians not only held the Malakoff Tower, but recaptured those previously taken by the Allies.

THE BALTIC.

Indications are given of an active campaign in the Baltic. Very large supplies of battering mortars are shipped from England. The fleets in the Gulf of Finland were anchored on the 5th of June in two lines abreast, about six miles below Cronstadt. Both the northern and southern shores of the island had been carefully reconnoitered, and the actual condition of the defenses ascertained. They are said to have been greatly strengthened during the past year. The ships of the fleet, in consequence of their great draught of water, can not approach within effective distance. Revel and Sveaborg have been reconnoitred. The entrance into Revel has been defended by large iron-spiked piles driven firmly into the ground, and so arranged that no gun-boats can pass between two of them without striking.——A recent occurrence at Hango has created a great deal of indignation in England. A boat from the English ship *Cossack* was sent ashore at that port under a flag of truce, for the purpose of restoring sundry Russian prisoners who had been captured. When the boat's crew approached the wharf they saw no sign of life, with the exception of one man. But having landed, they were suddenly attacked by Russian troops, which had lain concealed behind some rocks, and, according to the account of the only survivor, they were massacred under the most cruel circumstances. They were not only defenseless, but the officer was attacked while in the act of waving the flag of truce in his hand. That was the account given by the captain of the *Cossack* to Admiral Dundas. The Russian report of the affair states that nine men and two officers were taken prisoners, three or four of whom were wounded, and that the rest were killed in resisting the Russian troops. No mention is made of a flag of truce. In the British Parliament the affair was characterized by Lord Clarendon as a barbarous and outrageous violation of the usages of war. Representations have been made to the Russian government, through the Danish Minister, that the English Government waits with extreme anxiety to know what steps they had taken, or intend to take, to punish such an outrage; which, had it happened in some savage island in the South Seas, might not have excited surprise, but which could not be expected to occur in any civilized nation; and unless it was at once duly and amply punished, would deserve the severest reprisals.

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Literary Notices.

Art Hints: Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, by JAMES JACKSON JARVES. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The foundation of Art, according to the author of this very suggestive volume, is laid in the two-fold nature of man. The material element in his being relates to the external aspects of the universe, investigates the qualities and forms of the physical world, and combines the knowledge of its laws into systems of science. It deals with every object, to which the attention is directed, as it appears to the external senses. The function of science, accordingly, is the subjugation of nature to the uses of man. But the sphere of science does not exhaust the necessities of the soul. As soon as the wants of the body are satisfied, others more subtle, more undefined, but not less craving spring up. These arise from the inner principle of our nature, which, to distinguish it from the activity of the outward senses, we term the spirit. Its province is not merely the aspect, but the essence of things. It deals not in anatomy or analysis—neither calculates nor combines—but seeks to interpret the language of the universe through the medium of Beauty. Its peculiar domain is Art, or the form under which ideal beauty is represented to man. The progress of Art is intimately connected with the history of civilization. In each age it has assumed a peculiar individuality, whether in music, poetry, form, or color; but in none have its capacities been exhausted or wholly comprehended. No nation has ever enjoyed so favorable a position as the United States of America for the complete development of those ideal faculties of which Art is the language. The extent of its territory furnishing the varieties of climate most suitable for intellectual action—the fresh and exhaustless character of its natural scenery—its great accumulations of wealth—its salient spirit of enterprise—its prevailing freedom of thought and rivalry of intellect, giving origin to new ideas, and working them out to their practical results—all this, tempered with an infusion of the best blood of older civilizations, constitutes a power for progress to which past history can show no parallels. It is for America to prove that freedom presents no obstacle to the cultivation of Art, nor loses aught of vigor or sincerity with the spread of refinement and taste.

A brief sketch of the development of Art both in ancient and modern times is followed by an elaborate discussion of its essential principles, viewing the subject in its relation both to matter and spirit. The different schools of Art are then considered, in a succession of interesting chapters, embracing minute and valuable criticisms on the productions of several of the most celebrated masters. The comments on the great English landscapist, Turner, perhaps show the greatest originality and discrimination. Turner, in the opinion of the writer, is superior to any previous artist in his knowledge of landscape, in his power of expressing the variety as well as the grandeur of nature. What Raphael was to the human figure, Turner was to the landscape. Each embodied in his peculiar branch of Art a certain natural grace which had never before been attained. Turner gave the physical truths of nature, in his water-color pictures, with a faithfulness and vitality that place him incomparably above any preceding painter of landscape. Through his works Nature speaks to the beholder, smiling or frowning, inciting to action or inviting to repose, according to her various moods. The universality of his genius, in this respect, is extraordinary. No creation of beauty, from a mountain to a moss, escaped his notice. His true field was nature; but he was not less gifted in delineating the works of man. Few artists have ever drawn architecture like him. Ships, too, were his delight; he reveled in ocean sublimity, as well as in mountain grandeur. Nor was his heart less open to the joy of the plains and the quiet of the valleys. He carried a loving spirit into whatever he undertook; his touch was sometimes careless, it is true, and perhaps even wanton, but it always had power and meaning. In his treatment of Nature, he instinctively seized upon her happiest moments and her most beautiful aspects. He had no sympathy with the trivial and commonplace, because he felt that, in the interpretation of Nature, he was bound to be faithful to her highest instincts. Leaving the natural world, Turner lost his peculiar power. He could not even follow the imaginative flights of Milton or Campbell; he was a poet only in the illustration of natural scenery or domestic life. His drawings have an exquisite sense of harmony in their gradations and variety; they show a careful study of Nature; their fullness of feeling suggests more than they represent. We examine his work again and again, without exhausting its significance or beauty, and are convinced of the inability of material to portray his complete idea. As a mere painter Turner was not equally great. He had not the same delicate sense of color that he had of form, nor could he carry out in oil the same principle which gave him success in water-colors. His future reputation as an artist must depend on his drawings and engravings. The criticisms on Turner presented by Mr. Jarves will doubtless fail of commanding universal assent, especially as the merits of that artist have been made the subject of such earnest controversy. The same remark applies to many of the judgments of the writer in regard to celebrated productions of Art. But whatever degree of conviction they may command, no one will hesitate to acknowledge their genial character, and the extensive study and cultivated taste on which they are founded. Although modestly claiming merely to furnish hints on a favorite subject, the volume will be found to contain a store of important information, together with frequent suggestions no less profound than original.

The Six Days of Creation, by TAYLER LEWIS. (Published by G. Y. Van de Bogert.) After the surfeit of speculation which the Mosaic account of the creation has called forth, it was hardly to be expected that a new view of the subject would be presented by any subsequent writer. In the work before us, however, Professor Lewis may claim the merit of originality. He treads in the steps of no previous explorer. Evidently familiar with the pretensions and the results of former researches, he has submitted the whole question of the Scriptural cosmology to a fresh examination, pursuing his inquiries without reference to any favorite theory, and exclusively intent on ascertaining the true significance of the sacred record. In his view, the testimony of Scripture is incomparably superior to

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the deductions of science. Not that there is any real inconsistency between different sources of truth; but the teachings of Holy Writ are precise and absolute, while the conclusions of science are relative in their character, and often vague in their import. Hence, Professor Lewis confines himself to the critical examination of the portion of Genesis which describes the process of creation. He does not allow the inquiry to be embarrassed by any scientific considerations. His problem is to present a foundation for faith in the revelations of the Bible, without calling in the aid of scientific discovery—to obtain the true system of the universe from the instructions of Moses, without appealing to geologists like Buckland, Lyell, Hitchcock, or Hugh Miller. In this respect, therefore, Professor Lewis occupies the same ground with those who contend for the literal construction and paramount authority of the sacred record, in opposition to the hypotheses of geology. But he arrives at conclusions widely different from those of the writers alluded to. Instead of adopting the apparent sense of the record, as teaching the creation of the world in six natural days, he contends that the periods of the sacred cosmology are to be understood as indefinite spaces of time, and that this interpretation is sustained by a profound examination of the language of the record, irrespective of the claims of modern geological science. His view of the subject may be explained in a few sentences. The language of revelation is not scientific, metaphysical, or poetical, but phenomenal —that is, in setting forth the acts of creative power it describes the ultimate phenomena through which they are manifested to the senses, without reference to the chain of sequences, which form the subject of scientific research. Keeping this fact in view, we find, according to the Bible, that creation is a series of alternating growths, each derived from a supernatural origin. These supernatural beginnings, followed by natural growths, constitute the chronological periods of the divine working. Of these six are mentioned by the sacred historian as having a direct relation to the birth of our own world in its present formation. But these creative periods are indefinite—that is, their duration can not be measured by any subordinate divisions of time derived from the present settled constitution of things.

In his elaborate treatment of the subject, Professor Lewis shows equal learning, ingenuity, and devotion to the Bible. His style has the simplicity and clearness which are usually the fruits of earnest conviction, and is, in fact, a model of didactic discussion. He has succeeded in placing profound thoughts in a transparent light. Whatever opinion may be formed of the exegetical value of his labors, no one can question their deep sincerity, the solicitude for truth in which they had their origin, and the dignity of manner and force of illustration with which they have been conducted.

Waikna; Adventures on the Mosquito Shore, by SAMUEL A. BARD. (Harper and Brothers.) Weary with a tedious sojourn on the island of Jamaica, the young artist who here puts forth his maiden attempt in literature, resolves upon a picturesque tour, for study and inspiration, among the tropical scenery of Central America. Taking passage at Kingston with the colored skipper of a rickety craft, he has a narrow escape of his life from a terrible shipwreck, which destroyed two out of the five persons forming the companions of his voyage. With a mysterious Indian boy, who turns out to be of the blood-royal of Yucatan, and whose weird and sombre ways make him a prominent object in the narrative, our adventurer is cast upon a desert island in the Sea of the Antilles, where he subsists upon the turtle which abound in the waters for nearly a fortnight, and at length is taken off by some fishermen, and makes his way safely to the Mosquito shore. From this time his adventures commence in good earnest. With a reckless love of enterprise, mingled with an equal love of fun, he dashes into the interior, and soon treads foot in places which have seldom been visited, much less described, even by the most audacious Yankee travelers. His pictures of the curious native life with which he comes in contact are eminently graphic, and reveal an unsophisticated state of society worthy the attention of the amateur in the investigation of human nature. Blended with his accounts of strange Indian manners, the writer gives frequent descriptions of the gorgeous scenery of the country, betraying the eye and hand of a genuine artist. His book, which has not a dull page from beginning to end, and which is profusely seasoned with a spicy originality of expression, will challenge a brilliant place among our popular American "Travels."

The Heiress of Haughton (published by Harper and Brothers), is the sequel to the admirable story of "Aubrey," by Mrs. MARSH, and, like all the productions of that writer, is distinguished for its intensity of conception, its almost masculine vigor of style, and the tragic incidents of its plot. The costume of the story is purely English in its character, and gives a vivid representation of some of the many-colored phases of English life. Among its prominent personages are several young Etonians, whose doings and adventures form an attractive portion of the narrative. The illustration of character and passion is always finely managed by Mrs. Marsh. She has a true insight into the human heart, and causes its deepest hiding-places to reveal their secrets. In reading her stories we are never repulsed by the air of fantastic unreality which pervades so large a portion of modern fiction. She is often highly dramatic in her exposition of scenes and motives, but melodramatic never. Her style is a model of clean and choice expression in the simple vernacular. These traits, which have given her such a beautiful distinction among living novelists, are conspicuous in the present work, and will commend it to the eager perusal of her hosts of admirers.

The Complete Works of Shakspeare (published by Martin and Johnson), in an elegant quarto edition, illustrated, has reached the sixteenth part. Each number contains a portrait in Shakspearian character of celebrated American and English actors of the present century, together with historical engravings from the works of eminent painters. The same house issue an illustrated edition of BROWN'S *Self-Interpreting Family Bible*, with views of the principal places mentioned in Scripture. Each of these works is brought out in a style of superior beauty, and presents a favorable specimen of chaste ornamented typography.

Christianity, its Essence and Evidence, by GEORGE W. BURNAP, D.D. (Published by Crosby, Nichols, and Co.) The author of this work is a distinguished Unitarian clergyman in the city of Baltimore, though exhibiting a decided aversion to the

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radical, rationalizing tendency of some of the more recent speculations of that school of theologians. In this volume he endeavors to steer clear of the greatest extremes of opinion, and to defend his views of revelation in the spirit of moderate compromise. He writes with vigor, with clearness, and with a certain hard, logical sense that commends his suggestions to the consideration of thinking men. The volume is marked by an air of unmistakable sincerity, although the author makes no attempt to enforce his convictions by any show of eloquence. He is evidently persuaded that he has discovered the secret of the Bible; and that it needs only to be announced in order to be generally received, without the aid of rhetorical illustration. It is not probable, however, that he has settled the matter in question, or that his views will be accepted as a "finality" beyond the limits of a portion of his own denomination.

Star Papers; or, Experiences of Art and Nature, by HENRY WARD BEECHER. (Published by J. C. Derby.) In these fugitive productions Mr. Beecher shows a mercurial fancy, a poetic sympathy with nature and humanity, a native sense of artistic beauty, a passion for rural sports, and a lurking love of fun and frolic, which often peeps out from beneath the sombre robes of his profession. Indeed, like his venerable and heroic old father, who is said to have worn his hunting-jacket and spatterdashes into the pulpit, without damage to his potent religious influence, he makes little account of the clerical starch, which we used to deem as essential to the New England parson as the black coat and white cravat. Mr. Beecher remembers that he was a man before he was a clergyman, and is not afraid to give a little indulgence to the old Adam, as he kicks up his heels in boyish glee in the shade of country orchards, or at the side of forest brooks. We never knew a sportsman that could hook a trout with keener relish than this fisher of men. He enters into the spirit of the amusement with a joyous zest not unworthy of the antique Isaak Walton himself, or our exuberant devotee of the angle, Frank Forester. His days of trout-fishing, however, are not the only white days that he records among his experiences of sylvan pleasures. He is every where at home amidst the retirements of nature, and he reports his joys with a gamesome gladness that can almost make sunshine in the darkest alleys of city desolation. His volume, accordingly, has a cheerful, appetizing tendency that must give a heathful tone to its multitudes of readers.

Letters to Bishop Hughes, by KIRWAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The series of letters addressed by this formidable controversialist to the Catholic Archbishop of New York, which produced an unprecedented sensation at the time of their original appearance, are here republished, with careful revision and several important additions. They treat of the principal questions at issue between the Protestant Church and the Church of Rome, presenting a copious array of historical authorities, and a succession of vigorous dogmatic analyses. The severity of the argument is often enlivened by the autobiographical reminiscences of the author, showing the process by which he was led to renounce the faith of his ancestors, and become a convert to the principles of Protestantism. Kirwan is an adroit and efficient debater on his favorite themes. No man can surpass him in zeal for the Protestant religion, or in dread of the pretensions and influence of the Roman hierarchy. His opposition to the priesthood is a passion. His reasoning is pointed with a sting, as if inspired by a sense of personal wrong. Hence, he is always animated, and often eloquent. His peculiar forte consists in seizing the pith of a question, divesting it of its extraneous details, following it out in the light of common sense, and presenting it in an aspect which never fails to make a popular impression. With no ordinary skill in logical strategy, and the facile command of a terse and lucid diction, he always attracts attention both by the force of his arguments and the natural vivacity of his language. In the prevailing excitement concerning the Catholic controversy, this work, it must be admitted, is reproduced at a seasonable moment, and its appearance will be welcomed by a multitude of readers. It is no less adapted for popular circulation and convincement, than to aid the preparation of those who are called to take part in the debate.

The Lives and Times of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, by HENRY FLANDERS. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) The present volume, which forms the first series of an extended biographical work, is wholly occupied with the lives of Jay and Rutledge. They are composed from original research, the author having had access to important documents of which the contents have not before been communicated to the public. He has presented an ample view of the eminent men to whom his volume is devoted, enabling the reader to follow the successive steps of their career without confusion. His style is grave and dignified, without rhetorical pretense, but showing occasional instances of singular carelessness.

The reprints of *Christie Johnstone and Peg Woffington*, by CHARLES READE, a famous London play-wright, have excited no inconsiderable sensation in many circles of American novel readers. They possess the charm of sparkling freshness of delineation, and natural piquancy of dialogue. For the most part the style has a juicy crispness, leaving a fine fruity flavor, in admirable contrast with the diluted, wishy-washy insipidities of so many popular works of fiction. This is, doubtless, in no small degree the secret of this new author's popularity. He shows no extraordinary power of invention; his imagination is not highly creative, though his fancy is brisk and suggestive; in his best passages he follows the wake of Dickens; his characters are not remarkable for consistency or originality; and he often places them in situations of such whimsical improbability as to become grotesque. Still there is a naïveté and heartiness in his language—a sympathy with the better traits of human nature—and a sly comic humor in his delineations which distinguish him favorably from the vulgar herd of novelists, and will cause the future productions of his pen to be awaited with interest.

In *The Golden Reed*, by B. F. BARRETT, the compiler has collected a series of extracts from the writings of Swedenborg, with brief original comments, showing that the true Church of the "New Jerusalem" has nothing exclusive or sectarian in its character, but is designed to fulfill the function of a pervading spirit in the bosom of other communions. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

Joy and Care, by Mrs. TUTHILL (published by Charles Scribner), is the title of a series of letters

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addressed to young mothers, giving appropriate hints and directions in regard to the discharge of the duties incident to the maternal relation. Without the least particle of cant or pedantry, it suggests rules for the physical and moral education of young children, which, if faithfully applied in every nursery, would prove of more value to the rising generation than all the "baby-shows" which vulgar charlatanry can invest.

The publishing trade in England appears to be on the eve of a revival. Among the most recent works of interest are—Sir David Brewster's "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," enlarged from his biography, published in 1831, by original correspondence and other documents among the archives of the Earl of Portsmouth—a re-issue of Hallam's historical works, commencing with "Europe during the Middle Ages," which first appeared in 1818—the fourth volume of "Alison's History of Europe," bringing the details down to the Reform Bill movement of 1831—Sir William Napier's "English Battles and Sieges of the Peninsula," enlarged and rewritten from his great work—"Polynesian Mythology and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race," by Sir George Grey, late Governor of New Zealand—"Thoughts on National Education," by Lord Lyttleton—a new book on the Seaside, by Mr. Kingsley, entitled "Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Shore,"—"Cleve Hall," in two volumes, by the author of "Amy Herbert"—Mr. William Howitt's "Land, Labor, and Gold"—the Hon. Henry A. Murray's "Lands of the Slave and the Free; or, Travels in Cuba, the United States, and Canada"—Lieutenant R. F. Burton's "Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca;" the first and second volumes relate wholly to Medinah—J. R. Beste's "The Wabash; or, the Adventures of an English Gentleman's Family in the Interior of America"—"An Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings of John Milton, with an Introduction to Paradise Lost," by Thomas Keightley, author of the popular work on Mythology—a sixpenny pamphlet by Mr. Ruskin, containing his remarks on the principal pictures in the Royal Academy, this season, full of sarcasm, force, and humor—and a highly valuable book, called "Art-Hints: Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting," by James Jackson Jarves, author of "Parisian Sights and French Principles," "Sandwich Island Notes," etc.

The list of promised works is very extensive. In it we notice the following: "The National Review," advertised as a new Quarterly Journal of General Literature, Politics, and Social and Religious Philosophy. (It is denied, by-the-way, that the *Westminster Review* had ceased to be the property of Mr. Chapman, as reported.)—An Index to the first fifty volumes of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*—a new serial tale, to be commenced in November, by Charles Dickens, with Illustrations by Hablot K. Brown—the two concluding volumes of Lord John Russell's "Memoirs and Letters of Thomas Moore"—a new work by Leigh Hunt, to be called "The Old Court Suburb"—"The City of the Crescent, with Pictures of Harem Life, and of the Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1854," by Gordon Trenery—"Russia in the Black Sea," by Danby Seymour, M.P. for Poole—"Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover," by Mrs. Everett Green—a new edition of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," with Illustrations by Birket Foster, and uniform with Gray's "Elegy"—a volume of poems by the Poet Laureate (who is now Doctor Tennyson), to consist of Maud, an Idyl, and Italy—"The Jealous Wife:" a novel, by Miss Pardoe—"Constantine; or, the Last Days of an Empire," by Captain Spencer—"The Life and Writings of Dean Swift," edited by Mr. Forster, author of "Oliver Goldsmith: an Autobiography," and editor of the *London Examiner*—"Historic Scenes in America," by the late Mr. Bartlett, the artist—"Switzerland in 1854, 55: a Book of Travel, Men, and Things," by the Rev. W. G. Heathman, lately the British chaplain at Interlaken—"The Brothers Barrett," a novel, by Miss Julia Corner—the second and concluding volume of Professor Creary's "History of the Ottoman Turks, from the Foundation of their Empire to the Present Time"—the first portion of the long-announced edition of Bacon's Works, edited by Mr. Spedding, Mr. Leslie Ellis, and Mr. Douglas Heath, comprising "The Philosophical Works"—an edition of Moore's "Irish Melodies," with twelve finely-executed steel engravings, uniform with the edition of "Lalla Rookh," similarly illustrated. The designs will be by the following artists: Mr. C. W. Cope, R.A.; Mr. Creswick, R.A.; Mr. Egg; Mr. Frith, R.A.; Mr. Frost; Mr. Horsley; Mr. Millais; Mr. M'Clise, R.A.; Mr. Mulready, R.A.; Mr. Sant; Mr. Stone; and Mr. Ward—the first volume of the English Translation of Arago's Works, comprising Arago's "Meteorological Essays," translated under the superintendence of, and edited by Colonel Sabine—a Life of Lord Cockburn, the Scottish Judge, and the biographer of Jeffrey, by Sir H. Moncrieff, Lord-Advocate of Scotland—Mr. Anderson's "Four Years' Explorations in Southwestern Africa"—Captain M'Clure's "Account of the Discovery of the Northwest Passage"—Lord De Ros's "Journal of a Tour in the Principalities, the Crimea, and the Countries adjoining the Black Sea," in 1835, 36.

Lieutenant Maury's book on the Physical Geography of the Sea, which has obtained a high character in England, is believed to have settled the question of a telegraphic communication between Europe and America. His researches have proved the fact that in its extreme depths the ocean is always perfectly undisturbed and tranquil. This removes a great cause of apprehension about the safety of the telegraphic chain. The scheme will speedily be carried out. The points of junction between the hemispheres would be from Ireland to Newfoundland, and the sub-oceanic chain necessary to connect these would be about seventy times as long as that which unites Dover with Calais.

The "Memoirs and Correspondence of the Rev. Sydney Smith, by Lady Holland, his daughter," emanate, not from the wife of Lord Holland (who was a daughter of the Earl of Coventry), but from the wife of Sir Henry Holland, the eminent London physician.

Alexander Hersen, an exile, has announced a quarterly Russian review, to be published in London, as the organ of revolutionary Russia. It is to be called *L'Etoile Polaire*. The first number was to appear on the first of August.

Lamartine is engaged on a History of Russia.

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to appear immediately on the completion of his History of Turkey. He has become a contributor to the *Siècle*, a Paris journal. His articles will be literary and philosophical, and entitled "My Readings."

The repeal of the two cents' stamp-duty on British newspapers, which comes into operation on the first day of July, threatens to make great changes in British journalism. A two cents' daily London newspaper (the previous price being ten cents for each copy) leads the van. That literary veteran, Charles Knight, has produced a weekly paper at four cents, and the *Illustrated Times*, the *Picture Times*, and the *People's Times*, handsomely illustrated and well edited, have appeared, in rivalry with the *Illustrated London News*, which keeps up its price (twelve cents), but has doubled its size. A four cents' daily paper is forthcoming, and the *Express* (hitherto an evening edition of the *Daily News*) has come out as a regular evening paper for four cents.

It is in the provinces, however, that the greatest changes are taking place. The *Liverpool Journal* appears daily for two cents, with a mammoth sheet on Saturday for six cents. The *Liverpool Northern Times*, dropping the stamp, falls down from six cents to four. The *Manchester Guardian*, a journal of great influence and circulation, comes out as a daily, price four cents a copy, its size being equal to the *London Times*. That organ of the Free Trade party, the *Manchester Examiner*, appears as a two cents' daily, and, of great size, on Saturdays for six cents. In Edinburgh as many as four daily journals, at the price of two cents, are forthcoming. In Glasgow there is promise of the same activity. The *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, an old established daily paper, comes down to the price of two cents. It is expected each of the principal cities in the United Kingdom will soon have one or more cheap daily papers of its own. Up to the repeal of the stamp duty, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Dublin, were the only provincial places possessing daily journals. London itself, taking all the morning and evening newspapers, possessed only *ten* daily papers, of which *The Times* had a circulation of over 51,000, while the rest varied from 7795 to 1350 a day.

We have to record the death of several men of letters. Viscount Strangford, born in 1780, who acquired some literary distinction, nearly half a century ago, as the biographer and translator of Camoens, the Portuguese poet. Being successful, although roughly criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*, he was attacked in Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers: first, for being "Hibernian by birth; next, for having

"Eyes of blue,
And boasted locks of red or auburn hue;"

and lastly, for

"Dressing Camoens in a suit of lace."

There was some ground for the final charge—Lord Strangford's versions being rather paraphrases than translations—so as to justify Byron's remark, "that the things given to the public as poems of Camoens, are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon." Abandoning literature for politics, Lord Strangford was Embassador from England to Brazil, Stockholm, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg. In 1828 he was sent on a special mission to Brazil, after which he retired, after twenty-five years service, on a pension of £2000 a year. At the same time he was raised to the British peerage (his Viscounty was Irish, created in 1628) as Baron Penshurst. He had previously been created a grandee of Portugal. For the last thirty years little was heard of Lord Strangford. He employed himself in collecting materials, at the British Museum and the State Paper Office, for the biography of Endymion Porter, his maternal ancestor. He was an occasional contributor to *Notes and Queries*. His successor, the Hon. George Sydney Smythe, formerly Member for Canterbury, and a leader of the "Young England" political party, has obtained some repute as author of "Historic Fancies." It may be noticed as a curious coincidence, that only a few days before the death of his only English translator, the dust of the minstrel of "The Lusiad," who perished in an hospital in 1595, was searched for, found in a cenotaph beneath the high altar of the Church of the Convent of St. Anne of Lisbon, and deposited in a rich coffin, with public honors, previous to being finally deposited in a stately monument which the Portuguese Government have ordered to be erected.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gaisford, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Greek in that University, has paid the great debt of nature. In 1811 he was appointed Professor of Greek, and subsequently made Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. On the Continent of Europe, Dr. Gaisford's literary reputation was even better known and more highly honored than in England. His edition of *Herodotus*, published in 1840, and his *Lectiones Platonicæ*, his earliest work, published in 1820, are almost his only contributions to popular classical literature. The great labors of his life—his *Suidas*, published in 1834; his *Etymologicum Magnum*, published in 1848; and his *Theodoret*, published in 1854—are of an order which even common scholars do not appreciate. He was Fellow of the Royal Academy of Munich, and corresponding member of the Institute of France.

The death of Sir G. H. Rose has to be recorded. He was son of the Hon. George Rose (personal friend of William Pitt), and suceeded him in the lucrative office of Clerk of the Parliaments, from which he retired in 1844. He edited a Selection from the Papers of the Earl of Marchmont, illustrative of events from 1685 to 1750.

Charles Cochrane, well known by his philanthropic efforts to improve the condition and enlarge the comforts of the laboring and pauper classes in London, has also passed away. At the general election, in 1847, he unsuccessfully contested the representation of the city of Westminster, and was only defeated by a very small majority. Twenty years before, being then a very young man, Mr. Cochrane had made a tour of the United Kingdom, disguised as a Spanish minstrel, and published his adventures, some of which were not exactly what strict morality could approve of. In the Parliamentary contest, his opponents republished this volume, and thereby created a prejudice against him which caused his defeat.

Professer Schlesinger, of the Museum of Berlin, an eminent painter; M. Lavigne, principal tenor of the Grand Opera at Paris, from 1808 to 1825; and Chevalier Rosini, professor of the University of Pisa, and author of a "History of Painting," and other works, are also noticed in the recent foreign necrologies.

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Editor's Table.

A REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND is the last thing in the world of which nine thinkers out of ten allow themselves to contemplate the possibility. Thanks to a concurrence of singularly fortunate accidents, to the abiding prosperity of the nation, to the sober instincts of the British people, to the consummate skill and watchful prudence of the aristocracy, and also—it must be acknowledged—to the many excellent features of the British Constitution, the monarchy of England has enjoyed a career of which an Englishman may well be proud, and a stability that will provoke equal admiration and astonishment in future ages. It has endured shocks that have uprooted older monarchies, and outridden gales in which far more compact institutions have foundered. Though several dynasties have sat upon the throne, and none can show a pedigree of equal length to that of Hapsburg, the gallery of English kings may challenge comparison—in point of historical grandeur—with any royal line the world has ever known. The Papacy alone presents a fit parallel. Eight centuries ago—as many years before Columbus as have elapsed since his time—the King of England held the sceptre which the Queen still holds. He was there when the oldest cathedrals, now overgrown with mould and dropping slowly into decay, were being built. He was there when it was unmanly for a king to know how to read. He was there in the days of scythe-chariots and cross-bows; of troubadours and lutes; of Christian strife with the Druids; long before there was an English language, before there were any British ships, before there were any great cities in England. And there, in the self-same place, under the self-same crown, over the self-same realm rules Victoria, the successor of Egbert, King of England.

Nor yet the monarchy alone. Round the throne stand nobles whose lineal ancestors crossed the British Channel with the Bastard. The English gentleman who takes his double first at Oxford treads where students trode a thousand years ago, and reads his Porson where they pored over a manuscript of Alcuin in the days of King Alfred. Men hear the gospel preached in edifices where it was preached eight hundred years ago by the lineal predecessors of the men who now occupy the pulpits. Learned sergeants receive the same warrant to dispense justice among her Majesty's subjects that was issued to great lawyers before the Crusades.

Once, through the fatal obstinacy and dishonesty of a single man, the long ancestral line was severed. For a brief space it seemed that all that was venerable—King, Lords, Church, Courts, and the rest—were gone: men trampled on them, and boys grew up in ignorance that they had ever existed. But with the generation that had overset them the new system passed away, and the republicans crossing the sea to found a republic here, the people at large returned gladly to their old yoke. Since then, to outward eyes there has been but little change in the British Constitution. Storms have burst upon it, and it has bent to them; when they blew over, it has redressed itself as strong as ever. Revolutions have broken out all around it. Part of the Empire has cut loose from the root, and conquered liberty for itself. Disaffection has never been wholly silenced. Men have never been wanting to proclaim the crying defects of the system. It has been stretched and compressed; it has been violated; one ruler has smothered a living principle, another has placed his foot on a cardinal compromise; the people have said they were sick of it, the monarch has avowed that it could be worked no longer; not a sentence has escaped savage criticism; yet, in spite of all, the British Constitution survives, unaltered and, until within the past year, unchallenged by the people as a frame of government. Well may the British Lords smile in derision at the thought of a revolution in England.

For all that, things more unlikely have happened since this planet cooled. Great Britain has undoubtedly reached a great crisis in her career. History knows but four Powers by which nations have been governed—Kings, Nobles, Churches, and People. Most nations have tried several of these in turn. The most obvious form of government among a rude race is a monarchy; when several races combine to form a nation, the government usually becomes an oligarchy; which, in its turn, makes way either for a hierarchy or a consolidated monarchy, according to circumstances and the temper of the people; and last of all, with civilization and enlightenment, comes Democracy. Most of the European nations have gone through the first three, and some of them all four, of these phases. Thus, Spain and France have both been first monarchies, then oligarchies or hierarchies, then monarchies again, more or less absolute, and, last of all, democracies, sometimes under the name of republics, sometimes of empires, sometimes of constitutional monarchies. Germany is only at the second stage; the conflicting elements of democracy and monarchy simply avail to sustain the oligarchy. England has taken the series in a different order. She began with monarchy; then came hierarchy; then oligarchy; then monarchy again; then a brief attempt at democracy, which was in fact nothing but monarchy with a new instrument; and, last of all, oligarchy once more, which still endures.

There is so much misapprehension, and so much falsehood among English political writers, that it is not easy to get at cardinal truths. But it seems quite certain that the present oligarchy dates from the Reformation, when the immense estates of the Church, amounting to one-half the landed property in the kingdom, were parceled out among the nobles and favorites at Court. The Tudors sowed the seed; the Stuarts reaped. The harvest took a century to ripen. It was in the middle of the sixteenth century that the chosen few obtained the means of commanding political power; but the seventeenth had run more than half its course before they ventured to use it. It was only when James openly avowed his intention of reinstating Catholicity on a footing of equality with Protestantism—an arrangement which would have been sure to invalidate the titles to one-half the estates held by the nobility—that the oligarchy put forth their strength, used dexterously the fanatical Protestantism of the people, and set up William of Orange in undoubted opposition to the nation at large. The condition of his throne was submission

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to the nobility. British writers have it that he agreed to govern according to the Constitution, which divided the supreme power between King, Lords, and Commons. But as the House of Commons was at the time, and continued for a century and a half to be chosen by the nobility, and as the King could originate no measure, the agreement simply amounted to a pledge that the new monarch would be the instrument of the oligarchy. That agreement still subsists. And considering the dangers through which England has passed, and the intelligence and power of the people, it must be confessed that history hardly contains a single parallel to the skill and perseverance which have enabled the oligarchy to maintain so astounding a tyranny throughout so long a period of time.

The people have waged incessant war with them. Under William and Anne foreign wars and domestic misunderstandings enabled the oligarchy to defeat their adversary without trouble. Under the First George they were so hard pressed that they were forced to deprive the people of the right of assembling by the Riot Act, and to discourage popular attempts to influence Parliament by an act rendering the Parliaments septennial. These answered the purpose of keeping down the people till the independence of this country and the revolution in France roused them anew under the Third George. Coercive measures, at this time, would only have provoked an immediate outburst; with wonderful dexterity the oligarchy threw a tub to the whale, and declared war upon France. This sagacious measure had the double effect of exciting national prejudice, and thereby diverting men's minds from abuses at home, and also of dealing a blow at republican principles by stifling the young French republic in her cradle. For twenty-two years the simple British people thought of nothing but putting down the "blood-thirsty tyrant, Bonaparte;" when the job was done, the oligarchy turned round upon them and said: You see that republics are a utopia in Europe—that France has returned to her Bourbons, having gained nothing but blood and hardship by trying to get rid of them—and that you would be mad to throw away the blessings you enjoy. Strange as it may seem, this reasoning actually succeeded in keeping the British people quiet fifteen years longer; they paid the interest on the debt they had incurred in crushing French liberty, and congratulated themselves on their good fortune in being ruled by the peers.

At the end of fifteen years or thereabout, the old cry arose among the people. This time it took a tangible and modest shape. They demanded the right of choosing a majority of the House of Commons. Of course, the oligarchy refused. Unhappily for the latter, a century and a half of power had impaired their wisdom; formerly, though the Whigs and Tories kept up an appearance of very bitter hostility for the people's edification, they had always stood by each other in all questions affecting their order; but now, the Tories had maltreated the Whigs, the latter sought revenge, and to gain it, played into the hands of the people. The Reform Act was thus passed. It was the first popular victory and the first blow to the oligarchy since 1688.

Next followed in quick succession—fifteen years did not elapse—another popular victory, the Free Trade measures. In England free trade meant cheap bread; cheap bread meant cheap land; cheap land meant the preponderance of the industrial interests—that is to say the people—over the landed interests or the aristocracy, who held nearly three-fourths of the land in the kingdom. It was a great and glorious victory for the people of England.

This time, not half fifteen years elapsed before the reopening of the campaign. With the middle of the century the people were in full cry for a fresh Reform Act, designedly to obtain control of the whole of the Commons. Weakened by their defeats, and degenerated by long possession of power, the aristocracy were about to yield when a prospect of war appeared on the horizon. It looked like a god-send. With desperate energy the pugnacious propensities of the nation were played upon, until all England was ravenous for war. It was declared, and once more the oligarchy flattered themselves that the evil day was postponed.

They forgot that what chance gave, chance might take away. The disasters of the very first campaign aroused the old popular feeling with ten-fold energy; and in the midst of the war that was to divert attention from aristocratic tyranny, the people of England broke out into open democratic tumult. Leading organs of public opinion, leading men in every walk of life, openly declared they had had enough of the oligarchy; and though within the past week or so, exaggerated stories of triumphs in the field have diverted public attention from the subject, it is quite evident that the mind of the people at large is made up. Military disaster may precipitate, as victory may retard a change; obstinacy on the part of the oligarchy may make it bloody, though that is unlikely; but a change seems certainly inevitable, and that change so radical that it may well be dignified with the name of a revolution.

Let us see what room there is for revolutionary action.

According to law, Great Britain is governed by King, Lords, and Commons. The King (or Queen as the case may be) has powers similar to those of most of our State governors, though he dare not veto a bill; powers infinitely more restricted than those of the President. One branch of Parliament is composed of men whose title to power is birth; they are understood to be born with legislative capacity; and inherit from their great-grandfather, whose wife became a king's mistress, or some other ancestor who fought a battle with the French, or some other who got a large slice of the Church property, the ability to govern the people of England. Very properly this branch does not pretend to have an opinion of its own, and always gives way to the other, which is mostly chosen by the people. But the Lower House is chosen for seven years, and can not be dissolved before the expiration of that period without the Ministry desire it. It may pass a law, but it can not perform any executive act, or control the executive or appoint it. It can do nothing but vote against a bill it dislikes. If the Ministry get the supplies voted, they are independent of Parliament for a year, and may govern the country as they please. If Parliament is determined to get rid of a ministry, a vote of want of confidence—a negative vote on some ministerial measure—is given; and custom generally—though not always—requires ministers to resign. Parliament can go no farther. When the Queen appoints new men, if it do not like them, it may take

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the earliest opportunity of passing a vote of want of confidence in them also; but there again its power stops. If ministers are obstinate, they say to Parliament: We will resign if you like; but no other ministers will be appointed, and the business of the country will be brought to a stand. This was what Lord Derby said when he last took office. In this case Parliament has to choose between stopping the business of the country, or accepting the obnoxious ministers; it has always preferred the latter. Add to this the fact that the members of Parliament, being elected for seven years, for obvious reasons find it to their interest to support ministers—if not of one stripe, of another—so as to avoid any thing like a dead lock; that from the expense of elections and the large landed influence of the aristocracy, a very strong party in the House of Commons is always subservient to the oligarchy; finally, that the whole immense patronage of the Government is openly used to corrupt members; and it will be seen both that Parliament has no real power to speak of, and also that if it had, there is no reason to suppose that in ordinary times it would use it for the benefit of the people.

Where then is the real power, if Queen, Lords, and Commons have it not?

It rests with the set or clique of men to whom custom restricts the Queen in the choice of ministers. These are the aristocracy. Some are called Whigs, some Tories, some Free-traders, some Protectionists; but no difference of principle divides them. They all think very much alike on politics. By custom—for there is no law on the subject—the sovereign chooses the rulers of the kingdom from among them. When one batch fails, and is voted to have lost public confidence, its chief goes to the monarch, resigns, and recommends another batch from the same set. If they fail in like manner, their chief recommends a third batch of the same; but no minister or sovereign thinks of going beyond the magic circle to look for a Cabinet. They inherit the right of governing the kingdom. Most of them are peers, though all the peers do not belong to the fortunate set. A few of the clique, like Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, belong to the nobility, but for convenience sake prefer a seat in the Lower House to a peerage. Though they keep the choice circle as select as possible, they are not blind to the necessity of recruiting their ranks from the people. Any man of very marked ability who chooses to make their cause his own may obtain a partial admission, and in some rare instances a very high place in the set. In this way one branch of the clique has admitted Gladstone and Disraeli, while the other once gave an office to Macaulay, and raised Brougham to power. But these intrusions are so rare as not to alter the aristocratic color of the set; and no one is admitted, whatever his ability, who is not willing to join heart and soul in defense of the privileges of the aristocracy.

We have said that all the peers do not belong to the governing coterie. The test of admission for peers is the power of talking. Any peer who can talk on his legs is eligible, and may be a minister.

The powers of a ministry in England are, in executive matters, unlimited. The whole negotiation with reference to the Eastern war was conducted secretly by the ministry; until after war was declared, even Parliament was not allowed to know what was going on. They control every public functionary and every public concern in Great Britain, from the Queen to the tide-waiters at the Custom-house, from the execution of an Act of Parliament to licensing a huxter.

The whole public patronage, amounting in the aggregate to over one hundred and twenty millions of dollars per annum, is in their hands. It is the more valuable as subordinate government officers in Great Britain retain their offices during good behavior, and generally hold them for life. It is estimated that there are 16,000 of these constantly employed, independently of office-keepers, messengers, laborers, etc., who number about 50,000 more. In some departments an examination—usually a mere matter of form—must be undergone before a young man can be appointed to office; but this is the exception. In general the minister appoints whom he pleases, without other guide than his mere choice. It is by a judicious use of this power that Parliament is managed. When a clerk is appointed, he takes the lowest rank in the office, at a salary ranging ordinarily from $400 to $500. He rises by seniority, and not otherwise. He may be a genius, and his immediate senior a dolt—the dolt will command the genius through life. It is calculated that, with ordinary luck, a man who enters the government service young, rises to an office worth $2500 a year at forty-five or fifty. During the whole of his career he never knows what anxiety means. If incapacitated by sickness, he retires on a pension; he has the same comfortable prospect for his old age. Fancy what power such a patronage as this must bestow!

The army is equally in the hands of the same set. As a general rule, commissions in the British army are bought, and become the private property of the purchaser. In the infantry regiments, for instance, the ensign pays $2250 for his commission; when a lieutenancy falls vacant, he pays $1250 more to get it; $5500 more when a vacancy enables him to claim his company; $7000 more to take his majority, and about as much more when the promotion of his superior gives him the right of demanding a lieutenant-colonelcy. Thus, money is not only required to enter the service, but at every step after entrance; for if the senior of any grade is unable to lodge the requisite sum, when the rank above him falls vacant, the right passes to the next man below him, and so on, till some one has the money to buy this vacant promotion. This rule at once narrows the circle of military men to the aristocracy and to the wealthy among the people. But the mercantile classes in England have an unconquerable aversion to the army. Bred to industry, they detest sloth; habitually virtuous, fathers dread the proverbial laxity of military morals; moreover, with a good education and money, every young Englishman of good abilities can do better elsewhere. This narrows the circle still farther. Again, when a man dies in the service, his commission escheats to the government, and a vacancy is created, which the Horse Guards—one of the private concerns of the set—can fill without purchase. A very comfortable source of patronage for the set is thus opened. Finally, though the pay of officers is prescribed by law, a considerable number are constantly employed on special service, at increased or double pay; these fortunate ones are selected by the set. On the whole, therefore, though the army is not so open a nursery for the aristocracy as the civil service, in practice it is still more used in that way, be-

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cause most youths prefer a commission to a clerkship.

Such is the system on which Great Britain has been governed since 1688. The executive power, and civil and military patronage, in the hands of a hereditary clique; the legislative power in those of a body of men whose term of service renders them independent of their constituents, and whose interests and station necessarily oblige most of them to be subservient to that clique.

It has now been found that that system can not be worked to advantage. Under it, the British army has been thrown away, the kingdom has been involved in a war of questionable necessity, the taxes have increased, the diplomacy of the State has been deplorable; every department of the public service needs reform, and the greatest abuses seem incurable by constitutional means; batch after batch of the set have been tried, and have all proved equally worthless; Parliament has sunk into contempt; the glaring nullity of the sovereign has become ludicrous; and the masses of the people of England, led by the most enlightened minds in the country, call for a change. Hitherto their demands have been comprised in the inoffensive cry for Administrative Reform. But to Americans it will be obvious at a glance that, like a worn-out coat, the British system can no longer be mended; patches will only make bad worse; an entirely new one is the thing that is wanted. It is doubtful whether the bulk of the British people are aware of this. They are led to reverence their aristocracy, and to despise Chartism. Both propensities seem unphilosophical here; but 'tis the way of most Englishmen, and we have no business to cavil. Many of them say to themselves that the present system has piloted them for over a century and a half, and has enabled them to beat Bonaparte; and they don't see why it should not answer still, with some reforms and amendments. It may be objected that they have thriven in spite of the system, not by means of it; that every measure into which it has led them, and principally the last French war, has been injurious to the nation; but how long they will take to discover this can not be foretold. Still, they are on the track. Administrative Reform and Revolution—in the popular sense of the word—only differ in degree; all revolutions have begun with agitations for reforms. The nation is roused. The abuses are glaring. Their cost is manifest. Times have greatly changed since the establishment of the present system. No educated Englishman believes in the divine right of kings. American example has stripped democracy of its fabled terrors. An infinitely able and daring press is ready to lead the way. A sturdy, intelligent nation is girt to follow. Where the end may be, it were yet impertinent to conjecture.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is some months since we had a word to say about a little affair in Spain. But we are glad that honor may be rectified elsewhere. In America, also, the delicate balance may be adjusted. It is not necessary to cross the sea to keep our characters in repair. That final and decisive arbitrament which always removes stains from the manly escutcheon, which proves a man to be noble and generous and true, which is the absolute sign-manual of the gentleman—that is also possible in this remote Western continent. We can give the lie in comfort now, sure of the only honorable revenge. We can wing, and tip, and settle, and do, according to the grand code. If any man has grieved that he came so late into time as not to have had a chance at the only gentlemanlike redress of grievances, let him be consoled, and join the club. Major Goliah O'Grady has come up from California; and the lie, direct or indirect; the innuendo, the aspersion, the blow, the tweak, and the kick; the glass of wine in the face, or its compulsory conversion into a spittoon, can now be accurately arranged upon the true principles; and if a drunken boy says that our boot heels are too low, we can dexterously have his heart's-blood, and thereby establish their proper height, or we can lodge a bullet in his hip, and, as he limps through the long years of life, we can triumphantly point to his deformity, and claim the honor of that proof of our prowess and final adjustment of heels.

It is a prosperous and pleasant time and country in which such things are not obsolete; and when they rest upon the weighty basis of the opinion of the long-skirted youth of the land, none of whose horses trot their mile in less than 2.50, and who illustrate with such elegance the *pavé* near noted hotels and the balls of good society. It is always well when customs which so intimately concern the life and happiness of individuals and families are supported by this intelligent and dignified body. Every body knows how much they are respected. Every body knows how immediately and eagerly the great questions of the moment are referred to them. Every body knows how generous they are in their estimates, how humane in their sympathies, how lofty in their aims, and what lovely lives they lead—so fair to see, that the impassioned spectator exclaims, with pardonable pride, "I, too, am an American!" Who would not willingly see a son, a brother, a husband, a father, a lover, sacrificed to the principles they profess? Who would not exultingly point to the bereaved family, as, perhaps unfortunate, but, on the whole, enviable martyrs to a code which the judicious approve and the heroic support?

But is it not still pleasanter when not only this body of intelligent, high-minded, and noble youths —"their country's pride"—but also the grave and exemplary elders, tacitly support the good old customs inherited from the enlightened civilization of earlier and happier times? When bearded men are assembled to make laws upon which rest the foundations of society, surely nothing can be more instructive than to see them resorting to the decision of a test which was the growth of ages in which laws were notoriously perfect, and the state of society tranquil and satisfactory. When legislators show, by taking each other by the throat, that they are not afraid to knock any number of chips off any number of shoulders, and that they are not to be bullied or dismayed, then all good citizens take courage, and are sure of the State. When they show, in the most conclusive way, that laws are made for men and not men for laws, then they beget a respect for law which can not fail to be felt in society, and they lay up for themselves lasting regard in all minds which are not infected with certain crude heresies of peace and good-will, and, in general, with the doctrines of one who was tried, condemned, and executed as a traitor and disturber of the commonwealth centuries ago.

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It is consoling, in this century and in this country, to see safe men from the streets famous in trade shake their heads, and say gravely that really there is nothing left for a legislator, for instance, when he is personally accused, but to fling down the gauntlet and proceed to the field. It is a sweet strain of chivalry in this decadent day. It is the beautiful behavior of the Christian gentleman, which the safe men so sedulously exhort their sons to become. It gives point to the pulpit teachings. It lends a graceful emphasis to family prayers. It is a general honor to society. It justifies our self-laudation, and our placid assumption that we are better than all the precedent ages. It makes the Hon. Indian Corn and the Hon. Cracked Hominy very much greater and more admirable men than Orson and Front-de-Bœuf. When those two eminent senators get by the ears, and are parted, in order to perfect arrangements by which they may decorously shoot each other with rifles, the safe men of the famous business streets are glad to see a little spunk at last, and hope this example will not be lost. "We are very sorry, of course," the safe men assure you, "but really there was nothing else for it." And it is agreeable to know that so long as they are considered "safe" men there will be nothing else for it.

Colonel Colt, and other great manufacturers of revolvers and bowie-knives, will not be sorry to hear that society is safer where this amiable custom prevails. If a man knows that he will be closely held to account for his words at the point of the pistol, he will be much more circumspect, and very much limit his verbal expansion. And he will take so much the more care, and society will be so much the safer, if he knows that he will be held to account upon the spot, and without the tedious formality of "concluding the necessary arrangements." That is clearly the most enviable state of society in which, when the Hon. Indian Corn takes offense at an expression of the Hon. Cracked Hominy, he instantly appeases his offended honor by drawing a bowie-knife or revolver. An affair of honor is only a pistol a little longer in loading—a bowie-knife with a longer sheath. The proof of this position about the state of society is found in a glance at the regions and times in which the resort to the good old custom has obtained. How much loftier in tone they are! What security of life and property! What noble characters are fostered! How eager is every man who was born and bred under a different law to escape into the blissful climes where this instant holding to account is practiced!

There are innocents who have actually argued this question! As if Major Goliah O'Grady cared about arguments! "I plant myself upon instinct," says the valorous officer. "I point to the military profession, which has always cherished this noble habit, and I ask, where can you find men so finished and polished, of such enlarged and liberal views, of such pure and dignified lives? I point to the class of gentlemen, to those who drive their own horses, and drink their own wines, and smoke their own cigars, and play at their own cards to win their friends' own money—to the gentlemen worthy the name, whose lives are devoted to doing nothing, with a bland contempt for the foolish dreams of those who believe not only that something can be done in this world, but that life and talents were given to do it with. I point to the men who people the clubs, and embellish life generally, and make us think better of mankind; and I ask, where could you hope to find a more appropriate body of supporters of any custom, or law, or institution than these gentlemen present?" And echo answers Major Goliah O'Grady—"Where."

That there is a law actually registered against these inalienable rights of men to shoot, and maim, and hack, and hew each other, is only another of the sad proofs which history multiplies, that the moral sense of the community sometimes does strange things. Well may an outraged friend of needy knife-grinders indignantly demand why his liberty is to be limited in this respect, and why, if a rash intruder ventures to impugn his honor, he may not then and there crush, confound, and destroy him, either instantly with a bowie-knife, or after due delay and serious adjustment of preliminaries, and with a proper amount of "friends" and medical gentlemen in waiting. If society calmly replies that she has taken the adjustment of offenses into her own hands, and that she can not allow him to slay the man who steals his purse, but that she will, herself, punish the delinquent, may not the friend of needy knife-grinders well quote the immortal bard, and crying, "Who steals my purse steals trash," decline to pursue the argument?

If, sometimes, a rash poet, fresh from his reading of the history of other times and lands, turns with a shudder from the story of wars and private mutabilities, and, as he looks up into the soft summer sky, and hears the distant hum of toil, and smells the breath of the pure clover in the fields, ventures to believe that a better faith is coming, and a more blissful time—if he dares to hope that men are weary of wasting the world, and will now gather from it fairer flowers than his visions knew—how effectually is that rash poet awakened from his dreams, how pointedly is he taught the folly of faith in idle sentiments, and what he calls high principles, when those to whom the future is given sow its broad fields with the fresh seed of the good old customs, and take care that the world shall not go astray in any idle dreams of golden ages, or an ameliorated race!

If we Americans are not fond of fêtes, we are of funerals. How cheerfully we seize every occasion of a striking death to make an imposing burial! What State obsequies we bestow upon bullies, while brave men are borne unnoticed to the grave! This Easy Chair would not, surely, have it different as regards the brave men; for sincere sorrow demands secrecy, and does not care to advertise its depth. But why should we not allow those whose lives have not been illustrious to go quietly to the church-yard? How often, in countries not more remote than France and Italy, has this Easy Chair seen patriotic and sensible Americans sniffing with contempt at the graceful festivals of peasants, adorned with flowers and gay colors, and making the spectator feel that all who helped make the festival were happy! How often has the complacent Jonathan not congratulated himself that he was the son of a country whose common-sense was superior to such tomfoolery, and where men did not stick feathers in their hats, nor tie ribbons about their arms, nor make themselves "objects;" but where the grave affairs of life were gravely administered in black satin waistcoats, and with black buckram manners, and no critic could pout nor point at the extravagance or silliness of popular customs!

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But what foreigner, from China even, or the moon, would not have smiled with contempt at some popular performances of ours during the last year? Does the black-satined Yankee undertake to laugh at the peasants' flower-feast of Gexzano, and not cry at Bill Poole's funeral? Is the innocent hilarity of the Carnival or the illumination of a city trivial, and the mockery of a Cyprian's magnificent obsequies worthy.a great and sensible people in black satin waistcoats?

We remember to have seen Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" quoted in connection with the subject. An appeal is made to our Christian sympathies. Are we to cast out the outcast? Are we not to forgive seventy times seven? Are we not to love our erring brethren as ourselves? Shall comely guilt go with long weepers to the grave, and obscure sin be hurried privately away? Shall we steel our hearts? "Ah!" cry the impassioned friends of the needy knife-grinders,

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!"

Now there is charity, and a sentimentality of charity. In the recent instance of the public honors paid to a frail woman at her funeral, how many of the performers were moved by a selfish or personal craving of excitement, and how many by a simple sympathy with misfortune and a Christian regard for human decencies? Does Christian charity for the erring show itself in this way? Grant that the unfortunate object of this post-mortem ovation was a deceived and unhappy victim, and not a wrong-doer by choice and with knowledge, was this funeral of any moral import, except of the worst? had it any influence, except the most deleterious? If the city of Paris had decreed similar mortuary honors to Ninon de l'Enclos, would not history have resounded for centuries with eloquent fulminations against a city which had no other honors for the memory of its best citizens than those which it had paid to a harlot?

It is putting the question upon an entirely untenable ground to treat it in this way. Grant that it is Pharisaical to claim to be better than our neighbors; grant that we are all sinners, and that it is not easy to settle the degrees of human guilt; yet, would you have buried Arnold as Washington was buried? or have crowned Burr as you honored Fulton? If you had helped rescue from that "Bridge of Sighs"

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate
Gone to her death,"

would you have wished to lay her in state, and to bear her with nodding plumes and a pompous procession to the tomb? There are certain signs of respect by which the human heart indicates its sense of superior worth, and they are not the same signs by which it shows its sympathy with the sinner. To confound these expressions is to do a great wrong every where; to erect false standards, and confuse the well-meaning but short-sighted.

In the case of Bill Poole the excitement was purely political, and the quarrel with the demonstration was futile, because it was only a move in a game. Nobody cared very much for the victim of a midnight row, except those whose personal affection nothing can alienate. But a party which could make political capital from the results of that row would be sure to do so, and from the most transparently selfish motives. In the recent Brooklyn case, however, there was nothing of the kind. The whole affair was a spectacle of maudlin sentiment. Whatever the sorrows and sins of the woman, those sorrows and sins gave her no right to the kind of demonstration which was made. If we must have excitements, let us have them of a less shocking nature. Let us not seize the occasion of a frail woman's suicide to open the cemeteries, and crowd the churches, and fill the newspapers with pathos, but rather, when such things happen, let us go quietly aside and without parade or prudery, dropping a tear over the dead—if we have a tear, but in no case wearing crape if we have not the tear—let us help compose the limbs, and smooth the face that shall no more be darkened with sorrow, and say humbly in our hearts, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

In the general swash of mock philanthropy there is danger that charity and human sympathy will be swept away. The literature of the moment is afflicted with the disease, and helps to spread the infection. The young men and maidens shed all the tears they have, and bestow their share of sympathy upon woes that never were, and upon heroic ideal martyrs who never suffered. Sorrow is taught to be a matter of condition. High character and low fortune are represented as necessarily coexistent. To be rich, and refined, and sensitive, and delicate, is to be hard, and heartless, and tyrannical. It is a falsehood and begets lies. We are told, with a sneer, that we need not be afraid of any body's becoming too philanthropical. It is perfectly true, and it is for that very reason that we are no lovers of friends of humanity and needy knife-grinders, who, in a world where there *is* so little danger of too much real humanity, try to keep up a supply of the factitious.

"Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

* * * * * * *

"Have you not read the 'Rights of Man,' by Tom Paine?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

"*Knife-Grinder.*

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir;
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

* * * * * * *

"I should be glad to drink your Honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir.

"*Friend of Humanity.*

"*I* give thee sixpence! I will see thee d——d first."

* * * * * * *

We have little sympathy with this smart satire of Canning's, because the feeling of contempt for certain classes, and of incredulity of certain complaints, are so manifest throughout. But is it not true that the opportunities of making such hits, and of making them pungent and bitter, are supplied by the friends of humanity? They are weapons which we sharpen against ourselves. If we could only always be as full of proper black satin in our conduct as we are in our waistcoats, what a well-behaved people we should be! But, in the mean time, while we bury Bill Poole magnificent-

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ly, and the poor "Unknown" with sacred pomp, let us be more wary how we speak of the "silly squirt" of the European fêtes.

YET we have a fête of our own, which no festival of any country can rival in significance and interest. The roar of cannon, and the music of bells, and the glare of fire-works, have hardly yet passed. And the day which makes more children happy than any other day in the year, seems still to linger with its various noise in the air.

Even the wood of this venerable Easy Chair, is warmed with emotion as the Fourth of July procession passes. "Time can not wither, nor custom stale its infinite" interest. The guns, and crackers, and torpedoes, and pistols, and rockets have popped, and whizzed, and flared for more than the human threescore years and ten. The eloquence of all our promising men of more than seventy years has hailed the day, and exploded in periods more patriotically fervent than the fire of the artillery salutes. The bird of freedom has been invited, and exhorted, and apostrophized, and adjured in every variety of metre, tortured and strained into new cadences and modulations. The colossal banquets in mammoth tents have fed hungry thousands, and all the bands and bells of all the myriad cities, towns, and villages of the land have cracked their cheeks to swell the pean and commemorate "the day we celebrate."

But though young Alonzo Puff, in his highly talented and appropriate oration, extolled our glory in unmeasured terms; and though Yankee Doodle was hilariously played by the enthusiastic band, until we all wanted to stick a feather in our hats and call it maccaroni; and though peal upon peal of thundering applause interrupted the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and hurled defiance at a deceased monarch and a government which is now historical with the Inquisition; and although the loveliest ladies in the land sat exhausted in airy muslins, and fanned their rosy cheeks until it seemed that the roses must needs burst fully forth; yet who was not proud and glad? who did not rejoice in the universal rejoicing? who did not wish that he had, once at least, delivered a Fourth of July oration, and have been the hero of an hour of the brightest day of the American year?

It is passed, as you read this, until another year. The bells will ring weekly to church on Sabbath days; the bands will play at many a military parade; there will many a procession pass in pomp—but there will not be quite the same sound in the bells; nor quite the same music in the bands; nor quite the same pomp in the procession. It is the gift of association, of fancy, of what you will. But it belongs to the Fourth, and we can not escape its charm. It is a feeling which grows very deep down in the mind and heart, intertwined with the best hopes and aspirations.

There is still a Fourth of July oration to be written. There have been good ones—there may yet be good ones. No lover ever found his tongue silent because a world of lovers had made love before him. No poet ever saddened at the sight of the mountains or the sea because Coleridge and Byron had already seen and sung them. No lover of his country, no believer in man, but can find the words to express the thoughts that come with the national birth-day. Let him who reads this line remember that if ever he is summoned to speak on that day the thanks and thoughts of his fellow-citizens, he is not to decline, but acknowledge and accept the honor of being their high-priest and offering the sacrifice of their gratitude.

Nor are the children forgotten in that beautiful habit now becoming so popular and universal, of a floral fête upon the Fourth. It has no lovelier feature than this. There are no happier faces—there are no more genial and graceful associations. The day is wreathed with flowers. Let it be upon some church-green, beneath the shadow of the spire. The morning shall be sweet, and the air cool, if any thing can be cool upon this day. There shall be a long table, with receding and rising shelves, and nosegays of modest blossoms, and gorgeous bouquets of garden flowers, and baskets, and pyramids, and wreaths, and green crosses, and moss talismans, and many a floral amulet, and many a charm of roses shall be strewn, and set, and inserted upon the shelves. There shall be smiling parents, with tranquil, pleased faces, holding up the little ones to see. There shall be cheerful, modest, and lively girls to sell, so that the buyer, looking in their eyes, shall say, "I prefer violets," or, as he glances at their cheeks, "I am perplexed between lilies and roses." There shall be a smiling swarm of young children and school-girls—and groups of youthful beaux, in clean summer-coats, and with smooth faces. Many a half-coy maid shall hand her boy-beau a wreath of bay or evergreen, which he shall smile in taking, and a hundred times sigh over, if, in future years, when he sees its beauty, he has not earned a laurel. Many a bashful boy shall hand his maid a rose-bud, which she shall take with blushes, and hide deep in her choicest drawer, as deep in her heart the memory of the giver is hidden. From the midst of the flowery table let a cone of evergreen, a young pine, or hemlock rise, covered with roses and sweet-william, and crowned with an apex of white lilies. They are the flowers of the Madonna, and they hang, emblematic, over the feast of flowers and youth. So let purity and peace mingle with the groups of children upon the sunny morning of the Fourth. Such memories are seed which shall ripen in a fairer harvest than the garden supplies for the table.

In a day of general change we sigh for conservative elements, and wonder how we may more closely attach the country to its best hopes and traditions. Certainly no way is wiser than by associating our birth-day with all that is loveliest in art and nature. For so the children will feel that every thing delicate and pure is fostered by the day which is dearest to us all. If we hail it not only with enthusiasm and tumultuous rejoicing, but also surround it with grace and tranquil charms, it will gradually become as beautiful as it is boisterous, and the poet, as well as the political philosopher, will hail with delight the bells that its rising sun strikes into music.

WE can perhaps do many a distant friend a service by telling him of Agassiz's project to publish the results of his studies and investigations in our natural history. Louis Agassiz is by far the most eminent of living naturalists, and has resided in America for the last eight years. His fame is European and American. For his treatise upon fossil fishes the French Academy awarded him its first medal; and although a French medal may be no better than any other medal, yet the approbation of the most capable judges in the world is the best of all approbation. Agassiz is a profound and con-

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stant student, and was appointed a few years since to the chair of Natural History in Harvard University. He has passed half of the time at the South and West, and has been in constant correspondence with all our scientific scholars. His material is ample, and his ability to manage it unsurpassed.

He proposes to publish a series of ten volumes in as many years. Every year one volume will be issued, in quarto form, containing about three hundred pages and twenty plates, and of the most appropriate typographical character. The annual expense is to be twelve dollars, payable upon delivery of the volume.

The claims of such a work are national and scientific. Very few of us who may become subscribers are probably deeply versed in the various branches the work proposes to treat. Very few of us will perhaps ever recur to its pages for any thing more than amusement or occasional instruction. It is not so much for our own reading as it is for other considerations that the subscription ought to be made. The case is here. The greatest living scholar, in a great department of science, says to us Americans, "I will publish, in fair form, all that I have observed and discovered in your natural history; I will complete, up to this date, the natural history of your country, if you will authorize me to do so by the promise of bearing the expense. I do not ask to be remunerated for my time, and care, and study; but, fond as I am of science, I can not devote years to the study of your history, and then pay out money for the satisfaction of laying the results before you. You shall pay only the necessary expenses of publication, and I will take care that neither the subject, nor my scientific name, suffers in my handling of my materials."

It is an appeal of science to America. Are we willing to allow Professor Agassiz to leave the work unfinished? Shall we suffer our good name, our national pride, our individual homage to the high ends of human life and knowledge, to be so slandered as they would be by our refusal to encourage the work? Are we anxious for our true fame as a people? are we willing that the quick finger of scorn in Europe should point at us as the men who know how to make a dollar, and to keep it, but not to use it wisely? shall we give fair occasion for the taunt that Republics are no friends of art, of science, and of letters? shall every little kingdom in Europe provide every means for the intellectual advancement of its children, so far as Academies and Galleries can do it, and we be so blind to our essential greatness that we emulate the sad old powers who turned a deaf ear to Columbus? Even his own Genoa would not hear him. But Spain listened, and he told her of a new world. We are sure this Easy Chair has a host of friends who are not willing that Agassiz should, in a way, be our Columbus, and ask to do, for our honor and intellectual aggrandizement, a task that we will not have him do.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We do not know which would have best repaid the trouble of a Paris visit during the month last gone—the national Exhibition, or Mr. Greeley at Clichy. We rarely venture upon any personal observations in this hap-hazard summary of ours; but Mr. Greeley is so public a man, and yet so docile, that we do not think an apology necessary for introducing a view of his calm face under the shadow of a French prison for debt.

We are emboldened the more, since our apostle of reform was incarcerated for no debt of his own, but for the knavery of his associates in that great scheme of industrial speculation which has come to such ignoble end.

Rumor says that our editor gave himself cheerfully into the hands of the authorities, although a luxurious dinner at the *Trois Frères Provençaux* was in prospect. We can not forbear the contemplation, even in fancy, of his benign face, his fine, white locks, his capacious brow, his slatternly toilet, his infinite composure, or his childish curiosity, among the crimped and bearded denizens of the great prison of the Rue de Clichy! We seem to see him, with his downcast, but very penetrating gaze, searching the countenances and habits of those about him, for wayside arguments in support of his pet theories.

We seem to see him taking measure—in his mind—of the skull-cap of some rascally journeyman tailor who has swindled some poor lodging-house keeper out of two months' rental, and regretting that phrenologic science had not put lodging-house keepers on their guard, and charitably inclined "Society" to take care of those whose "bumps" would not allow them to take care of themselves.

We seem to see his disdain for the figured waistcoat of some fast man who has overdrawn his broker's account, and his regrets that figured waistcoats should not be subjected to some harmonic Maine Law against idle extravagance. We seem to see him coquetting modestly with some imprisoned fair one, whose weaknesses have led her into debt, and seeking to console her, in modest French, under her sufferance of a tyranny which provides her sex a prison, but denies them a vote. We observe him talking (in fancy) with some unfortunate republican, whose tailor's bills are wholly unpaid, but whose heart is in the right place; we observe him advancing a small loan to such, and presently regretting his generous instinct in sight of a most patent violation (on the part of the republican) of the spirit of the Maine Law.

But we observe that amidst all the perplexities of his position, he never loses his serenity of feature; and, in the very contrasts and contradictions around him, finds a new support for the cherished belief that society is in a bad way, and needs thorough reorganization. We fancy him suggesting this idea to those around him, and finding confirmation on the part of every fellow-prisoner. We commend the subject of "Mr. Greeley at Clichy" as a good subject for a philosophic artist of the pre-Raffaelite school.

As for the Exhibition, success has not yet succeeded to disappointment. The glass roof makes the July sun intolerable; the raw edges of unfinished work offend the eye; the crowd is neither great nor enthusiastic. The French love "spectacle" better than continuous exhibition; they enjoy the open-air concerts there under the Champs Elysées trees far better than a second sight at the carpets of Aubusson, or the galaxy of Sèvres vases.

As for strangers, Paris is too rich in the shows of centuries to make the improvisation of the Palace of Industry a success. What bronze under the glass roof will compete, after all, with the column of the Place Vendôme, or the fountains of La Concorde? What pictures are there in the pasteboard gallery of the *Cours de la Reine* to be mentioned beside those of the long hall of the Louvre? And even in the

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mechanic arts there has been these many years a permanent show of wonders at the working-man's palace in the Rue St. Martin, which would more than feed most appetites for novelty, or for successful execution.

Yet more; there are the gardens, the flowers, the fountains, the palaces, the splendid avenues, the luxurious cafés, the ever-changing stage, the charming *idlesse* of the Paris life, which, together, must make of the Exhibition only a unit among the array of attractions.

We reckon, then (and we think we reckon wisely), that Paris itself will make of the Paris Exhibition a failure.

In London the matter was widely different. Where should the stranger, in that memorable Hyde Park year, go in London, except to the Hyde Park Palace? Where should he delight himself in that wilderness of people, except in the drawing-room where the best of the people every day met?

Where could he dine better than at Soyer's, just under the Crystal Palace wing? Where could he see prettier women than in the Turkish court? Where could he catch more sunshine than where he was cheated of the smoke by the crystal roof, and the play of the crystal fountain? Where was he more sure of familiar faces, in a capital where familiar faces (to a stranger) are godsends? Where could he relieve himself easier of the intense ennui belonging to a lone wanderer in London streets, than in the Hyde Park Palace?

It does not take half a score of days to see the things noticeable in arts which belong to a stranger's eye in London. The National Gallery is a *bonne bouche* swallowed fast by a continental traveler; Dulwich, with its pretty Murillos, is only another; the Vernon Collection is a third; the Tower is a bore; the Zoological Garden a pretty hour's lounge; Madame Tussaud only a needful horror—to see, and forget; the Tunnel is a tomb-like show, where a great reputation and a great work lie buried together; St. Paul's is a smoky monster that you reach through a mob of toiling Ludgate dray-horses, or under the shadows of Newgate—a very Mammon monster—where you pay sixpences for shows, and whence you come away with confused notions of a great dome, a great din, and Dakin's tea-house on the corner. The solemnity which belongs to St. Peter's and to Nôtre Dame does not overtake one in the temple of London city. We remember attending service there many years ago (we dare not say how many). The choir, where the Sunday devotions go on, seemed full, as we entered the great nave of the church; but we observed that certain solemn-looking vergers, in flowing robes of black, hung about the iron gratings that opened upon the choir. We observed further that certain piously-disposed strangers approached these vergers, and after a short conference with them, a pinch of the thumb and forefinger in the waistcoat pocket, and a transfer of certain small coin (we could not tell how much) to the left hand of the verger, we observed that the piously-disposed strangers entered within the railing. We ventured ourselves upon the procedure. We pinched a shilling in readiness (first peeping at it, in the gloom of the columns, to make sure that it was not a ha'penny); we approached piously, with our finger and thumb in the reserve waistcoat pocket, bowed, murmured indistinctly a request for admission, and tendered, with an easy carelessness, the shilling already decided upon. The verger glanced at the money, tapped us on the shoulder, drew us away to another door, ushered us in, and directed us, to our great surprise, to one of the oaken stalls which we had supposed to be kept in reserve for some high official. The usual fee, we afterward learned, was sixpence.

The man beside us smelt strongly of Jamaica rum. We are ashamed to say that we remember little else of that day's service. It is not strange that it has always appeared to us since a temple of Mammon.

And this brings us back, by an allowable sweep of thought and pen, to our story of the Paris Exhibition, which differs widely from its London forerunner, in the fact that it has to contend with a thousand charming objects in the Continental Metropolis which did not belong to the gloomy city on the Thames.

Moreover, what could be more natural than that a commercial people should "follow" (*suivent* the French would say) with a will, an exhibition containing within itself all the objects and aims of a great world-trade to which they had always aspired, and of which they had reason to boast? The English love trade for itself, as well perhaps as for its amazing influence in shaping national destinies; the French love trade only as furnishing constant supply for their more volatile and artistic wants. Their method of business is most accurate and finished; but they make you no boast of their railway accomplishment, or of their nice adjustment of finances. Their pride lies in their magnificent gardens, and streets, and palaces, and not, like that of their neighbors over-Channel, in their docks, their shipping, and their Birminghams.

Even now your French friend (if you have one in the gay capital) will draw you away from under the hot vaults of the Palace of Industry to enjoy a sherbet with him under the awning before Tortoni's door, and will divert talk from the Limoges wares and the magnificent *ebénisterie* of Tahan to the pleasant show of passers by, or to last night's performance of Madame Ristori.

This new name in Paris dramatic life brings us to another passage of our gossip, and to the record of a new *divertissement* in the Paris world. Madame Ristori is an accomplished Italian actress who has of late been electrifying the Parisian world by her spirited performance of some of Alfieri's tragedies and Goldoni's comedies. Her success is the more surprising, since the French, of all people, are the most slow to admit the claims of any rivals to their own favorites of the stage; yet we find the fair Southron coupled in flattering terms with Rachel, and there are those even who are disposed to declare her superiority to the Jewish queen of tragedy. We venture to clip from a French paper a short notice of her acting in a powerful play of Alfieri:

"In the noble tragedy of 'Myrrha,' her magnificent genius has full scope; and, scene after scene, she electrified the entire auditory in a manner not easy to describe without the appearance of exaggeration.

"Myrrha was the daughter of Cinyras, King of Cyprus, whom Venus, for some offense against her rites, inspired with a passion for her own father. Alfieri has entirely departed from the version of the tale given by Ovid, and wisely—for that most sensual of poets, free as he was, has outgone his ordinary licentiousness in this story, but

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has had the grace to preface his narrative with something in an apologetic strain:

"'Dira canam: procul hinc nato, procul este parente!'

"In Ovid's conclusion Myrrha flies to Arabia, where she gives birth to Adonis, who afterward avenges the cruelty Venus had been guilty of toward his mother, by repaying the passion of the goddess for him with coldness and disdain; and finally, Myrrha was changed into a tree bearing her name.

"Such a subject, like most mythological fables, seems far removed from all human sympathy; but Alfieri, by confining the objects of his tragedy to the display of the consuming passion of the hapless heroine, and the horror and remorse it inspires her with, has invested it with deep interest; and in the hands of a great tragedian, such as Madame Ristori, the passion and the suffering are so perfect, that the revolting or impossible nature of the subject altogether disappears before the reality of the acting.

"The first great scene is between Myrrha and her parents; she is moving toward her mother when her eye suddenly rests upon the king. Her look of mingled shame, dread, and irrepressible delight, and the tone in which she utters the words:

"'O ciel! che veggo,
Anco il padre!'

reveals at once her whole story. By the acting of Madame Ristori in this tragedy, the implacable Venus of the ancients, the frenzy of Sappho, Phædra, and the Pythonissa become understood. From her first entrance on the stage, the frightful influence of her passion seems ever before its unhappy victim; she contends against it in vain; she calls for death; she would seek the quiet of the grave while she is yet innocent. Her delivery of the passage in which she reproaches her mother with being the source of all her woes, and in which she implores her to put an end to her wretched existence, was sublime: the expression she threw into the final word

"'Ancor n'ò tempo—
Sono innocente—quasi!——'

seemed to send a thrill throughout the house. There is but one performance which will bear comparison with the Myrrha of Ristori—the Phædra of Rachel."

And the enthusiastic writer goes on to say, that at the close of the piece the audience were not satisfied until the fair stranger had made her appearance three times before the curtain to receive as many outbursts of applause.

Goldoni, strange to say, does not seem so relishable by the French as Alfieri; and, aside from the extraordinary beauty of one of the Comic Italian troupe, the company does not command any general attention.

The young King of Portugal, every body knows, is on his travels, and is meeting with regal fête-makings in his honor, which contrast quite strongly with the small array of trumpeters who hang upon the skirts of Messrs. Fillmore and Van Buren.

The Prefect of the Seine, among others, has but lately given a ball in his honor at the Hotel de Ville, which is said to have surpassed in brilliancy all the previous fêtes which have made gay that princely palace of the city. Again, as in the winter past, fountains were brought into plentiful gush along the corridors, and a mimic cascade of St. Cloud tumbled down its real waters from admirably concealed distance, over ledges of fictitious marble, and eddied away in great pools, upon which painted lamps were floating, and tall evergreens cast their shadow. The King of Portugal and Queen Dowager of Spain were both there; and the Princess Mathilde played the part of the lady patroness.

Pray, what thinks Mr. Greeley of the claim (on the part of the French officials) that these costly fêtes distribute labor, and pence, and happiness among the French people? Ten thousand guests (for a Hotel de Ville ball counts so great a number) must wear ten thousand pairs of French white gloves; ten thousand pairs of French white gloves cost twenty thousand French francs; and these twenty thousand francs go into the pockets of an indefinite number of French workers. If the gloves count thus much, what shall be said of the coiffures, of the toilets, of the lace bedraggled in the struggle, of the five thousannd hackney carriages, of the vast consumption of gas and punch (all requiring workers); and finally, of the hundreds of artificers, who consume weeks in accomplishing the preparations for the fête?

Speaking of French gains, brings to our mind the greater and less orderly gain which belongs to a Queen's drawing-room in London. A late victim gives us, in a foreign paper, a short story of her suffering, which we venture to embody in our gossip. The writer is a lady, who was present at the last birth-day drawing-room, and relates the results of her experience. After the indulgence of various stately hallucinations, she tells us that she alighted from her carriage, and soon found herself in a long and stifling passage, at the tail of a direful struggle. The object of the lady athletes around her, intermixed with wrestlers of the coarser sex, was to make their way to a staircase in the distance, which offered, as they fondly supposed, a termination to their sorrows. In process of time, and after a severe contest, this goal was reached, but it proved to be rather the portal to the Temple of Suffering, than an exit from its precincts.

Ladies and gentlemen, feathers and rapiers, trains and spurs, were jostled and jammed together; and the result was that a lobby was attained, a door, and a waiting-room. In this place it is that the "Pen" is set up. The term is taken from Smithfield, and indicates, in the present instance, a course of proceeding worthy of that ancient market. Ladies are hurried across the room, and placed at the end of a passage, divided off by a rope from the body of the chamber. Up this narrow strait they can only advance two and two abreast; and the constant effort is to prevent interlopers from dodging in from beneath the rope, and thus snatching away the hard-earned conquest of hours of struggle.

The fight continues, however, until the straggling line of feathers, swords, laced coats, and hoops are discharged into the adjoining room. In this, and in the succeeding chamber, quiet—or comparative quiet—prevails. In an instant, and just as she is recovering breath after the whirl, and the struggle over the rope, the visitor finds herself in the presence of Majesty.

She makes a subdued courtesy, and the next instant is warned by the high palace police to pass on—"pass on!"

No delay is possible; the pressure from behind

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is too great to be resisted. She finds herself urged along another pen; there is another quarrel for precedence above and below the crimson rope, and the visitor presently finds herself discharged into the passage from which she originally started.

She now adds another unit to the crowd of miserable beings who are trying to breast their way out against the advancing throng; and finally, fatigued, fainting perhaps, heated by her long struggle, she is compelled to wait for hours until her carriage can be summoned, and make its approach within reasonable distance. Thus she pays five hours of dismal struggle and annoyance for one half instant of the smile of royalty.

Yet our pleasant lady paragraphist does not for a moment seem to admit that she is paying a dear price for a small good, and only regrets, at the end, that so much confusion should belong always to the performance of so delightful a duty.

Her only moral is—not exactly of the Layard stamp—that a larger palace should be built; and "she has no doubt" (a sound womanly faith) "that that the English nation would be perfectly willing to pay the bill of any architect who might be employed to prepare a suite of apartments, in which English ladies might be received by their sovereign without being exposed to so much danger and pain."

Punch treats the matter of the Palace mob to this pleasant squib:

"*The Lord Chamberlain's Sale.*—'By command: The Lord Chamberlain has the honor to announce that he will, this day, sell by auction, at his rooms, St. James's Palace, at four P.M. precisely, a large and valuable collection of dropped and torn-off articles, principally of ladies' costume, left behind in the passage and the "Pen," at the last Drawing-room, in consequence of the crowd and the scuffle; the same being unclaimed by their owners.

"'His Lordship invites the attention of the Female aspirants to Fashion among the Middling Classes to a splendid lot of Plumes of Ostrich Feathers, highly superb, though in a slightly crumpled state, from which, as is well known, they can be restored to their pristine splendor by the agency of the Steam issuing from the Spout of a common Kettle (tea-kettle). A few select Specimens of Jewelry—consisting of Diamond Buckles, Bracelets, etc.—will also be submitted to public competition; and the Lord Chancellor feels himself warranted in expressing the opinion that the majority of these Articles have been probably lost by Distinguished and Illustrious Unknown Foreigners, whose ignorance of the Customs of the British Court has extinguished in their minds the idea of recovering the Valuables in question. The Catalogue will comprise a Miscellaneous but Superb Lot of Chaplets, Wreaths, Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Lace, Trimmings, and French Cambric Handkerchiefs; numerous White Kid Gloves of superior make, and a variety of the most elegant White Satin Shoes, at an immensely low Figure, in consequence of being Odd Pairs. Any Lady moving in an exclusively Civic Circle, will find this an eligible opportunity of putting her foot into what may, with a high degree of probability, be conjectured to have been the slipper of a Duchess.

"'N.B. A Tortoise-shell Snuff-box and two Papier-Maché ditto, for which no Claimants have turned up; one Vinaigrette, and three blue, silver-mounted Boutes of Preston Salts. To be sold without reserve.'"

It does not appear to us that the English people are disposed, just now, to increase the size of their palaces. We are not among those who echo the Chartist cry of sudden dethronement to all the placemen of England, whether of royal or of noble birth, and if the radicals should some fine day achieve their aims and win the Bank and the Palace, we have a fear that they might prove as intolerable monopolists of all the government good things as those who went before them. But we do fancy that there should be room made for a few more of God's British creatures (whether high or low by birth, if only they have earnest manliness) at the vote-box, or in the Church and army, and at Westminster: we fancy—and have cherished the fancy this many a day—that a few branches should be lopped away from the cumbersome, venerable old oaks which have so long engrossed the best English sward-land, and so give a little sunshine to the butter-cups and small things—maybe some young oak—which grow below; and which, with verge enough, might possibly have fruit to bear, or, at the very least, some healthful perfume to fling out.

For the mere looker-on—for the visitor even, who is alive only to social or artistic indulgence—we can conceive of no national condition richer than that of England: those wide parks, engrossing rich grain lands for their fattened lawns; those homes, kept by inevitable tenure to be homes for centuries; those firesides, ripening ever with richest memories of generations gone; those periodic festivities, giving marks to the years, and kindling the warmth of old family affections—all these are the charmingest things imaginable—for those who enjoy them.

Nor can we shut our eyes to the fact that many a poor man enjoys these things as well as the rich. Very many a cottage home is made glad in England by its nearness to a noble house; many a hob-nail treads with pride and joy the footpaths of my lord; many a pious verger flits about the cathedral aisles with great peace in his heart. But, on the other hand, there is many a curate who pines for a humble pittance from some Durham treasure-box; many a younger son who carries bitter thoughts in his bosom; many a fitful, earnest one, with expansive thought, who feels hedged by the limits which hem him round—conscious of higher endeavor in him than has room to air itself withal—feeling inly and deeply the sense of shade—shade of great houses, which stand so high beside his father's acres that no sun can come to gladden them

It is not enough to say to such, "Humble men have risen;" for, struggle long as he will, his toil brings him only to that stand-point where hundreds of his inferiors hold place by right of circumstance.

While we speak of English place and society, let us drop a note on the presence the other day of Mr. Fillmore at St. James. We hear that he was kindly received; his politics were looked always upon with a kindly eye by the British Cabinet, and it was a good occasion to wipe away memory of the hard things which have been spoken on either side anent the Conference of Ostend. It was odd, say the journals, to see the lack of ceremony with which an ex President was treated by his countrymen; and somewhat bewildering to a European to observe a man who has held the sovereignty of the Great Republic so utterly fallen away to a citizen's condition, and taking rank after the Embassador of his nation. Startling, perhaps, to a European;

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but very satisfying and full of pride to a hearty American, who loves such tokens of the quietude with which power with us is laid down and the simple habit of the citizen put on.

What a contrast between the modest progress of Mr. Fillmore, and the junketings which belong to the royal journey of the boy-king of Portugal! The first, only a little time back, the chiefest representative of a nation whose ships could float all the population and all the wealth of Portugal; and yet now more quiet, and with less retinue than belongs to the butler of the Southern king. We must confess that we love to witness and to read of such tangible demonstrations of the quietude and evenness with which our great national forces work and spend themselves, to resolve their cumulative strength into integral Republicans again, clothed only with their old Republican simplicity.

While so many Americans are crossing over seas, and while the home-talk of nativism and its claims is in the minds of the people, it may be worth while to reckon the probable position of such Americans as may now, or as will in the years coming, establish themselves in Europe.

Nor is this altogether a fancy to be sneered away: the proportion of resident Americans is increasing every year in European cities; the conviction forces itself upon very many in our crowded hotels that in Europe the man of pleasure has far more comfort for his money; the man of fashion has more sway for his fancies; and the man indulgent in books, or intellectual pursuits of any unprofessional character, finds four-fold reach for his endeavor. We do not affect to sneer at the bountiful profusion of our *table d'hôtes*, or the gorgeous decorations of our public salons; but a man by much living, and much study of the better modes of living, will outlive the love for those patent splendors: they feed the desire of business men, and business men's wives, who have only money in their eye; but after the love of money has ripened into possession, there come other loves —if not to the fathers, yet to the children—and these seek gratification in those other-side countries, where pleasure has been the study of centuries.

Home love, too, which draws back the English, wherever they may wander, is growing every day of smaller force in the American character; and the man who can bait his money-traps under the pestilential airs of New Orleans, or cast off kindred for a measurement of his strength against Western fevers, will not easily be drawn away from the Rhine or Paris, if he finds gratification there. A love and a study of the Continental languages is also growing apace with us; and our daughters, if not ourselves, can market in the St. Honoré or upon the Unter den Linden more freely and fearlessly than in the stalls by Fulton Ferry. American boys are thickening in the Genevese schools; and with the lift of these glorious mountains in their thought, what wonder if they stay there in after time for a new hearing of the storm-winds of the Alps, and a new rapture in the sunsets that hang a rosy glory on Mont Blanc?

Even we, covering our page by inches, in our office solitude, with our thermometer ranging fearfully near to the hundreds, find visions haunting us of whitened cottages in tangled meshes of foliage, which flourished and shadowed us once within sound of the oar-dips upon Lake Leman. We seem to see the hillside purpling with grapes; we seem to trace footpaths along through shadowed grass-lands; we seem to see the quaint hats of the maidens of the Canton Vaud; we seem to hear the chorus of boy-voices riding over the water, and bringing echoes from the Savoyard hills; we seem to feel the balm of the cool lake-breezes on our cheek; we seem to see the queer square-rigged boats, with high prows, idling on the watery mirror, which catches and repeats the mountains; we seem to glory in the quiet and the stillness, and wish—ah, how warmly!—that our pleasant summer seeming was all changed into a Swiss reality.

And why not? Why not you or we—provided there be no strong friends to tear from—pack and away? Why not help to balance the account with Europe? Why not offset the immigration hither for labor and for money with a counter-emigration thither for quiet and for beauty?

Do you love fields that rejoice in fatness? there is the whole valley from Gex to the borders of Lake Geneva. Do you love flowers? you can line your path with primroses and anemones. Do you love a neat and orderly household? the Swiss are the charmingest of servants. Do you love society? Vevay is the august drawing-room of Europe. Do you love books and men of mind? in your very eye are the towers of universities and the steeple of D'Aubigné. Do you love nature? lo! the mountains. Do you love a simple faith? every valley has its Sunday bell. Do you love good cheer? there is no Maine Law in Switzerland.

Shall we go, then, or stay? Let us ponder upon it a while, and enter down our answer in the month to come.

Editor's Drawer.

On "Independence Day" we took steamer for the county of Rockland, determined to pass the Fourth in peace and quietness, and desirous of refreshing our patriotism amidst scenes hallowed by the sacred memories of the Revolution. We visited Washington's Head-quarters at the little village of Tappan; the "Seventy-six House," where Andrè was confined, the place where he was executed, the grave where he was buried, and whence he was exhumed. We conversed with a venerable lady who gave him four beautiful peaches on the morning in which he went forth to die. "He thanked me with a sweet smile," she said; "but somehow or 'nother he didn't seem to have no appetite. He only bit into one of 'em."

Standing by his grave, we could see, across the broad Hudson, the very place where he was arrested by Van Wart, Williams, and Paulding, and the gleaming of the white monument erected to their memory; the place where Washington stood when Andrè went forth to die, and the stone house whence he was taken to die upon a gallows.

The following account of Andrè's execution is one of the most minute and interesting that we have ever read. It was furnished to Mr. William G. Haeselbarth, of Rockland County, the history of which he is engaged in writing. It was taken down from the lips of a soldier in Colonel Jeduthan Baldwin's regiment, a part of which was stationed a short distance from where poor Andrè suffered.

"One of our men, whose name was Armstrong, being one of the oldest and best workmen at his trade in the regiment, was selected to make his

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coffin, which he did, and painted it black, as was the custom at that period.

"At this time Andrè was confined in what was called the Old Dutch Church—a small stone building with only one door, and closely guarded by six sentinels.

"When the hour appointed for his execution arrived, which was at two o'clock in the afternoon, a guard of three hundred men were paraded at the place of his confinement. A kind of procession was formed by placing the guard in single file on each side of the road. In front were a large number of American officers of high rank on horseback. These were followed by the wagon containing Andrè's coffin, then a large number of officers on foot, with Andrè in their midst.

"The procession wound slowly up a moderately rising ground about a quarter of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any inclosure; and on this was a very high gallows, made by setting up two poles or crotchets, and laying a pole on the top.

"The wagon that contained the coffin was drawn directly under the gallows. In a short time Andrè stepped into the hind end of the wagon, then on his coffin, took off his hat, and laid it down; then placed his hands upon his hips, and walked very uprightly back and forth as far as the length of the wagon would permit, at the same time casting his eyes up to the pole over his head and the whole scenery by which he was surrounded.

"He was dressed in a complete British uniform. His coat was of the brightest scarlet, faced and trimmed with the most beautiful green. His under-clothes, vest, and breeches were bright buff; he had a long and beautiful head of hair, which, agreeably to the fashion, was wound with a black ribbon and hung down his back.

"Not many minutes after he took his stand upon the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon with a halter in his hand, on one end of which was what the soldiers in those days called 'a hangman's knot,' which he attempted to put over the head and around the neck of Andrè; but by a sudden movement of his hand, this was prevented.

"Andrè now took off the handkerchief from his neck, unpinned his shirt-collar, and deliberately took the cord of the halter, put it over his head, and placed the knot directly under his right ear, and drew it very snugly to his neck. He then took from his coat-pocket a handkerchief, and tied it before his eyes. This done, the officer who commanded spoke in rather a loud voice, and said—

"'*His arms must be tied.*'

"Andrè at once pulled down the handkerchief which he had just tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second one, which he gave to the executioner, and then replaced his handkerchief.

"His arms at this time were tied just above the elbow, and behind the back.

"The rope was then made fast to the pole overhead. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows, which, together with the length of rope, gave him a most tremendous swing back and forth; but in a few moments he hung entirely still.

"During the whole transaction he seemed as little daunted as John Rogers when he was about to be burnt at the stake, although his countenance was rather pale.

"He remained hanging from twenty to thirty minutes, and during that time the chambers of death were never stiller than the multitude by whom he was surrounded. Orders were given to cut the rope and take him down without letting him fall. This was done, and his body carefully laid on the ground.

"Shortly after the guard was withdrawn, and spectators were permitted to come forward to view the corpse; but the crowd was so great that it was some time before I could get an opportunity. When I was able to do this, his coat, vest, and breeches had been taken off, and his body laid in the coffin, covered by some under-clothes. The top of the coffin was not put on.

"I viewed the corpse more carefully than I had ever done that of any human being before. His head was very much on one side, in consequence of the manner in which the halter had drawn upon his neck. His face appeared to be greatly swollen and very black, resembling a high degree of mortification. It was indeed a most shocking sight to behold.

"There were, at this time, standing at the foot of the coffin, two young men of uncommon short stature. They were not more than four feet high. Their dress was extremely gaudy. One of them had the clothes just taken from Andrè hanging on his arm. I took particular pains to learn who they were, and was informed that they were his servants, sent up from New York to take care of his clothes—but what other business I did not learn.

"I now turned to take a view of the executioner, who was still standing by one of the posts of the gallows. I walked near enough to him to have laid my hand upon his shoulder, and looked him directly in the face. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age; his beard of some two weeks' growth; and his whole face covered with what appeared to me to have been taken from the outside of a greasy pot. A more frightful-looking creature I never beheld. His whole countenance bespoke him to be a fit instrument for the business he had been doing.

"I remained upon the spot until scarcely twenty persons were left; but the coffin was still beside the grave, which had previously been dug.

"I returned to my tent with my mind deeply imbued with the shocking scene which I had been called to witness."

We took the ensuing beautiful lines from our omnium-depository on one of the loveliest and brightest days of "the leafy month of June:"

Go forth, thou care-worn man,
And roam the woods once more;
The forest pathway tread,
And by the river's shore.
Forget thy hoarded gold,
Thou reckless man of sin,
And let this autumn morning
A short-lived homage win.

Go forth, thou languid form,
Thou that art doom'd to die,
Whose fate is written in that flush
And in that glassy eye.
Go forth, and once again
Revel in this pure air;
Unconscious of the future,
Pour forth a hopeful prayer.

We don't remember ever having seen a better specimen of what may be called *Staggering Language* than the following from *Punch:*

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"The account purports to come from a correspondent at Berlin, who had had the honor of dining with the King, just before Lord John Russell arrived at that capital on an important political mission. 'After dinner,' King Frederick William complained grievously to the 'Correspondent' of a statement which had appeared in the London *Times* to the following effect:

"'*Lord John Russell goes to Berlin to ascertain, if possible, the real meaning of the King of Prussia.*'

"The King dwelt with much emphasis upon the words '*if possible*,' as being peculiarly offensive. In directing his remarks on those objectionable expressions to the 'Correspondent,' the monarch did him the honor to use the English language, as when talking to the English it is his custom to use it always in the afternoon.

"His Majesty," says the "Correspondent," "was pleased to say:

"'If *poshble!* Whyif*poshble?* Whoss Lorjohnrus'l come Berlinfor tashtain mymeanig*if poshble?* Youunstan mymeanigwellenough! Youtfi no difficuly in unstan mymean—ic! Now do y'olefella? Veywellzhen! Whatshay ifposhble for? Shif I coo'n shpeakplain? Donishpeakplain? No instinkness in my prunciation—izher? You 'stinguish ev word I shay. Donu? Wellzhen, ifposhble 's 'bsured. 'Fposhble 'sh erroneous. 'Fposhble's a gratuishous assumsh'n—'fpossble is. I won't have ifpossble. Share's no 'sh thing 's if poshibility. Nev' lem me hear that ovs'vation anymore! —and pashdecanter: and aff zhat, ifposhble, we'll smocigar.'

"At a later period of the evening His Majesty reverted to the topic of these unpleasant words which evidently 'stuck in the royal gizzard.' On the last occasion the King was so overcome that he cried, and his utterance was choked to such a degree that the 'Correspondent' was deprived of the ability to present a report of his observations."

All which leads us to suspect that the King of Prussia is not a *strict* prohibitionist, if he indeed believes in the "Maine Law" at all.

THE Oriental correspondent of a contemporary, writing from the scene of war of the allied army in Europe, speaks of the "miserable system" of the British Government, by which a large majority of the officers are selected because they happen to be members of the British aristocracy—uneducated for soldiers, and totally without any experience as such, and whose only qualifications are their accidental birth and unearned wealth; and adds: "One can not but exclaim, 'West Point forever! long life and prosperity to this American institution which knows no birth and no wealth, and where merit alone advances the man!'" When we read this, we thought of the annexed most biting satirical piece of poetry, from an English "outspoken" journal, which has lain for some time in our Drawer:

A SONG OF THE PEERAGE.

MY LORD TOMNODDY.

My Lord Tomnoddy's the son of an Earl,
His hair is straight, but his whisker's curl;
His lordship's forehead is far from wide,
But there's plenty of room for the brains inside;
He writes his name with indifferent ease,
He is rather uncertain about the "d's;"
But what does it matter if two or one,
To the Earl of Fitzdotterell's eldest son?

My Lord Tomnoddy to college went—
Much time he lost, much money he spent;
Rules, and windows, and heads he broke;
Authorities winked: "Young men will joke;"
He never peeped inside of a book,
But in two years' time a "degree" he took;
And the newspapers vaunted the honors won
By the Earl of Fitzdotterell's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy came out in the world,
Waists were tighten'd, and ringlets curl'd,
Virgins languish'd, and matrons smil'd—
'Tis true, his lordship is rather wild;
In very queer places he spends his life—
There's talk of some children, by nobody's wife;
But we mustn't look close into what is done
By the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy must settle down—
There's a vacant seat in the family town!
(It's time he should sow his eccentric oats)—
He hasn't the wit to apply for votes;
He can not e'en learn his election speech,
Three phrases he speaks—a mistake in each!
And then breaks down—but the borough is won
For the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy prefers the Guards,
(The House is a bore) so!—it's on the cards!
My lord is a cornet at twenty-three,
A major at twenty-six is he—
He never drew a sword except on drill;
The tricks of parade he has learnt but ill—
A lieutenant-colonel at thirty-one
Is the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son!

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The earl can last but a few years more.
My lord in the Peers will take his place;
Her Majesty's counsels his words will grace.
Office he'll hold, and patronage sway;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away—
And what are his qualifications?—One!
He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son!

A RUNAWAY couple, "true lovyers" of the most fervent Yankee stamp, arrived at a small inn near Boston, and wanted the landlord to send for a minister to "splice 'em," and to "be quick about it."

The landlord complied, and the "licensed minister" came.

"Be you the minister?" asked the bridegroom.

"I am," replied he.

"Oh! you *be*, eh? What's your name?"

"Stiggins."

"Wal, nŏow, Stiggins," said the Yankee, "du it up brown, and your money is ready;" and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced:

"You will please to join hands."

The Yankee stood up by his lady-love, and seized her fervently by the hand.

"You promise, Mr. A——," said the parson, to take this woman—"

"Yaās!" said the bridegroom.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife?"

"Yaās—*yaās*!'

"That you will love and honor her in all things?"

"Sart'in—*yaās*, I tell yer!"

"That you will cling to her, and her only, as long as you both shall live?"

"Yaās, *indeed*—nothin' *else!*" continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner.

But here the reverend clergyman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and to the especial annoyance and discomfort of the ardent bridegroom.

"One moment, my friend," responded the minister, slowly; for it occurred to him that the laws of his State did not permit this performance without the "publishment" of the "banns" for a certain length of time.

"What—what—what in thunder's the *matter*?

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Don't stop here! Put her thru! What's split, parson? Any thing 'gin eout?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have remembered that you can not be married in Massachusetts, as the law—"

"*Can't!!* Wot in natur's the reason? I like *her*—she likes *me*; what's to hender?"

"You have not been published, Sir, I suspect."

"That's a fact: ain't *a-goin'* to be, nuther; that's the reason why we crossed over into your 'little Rhody'" (the scene was on the border of Rhode Island), "on the sly, you see, parson."

"I—really—Sir—" said the minister.

"*R-a-e-lly!*—wal, never mind: go ahead. 'Taint fair—don't you see 'taint? You've married *me*, and haint tetched *her!* Now *don't* stop *here!* 'Taint the fair thing; by gracious *'taint*, now, and yeou *know* it."

"I will consult—" said the minister, hesitatingly.

"No, you won't—no, you don't! You don't consult nothin' nor nobody, until this 'ere business is concluded!" And with this he turned the key, and put it (amidst the titterings of the witnesses whom the landlord had called in) in his pocket.

Seizing the hand of his trembling bride, he said:

"Go on now, strait from where you left off; put us through, and no dodging. It 'll be all right; 'if it *ain't* right, we'll make it right in the morning,' as the saying is."

After reflecting a moment, the parson concluded to run the risk of the informality; so he continued:

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yaäs," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor, and obey him?"

"Them's 'em," said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him so long as you both shall live."

"*That's* the talk!—*stick* to one another *allers*"—and the lady said "yes" again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

"Hoorah!" shouted Jonathan, leaping half way to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Hoorah!" continued Jonathan. "What's the price?" (The parson seemed to hesitate.) "How *much?* spit it out! Don't be afeared. You did it like a book. Here's a V. Never mind the change. Send for a hack, landlord. Give us your bill. I've got her! Hail Columby!"

The poor fellow seemed to be entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterward he was on his way to the railroad dépôt with his wife, "the happiest man out of jail," said the eye-witnesses who described the scene.

He must be a very "hard case," indeed, of whom something favorable can not be said; but such a "hard case" it was, who died in a small town in Cayuga County in this State. He was a cold, penurious, cruel man, "without natural affection, implacable;" abused his family, and quarreled with all his neighbors; and when he died, his neighbors bore him to the grave; and as they saw the last of him no one said to the other a word of lamentation for his loss, or sympathy for his surviving relatives. The fact was, they couldn't say any thing good of him, so they very wisely held their tongues. All but an old Dutchman, who walked around the grave three or four times, and looked in as the sexton and his assistants were covering up the coffin. He seemed to think it incumbent upon *somebody* to say one good word for an old neighbor, and he himself volunteered it: "Well den, he ish gone at lasht: yaw, he ish gone; *he was a good shmoker!*"

A solemn and beautiful thought is expressed in the following:

"It is related of a well-known divine, who, when living, was called 'The Prince of Divines,' that, when on his death-bed, he was dictating words to an amanuensis, who had written:

"'*I am still in the land of the living.*'

"'Stop!' said the dying man, '*correct* that. Say:

"'*I am yet in the land of the Dying, but hope soon to be in the land of the Living!*'

"Beautiful thought!—and it is so. In his closing scene, the Christian is enabled to contrast this passing, dying world 'which is to come.'"

Speaking of duels the other night, brought up the following amusing facts:

When the most pleasant and reasonable of Popes was legate at Bologna, two senators had fallen into a deadly quarrel touching the pre-eminence of Tasso and Ariosto. A duel ensued, in which the champion of Ariosto was mortally wounded. The future Pope visited the dying man, whose sole observation to his visitor's religious injunctions was—

"What an ass I am to get run through the body in the very flower of my age for the sake of Ariosto, of whom I have never read a line."

"But—" interrupted the priest.

"And if," exclaimed the dying man, not heeding the interruption, "if I *had* read him, I should not have understood him, for I am but a fool at the best of times."

Benedict himself had a respect for swordsmen; and it was said of him and that other pleasant fellow his contemporary, the Sultan Mahmoud, that if they were made to change places, the Holy Father becoming Grand Seigneur, and the Sultan becoming Pope, nobody would be sensible of any consequent difference, except, perhaps, the most intimate portion of the Sultan's household.

Benedict was, at all events, wiser than that celebrated Capuchin, who, preaching repentance to a party about to resort to the arbitration of the sword, exclaimed, "Brethren, admire and bless Divine Providence, who has placed death at the close of life, in order that we might have the more time to be prepared for it."

This confusion of ideas reminds one of the soldier who remarked that people nowadays did not live to such a lengthened age as when he was young. "Not that there are not old people now," said he, "but then *they* were born a very long time ago."

The following is published in one of our leading religious papers, where it is endorsed as a "true fact;" and the editor of the paper requests his readers to send him more of the same kind:

"In the year 1831 a great excitement prevailed in the western part of the State of New York on the subject of religion, and 'protracted meetings' were very common, and often attended by very extraordinary scenes. A celebrated Baptist traveling preacher called an 'Evangelist,' wished to hold a meeting of some days in a church that was owned

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in common by a Methodist and a Presbyterian congregation, who occupied it by turns. They consented, upon his pledging himself not to preach on the subject of Baptism, but to leave all the converts to join whatever church they pleased. He kept his word, went on with the meeting, had great success; and as his time was drawing to a close, he gave notice that he would preach a sermon to young converts, of whom now he reckoned more than half a hundred. The house was crowded when the sermon was to be delivered, and the Methodist and Presbyterian preachers were both in the pulpit by the side of their Baptist brother, who faithfully kept his word while he discoursed from the words of his Master, 'Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.' After he had concluded his sermon, he struck up a lively old camp-meeting tune, and sung the following impromptu words with as much ease as if it was one of Watts's, the converts joining in the chorus:

"Come all ye loving Christians,
Who feel the sacred fire,
Obey the truth to-day,
And prove the devil a liar—
And to glory we will go, and to, etc.

"I had rather be a Baptist,
And have a shining face,
Than to be a Methodist,
And always fall from grace.
And to glory we will go, etc.

"I had rather be a Baptist,
And despised every hour,
Than a Presbyterian,
And never have the power.
And to glory we will go, etc.

"If sprinkling is convenient,
It has no claim to truth;
It may be good for babies,
But will not do for youth.
And to glory we will go,
And to glory we will go, and go and go,
And to glory we will go.

"In conclusion, it is needless to say fifty-three persons related their experience, and were baptized according to the mode proposed by the preacher."

TRUTH and Falsehood traveling one warm day, met at a river, and both went to bathe at the same place. Falsehood, coming first out of the water, took his companion's clothes and left his own vile raiment, and then went on his way. Truth, coming out of the water, sought in vain for his own proper dress, disdaining to wear the garb of Falsehood. Truth started all naked in pursuit of the thief, but not being so swift of foot, has never overtaken the fugitive. Ever since he has been known as "Naked Truth."

IT was pious George Herbert who wrote, in 1620,

"Only a true and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

And as far back as 1587, a poet with a true soul, but whose name has not come down to us, composed these fine lines:

"The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twaine;
The marble stone is pearst at length,
With littel drops of drizzling raine:
The ox doth yeild unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer-stroke.

"The stately stagg that seems sa stout,
By yalping hounds at day is set;
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowler's net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soon deceived by subtill hooke.

"Yea, man himselfe, unto whose will,
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length and fall away:
There nothing is but Time doth waste;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

"But Virtue sits, triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame;
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:
By life or death, what so betides,
The state of virtue never slides."

A MAN advertises for "a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be found profitable to the *undertaker*." No doubt of it.

THERE is a village in Michigan where the church-bell is rung every day at twelve for the people to take their quinine, as they have the chills and fever all round.

"YOUR stories of Irish blunders," writes an Ohio friend, "are vastly amusing; but did mortal man ever hear of any thing more Erinical than this, which a friend of mine vouches for? He sent his Irish servant up to his room for a pair of boots, and at the same time told him to be sure and get *mates*, as there were two pairs together in the closet. Patrick returned with two boots, but odd ones.

"'Why, didn't you see that these are not alike? one is a long top, and the other is a short one,' said my friend, out of patience with the fellow.

"'Bedad, your honor,' said Pat, in apology, 'and its thrue for ye, but thin *the other pair was just so too!*'

"That is very well for Patrick, and this shall do for Biddy.

"'Biddy,' said a lady, one evening, 'we must have some sausages for tea this evening; I expect company.'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"Tea-time arrived, and with it the company; the table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared.

"'Where are the sausages, Biddy?' the lady inquired.

"'And sure they're in the teapot, ma'am! Didn't you tell me we must have them for ta!'

"And, verily, we think Biddy served her right. Sausages for tea! Faugh!"

IN a rather anti-connubial vein is the following poem, written by a distressed husband, who cheated his wife, in uniting the praises of matrimony, by so arranging the lines that, to get at the sentiment of the writer, we must alternate them, reading the first and third, then the second and fourth:

"That man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by a wife;
Who's freed from matrimonial claims,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

"Adam could find no solid peace
Till he beheld a woman's face:
When Eve was given for a mate
Adam was in a happy state.

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"In all the female race appear
Truth, darling of a heart sincere:
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride
In woman never did reside.

"What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in woman we behold?
The failings that in woman dwell
Are almost imperceptible.

"Confusion take the men, I say,
Who no regard to women pay.
Who make the women their delight,
Keep always reason in their sight."

THE facetious Mather Byles was, in his time, equally famous as a poet and a wit. A contemporary bard exclaims:

"Would but Apollo's genial touch inspire
Such sounds as breathe from Byles's warbling lyre,
Then might my notes in melting measures flow,
And make all nature wear the signs of woe."

And his humor is celebrated in a poetical account of the clergy of Boston, quoted by Mr. Samuel Kettell, in his "Specimens of American Poetry:"

"There's punning Byles provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts,
He visits folks to crack his jokes,
Which never mend their hearts.

With strutting gait, and wig so great,
He walks along the streets,
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets."

Byles was earnestly opposed to the Revolution, and in the spring of 1777 was denounced in the public assemblies as a Tory, and compelled to give bonds for his appearance before a court for trial. He was a favorite in every social and convivial circle, and no one was more fond of his society than the Colonial Governor Belcher. The Doctor had declined an invitation to visit with the Governor the province of Maine, and Belcher resorted to a stratagem to secure his company. Having persuaded him to drink tea with him on the Scarborough ship of war, one Sunday afternoon, as soon as they were seated at the table the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and before the punning parson had called for his last cup, the ship was too far at sea for him to think of returning to the shore. As every thing necessary for his comfort had been thoughtfully provided, he was easily reconciled to the voyage. While making preparations for religious services, the next Sunday, it was discovered that there was no hymn-book on board, and he wrote one which was sung instead of a selection from Sternhold or Hopkins.

The abduction of the Hollis Street minister was the cause of not a little merriment in Boston; and Joseph Green, between whom and Byles there was some rivalry, as the leaders of opposing social factions, soon after wrote a burlesque account of it:

"In David's Psalms an oversight
Byles found one morning at his tea:
Alas! that he should never write
A proper psalm to sing at sea.

"Thus ruminating on his seat,
Ambitious thoughts at length prevail'd;
The bard determined to complete
The part wherein the prophet fail'd.

"He sat a while and stroked his muse;
Then taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
Of his sea-faring brethren.

"The task perform'd, the bard content,
Well chosen was each flowing word;
On a short voyage himself he went,
To hear it read and sung on board.

"Most serious Christians do aver
(Their credit sure we may rely on),
In former times that after prayer,
They used to sing a song of Zion.

"Our modern parson having pray'd,
Unless loud fame our faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book, and said,
'Let's sing a psalm of Mather Byles.'

"At first, when he began to read,
Their heads the assembly downward hung;
But he with boldness did proceed,
And thus he read, and thus they sung.

THE PSALM.

"With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim and porpoise play,
And crabs and lobsters creep.

"Fish of all kinds inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode;
Here haddock, hake, and flounders are,
And eels, and perch, and cod.

"From raging winds and tempests free,
So smoothly as we pass,
The shining surface seems to be
A piece of Bristol glass.

"But when the winds and tempests rise,
And foaming billows swell,
The vessel mounts above the skies,
And lower sinks than hell.

"Our heads the tottering motion feel,
And quickly we become
Giddy as new-born calves, and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

"What praises, then, are due, that we
Thus far have safely got,
Amarescoggin tribe to see,
And tribe of Penobscot."

ON one occasion a country gentleman, knowing Joseph Green's reputation as a poet, procured an introduction to him, and solicited a "first-rate epitaph" for a favorite servant who had lately died. Green asked what were the man's chief qualities, and was told that "Cole excelled in all things, but was particularly good at raking hay, which he could do faster than any body, the present company, of course, excepted." Green wrote immediately—

"Here lies the body of John Cole:
His master loved him like his soul;
He could rake hay; none could rake faster,
Except that raking dog, his master."

YOUNG AMERICA is growing rapidly. Every day we meet with proofs of this encouraging fact. Here are four of the latest instances of rapid development.

"John, go to the store," said a mother to her little son, "and get me seven pounds of coffee."

"No, I won't, I feel indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a paper of tobacco, and to be quick."

"Have you been to the Astor Library?" a son asked his father a few days ago.

"No, I have not," replied the father.

"You had better call and see it," the youth continued. "Just mention my name to the librarian, and he will show you every attention."

A youngster, not quite three years old, says to

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his sister, while munching gingerbread, "Siss, take half off this cake to keep till afternoon, when I get cross."

"Frank," said an affectionate lady the other day to a promising boy, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much, you will get so after a while that you won't care any thing at all about work."

"Mother," replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, and turning another leaf, "I've got so now."

WAS an inscription ever placed on a tombstone more epigrammatical and expressive of intense regret than this:

"O Memory! thou ling'ring murmurer,
Within joy's broken shell,
Why have I not, in losing all I lov'd,
Lost thee as well."

"I MET," says a critical writer, "with a curious blunder in a late number of a *French* Review. The writer, being sentimental, and at Venice, was disposed to quote Byron, and began with the first line of the fourth canto of Childe Harold. He probably wrote it correctly enough, but the printer rendered it as follows:

J stood at Venice on the bridge of sighs.

Now when a man says J. did so and so, thinks that Jones, or Jackson, or Johnson, did it, but if the subject be poetical, I leave it to you to imagine what became of the poetry."

We met with one of the same description the other day in an English paper, where the writer closed a paragraph with the exclamation, *Jam satis*, but the printers made him say, *I am satis!*

Mistakes will happen. A clergyman in Massachusetts, more than a century ago, addressed a letter to the General Court on some subject of interest which was then under discussion. The clerk read the letter, in which there *seemed to be* this very remarkable sentence: "I address you not as magistrates, but as *Indian devils*." The clerk hesitated, and look carefully, and said, "Yes, he addresses you as *Indian devils*." The wrath of the honorable body was aroused; they passed a vote of censure, and wrote to the reverend gentleman for an explanation, from which it appeared that he did not address them as magistrates, but as *individuals*.

HERE is Sam Slick's last, and one of his very best:

"I shall never forget a rise I once took out of a set of jockies at Albany. I had an everlastin' fast Narraganset pacer once to Slickville. I was considerable proud of him, I do assure you, for he took the rag off the bush in great style. Well, our stable help, Pat Monoghan (him I used to call Mr. Monoghan), would stuff him with fresh clover without me knowing it, and, as sure as rates, I broke his wind in driving him too fast. It gave him the 'heaves,' that is, it made his flanks heave like a blacksmith's bellows. We call it 'heaves,' Britishers call it 'broken wind.' Well, there is no cure for it, though some folks tell you a hornet's nest, cut up fine, and put in their meal will do it; and others say sift the oats clean, and give them juniper berries in it, and that will do it, or ground ginger, or tar, or what not; but these are all quackeries. You can't cure it, for its a rupture of an air-vessel, and you can't get at it to sew it up. But you can fix it up by diet, and care, and proper usage, so that you can deceive even an old hand, providin' you don't let him ride or drive the beast too fast.

"Well, I doctored and worked with him so, the most that could be perceived was a slight cold, nothin' to mind, much less to frighten you. And when I got him up to the notch, I advertised him for sale, as belonging to a person going down East, who only parted with him because he thought him too heavy for a man who never traveled less than a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds. Well, he was sold at auction, and knocked down to Rip Van Dam, the attorney-general, for five hundred dollars; and the owner put a saddle and bridle on him, and took a bet of two hundred dollars with me he could do a mile in two minutes fifty seconds. He didn't know me from Adam, parsonally, at the time, but he had heard of me, and bought the horse because it was said Sam Slick owned him.

"Well, he started off, and lost his bet; for when he got near the winnin' post the horse choked, fell, and pitched the rider off half-way to Troy, and nearly died himself. The umpire handed me the money, and I dug out for the steamboat, intendin' to pull foot for home. Just as I reached the wharf, I heard my name called out; but I didn't let on I noticed it, and walked ahead. Presently Van Dam seized me by the shoulder, quite out of breath, puffin' and blowin' like a porpoise.

"'Mr. Slick,' said he.

"'Yes,' sais I, 'what's left of me; but, good gracious,' sais I, 'you have got the 'heaves.' I hope it ain't catchin'.

"'No I haven't, said he, 'but your cussed hoss has, and nearly broke my neck. You are like all the Connecticut men I ever see, a nasty, mean, long-necked, long-legged, narrow-chested, slab-sided, narrow-souled, lantern-jawed Yankee cheat.'

"'Well, sais I, 'that's a considerable of a long name to write on the back of a letter, ain't it? It ain't good to use such a swad of words, it's no wonder you have the heaves; but I'll cure you; I warn't brought up to wranglin'; I hain't time to fight you, and besides,' said I, 'you are broken-winded; but I'll heave you over the wharf to cool you, boots and all, by gravy!'

"'Didn't you advertise,' said he, 'that the only reason you had to part with that horse was, that he was too heavy for a man who never traveled slower than a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds.'

"'Never,' sais I, 'I never said such a word. What will you bet I did?'

"'Fifty dollars,' said he.

"'Done,' said I. And Vanderbilt (he was just going on board the steamer at the time)—'Vanderbilt,' sais I, 'hold these stakes, friend,' sais I; 'I won't say you lie, but you talk uncommonly like the way I do when I lie. Now prove it.'

"And he pulled out one of my printed advertisements, and said 'Read that.'

"Well, I read it. 'It ain't there,' said I.

"'Ain't it?' said he. 'I leave it to Vanderbilt.'

"'Mr. Slick,' said he, 'you have lost—it is here.'

"'Will you bet fifty dollars,' said I, though you have seen it, that it's there?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'I will.'

"'Done,' said I. 'Now how do you spell heavy?'

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"'H-e-a-v-y, said he.

"'Exactly,' sais I; 'so do I. But this is spelt *heav-ey*. I did it on purpose. I scorn to take a man in about a horse, so I published his defect to all the world. I said he was too *heavey* for harness, and so he is. He ain't worth fifty dollars. I wouldn't take him as a gift—he ain't worth *von dam*.'

"'Well, I did see that,' said he, 'but I thought it was an error of the press, or that the owner couldn't spell.'

"'Oh!' sais I, don't take me for one of your Dutch boors, I beg of you. I can spell, but you can't read, that's all. You remind me,' says I, 'of a feller in Slickville, when the six-cent letter-stamps came into fashion. He licked the stamp so hard he took all the gum off, and it wouldn't stay on, no how he could fix it, so that what does he do but put a pin through it, and writes on the letter, "Paid, if the darned thing will only stick." Now if you go and lick the stamp eternally that way, folks will put a pin through it, and the story will stick to you forever and ever. But come on board, and let's liquor, and I will stand treat.'

"I felt sorry for the poor critter, and told him how to feed the horse, and advised him to take him to Saratoga, advertise him, and sell him the same way; and he did, and got rid of him. The rise raised his character as a lawyer amazing. He was elected governor next year."

Mr. Joseph Gilbert, who had been attached to the astronomical service in Captain Cook's expedition to observe the transit of Venus, and whose name was conferred by the great navigator on "Gilbert's Island," resided at Gosport," where, according to the fashion of his day, he, like the Count d'Artois, wore very tight leather breeches. He had ordered his tailor to attend on him one morning, when his granddaughter, who resided with him, had also ordered her shoemaker to wait upon her. The young lady was seated in the breakfast-room when the maker of leather breeches was shown in; and as she did not happen to know one handicraftsman more than the other, she at once intimated that she wished him to measure her for a pair of "leathers," for, as she remarked, the wet weather was coming, and she felt cold in "cloth." The modest tailor could hardly believe his ears.

"Measure you, miss?" said he, with hesitation.

"If you please," said the young lady, who was remarkable for much gravity of deportment; "and I have only to beg that you will give me plenty of room; for I am a great walker, and I do not like to wear any thing that constrains me."

"But, miss," exclaimed the poor fellow, in great perplexity, "I never in my life measured a lady; I—" And there he paused.

"Are you not a lady's shoemaker?" was the query calmly put to him.

"By no means, miss," said he; "I am a leather-breeches maker; and I have come to take measure not of you, but Mr. Gilbert."

The young lady became perplexed too; but she recovered her self-possession after a good common-sense laugh, and sent the maker of breeches to her grandpapa.

George Selwin was telling at dinner-table, in the midst of a large company, and with great glee, of the execution of Lord Lovat, which he had witnessed. The ladies were shocked at the levity he manifested, and one of them reproached him, saying,

"How could you be such a barbarian as to see the head of a man cut off?"

"Oh," said he, "if that was any great crime, I am sure I made amends for it; for I went to see it sewed on again"

We overheard the following conversation the other day when the steamer came in, bringing the old news, "Sebastopol not yet taken:"

"The Allies can't get into Sebastopol."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because they haven't got the *keys*.'

"Keys! keys! what keys do they want?"

"Why, the Yan-kees, to be sure!"

Every body has been laughing at the report of a duel in the dark room in California between a Yankee and an Englishman. The Yankee, not wishing to have blood on his hands, fired his pistol up the chimney, whereupon down fell the Englishman.

Doubtless the Englishman was one of the pair whose lives were spared last winter, when they excused themselves from fighting, one of them on account of the illness of his wife, and the other of his daughter. The wits made the following epigram on the occasion:

"Some men, with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the Scripture command;
And honor their wife and their daughter,
That their days may be long in the land."

Fletcher was the presiding judge when a dueling-case was tried. In charging the jury, he said: "Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I shall do so: where two persons go out to fight a duel, and one of them falls, the law says it is murder, and I tell you, by law, it is murder; but at the same time *a fairer duel I never heard of in the whole course of my life*."

There is a very good story told of two military officers who were to fight a duel, every attempt to reconcile them having failed. To all remonstrances they replied, "We will fight to the death—of one, probably of both." A miserable wretch of a fellow came up to the seconds and said, in a voice of woe,

"I am a poor mechanic, with a large family, and would—"

"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the seconds; "don't you see that my friends are going to kill one another? They are not in a humor to hear you now."

"It is not charity that I ask for," replied the fellow. "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick. I have heard these two gentlemen will kill one another, and I came to see if you will let me make their coffins."

The belligerent parties overheard the novel request; it was too much for their gravity, and, throwing down their weapons, they shook hands on the spot. They buried their quarrel in a good supper, not forgetting to give the poor fellow as much as he would have made if he had made their coffins.

This was quite as amusing as the demand of the Frenchman who was so much amazed at the voracious appetite of an Englishman eating his breakfast in a restaurant, that he asked,

"*Monsieur, pardonne; is it one brakefast or one dinner zat you ate this time?*"

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The Englishman was highly offended at the impertinence of this inquiry, and demanded that he should make an apology on the spot.

"Zat I will do, certainement; but, if you please, *was it one brakefust or one dinner what you make?*"

This only rendered the matter worse; and the Englishman called him out, shot him through the body, and was filled with horror when he found he had killed a man who meant him no harm. Coming up to him, he said,

"I am very sorry; can I do any thing for you, my dear Sir?"

"Es, Monsieur; if you please, *was it one brakefast or one dinner zat you make?*"

Nae shoon to hide her tiny tae
Nae stocking on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin;
Her puckered lips, and baumy mou,
With na one tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle liquid things:
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has nae wings!

She is the budding o' our love,
A giftie God gied us;
We munna luve the gift owre weel,
'Twad be nae blessing thus.

Mr. Wilson, a parsimonious but wealthy landowner of Yorkshire, having accepted an invitation to dinner on a day whereon he had to attend as member of a Committee of the House of Commons, ordered his servant to bring down to the house at six o'clock a change of dress, and a hackney coach, in which he said he would effect the change as he rode in it. Ablution he did not think about; but if his old black coat would do to dine in, he felt bound to change his nether garment. He had reached the Horse Guards, and had just taken off his trowsers, and was about to put his legs into the other pair, when *crack* went the axle-tree, and down came the coach. An officious mob assembled to lend help; but when they beheld an embarrassed gentleman with two pairs of trowsers, and neither of them on, great was their astonishment, and loudly did they publish the fact. Poor Wilson sat helpless and victimized, till a good-natured officer, who was passing, and knew the eccentric M. P., released him by claiming him as a relative; and as he led him, covered with a cloak, through the shrieking crowd, he calmed the laughers into silence by significantly pointing with his finger to his forehead—which seemed to imply that they ought to have compassion on the infirmity of an imbecile gentleman, so well provided with garments, and so apparently indifferent to their use.

An English author who tells this story, works up an anecdote of our own Webster in the words following:

"If Oliver Goldsmith went up in red plush breeches to be ordained by a bishop, the celebrated Daniel Webster once appeared in as singular a costume, considering the occasion on which he wore it. The time had come when he was required to leave his old home at Elms Farm to visit Dartmouth College, for the purpose of being matriculated. A neighbor, in honest zeal for his credit, made for him a complete new suit of clothes—all of homespun cloth—the color "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." Thus attired he set off on horseback, and he had not got far on his way when a storm suddenly overtook him, to which he was exposed for many hours. The river in his way became swollen, the bridge was destroyed by the freshet, and he was obliged to ride many miles round ere he could again strike into a direct path. The rain descended in ceaseless torrents during the whole time. The homespun suit was not made of fast color. The rain sank into the cloth, and the indigo-blue politely making way for it, soaked off into the shirt and skin of the young student. His features, too, partook of the general hue, and when the scholar reached Hanover, he was dyed from head to foot. Like Essex, when he came travel-soiled from Ireland, and proceeded to an interview with Queen Elizabeth, he went straight before the college authorities; without wiping—indeed, he could *not* wipe the now fixed cerulean from his face, neck, and hands. Every shade of blue, and all moist, could be seen upon his clothes, the darker deposit upon his flesh. "Who is he?" asked one. "At home," said he, laughing, "they call me *black* Dan; here I appear as blue Dan, and trouble enough have I had to arrive among you; but you see me as I am, in a condition which, if it does not entitle me to your approbation, should at least secure for me your sympathy." Daniel suffered no disparagement by appearing before his grave seniors like a man who had been dyeing all his life.

Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tin-ware, do any thing that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet, independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams, and happy waking, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of task-masters, and the hardest of all oppressors. It is a millstone around the neck, and an incubus to the heart.

True wit is like the Indian stone,
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two different powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polished right,
With the same gifts abounds:
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

Oliver Millikin is as much of a wag as a musician, and to make his waggery the more successful, he affects the dress and manner of a clergyman. With his white cravat and sober black coat he makes not a bad imitation. He was at one of the hotels in Springfield a few weeks ago, and his decidedly clerical appearance attracting the attention of the company as they sat down to dinner, he was called upon to ask a blessing. He did not refuse, and got on very well for a sentence or two; but when he came toward the conclusion, he found, as it was his first attempt, that he was utterly unable to remember the usual manner of closing such an exercise. After hesitating a moment, he recollected the usual subscription of his letters, and he brought his petitions to a close by adding, with great solemnity, "Yours truly, Oliver Millikin!"

An Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following, which, as a matter of fact, he wishes to put on record. Whittaker is one of the richest men in those parts, and has made his money by driving

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sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overturned upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death, before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Mr. Whittaker the next day, and demanded payment for the loss of his cow.

"Certainly," said Mr. Whittaker, "what do you think she was worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones.

"And how much did you get for the hide and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, Sir."

"Oh, well, then you owe me just fifty cents."

Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand, and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he forked over the money.

OUR story of Hogarth and his portrait of the nobleman which he was going to sell to a showman for a beast, reminds a Chicago friend of the following, for which he vouches:

"A very clever artist in the Western part of this State, was called upon by a miserly old man to paint his portrait, for which he agreed, after a great deal of bantering and jewing, to pay fifty dollars. The old man was no beauty, but when the picture was done, it was so ugly that he swore he would never have it in his house, and the artist might whistle for his money. He finally offered to give thirty dollars for it, but to this the painter would not consent. He had read the life of Hogarth, and knew how to fix his customer. He painted a pig under the old man's left arm, and represented the miser trying to pull a sixpence out of the pig's mouth. The picture was then exhibited in the artist's window to the amusement of every body, for all recognized the man and his characteristic vice of avarice happily hit. The old fellow heard of it, and now offered to take the picture away and pay the price; but the artist was up to him, and insisted on ten dollars more for the pig, which the miser paid.

THE destruction of the steamer *Martha Washington* has given rise to a protracted lawsuit which has made great excitement in the West. While the case was still pending in the Supreme Court of Ohio, Brown stepped into the saloon of one of the hotels in Cincinnati, and being a very conceited, self-important fellow, he was asked his opinion of the *Martha Washington* case. "Well, I tell you what it is, gentlemen," he said, "I haven't been into that Court House for better than six months, but I think *she* was perfectly justifiable in shooting him!"

WASHINGTON IRVING relates "a beautiful instance of the quick and generous impulses to which the French are prone, in the case of a cavalier, in the hottest of the actions at Waterloo, charging furiously upon a British officer, but perceiving in the moment of assault that his adversary had lost his sword arm, drooped the point of his sabre, and courteously rode on. Peace be with that generous warrior, whatever were his fate! If he went down in the storm of battle, with the foundering fortunes of his chieftain, may the turf of Waterloo grow green above his grave—and happier far would be the fate of such a spirit, to sink amidst the tempest, unconscious of defeat, than to survive, and mourn over the blighted laurels of his country."

"YOUR discourse, Sir," said a bishop to a clergyman, in the retirement of the vestry, "had the one merit of being short."

"My lord," answered the preacher, "I think brevity is always preferable to tediousness."

"Unfortunately, however, I was about to add," said the bishop, "that it was *tedious too!*"

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be an auditor.

"Ah! thank you," said Malherbe: "pray excuse me; I can sleep very well without that."

THE following specimen of "a serpentine or double-faced letter," is by the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu, introducing a Benedictine Friar to the French embassador at Rome:

Master Compy, a Savoyard, is to be a bearer to you of this letter. He is one of the most vicious persons that I ever yet knew, and has earnestly desired me to give him a letter of recommendation, which I granted to his importunity. For believe me, Sir, I would be sorry you should be mistaken in not knowing him, as many others have been, who are of my best friends. Hence it is, that I desire to advertise you to take special notice of him, and say nothing in his presence in any sort. For I may and do assure you, there can not be a more unworthy person in the world. I know that as soon as you shall be acquainted with him, you will thank me for this advice. Civility doth hinder me to say more upon this subject.

Friar of the order of St. Bennet, news from me by means of discreet, wise, and least among all I have conversed with, to write to you in his favor, credence, with some pressing merit, I assure you rather than he deserves infinitely your esteem, and wanting to oblige him by your being I should be afflicted if you were so on that account, who will esteem him, and from no other motive that you are obliged more than any to afford him all imaginable respect that may offend or displease him, truly say, I love him as myself, and convincing argument of an than to be capable of doing him injury, cease to be a stranger to his virtues, and will love him as well as I, and The assurance I have of your great write further of him to you, or to

I am, Sir, your affectionate friend.

To be understood as the writer meant it, the right hand column must be omitted altogether; but the lines being read directly across the page, convey a warm recommendation. The letter is not only curious but very suggestive.

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Mr. Slim's Aquatic Experience.



Mr. Slim as he appeared on the beach at Cony Island.



He applies at the "Office" for a Bathing-Dress.



Is requested to leave his valuables with the Clerk.



The Clerk directs him to Bathing-Box No. 40.



He finds it impossible to disrobe and keep the door shut at the same time.



There are so many people around that he is ashamed; but finally makes a dash.



He plunges in and waits for a "Breaker."



The "Breaker" catches him.

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Strikes out for the shore, and suddenly finds himself high and dry.



Recovers himself and is led in again by a friend who knows all about it.



Plunges in, and when he emerges finds himself surrounded by Mermaids.



In his flight he has lost the lower portion of his bathing-dress.



But fortunately recovers the article, and readjusts it.



He tries another dive. Further difficulty with his dress.



Resolves to "go out." View of the beach as seen by Mr. Slim on his way to the bathing-box. He makes a sensation.



Reappearance of Mr. Slim, after half an hour, spent in grumbling and efforts to dry himself with a wet towel covered with sharp sand.

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Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Ball Costume and Promenade Dress.

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SO wide is the latitude for individual taste in the style and arrangement of COSTUMES FOR THE BALL, and so great is the variety produced by our *modistes*, that we can scarcely expect that the single illustration to which we are restricted will do more than afford some valuable hints to aid our readers in the selection of this festal apparel.—In the illustration which we have chosen, the hair is arranged in three full curls upon both sides, sweeping back in a graceful curve so as to just cover the bottom of the ear, and is confined behind the back hair. This is arranged in a basket plait, and formed into a twist, terminating in a Grecian braid, and is brought over the head in front. The space being occupied by a coiffure of wheat-ears and trailing branches, which is illustrated on a larger scale in Figure 4. The chemisette is of cambric, gathered in a richly-embroidered insertion, headed by a ruffle of lace. The dress is canary-colored *glacée* silk *en cœur* and *demi-basque*, the boddice fitting closely to the figure, and adorned with a *berthe* of white blonde, the point of meeting being concealed by a bouquet similar to the head-dress, without the drooping sprays. The *jupe* is covered by two very full flounces, the lower half of which has a deep fall of blonde, covered upon the upper edge by a garland of green wheat-ears and leaves, which encircle the whole flounce; the top of the boddice being similarly adorned by these emblems of Ceres. The sleeves are merely simple puffs with clouds of lace; these are caught up upon the exterior of the arm and confined under a small knot of myrtle flowers and leaves. These myrtle flowers may, without any violation of taste, be either intermingled with the wheat-ears upon the flounces, or be wholly substituted for them. A bracelet of large pearls upon the left arm, and a fan *à la Watteau*, are very appropriate additions to this exquisite design.

THE PROMENADE DRESS (Figure 2) is composed of *organdie*, the waist being short, in distinction from the long styles that have prevailed; in other words, it is of the *natural* depth. At the back it is round, but is slightly pointed in front; the boddice is closed with *bretelles*. The sleeves are flowing, and the skirt is very ample.

For MANTILLAS, laces are extremely fashionable. Among the favorites are the various styles of Chantilly laces, such as we have heretofore illustrated, or those composed like the one which we now present, of guipure. These are all, from their open and delicate texture, well adapted to the season; and appear to admirable advantage when worn over appropriate colors—such, for instance, as lavender or pea-green.



FIGURE 3.—HEAD-DRESS.

The HEAD-DRESS (Figure 3) is a back view, enlarged, of the one described in the Ball Costume. The flowers, however, are varied; a wreath of roses, of the species known as "Maiden's Blush," with buds and foliage of the Lily of the Valley, being substituted for the wheat-ears. If orange flowers are substituted for those here given, the addition of the vail thrown over the back hair affords a very chaste and beautiful bridal coiffure.

In Figures 4 and 5 we have drawn, upon a larger scale, two specimens of these floral wreaths, which may serve as illustrations of the immense variety of which this beautiful ornament is capable.—Figure 4 is composed of wheat-ears, the majority of which are green, interspersed with a few of the golden hue of the ripened grain. With these are combined the flowers of the wax-ball plant, and green foliage, covered here and there with imitative dew-drops.—Figure 5 is composed of grape leaves, with small clusters of the partially-ripened fruit, intermingled with twining tendrils of the vine. The effect is singularly chaste and elegant.



FIGURE 4.—WHEAT WREATH.

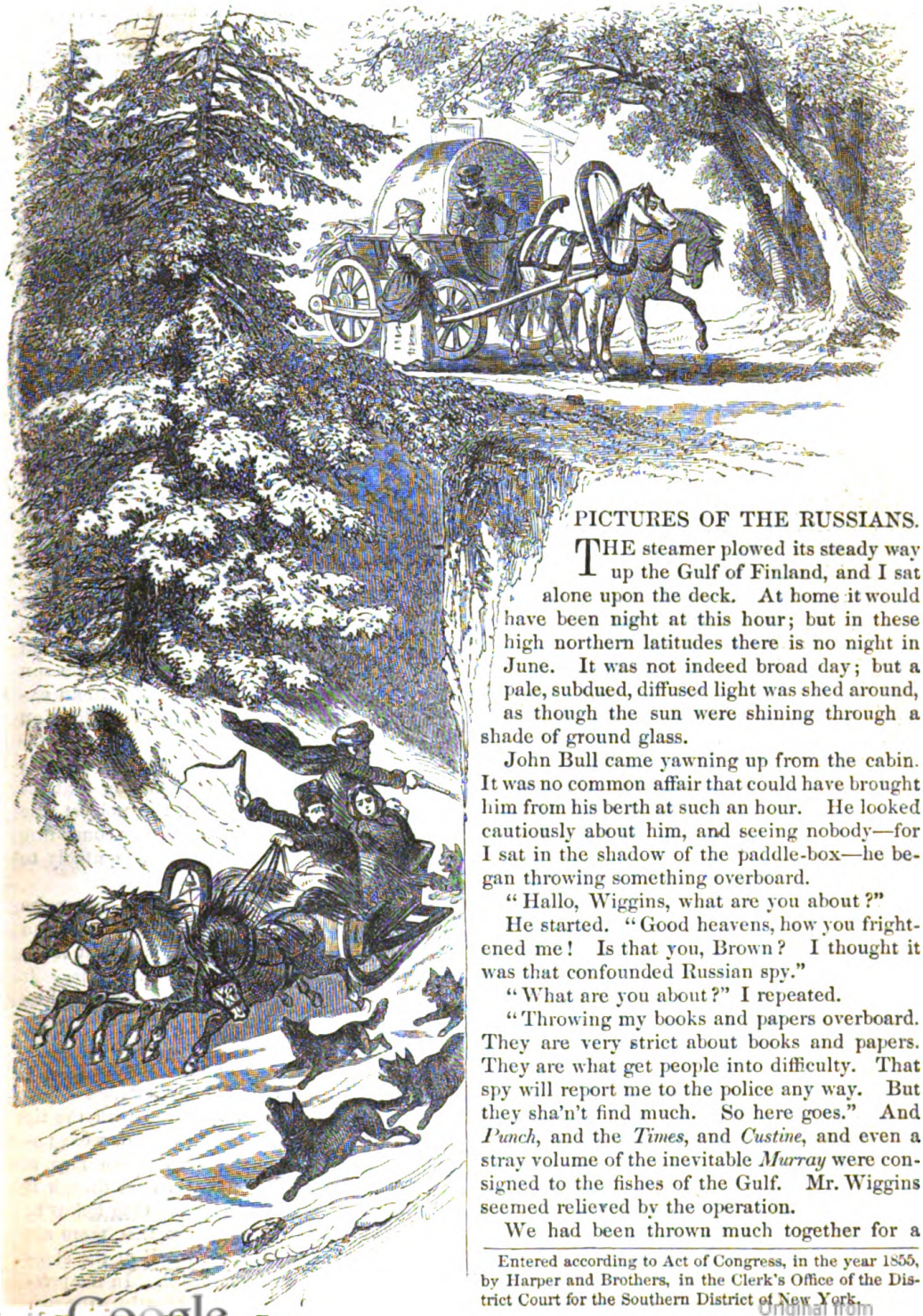


FIGURE 5.—VINE WREATH.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXIV.—SEPTEMBER, 1855.—Vol. XI.



PICTURES OF THE RUSSIANS.

THE steamer plowed its steady way up the Gulf of Finland, and I sat alone upon the deck. At home it would have been night at this hour; but in these high northern latitudes there is no night in June. It was not indeed broad day; but a pale, subdued, diffused light was shed around, as though the sun were shining through a shade of ground glass.

John Bull came yawning up from the cabin. It was no common affair that could have brought him from his berth at such an hour. He looked cautiously about him, and seeing nobody—for I sat in the shadow of the paddle-box—he began throwing something overboard.

"Hallo, Wiggins, what are you about?"

He started. "Good heavens, how you frightened me! Is that you, Brown? I thought it was that confounded Russian spy."

"What are you about?" I repeated.

"Throwing my books and papers overboard. They are very strict about books and papers. They are what get people into difficulty. That spy will report me to the police any way. But they sha'n't find much. So here goes." And *Punch*, and the *Times*, and *Custine*, and even a stray volume of the inevitable *Murray* were consigned to the fishes of the Gulf. Mr. Wiggins seemed relieved by the operation.

We had been thrown much together for a

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few days. John Bull and Brother Jonathan like each other much better than either is willing to acknowledge. Hence perhaps their continual sparring. Blood is warmer than water; and neither can forget that they are akin. Those who

> "—— speak the tongue that Shakspeare spake,
> The faith and morals hold that Milton held,"

have something in common. At all events, it was something that we were able to grumble intelligibly at and with each other.

John had made the most of this national privilege of grumbling. His Russian journey had gone wrong from the outset. The hemp and tallow house of which he was a junior partner had sent him to Russia solely against his will. He was sure he should be frozen to death; there was not, he was confident, a tolerable beefsteak or a passable bottle of pale ale in the Czar's dominions. Then he had been terribly seasick; he was haunted by visions of the police, and dreamed of the knout and Siberia. Besides, he had been annoyed in procuring his passport.

"By heavens!" said he (in fact he said "By 'Eaven," for he used his aspirates in a way not sanctioned by the best orthoepists. But I shall take the liberty, in reporting his speeches, to put them in their proper place, besides making such other changes as are necessary to translate his Cockney dialect into pure English); "By heavens! they seemed to fancy that I was a pickpocket or maybe a Red Republican. It was not sufficient to give the consul my name and residence. I had to tell all about my business: why I wished to go to Russia; how long I meant to stay; whom I expected to see; whether I had any commission from Government, or from any society; and the Lord knows what all. They had the impudence to ask me whether I intended to write a book of travels! I, a partner in the house of Thompson, Jenkins, Thompson, and Company, and a member of an old family too. I write a book! Then I had to prove that I was actually the person I pretended to be. I had to bring the clergyman and two respectable householders to testify to that. It was scandalous."

I could not wholly sympathize with Mr. Wiggins. The name of the great hemp and tallow concern did not awe me. I meant to write a book about Russia myself; and as for his old family, why, every body's family goes back in a direct line to Adam, whether it can be traced or not; and nobody's goes further than this into antiquity. Moreover, I had suffered no special annoyance in procuring my passport. I had walked quietly down to the Consul's office in New York; had given my name, and stated that I was an engraver, had heard that I might do well in my profession in Russia; at all events I wished to try. A dozen or so of questions were asked, in a very polite manner. The answers were noted down; and then the passport was made out and delivered. I paid the fee—not a very exorbitant one—and was courteously bowed out, with wishes for a pleasant journey and a profitable residence. So ended the terrible ordeal.

"Yes," said Mr. Wiggins, nettled perhaps at my want of sympathy. "The Czar favors the Americans; and he is quite right. A fellow-feeling makes him kind. Despots sympathize with each other. The owner of millions of serfs must like a nation of slaveholders. Besides, there is no despotism like a Democracy. But he can't endure us and our free principles. He knows, too, that we will stand by Turkey to the last."

Then ensued that amiable encounter of hints and innuendoes in which John and Jonathan are wont to indulge.

John was indignant at American slavery; Jonathan was horror-struck at the white slavery of the mines and factories. John expatiated upon mobs and lynch-law; Jonathan retorted by railing at the aristocracy and their vices. John said that the annexation of Texas, the acquisitions from Mexico, and the filibustering designs upon Cuba were as atrocious as the partition of Poland. Jonathan enumerated the British conquests in India, the opium war in China, the troubles at the Cape of Good Hope, and sundry other cases in which England showed a palm quite as itching as could be ascribed to any of her neighbors; ending by quoting an old proverb about glass-houses and stones.

From censuring the country of the other, each betook himself to lauding his own. John waxed eloquent upon the emancipation of the blacks in the West Indies. Jonathan dwelt upon the relief sent to the starving Irish. John was proud that a slave could not set foot in England. Jonathan magnified his country as the refuge of the oppressed of all nations. John exulted in the British reveille chasing the sun in his circuit round the world. Jonathan expatiated upon the steady march of civilization across the Western Continent.

The colloquy ended in the approved style; each interlocutor stoutly maintaining that his own country was the greatest, the noblest, the freest under heaven; but generously conceding that the second place belonged indisputably to his opponent.

We had tacitly assumed, that as we spoke English, nobody on board understood us, and had raised our voices to such a pitch that it required no eavesdropping to overhear us. It must have been as good as a comedy to a listener. So it evidently appeared to a by-stander whose glance of amused intelligence I happened to catch. His aspect at once betrayed him to be a Russian. The round head, flattened cheek, light hair and eyes, and low nose with the tip flattened so as to expose the nostril, were unmistakably Muscovite. The Russian face is certainly far from a handsome one, though it is by no means positively ugly. One learns to respect it, when he remembers that there are fifty millions more just like it, all at the absolute disposal of one supreme will. In the present case, however, there was breathed through

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it an air of repressed enthusiasm and intensity of purpose which rendered it any thing but commonplace. It was such a face as Socrates might have worn before Xantippe drove him to take refuge in philosophy. The man was of middle size, of a stout, well-knit figure, and might have been any where from thirty or forty years of age. I hardly know why, but in looking at him I thought of Ryleif, the soul of that conspiracy which so nearly cost Nicholas his crown and life at the commencement of his reign.

Mr. Wiggins was terribly alarmed when he was convinced that our conversation had been understood. He was sure that the Russian was a spy, and that his own allusion to Poland would cost him a journey to Siberia, if nothing worse. And so he had arisen at this early hour on the following morning to disburden himself of his perilous books and papers.

For my own part I thought, if the Russian was indeed a spy, the better way would be to attempt to conceal nothing; and as I had nothing to conceal, that was not a difficult task. So I took the first opportunity to accost him. He spoke English, not exactly like a native, but rather—like Kossuth—a little too correctly, as though his knowledge of the language was gained from books rather than from conversation. I learned that he was an engineer in the government service; had been on a tour of inspection to the Baltic fortresses; and after a few days' delay at Cronstadt, was about to return to St. Petersburg. His name was Ivan Petrovich. In course of time I came to know him better.

So much for antecedents. By the time John Bull had finished his distribution of public documents to the fishes of the Gulf, the horizon was broken by a line of dark objects, which speedily took the shape of masts, rigging, and hulls of vessels. We had fallen in with a division of the Baltic Fleet, which was making its summer cruise in that "Russian Sea." It is now two years since those huge men-of-war have seen the open water. They lie rotting within the cannon-guarded port of Cronstadt. Perhaps the Czar has no reason to regret this, for it requires a still larger force on the part of the Allies to keep watch over them; otherwise they might make a sudden dash upon the English coast, and achieve something more brilliant than the capture of a few miserable fishing craft, or even than the barren conquest of Bomarsund.

The spectacle was any thing but cheering to Mr. Wiggins. There was indeed at that time no special reason to suppose a war with Russia to be impending; yet there was a feeling of uneasiness and apprehension—that dim presentiment of evil which is so often its forerunner.

Perhaps I had a little malice in calling my friend's attention to this formidable armament as we glided past it.

"A bad business for you, that of destroying the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. It transformed the Baltic into a Russian lake. The Czar seems determined to share with you the sovereignty of the seas."

"Pshaw! the Russians are no sailors; they have no merchant service from which to recruit their fleet. How long would it take us to blow all those craft out of the water?"

"Do you remember what Mrs. Glass says about cooking fish? 'First catch your fish.' You'll find it hard work to cut the fleet out from behind the guns of Cronstadt, which we shall soon see. Depend upon it you made a great blunder in joining Russia and Austria against Napoleon. England and France should have been allies; and they must yet be so—Waterloo and Trafalgar to the contrary notwithstanding—or Russia overshadows you both. Your subsidies to the Allies were a bad investment for you. You not only got your fingers burnt, but you paid for heating the poker."

Mr. Wiggins groaned. I imagine that he was thinking of the income-tax.

"And then you must repeat the folly in another shape, with France to keep you in countenance. You destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino, and so gave your friend Nicholas the command of the Black Sea. You'll see the folly of that some of these fine days. Do you think Napoleon would ever have been caught thus? You fought the battle of the Czar, and he could very well afford to bestow upon Admiral Codrington the Order of St. George—an order which is only given to the Commander-in-chief who has gained a great battle, and which Alexander declined to accept, after the overthrow of Napoleon, because he had not personally commanded at any great victory."

The subject seemed far from pleasing to my friend.

By this time it was broad day, and the passengers began to make their appearance on deck. We were approaching Cronstadt. Ivan Petrovich, quite ignorant of the terror with which he had inspired my friend, joined us with a courteous salutation, and pointed out, with quiet confidence, the defenses of this impregnable stronghold.

Cronstadt is indeed a fitting entrance to Russia. A long narrow island lies midway between the low shores of the Gulf, fifteen miles or so below the mouths of the Neva. The water is too shallow to admit the passage of vessels larger than fishing craft, except by a single channel which winds along near the southern shore of the island. The channel is narrow, and at intervals, on either side of it, are a few sunken rocks and reefs. Upon these and upon the main island are built the tremendous fortifications which guard St. Petersburg from all hostile approach.

"A century and a half ago," said the Russian, pointing to the island whose western extremity we were now approaching, "there was nothing here but a succession of bare sand-heaps and morasses, scattered over with granite boulders borne hither long ago by floating ice. The island and the adjacent shores belonged to the

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Swedes, by whom it was named Rat Island. Our great Peter had determined to found his capital in the swamps at the mouth of the Neva, and his keen eye saw that here was the only spot where works could be erected to guard the city. The Swedes had a small garrison here; but they fled in haste at the approach of a body of Russians, leaving behind them a huge iron camp-kettle. Our soldiers seized upon it as a trophy, and in honor of it named the island *Kotlinoi Ostrof*—'Kettle Island.' The acquisition would have been worthless in any other hands than those of Peter. It was low and marshy, with a shelving shore. Yet here the Czar willed the existence of a harbor to shelter a fleet not a vessel of which was yet built, and to guard a capital consisting of a few wooden huts in the midst of a desolate marsh. Nature was ever niggard to him. She gave him a site for his capital and fortress, but she gave no more; all else was to be the product of his own indomitable will. It was enough. He had a spot upon which to rest the fulcrum of the lever which was to move the world."

We were now opposite the extremity of the island.

"That is Fort Catharine upon the point," said Ivan. "Just beyond, stretching quite across, is the Fort Michael and its redoubts. These do not cover the channel; they merely protect the island. Now we enter the channel, marked, as you see, by flags and buoys. No soundings are suffered to be taken; these signals are the sole guides. This elliptical fortress on the right, with the single tier of casemates almost level with the water, and the battery above, with the guns uncovered, is Fort Constantine. Further on, on the same side of the channel, is Fort Alexander, with three tiers of guns; almost behind it is the low battery of the Citadel—much more formidable than its appearance indicates. On the opposite side you see that immense polygonal structure, with its faces turned in so many directions—each face enfilading some part of the channel. That is Fort Risbank; and behind it, on the edge of a reef setting out from the Ingrian shore is a battery. Those other two polygons on opposite sides of the channel are forts Peter and Cronschlott. Between them, within point-blank distance, every vessel must pass. These are all built upon isolated rocks or upon piles driven into the soft bottom. But upon Kettle Island, right in front, where the passage makes a turn, you see Fort Menschikoff, raking the channel, which is so narrow that a single vessel sunk or disabled would greatly obstruct it. Observe that every part of it for miles is not only crossed by fires from the opposite works, but a vessel coming up head on is absolutely enfiladed, fore and aft, again and again. Upon every foot of the channel between Peter and Cronschlott three hundred guns of the heaviest metal can be brought to bear at once."

We passed so close to these grim batteries that we could look into the very throats of the guns. It seemed impossible that any floating structure that man could build could sustain their fire for a quarter of an hour. These are, however, but the outworks that guard the approach to Cronstadt. The ports or docks that contain the shipping are enclosed and protected by bastions of granite, upon which guns are mounted at every other step. A thousand pieces is the lowest estimate of the artillery that defended the place four years ago. To what extent the defenses have been since strengthened, no man can say.

"I should like to know," said the Czar one day, with pardonable pride, as he surveyed the works erected under his own inspection, "I should like to know from what quarter Cronstadt can be attacked." There are others nowadays who would like to know the same thing.

Some years since—so runs the story—the Czar was doing the honors of Cronstadt to an English naval officer.

"A strong place this, Sire," said he, to his Imperial host.

"Impregnable, is it not?"

"Difficult to take, certainly, Sire. With fifteen vessels one would need fifteen days to do it."

"Well, if he had thirty vessels?"

"Oh, Sire, in that case fifteen hours would do."

A civilian is perhaps hardly competent to decide upon a subject so purely military. One thing, however, is certain: "fighting Charley Napier" has not acquired the reputation of being over-cautious. Yet he shrunk from bringing his fleet under the *feu d'enfer* that would have been belched out from those iron throats.

We cast anchor, and formal possession was taken of us by the officers of the police and customs. Now came the moment of trial for which my poor friend had been bracing his nerves. First, our baggage was sealed up. My own *impedimenta* were compressed within the smallest compass, and afforded little scope for official scrutiny. But such as there was received the most scrupulous attention. An old cotton umbrella even, which had already done good service on both sides of the Atlantic, was decorated with a bit of dirty tape, to which was attached a portentous waxen seal. The multifarious boxes, and bags, and portmanteaus of my wealthier friend required so many seals, that I fancied there must soon be an advance in the price of wax.

Next came our personal examination. If I had cherished any hostile designs against the Czar, or was privy to any plot to overthrow the empire, or knew or expected to know any body who entertained any such diabolical purpose, I am sure that it would have been extorted from me by the dexterous questioning and cross-questioning to which I was subjected. The sharp-eyed, green-coated examiner would have made his fortune at the New York bar. He would, moreover, have set a good example of politeness to some of our sharp counsel. A

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French courtier of the old régime could not have been more courteous. "Does Monsieur declare that his sole object in visiting Russia is to exercise his profession?" "Has Monsieur no ulterior motive?" "Is there no person to whom Monsieur has letters of introduction?" "No person in special whom he expects to meet?" "Has he absolutely no acquaintances in the country?" "There are many foreign artists in Russia; are they total strangers to Monsieur?"

I had read thrilling accounts of the brutality and insolence of the Russian officials toward foreigners, and I imagine that they could not all have been fabricated. I can only say that, from first to last, I experienced nothing of the kind. I was told that this improved conduct is among the reforms wrought by Nicholas, and that it cost many a flogging before it could be effected.

Strong in my innocence, I bore the examination like a hero, and was rewarded by receiving, in exchange for my passport, a *transit paper*, setting forth in substance that Mr. F. B., a citizen of the United States of America, had arrived at Cronstadt on such a day, with a passport duly signed at the Russian Consulate in New York, bearing such a date and number; and that the said F. B. was permitted to proceed to St. Petersburg, where he must present himself to the local authorities, in order to receive a permission of residence.

My Russian friend then took me in charge for an hour's ramble in Cronstadt. Here I first saw the Russian *mujik*. I was certainly not prepossessed by his appearance. With his shaggy beard, sheep-skin coat, and general roughness of appearance, he seemed just the person one would not like to meet in a lonely place. We peered into several low *kabaks*, or drinking-shops; they were full of rude-looking fellows, apparently workmen, drinking and playing cards or draughts. Their sheep-skins were glossy with grease, and they looked filthy almost beyond expression.

"Not a very promising commencement for your observations upon Russian life," said Ivan, reading my countenance. "But our friends there are not without their good points, and you will find that they improve upon acquaintance. Besides, you would hardly expect to find the best specimens of a people around the docks and wharves of a great shipping port. Do you see those two fellows talking there? The short stout one, with the fur cap coming down over his ears, is a Finn—one of the original race of this province. Would you believe that he is of the same blood of the tall fiery Magyar, the most picturesque man in Europe? Yet so it is. That stout fellow talking with him is a type of the true Russian. He is doubtless a serf, come up from the interior with a *permit* from his master to seek employment. Rough



KABAK AT CRONSTADT.—LABORERS AND SHIPWRIGHTS.

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RUSSIAN AND FINN.

as he looks, he is a dexterous fellow, with many capacities. He and the other fifty millions like him are the bone and sinew of Russia. There is a deal of work in him, and a deal of fighting too, when it comes to that—as it will, sooner or later. With fifty millions such as he, with plenty of brains to command them, and with these," he continued, pointing to the vessels which filled the military harbor, and the huge piles of cannon which lay all around, "and with God over all, has not Russia a future before her? A place in the world for the great Sclavonic race—and then we shall have culture and refinement and—" after a pause, he added —"and liberty. Till then we can wait!"

I stared at him with astonishment, not unmingled with suspicion. Was not Wiggins right after all? Was not the man a spy seeking to entrap me? Another look dispelled my suspicions. That rapt, seer-like glance, could uot be assumed. I thought again of Ryleif and his prophetic words: "Patience; let us wait till the Colossus has accumulated its wrongs—till, in hastening its increase, it has weakened itself in striving to embrace half the earth."

By this time we had returned to the quay. Here Ivan took courteous leave of me. "You will go, for the present, to Madame Benson's, on the *Galernoi Oulitza*. By the time you have secured your *permis de séjour*, I shall have returned to the capital. I think I shall be able to be of service to you."

Going on board the small steamer that was to convey us up to St. Petersburg, I encountered Mr. Wiggins. He looked pale and exhausted—much as a man might appear who had just been "interrogated" by the Inquisition.

"How did you get through your examination?" I asked.

"Don't speak of it. It was worse than at the Consul's in London. Thank Heaven, it's over now! Here's my transit paper. But there's the custom-house and the St. Petersburg police to come yet. What a country, to be sure! But I'll go through it now." And he looked plucky enough to have led the forlorn hope in storming Cronstadt or Sebastopol.

The low wooded shores of the Gulf flew quickly past. The white walls of Peterhof gleamed through the embowering trees. Soon, far to the east, the golden dome of the Isaac Church rose above the horizon like a sun. Spire after spire, dome after dome shot into view. Then came red and green roofs, above massive walls and stately colonnades. At length the clear waters of the Neva flowed between granite walls, and we were fairly in the heart of the city evoked by Peter from the Finnish swamps.

Of the custom-house at St. Petersburg I have no terrible experiences to relate. Hardly an article was disturbed in our bags and portmanteaus. Unluckily, a bundle of choice Havanas in one of Mr. Wiggins's multitudinous appliances met the eye of a gentleman in a long green surtout, with sundry medals on his breast. A glance showed that he was a devotee of the fragrant weed, and he seemed inclined to make a stricter search. The owner of the cigars at once, in very intelligible pantomime, gave him to understand that he desired him to accept of them as a small token of profound personal consideration, at the same time insinuating his hand into his pocket, and, upon withdrawing it, thrusting it into the outstretched palm of the worthy functionary, accompanying the whole performance with a knowing wink of the eye. A person of suspicious disposition would have drawn the inference that the integrity of the representative of the Autocrat of all the Russias had been tampered with. I can only say, that I saw no money pass between them; and in so grave a case, one should not give utterance to mere suspicion. At all events, there was no further search instituted.

Now was the time to explode the small stock of Russian "traveling phrases" which I had laboriously culled from a very meagre phrase-book. Selecting the most intelligent-looking from the blue-robed *isvoshtshiks* who were crowding around like cabmen on a New York pier, I began:

"*Pashloushti isvoshtshik*," which the book informed me meant, "Come here, driver."

The man did not reply, as the book said he

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would, "*Dassi, Gospodin'ss.*" If he had, I should have known that he meant "Yes, Sir." He said, "*Dobrui, tchitass.*" But as he immediately bustled around with his queer-looking vehicle, I concluded that he understood me, although I could not understand him. I made another dash at my phrase-book; or, rather, I compounded a new sentence from fragments of several as there laid down, omitting all but the leading words. I give it as my first specimen of Russian composition:

"*Traktir — Sudarina Benson — Galernoi Oulitza — Tschto stoit?*" which I supposed to mean —"Inn—Madam Benson—English Back Row —How much?"

"*Schessti ruble,*" he replied, holding up four fingers of one hand and two of the other.

I had no doubt that six rubles was at least double what I ought to pay. But a man makes a poor figure driving a bargain with a cabman when he does not understand the language. I have found that one can transact his own business in a foreign country much better when he knows the language spoken there. I suppose that this rule does not apply to public business, as I find that our Government requires no such accomplishment in the case of our foreign ministers. So I simply said "*Chorosho*"—"All right;" adding at random "*tchitass,*" to signify that I was in haste.

Just then one of the officers, seeing my embarrassment, addressed me in French, and having learned our wishes, procured for us a *charette* for our luggage. I felt a little delicacy in offering money to a man in uniform for performing such a service. But my scruples were quite unnecessary. The low bow with which he accepted the proffered ruble, showed any thing but displeasure.

A droshky is a funny affair. The original idea seems to have been a carriage with four wheels, having a pole reaching from one axle to the other, on which the rider was to mount astride. This primitive conception has been enlarged by adding a sort of stirrup for the feet, and placing a cushion upon the pole. In its present state the droshky resembles a child's go-cart magnified. The isvoshtshik is the driver of such a carriage. They are the first purely Russian thing that attracts the traveler's notice in St. Petersburg, where they number thousands. Every traveler has a good word to say about them; and barring a constitutional tendency to ask three or four times as much as they expect to get for their services, a trait not peculiar to them, little fault can be found with them.



ISVOSHTSHIKS.

We mounted our go-cart. The driver took his seat between the fore-wheels, and off we darted over bridges and through streets whose length seemed interminable. At length we were safely deposited at our desired haven of rest; and a beefsteak and bottle of "Bass's Pale," which satisfied even the critical taste of Mr. Wiggins, being added to our dinner, we retired for the night. We had forced our way into the entrenched camp of the enemy, and slept on the field of battle.

But we found that much was yet wanting to secure our position. Forthwith after our arrival, our landlady had dispatched our

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names to the district police office; for the authorities have a paternal fashion of wishing to know whereabouts people spend their nights. Taking a servant who was posted up in the *modus operandi*, we next morning presented ourselves at the district police. The officer in charge heard our case, and gave us a paper marked with certain cabalistic characters, which we were to present at some other office. Here the paper was examined, a few more signs affixed, and we were sent to a third office, and so on. At length, following the directions of the servant, we found ourselves in the presence of a military-looking gentleman, a high functionary of the secret police, who graciously interested himself in our private affairs. He manifested the most tender solicitude in respect to every thing that concerned us; what we did at home; what we meant to do in Russia; what friends we had or expected to have, and such like points of interest. Having satisfied his laudable curiosity, the military gentleman furnished us with still another paper, which we were to present at the *Bureau des Etrangers*—the Alien Office. Here we found our *transit-paper*, which, by the way, had been delivered at the custom-house, and which had, in the mean while, been performing a series of journeyings on its own account. From the custom-house it had gone to the Military Governor of St. Petersburg, who had forwarded it to the Imperial Chancery to be compared with the passport which had been sent on from Cronstadt. The two documents having been found to agree, the transit-paper had gone on to the Alien Office to await our arrival. Here we gave up the documents we had received from the police, and received in return a billet containing a summary of the information which had been gleaned from us as to our persons and character. This was duly registered in the office of the district police, from which we had started on our journeyings. It was then countersigned and given back to us to take again to the Alien Office, where it was duly filed away; and in return for it we received a neat-looking document, printed on blue paper, in Russian, French, and German. This was the long-sought permit of residence, good for one year, entitling us to take up our abode in the capital. It was one of the neatest official documents ever seen, and was fairly worth the ten rubles demanded for it.

I was now free of St. Petersburg, and could wander about at will. The stranger is indeed supposed to have his *permis de séjour* always with him, in readiness to produce when demanded by the police. But mine was never once called for, and I know of no instance in which such a



MERCHANT AND FAMILY.—FISH PEDDLER.

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YOUNG PEASANTS.

thing has occurred. My Russian friend was as good as his word; and owing to his influence with the Department of Fine Arts, I was soon engaged upon an elaborate work, under the patronage of government, illustrative of the scenery, costumes, and characteristics of the Empire. From this have been taken the sketches which accompany this paper. During the intervals of labor, I found abundant opportunity to avail myself of my freedom of the city.

The "Nevskoi Prospekt," like our Broadway, is an observatory from which one can take in almost at a glance types of the varied population of the empire. Officers of the Imperial Guard in their showy uniform alternate with Cossacks of the Don and Dneiper in their wild attire. Circassians in complete mail, carrying one back to the middle ages, jostle spruce dandies got up in the latest Parisian style. With these are intermingled nurses in showy red sarafans and barbarians from tribes whose names are unpronounceable by western tongues. These throng the pave in the upper or court end. Through the centre dash equipages of every description, from the sorry droshky of the poor Finnish isvoshtshik, consisting of little more than a bare board mounted on four wheels, to the splendid turn-out of the noble drawn by six fiery horses.

Not unfrequently appears—or rather I should say appeared, for I write of the time before a mightier monarch had summoned the Autocrat of all the Russias to appear before him—a magnificent equipage in blue and white, with two gigantic footmen posted behind. That pale, anxious face within, yet beautiful in spite of the wear and tear of half a century, and benignant notwithstanding years of constant suffering, belongs to the Empress. Close behind is a simple droshky whose poor appearance contrasts strikingly with the single fiery black horse that whirls it along. The rider is a man of imposing stature, with a plain gray military cloak draped about him. His cold gray eye glances rapidly around with an air of searching command. He seems to take in at a glance every individual in the crowd. Every step is arrested as he approaches. The gay officers make the military salute, the civilians uncover their heads as he passes—for it is the Czar, the uncontrolled master of seventy millions of men. He courteously acknowledges the homage by raising his hand to his gray military cap as he dashes by, and the crowd pass on again.

The Emperor is also fond of walking unattended along the Prospekt and the English Quay—not *incognito* like a second Haroun al Raschid, for his marked person would betray him even if he chose to remain unknown. He receives the respectful greetings of the crowd, returning his invariable military salute; but it is forbidden for any one to accost or even to approach him. This is a necessary precaution, for these are his moments of relaxation, and even the iron frame of the Czar must have some hours of freedom from the affairs of state.

A few years ago there was in St. Petersburg a French actor named Vernet, who was a great favorite of the Czar. One day when Nicholas was striding along the Prospekt, his eye fell upon the player among the uncovered crowd. He approached and accosted him:

"Ah, Vernet, do you appear this evening?"

"Yes, Sire, I shall have the honor of playing in *Le Père et la Débutante*."

"I am glad to hear it. I shall be present. You are admirable in that *rôle*."

"Your Majesty does me too much honor."

After a few courteous words the Czar passed on. Hardly had his stately form disappeared when a *nadziratel*, or police officer, laid his hand on the shoulder of poor Vernet.

"Follow me. You have spoken to the Czar."

In vain the actor protested that if there was any one to be blamed it was the Emperor himself. The officer only knew that his orders

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were to arrest any one who should accost the Emperor in the street. So poor Vernet was conducted to the police station.

Evening came; the theatre was opened; but no Vernet made his appearance. A messenger was dispatched to his lodgings. He had not been there since morning. The *dvornick* had seen him go out at that time, and was perfectly sure that he had never returned. The orchestra played to gain time, but all in vain. There was no Vernet. The director was forced to change the piece. Before the curtain rose, the Imperial box was filled. The Czar ran his eye over the bill of the play which had been hastily written out. His brow darkened, as he saw that the piece was not *Le Père et la Débutante*, and that the name of his favorite was not on the bill. He ordered the director to be summoned, and sternly demanded the reason of the change.

"Sire," said the functionary falteringly, for "Siberia" was legible in the cold, stern look of the Emperor, "Vernet has disappeared. I only learned it since the house was opened. I have already given orders to search for him every where."

For a moment the Emperor's eye retained its sternness. Then a sudden thought appeared to strike him.

"I have occasioned it all," said he, with a laugh. "I accosted Vernet in the street this morning, and he has been arrested by the police. Let him be liberated; and bring him here."

It was but the work of a few minutes to consult the police report, and ascertain the whereabouts of the actor. In less than a quarter of an hour he was conducted into the Imperial box.

"*Je suis désolé, mon cher Vernet,*" said the Emperor, addressing him in his own language, "at the misfortune which I have occasioned. Forget it, I entreat you, and suffer me to make you some reparation. What shall I do for you by way of amends?"

"Since your Majesty is willing to grant me a favor," replied the comedian, "may I entreat that your Majesty will do me the honor never to accost me in the street again. The police stations are not at all to my taste."

Nicholas smiled, and graciously dismissed the actor; but contrived to make some more substantial reparation than had been demanded.

At every street corner, as we pass along, we see a little wooden house like a sentry-box somewhat magnified. In front stands a weather-beaten, stalwart fellow in a long gray coat faced with red, holding before him a huge ax, the handle resting upon the ground, while the blade is on a line with his bushy beard. If you wait a moment you will probably see him joined by another, his perfect counterpart, coat, beard, ax, and all; while if you look into the little hut, you will behold still a third busy in some domestic avocation. These are the *butschniks* or axmen—the street guardians of St. Petersburg. The three are chums—jolly bachelor companions—for the most part old soldiers who have served out their time. Their huge axes may be a terror to evil-doers, yet so rare is any tumult in the streets, that for the last half score years it is doubtful whether the edge of one has been dimmed with blood. Besides acting as street-police, they serve the purpose of a newspaper, it being a part of their duty to announce the contents of any new ukase to the proprietor of every house in their district, and to obtain his acknowledgment that he has been made acquainted with its import. The butschniks have general cognizance of the order of the streets. They see to it that the isvoshtshiks do not drive over pedestrians, that no obstruction is caused by a crowd, that the snow in winter is cleared away from the walks by the proprietors of every house, and that the drunken mujiks who have tumbled into the gutter are picked up, sent to the nearest station house, and set next morning to work at sweeping the streets.

Too much, in fact, is left to the police. They must do every thing. If a person meets with an accident, it is perilous for a by-stander to assist him. I was one evening standing upon the Isaac Bridge, looking down into the clear water below. My eye caught a dark object sweeping under the shadow of the arches; as it emerged into the light on the other side, I saw that it was a corpse.

"Good heavens, Ivan," I cried, "there is a corpse! Let us rescue it from the water."



DVORNICK AND POSTMAN.

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He seized me with a strong hand. "You don't know what you are about. Were you to do so, you might get yourself into trouble for years. You would be suspected of knowing something about the death, and would be liable to be summoned to the police office at any hour of day or night to be examined and cross-examined. It might cost you half your income in bribes to be let alone. Remember that, in Russia, the safest way is to know nothing about crimes or accidents. A pelisse was once stolen from a friend of mine. He was thoughtless enough to make his loss known; and he did not hear the last of it for a year. He was repeatedly brought up and examined as to whether he suspected any one, and upon what grounds. He never recovered his pelisse, but paid, first and last, more than ten times its value."

"What an abominable state of things!" I exclaimed. "Is there another country where a person against whom no crime is alleged is liable to such abuses?"

"I think," replied the Russian sarcastically, "I have heard of a country where a poor man, who happens to have been present when a crime has been committed, is liable to be imprisoned for months as a witness, while the criminal is suffered to go at large on bail. Tastes differ; but, for my own part, I should prefer an occasional summons before the police to incarceration with thieves and vagabonds."

Ivan never tried to palliate the defects in the social state of Russia; but if any one else animadverted upon them, he was ready with some retort to turn the tables. I was often astonished at his minute acquaintance with the local affairs of my country. I once asked him how he had managed to acquire this.

He laughed. "I am on very good terms with the censor; and my foreign books are never stopped. I've read Dickens's 'Notes,' and Mrs. Trollope, and Captain Hall, and Uncle Tom."

But annoying as is the minute, open surveillance of the government, it is nothing in comparison with the secret police. The system of espionage is carried in Russia to its utmost perfection of evil. Most European governments maintain secret spies. Under Napoleon they became a regular branch of the government; but he had the grace to be ashamed of them. In Russia the system is openly avowed. Count Orloff is the head of this department, but its tail and claws are every where. It has passed into a proverb, that if three persons are talking together, one at least is a spy. They are found in every station and sphere of life. No man knows who is a spy; and, what is worse, no man knows who is not. The polite gentleman who conversed so pleasantly with you in the saloon, may be a spy; so may the servant who stands behind your chair at dinner. The tailor who fitted you with a coat; the milliner—Frenchwoman though she be—who brought home your wife's bonnet, may have "secret relations" with the police.



GLAZIER.—PAINTER.—CARPENTERS.

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COOPER'S SHOP AND RESIDENCE.

Not many years ago there was in St. Petersburg an English gentleman, known as Major B——. He had seen much service, and knew the world; his frank and easy manners and abundant stores of information gained him a footing in all circles. This rosy-cheeked, hearty, companionable individual happened to die suddenly, and his papers fell into the hands of a gentleman with whom I became acquainted; and they revealed the fact that he was a paid spy, whose special duty was to watch foreigners.

It is not so much that a cruel use is made of the information thus gleaned which renders the system so hateful. It is the universal want of confidence which it engenders. Every body knows that a snare is spread about him, and he never is sure that his foot may not already be caught in its meshes. Shortly after the revolution of 1848, a company of French gentlemen met at the apartments of one of their number. They were all intimate friends. Each one was as sure of the integrity of the others as of his own soul. There was a supper, and Champagne, and cigars. Speeches were made, songs were sung, and toasts drank, in honor of the republic.

Early next morning the host received a summons to appear before the chief of the secret police, who received him with the utmost politeness:

"Monsieur had a party of friends at his apartments last night?"

"I had."

"There were present Messieurs So and So?" continued the functionary, reading from a volume before him a list of the guests.

"Those gentlemen were present," replied the trembling host, perceiving that denial was useless.

From the same volume the officer read a very accurate report of what was said, the toasts that were drank, and the songs that were sung; adding, "Is that a correct account of the proceedings?"

"It is."

"Monsieur was very imprudent. If he is well-advised, he will be more cautious in future. Monsieur can now leave."

No further proceedings were ever taken. But the Frenchman had received a lesson. He could never imagine from what source the information was derived. A spy had been present. Was it one of his friends? or was he disguised as a servant?

The mode of building in St. Petersburg greatly facilitates this odious system of espionage. The houses of the better classes—those against whom it is chiefly directed—are constructed like those of Paris. A large number of families and private persons have floors or apartments under a single roof; the access to the

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TOBACCONISTS.—POSTILLION.—OVERSEER.

whole being through a single gate, where a *dvornick* or porter, is always stationed. Not a soul can pass in or out without his knowledge, and he is liable at any moment to be interrogated by the police; and woe to him if he does not give full information about all that relates to the inmates of the house. In many cases he is a paid spy. In the houses occupied by foreigners he is probably so without exception. The postman who brings your letters is a spy, and in case of the slightest suspicion they are submitted to the police before they are delivered to you. Now, as every proprietor of a house is bound to report the name of any stranger who passes the night under his roof, the police are able at any moment to ascertain the whereabouts of every individual. Probably no person has for a century fallen under the slightest suspicion, whose every movement is not perfectly known to the police.

Having traversed the Nevski Prospekt for a mile or so, let us turn aside into the obscure streets. We perceive that an entire change has come over the appearance of things. The sumptuous public buildings are left behind; the long lines of palaces, the gay shops filled with foreign wares have disappeared, and we find ourselves among low houses built of wood, painted with yellow and red, not unlike the pictures we have seen of villages in the interior of the country. The aspect of the people has undergone a still greater change. Swallow-tailed coats, French hats, polished boots, perfumed gloves, and shaven chins have disappeared. In their place we see brawny figures in rough sheepskin coats, or long blue caftans, and beards as rough and shaggy as were ever worn before the days of Peter.

That huge building with one front on the Prospekt, and the other on the *Bolkhaïa Sadovaïa*, "Great Market Street," is the *Gostinnoi Dvor* —"Merchants' Inn," the Bazaar of St. Petersburg. It is a town or rather city of shops, intersected with passages and alleys, broad and narrow, crooked and straight. This is the great mart for goods of Russian and Oriental manufacture. The Russians are born shopkeepers and traders on a small scale. In dexterity and cunning even the Jews are no match for them. In a moment you are surrounded by a half score of dealers eager to attract your attention. At first you can make out nothing of their words but a perfect hurricane of sibillants. It seems as though all were bent upon hissing out the letter *s* with infinite variety of intonation and prolongation. In course of time you learn that this is merely an abbreviation of *Sudar* or *Sudarina* ("Sir," or "Madame"), and that the Russians interpolate it into a sentence precisely as a London waiter does his interminable "Y's'sr." Thus *Gospodin'ss* is simply "Noble Sir."

"*Sdrastvoui, Gospodin'ss; shto vam agodno'ss* —Good-morning, noble Sir; what will you have, Sir? Boots? ah yes, Kasan boots. Walk in."

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MERCHANT.—PEDDLERS.—COACHMAN.

You fix your eye upon some article. Perhaps it is a gay dressing-gown—very likely it is, as that is just the article you don't want, and you are therefore quite sure you will not be seduced into buying. So you think there can be no harm in chaffering a little with the pertinacious dealer—supposing you have acquired sufficient Russian to make yourself intelligible—and it needs but little, for the people have a wonderful facility in understanding a foreigner.

"How much for this dressing-gown?"

"Ah, *Gospodin'ss*, you are a judge! You have chosen the most beautiful article in the bazaar. I sold three of them yesterday to a prince, and an English baron is to call to-morrow for that."

"Very well; but what is the price?"

"Just look: it will wear forever. See how thick the stuff is; how soft, too: no cracking about that."

"But how much do you ask for it?"

"Will you believe me, the Governor of Moscow has just ordered half a dozen like it. Just look at it. That stuff is from Erzeroum—none of your Moscow imitations. Look at the grain—the colors."

"Will you tell me the price?"

"Certainly, *Gospodin'ss*. The aid-de-camp of the Emperor—"

"But the price, I say: how much for it?"

"Those Moscow imitations would not do for your Excellency. They're cheap; but they would not suit you. For this genuine Erzeroum robe I ought to charge you two hundred rubles. But you shall have it for less—say a hundred and fifty."

"Oh, I see you don't wish to sell."

"I only ask your Excellency what the Governor of Toula paid for the half dozen."

"I thought it was the Governor of Moscow."

"Did I say of Moscow? I was wrong. It was the Governor of Toula. How could I mistake? Well it is the last. You shall have it for a hundred."

"Too much."

"A hundred too much for an Erzeroum robe! Not a Moscow imitation! Well, what will you give?"

"You are too far above the mark for me to name a price."

"Ah, *Gospodin'ss*, you are too hard. We will say eighty."

"Lower still."

"What! less than eighty? Seventy then. Not a kopeck less."

You now think you are safe in making an offer: "Twenty rubles."

"Twenty rubles! Why, on the faith of a

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Christian, three times that would not pay cost. Twenty rubles! when the Governor of Nijni, for half a dozen—"

"Oh, Nijni, was it? I thought it was Toula."

"So it was indeed. But you confuse me so! Forty rubles, you said—make it fifty, and you shall have it."

"I said twenty. Take it or leave it. I'll give no more;" and you turn to leave—thinking you have had sport enough. But you reckon without your host.

"Ah, *Gospodin'ss.* I must sell it, Twenty rubles! I'm ruined. Take it. But I'm ruined."

You carry off your prize, with ill-concealed satisfaction. You show it to an instructed friend. He laughs, and tells you that you have paid double its value. Your genuine Erzeroum robe turns out to be a cheap imitation made at Moscow. You have had a lesson in shopping in Russia. The Russian shopkeeper always asks a price to fall. I do not suppose that it has happened within the last century that one has asked less than four times as much for an article as he expects to get for it. This is perfectly understood on both sides; and it implies no more dishonesty on his part, than is involved in the glib auctioneer among us seductively inviting some one to "start" a book for ten dollars, when he knows that fifty cents is the utmost that will be bid for it.

Following the Bolkhaïa Sadovaïa, we come to other markets devoted to the sale of cheap wares and second-hand goods. Surely such a collection of worn-out, dilapidated merchandise was never before seen. The people are as strange as the wares offered for sale. You can hardly believe that you are within a stone's throw of the brilliant crowd thronging the Nevskoi Prospekt. Here are the genuine unadulterated Russians whom the reforms attempted by Peter have never reached. You might fancy that you were in the marketplace of ancient Novogorod a thousand years ago. Here is a ragged mujik just come up from the interior, seeking to add to his scanty wardrobe a greasy sheepskin, which looks as though it had seen a dozen generations of wearers. Close by is a half-drunken carpenter driving a hard bargain for a battered hat of Parisian make, which in its palmy days had flourished on the English Quay, and having gone the round of master and servant, has found its way into this repository of antiquities. Here a couple of discharged soldiers, still preserving the erect military bearing, the result of many a sound caning; they are holding a solemn council over a pair of superannuated trowsers, which one would think would be a protection against the keen cold of the coming winter about as effectual as a cobweb. Here is one of the few spots where you will find yourself in a crowd. In general the streets are so broad, and as soon as as you leave the aristocratic part of the city, the houses cover so small a portion of the ground, that you might fancy yourself in a town deserted by its inhabitants. The crowd, and throng, and press, have given to this market the name of *Tolkoutchoi Ruinok*—"The Shoving Market;" it also bears the appellation of *Voshevoi Ruinok*, which may perhaps as well be left untranslated, with the simple hint that it refers to the small deer which experience shows to be wont to increase and multiply among goods of this description. I was told the other day by a "returned Californian," that the foundation of his fortune was laid by a lucky investment in fine tooth combs, which he sold for an almost fabulous price to the leather-clad miners. Great as would have been their utility, I imagine the investment would have been a sorry one had the miners been Russian peasants.

One of the most characteristic portions of this group of markets is that devoted to the sale of sacred pictures. The Greek Church rigorously prohibits the use of images in worship. But the prohibition does not extend to pictures. Now the instinct of devotion is stronger among the Russians than among any other race in Christendom, and this sentiment in a rude and imaginative people always seems to demand some outward and visible sign. The demand for pictures of saints and other sacred paintings is almost incredible. They are suspended in all public places, and no good Russian ever passes one without bowing before it, and making the sign of the cross. St. Johns, and St. Georges, and all the favorite saints of the



RUSSIAN BEGGARS.

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THE "LITTLE WATER."

Eastern Church, decorate every booth and shop. The walls of every room must have a pictured saint to preserve the inmates from the power of the Evil One. When a Russian enters a room he crosses himself before the sacred picture before he salutes the owner. Perpetual crossing is a striking characteristic of the genuine Muscovite. Some are uncharitable enough to say that his religion consists in being able to make the sign of the cross in a proper manner. If practice makes perfect, he ought to be at home in this sacred exercise. When he commences the labors of the day he crosses himself; the isvoshtshik crosses himself as he takes the reins in his hand, and he never passes a church without repeating the sign. The merchant crosses himself, for good luck, when he begins to bargain with you. In the Gostinnoi Dvor no fires are allowed, and not even a light, except those burning before the picture of the saint, whose sacred office is supposed to be a security against its causing a conflagration, and when the trader has nothing else to do, he amuses himself by making the sign of the cross before it. The very children make the sign of the cross by way of thanking and blessing you for any trifling kindness. Though nurtured in a faith which discourages the use of these outward signs, there is to me something wonderfully touching in this perpetual recognition of this symbol of the common faith of Christendom.

As has been hinted, this piety of the Russian does not at all stand in the way of his being somewhat slippery in bargaining. Just as little does it prevent him from being a sad drunkard. The love of *vodki*—"little water"—as he affectionately terms the fiery brandy of the country, is his besetting sin. As the production of this is a government monopoly, from which a considerable portion of the revenue is derived, care is taken that the mujik shall not want opportunity to gratify his taste to the full extent of his means. Some years ago it was computed that the consumption of vodki amounted to about two and a half pailfuls a year for every man, woman, and child in St. Petersburg.

Yet there is a peculiarity in the drunkenness of the Russian. He is not a habitual tippler, keeping himself continually on fire with just enough brandy to render him irritable and excited. In his ordinary habits he is sober and abstemious. His common drink is *quass*—an exceedingly light fermented liquor—hardly capable of producing intoxication; besides this, he consumes immense quantities of tea, and water flavored with acid berries and fruits. When he drinks vodki it is for the honest purpose of getting drunk; and he considers it a waste of the precious fluid to imbibe it in quantities too small to produce this desirable effect. The sooner this end can be attained the better. When therefore his purse allows him to indulge in the coveted luxury, he marches straight into a kabak, makes his salutation before the holy picture, counts down his kopecks for a tumblerfull, and swallows it at a draught. By the time he has reached the open air, he is as drunk as he wishes to be; yet, with an odd kind of humor, he strenuously insists that it was not the "little water" that occasioned it. "It must be the air, for I was not drunk till I got out of doors."

When sober, the true mujik is a good-natured fellow. When drunk, he is still more so. In the earlier stages of intoxication he may be a trifle more merry than usual; he will begin to tell a story, burst out into a snatch of song, or strike out into some popular dance. But his overflowing affection to his comrades knows no bounds; he exhausts even the Russian store of tender demonstratives; every man is his "little brother" or "little father;" every woman his "little sister" or "little mother." He knows that he is drunk, but indulges in the illusion that every body about is still further gone than himself, and considers it his special duty to see that they suffer no harm. Good Father Mathew himself could not refrain from a smile at seeing a couple of reeling mujiks locked arm in arm, each one tenderly caring for the other. But

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EFFECTS OF VODKI.

the potent vodki they have swallowed is too much for them. Their mirth and garrulity die away, and are succeeded by an owl-like gravity. It is clear to a by-stander that their heads are growing dizzy. At length one makes a misstep and down he goes, dragging his companion after him. "Take care, little brother, or you'll fall," says each to the other as they lie side by side, just sinking into utter oblivion.

In fact, whether drunk or sober, there is probably more kindness and good feeling among the Russians of the lower orders toward each other than is to be found elsewhere among the corresponding classes. It is true that they are prone to quarreling and verbal abuse; and a slight acquaintance with the language will convince one that in copiousness of imprecations and opprobrious terms it has few rivals. But acts of brutality are of the rarest; the terrible beatings and stabbings so frequent among the lower classes elsewhere are almost unheard of; while acts of the most self-sacrificing kindness are of every-day occurrence, and are looked upon as almost a matter of course. An instance of this which occurred during my residence at St. Petersburg is worthy of record:

Basil Mânine is in many respects a type of the genuine Russian. He is a "crown peasant," from the neighborhood of Vladimir. Like many others, he is dextrous at more trades than one. He is accustomed to work during the summer in the capital, returning to his village in the winter. It happened in March, 1853, that he was in Moscow with a company of his comrades, where he was obliged to pass the night, intending to proceed to St. Petersburg on the following day. They were walking about the city, when the signal of a fire was given. Rushing to the spot, they found that the Grand Theatre was in flames. It was still day, and the only persons about the burning building were three laborers at work upon the lofty roof. They were cut off by the flames from all escape. Two of them, in despair, flung themselves down, and were dashed in pieces. Their comrade remained behind, uttering loud cries as the flames came nearer and nearer.

There was no ladder of sufficient length to reach the roof, and the fate of the poor wretch was apparently sealed.

"I said nothing," said Mânine, when relating the occurrence; "but something within me seemed to tell me that I must try to save the poor Christian." It is a noteworthy fact that

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this is the term by which the peasants usually designate each other.

"Comrade," said he at length, "look you; I am going to save that poor fellow."

"God help you. You'll do a noble thing."

In Russia, as we have seen, nothing can be done in such cases without leave of the police. Luckily no opposition was offered to Mânine's proposal. Flinging aside his outer garments, and winding a rope about his waist, Mânine made the sign of the cross, and sprung upon a ladder which reached part way up the roof. Having reached the top of the ladder, he again crossed himself, and laying hold of a water-pipe which led from the gutter, he continued his perilous ascent.

The crowd below watched in breathless suspense his progress up the bare wall; the cries of the poor workman, and the hissing and crackling of the flames, alone broke the awful silence.

"It was cold," said Mânine, simply, "and the wind blew terribly; but I didn't know it then, for my heart was burning like a furnace."

It seemed as though his hands must be frozen fast to the frosty metallic pipe; but still he held on his upward way.

"The pipe cracked and bent," said he, "for it wasn't firmly fixed; but it didn't give way—the dear pipe—for God was helping me, and I got up to the cornice. Then it was easier for me, for there was something to stand on."

Mânine reached the poor affrighted laborer. Hastily doubling the cord so as to be sure of its strength, he fastened it to a post of the balustrade.

"Now, brother, down with you. Keep hold of the cord with your hands; and steady yourself with your knees against the pipe." But the poor fellow was too bewildered and terrified to venture until Mânine had descended first, and shown him how it was to be done. He then made the attempt and succeeded. Mânine reached the foot of the ladder, at the moment when the other touched its top, and was safe.

The whole crowd, as if by a common impulse, uncovered their heads, and made the sign of the cross.

"What became of the poor fellow whom you saved?" inquired some one afterward of Mânine.

"I don't know," replied the peasant. "He was saved, thanks be to God. The rest did not concern me. An officer had me taken to the Chancellery, and somebody wrote down what had happened. Then I had just time to get to the railway station before the train left for St. Petersburg. Next morning I was there."

The bravery and presence of mind of the peasant reached the ears of the Emperor, who commanded that Mânine should be brought before him.

"I thank you for your noble conduct," said the Czar. "Embrace me, and tell me all about it."

Mânine told the story in as few words as



CABINET-MAKERS.

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possible. Nicholas listened with smiling attention.

"Now you can go, and God bless you. But remember, if you ever stand in need of any thing, come directly to me. You shall always be admitted."

Pursuing our way down the street, we come to the *Sennäa Ploshtshod*—the "Hay Market," the chief provision market of St. Petersburg. This place is memorable as being the scene of the only popular tumult which has ever disturbed the capital.

It was during the terrible cholera year, 1830. Five hundred fell victims daily. The peasants were in despair. The report was started, and spread like wildfire, that they were poisoned by the physicians. A furious mob, armed with those axes in the use of which the Russians are so dexterous, rushed to the market-place. No man knew where their fury would fall. The tumult might end in an insurrection. The tidings were brought to Nicholas, who had only partially recovered from an attack of the fearful pestilence. He flung himself into a droshky, and dashed to the market. Mounting the steps of a church, his tall form towered above the surrounding masses which heaved and tossed with excitement. His clear and sonorous voice rang through the vast square.

"How is this? You are not the children of Sacred Russia. Would you revolt against heaven? Would you imitate the revolutionists of other nations? Brothers, be yourselves again. It is God who smites us. Instead of murmuring against his blows, acknowledge his power. Down upon your knees, and implore him to remove the scourge from our country."

As he spoke, he bowed his stately head in prayer; and the crowd, as one man, fell upon their knees. The Czar had conquered.

The Hay Market is a capital place to study the varieties of Russian life. The kabaks and workshops present at every step subjects for characteristic sketches. Those which I have reproduced set forth the every-day aspect of the common people with the minute accuracy of the Daguerreotype. In fact, most of them are copied from Daguerreotypes; and if it is any satisfaction to the reader to know it, I will add that every one of the original pictures has been submitted to and sanctioned by His Imperial Majesty the Czar. Short of actually visiting their country, I know of no source from which one can gain so accurate an idea of the Russians at home as from these sketches.



TEA-SELLERS.

The peripatetic venders of comestibles and refreshments are a notable feature in every public place. A list of the articles thus sold would be a curious document. The favorite edible is the *piroga*, a kind of cake; this is the usual lunch of the traders in the Gostinnoi Dvor. It is eaten dripping with oil. A stranger who sees the avidity with which they are swallowed, and who observes the well-greased beards and sheepskins of the eaters, might almost be excused for falling in with the popular belief that train oil is the usual beverage of the Russians.

Quite as characteristic are the sellers of tea. The Russians are great tea-drinkers, and boast that their tea is the finest in the world. How it may be in China I am unable to say; but I am sure that out of its native country no such tea can be found as the finer qualities brought to Russia. They ascribe its perfection to the fact of its being brought overland, as a sea-voyage, they say, spoils it. The poorest post-house in the empire, if it has nothing else, possesses a *somovar*, or urn for heating water, with which the traveler may prepare his tea. The peripatetic tea-sellers carry about the infusion of the fragrant herb in huge copper vases, well wrapped in cloths, so as to retain the heat. It is always drank from a glass, usually with a thin slice of lemon floating on the surface. In a winter's day the glass filled with boiling tea serves to warm the fingers as well as the stomach of the drinker. It is a comical sight to see him holding the glass in the tips of his fingers, shifting it from hand to hand, as the heat becomes unbearable.

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On one side of the market are drawn up immense loads of hay that have been floated down the Neva. What with the multitudes of isvoshtshiks, and the enormous troops of cavalry quartered in and around St. Petersburg, there is probably no city in the world that contains so large a number of horses. The consumption of hay is consequently enormous. No small quantity is scattered over the ground, and groups of poor women are continually seen gathering it up. They find a ready market for their bundles among the poorer isvoshtshiks, who are able to buy only in the smallest quantities.

The manual dexterity of the Russian mechanics is something marvelous. The favorite implement of all workers in wood is an ax with a broad blade and short handle. The workman wields it with one hand. With it he will smooth a board as well as with a plane, or make a joint that defies the closest scrutiny to detect it. In every thing that requires accuracy of eye, delicacy of touch, and the faculty of minute imitation, he is unsurpassed. It has been said, with much apparent truth, that the Russians are defective in inventive faculty and creative power. How far this is a radical deficiency, and how much it is to be ascribed to the want of encouragement for the exercise of original genius, is a question not easy of solution. It is at all events certain that as yet no great work of art, no wonderful creation of genius, no striking discovery in science or invention in mechanics, has been produced by a Russian.

"That will all come in time," said Ivan to me, one day when we were speculating upon the destiny of Russia. "The first mission of every race is to conquer material nature. There was fighting, and marauding, and privateering enough going on among the Grecian isles, long before Homer sang the tale of Troy divine. The Greeks waited long generations for Plato and Demosthenes, for Phidias and Praxiteles. Cicero, and Virgil and Horace arose long after the founding of the seven-hilled city. The Italian race did not at once bloom out into Dante and Michael Angelo. How long have the Germans had a Goethe and a Schiller, and a Jean Paul? Saxon maraudings, and Danish piracies, draining of marshes and felling of forests, crusades and wars of the Roses, and who shall say what else of rough work besides, had to be performed in England before a Shakspeare and a Milton could be born. And," continued he, with one of his favorite *argumenta ad hominem*, "unless I am much mistaken, your loving cousins on this side of the Atlantic are fond of bringing the same charge of a want of original genius against you. Do they not sometimes ask, 'Who reads an American book?'"

This conversation took place on the Fourth of July, 1853. Ivan had come to my apartment early in the morning. He was evidently in high spirits.

"No work to-day!" he cried. "I celebrate this day as a festival, and you must do the same. 'All men are born free and equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights and privileges.' That is the Gospel of the day. Come, let us go and worship in the Summer Islands."

"I can not understand you, Ivan Petrovich. I know you are a devoted adherent of the Czar; and yet to-day you seem possessed by the spirits of Troubetzkoi and the other conspirators of 1825."

"Troubetzkoi was a fool and a poltroon. He was not worth hanging. He was just fit to be sent to Siberia. Boulatoff was a braggart and a coward, prating about Brutus and Riego. The Bestoujefs were fantastic dreamers. Ryleif, the Man of the People, was the only man among them, and he was born a half century too soon. Had I been on the stage a quarter of a century ago, I should have conspired against the Czar as zealously as I now uphold him. Ten years ago I was an idealist; now I am an optimist. The son of a serf, myself a serf by birth, I have but one desire—the elevation of the class from which I sprung. The first step to this must be the abolition of private serfdom; and this can only be accom-



HAY GATHERERS.

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plished by the temporary triumph of Czarism—despotism, if you will. Great events are at hand. The beginning of the end approaches. The miserable intrigues about the Holy Places are ripening into a war with Turkey. Our forces are ordered to cross the Pruth. The fate of the miserable Ottoman empire is sealed."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "If this is so, we are on the eve of a general war; for England and France can not avoid coming to the aid of Turkey."

"Of course they can not; and come what may, the Tartar hordes, who have for four centuries encamped upon and desolated the fairest portions of Europe, must be driven back; and the country will revert to those who are its rightful owners."

"Who are they? What claim, in any case, has Russia to be the heir of the Turks?"



CARPENTERS.

"Look upon the map and see. The great rivers of Europe that drain the fertile Eastern table-land, which from time immemorial has been the home of the Sclavonic race, empty into the Black Sea. Commercially speaking, even the mighty Volga—the European Mississippi—though its mouth is in the Caspian, is a Black Sea river. Those who own the course of the great navigable rivers have a right to the control of their mouths. Had not you, for instance, a right to the mouth of the Mississippi? and if France and Spain had refused to abandon it peaceably, would you not have taken it by force, if possible? Now the Volga and the Don and the Dneiper are more to us than the Mississippi is to you. The Danube too, if not a Russian is at least a Sclavonic river. The productions of our country can find a market only by passing through the Dardanelles; and it is preposterous to affirm that we can or should hold the outlet of our own waters subject to the caprice of a barbarous power like Turkey. I rejoice that our Czar has dared to look the matter in the face. Huzza for Constantinople!"

"And do you believe that the Emperor and his successors will not abandon the policy of their predecessors; and that Catharine's '*To Constantinople*,' inscribed upon the guide-post at Cherson, is written down in the designs of your monarch?".

"Not merely in the designs of our Emperor, but in the hearts of the Russian people, and in the book of Fate. Do you think that 'manifest destiny' has no meaning upon our side of the Atlantic? or that the great Sclavonic race has been left out of the account in the designs of providence? There are eighty millions of them, and the countries which they inhabit are not peopled to a fourth part of their capacity. They are almost to a man of one creed; and sixty millions and more of them speak one language. Almost fifty millions of them own but one sovereign, the Emperor of Russia, and they are animated with an intense patriotism and devotion to their faith, of which no other European people can conceive. All Russia in Europe, with exceptions hardly worth counting, is Sclavonic. Half of Austria is Sclavonic. Two-thirds of European Turkey is Sclavonic; and the mixed populations of the Principalities have more affinities with us than with any other people. As they are not numerous enough to constitute a state by themselves, when the Ottoman Empire breaks up they must form a part of the Sclavonic State which is to arise on its ruins. Whether there shall be a new nation developed, or whether Russia, as the head of the race, is to be the governing power, it were a bold man who should dare predict. One thing is certain: that as past European history belongs to the South, the present to the West, so the future belongs to the East. Italy and Spain have had their day. England, France, and Germany can never be more powerful than they are. Russia alone, with her affiliated Sclavonic countries, has room for development. There are but two peoples now on earth who have a future before them. They are your people and mine. And the mission of both is one: to secure the triumph of Democracy."

"Napoleon hardly thought so. You remember his famous prophecy that in half a century Europe would become either republican or Cossack."

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"Napoleon was too intent upon uttering brilliant *mots*, to be strictly accurate. This which you have quoted is as wide of the mark as that other, 'Scrape off the outer skin of the Russian, and you find the Tartar.' The Russian and the Tartar are the very antithesis of each other. The Tartar is a nomad, a herder of cattle, a dweller in tents. He encamps in a country, but he never inhabits it. He has no country, no home, but wanders about from place to place. The Russian is an agriculturalist, a mechanic, or a trader. All his instincts tend toward social and domestic life. Even in a country so thinly peopled as ours, he always inhabits a village. He is a republican by nature and instinct. And strange as the assertion may seem to you, it is nevertheless a sober fact, that there is not a nation in Europe where the great mass of the people have so large a share in framing and administering the laws under which they live."

"I can not understand this; since there is no legislature chosen by or representative of the people, and every law is but the expression of the will of the Czar. I should rather say that in Russia the people had nothing to do in the matter: that the Czar was all—the subjects nothing."

"In a sense, that is true also. It is a paradox which will be fully reconciled only when some great historian shall arise capable of conceiving and writing the history of the Sclavonic race. It is a strange history, this of the manner in which almost the entire population of two-thirds of Europe were reduced to serfdom; and the manner in which that serfdom is now undermined by despotism is still more strange. Yet without understanding this, we can not at all comprehend the social state of Russia. Freedom with us is older than slavery. It was not till 1593 that the usurper Boris Godounof, in order to conciliate the nobles, issued a ukase fixing the peasants to the soil, and making them in effect the slaves of the proprietors. The day upon which this ukase took effect is even yet commemorated as the 'woeful day' in the popular songs of the people. Serfdom once established, it became interwoven into the very texture of society. Peter the Great in his numerous efforts for reformation never thought of abolishing it. Successive monarchs made large grants of lands and serfs to their favorites; and thus at the close of the last century three-fourths of the population of the empire had passed into the condition of serfs belonging to individual proprietors.

"A reaction commenced at the beginning of the present century; and since that time a system of emancipation has been silently operating in Russia, to which the world can show no parallel. In the first year of the century, Alexander made it a fundamental law of the empire that no more grants of serfs should be made to any individual whatever. In the mean time, the extravagance and profligacy of the nobles had passed all bounds. They became popularly known as *Velmoje*—'those who say and it is done.' Their expenditures outran their income, and they were forced to mortgage their estates. Institutions were established by the Emperor for lending money to these spendthrifts, at a high rate of interest, secured by mortgages upon their lands and the serfs pertaining to them. As these mortgages ran out, the crown took possession of the estates, and the serfs became peasants of the crown. In the fifteen years just past, the numbers of the peasants of the crown has increased by a million and a half, notwithstanding the numerous emancipations that have taken place, while the number of serfs has increased but half a million. The two classes are now just about equal in numbers; but it is estimated that fully half of the serfs are mortgaged to the state beyond hope of redemption. These must all, within a few years, fall into the possession of the crown."

"But will they gain any thing by the transfer? Will they not still be serfs?"

"They will gain much. Instead of being subjected to the caprice of individuals, their condition is fixed by general laws and principles, which, in intention at least, operate in their favor. The best evidence that can be offered of the superior condition of the crown peasants is the eagerness of the serfs to pass into their number. It happens not unfrequently when the government offers for an estate a price less than the proprietors are willing to accept, that the serfs join together and pay the difference, in order that they may pass into the hands of the state. Even if the system of emancipation goes on without acceleration, the serfs will be wholly absorbed by the state within the space of two or three generations.

"The crown peasants are grouped into communities of two or three thousand souls. The use of the soil belongs to these communities as a mass, the fee simple of it being nominally vested in the crown, and each peasant is charged an annual *obrok*, or rent, of ten or twelve rubles. The whole community is chargeable with the payment of the obrok and capitation tax of each of its members. Each commune has a sort of elective assembly, presided over by the *starishina*, or mayor, which meets at regular periods, and has charge of all the internal affairs of the body. It apportions to each family its due proportion of the land, collects the taxes, has charge of the distribution of the recruits among the several families, punishes all petty offenses, and has jurisdiction over all disputes arising among the members of the commune. In a word, there is probably no body of people who have so entire a control of all their local affairs, with so little interference from the superior authorities, as do the Russian peasants of the crown. It is true, that in the general affairs of the empire they have no voice; but in all that concerns their every day life they are untrammeled. The government exercises no control over the movements of the peasants. Any one of them who wishes to leave the place of his birth can do so by obtaining the permission of the commune,

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and this can not be refused if he is able to make provision for the performance of his communal duties. Provided with a certificate from his commune, the whole empire is open before him, without let or hindrance. It is from this class chiefly that the artisans who flock in such numbers every summer to St. Petersburg and Moscow are drawn. They carry on the whole of the extensive interior commerce of the empire, and find ample space for the exercise of their wonderful mechanical faculty.

"Thus within certain narrow limits the Russian crown peasant is an absolute freeman. He is, to be sure, subject to many extortions from rapacious and unprincipled government employees; but the occasions upon which he comes in contact with these are so few, compared with those in which the serf of the noble is exposed to the exactions of his owner and overseers, that his condition is looked upon with desire by the serfs. This is not the hopeless longing with which the slave contemplates the state of his master, or the poor laborer of other lands regards the lot of those above him. No impassable barrier separates the two classes. The serf knows that in the natural course of things he or his children will pass into the class of the peasants of the crown; and the crown peasant knows that it is the Czar that has raised him from the condition of the serf.

"Here you may find the explanation of that unbounded, unquestioning devotion to the Czar which is so deeply inwrought into the heart of the Russian people. There have been revolts in Russia; but they have been uprisings against brutal nobles and oppressive officials; no popular tumult has ever been raised against the Czar. 'If the Czar but knew of it, he would not suffer these wrongs to exist,' is the one universal sentiment of the peasantry. That feeling was never so strong as to-day. I can not but marvel at the position which Nicholas has won for himself in the affection and love of his people. With scarcely a drop of Russian blood in his veins; with not a Russian feature in his face; with scarcely an element of Russian character in his original nature—he has made himself the most thorough Russian in the empire. This stern, unlovely, implacable man has made himself the object of an absolute, unqualified, unhesitating devotion scarcely paralleled by that of the soldiers of Napoleon toward their great commander. This it is that renders the Czar invincible, even should all Europe arm itself against him."

"But can this state of things last?"

"God forbid that it should. The despotism of the Czar is an evil tolerable only because it is undermining and breaking down an evil still more unendurable. In the nature of things it can be only temporary. He wishes to accomplish that which is impossible. He would have despotism without oppression, without corruption on the part of its agents, or degradation to its subjects. He would have material progress without the spread of enlightened ideas. But sooner or later—if not in my day, yet surely in that of my children or my children's children—the enfranchisement of the people will come. Whether by decay or by violence, the despotism which for so many centuries has crushed the energies of the great Sclavonic race, will come to an end."

"Is there any thing to take its place? When the strong hand of power is withdrawn, will not the state fall into anarchy and dissolution?"

"It will not. Those local, municipal organizations so peculiar to the genius of the race, contain in themselves the germs of a popular government. It is these which have maintained the national life, not merely in Russia, but wherever the race exists, and which no misrule or oppression has been able to destroy. In Hungary they have withstood the stupid despotism of Austria. Throughout European Turkey they have preserved the country from utter desolation under Turkish brutality. They constitute the germs from which free national institutions will spring up, so soon as the pressure from without is withdrawn.

"What a glorious mission," continued Ivan, enthusiastically, "is before the free Russian people of the future:—with a country yet to fill up; with a people of one blood, of one language, and of one faith. Stretching far away to the east and the south are fertile regions, once the seat of the human race, now lying desolate, and crying out for men to come and occupy them; with the City of Constantine for their natural centre and capital, and the Golden Horn in their midst, ready to pour plenty over the world. See yonder; the top of that tall spire of the Church of the Citadel is crowned by the cross surmounting the crescent. It is true prophecy. Russia is to bear the cross in triumph over the regions where the crescent has so long shed baleful influence. From us civilization, liberty, and Christianity are to flow eastward, even as they flow westward from you. Generations hence, the twin waves having made the circuit of the globe, shall meet on the shores of China."

Here ended our long colloquy, which had continued through that bright summer day, as we paced along beneath the green forests that shadow the Summer Islands, and as we sailed homeward in the clear northern night upon the still bosom of the Neva. Whether the speculations of my friend were prophecy or the dreams of an excited fancy, I dare not even now undertake to decide. I reproduce them as his speculations, not as my own.

We parted at the foot of Peter's Statue, and I never saw him more. Two days after, I received a hurried note, saying that he had been ordered to proceed at once to the seat of war. I remained in Russia for another year, but no tidings from him reached me. Three months ago, I received a letter from a common friend at St. Petersburg, informing me that Ivan was at Sebastopol, and had borne a prominent part in planning those stupendous intrenchments which have as yet resisted the utmost efforts of France and England. Whether he still lives I know not.

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INDIAN RUINS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE MOSQUITOS.*

WAIKNA, in the language of the Mosquitos —the Indians, not the insects, so called— signifies A MAN in general, and a Mosquito man in particular; since, in their own opinion, they are the gem and flower of the human race. Of these men *par excellence*, and the country they inhabit, Mr. Samuel A. Bard has undertaken to tell us something.

He informs us, by way of introduction, that he was a painter, devoted to "High Art," and entertaining a most sovereign contempt for portraiture—unless, indeed, the sitter chanced to be young and pretty. Now, as it happens that people want portraits of themselves even though they are not beautiful, and do not, as a general thing, care much for grand historical pictures, it followed, as a natural consequence, that the artist found his purse much more scantily stocked than was desirable.

By way of compromising the difference of sentiment between himself and the public, he resolved to condescend to landscape, and went to Jamaica in search of scenery sufficiently gorgeous to be immortalized by his pencil. But, unluckily, the cholera came there too, and the artist resolved to leave. Having painted the portrait of his landlady, by way of liquidating her unsettled bill, he was enabled to quit the island with unimpaired credit.

A very expensive voyage was quite beyond our artist's means; but for the sum of three pounds "currency," Captain Ponto, the sable master of the schooner *Prince Albert*, undertook to transport him and his worldly effects to Blewfields, the seat of government of "George William Clarence, by the Grace of God, King of the Mosquito Territory."



THE LANDLADY'S PORTRAIT.



ANTONIO.

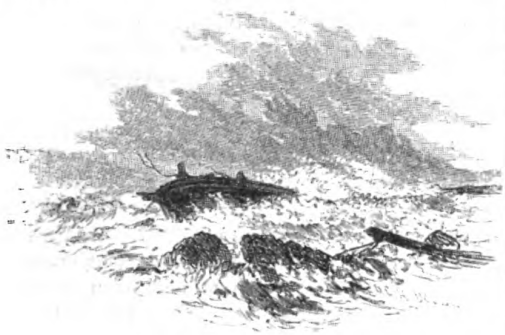
The crew of the *Prince Albert* regularly consisted of the captain, his mate, and one sable sailor. But on the present occasion, in consideration of having a passenger on board, the skipper engaged an Indian boy, named Antonio, to act as cook. Antonio was a lithe, active lad, with a strange, dreamy look, and an undefinable

* *Waikna; Adventures on the Mosquito Shore.* By SAMUEL A. BARD. Profusely Illustrated. Large 12mo. $1 25. Harper and Brothers.

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air of mystery about him. Our artist soon had his sympathy and curiosity awakened; but it was long before the mystery was solved. The boy had a singular talisman, which he styled "*Kucimen*, the Lord that never lies," from which he pretended to derive information of future events, and which, as he said, had announced that there was death on board the vessel.

The oracle spoke truth. The *Prince Albert* was destined never to complete her voyage. On the third day of the passage out a storm arose that drove the schooner upon one of the low coral islets that stud the Antilles. Our author thus, with pen and pencil, sets forth the shipwreck:



THE SHIPWRECK.

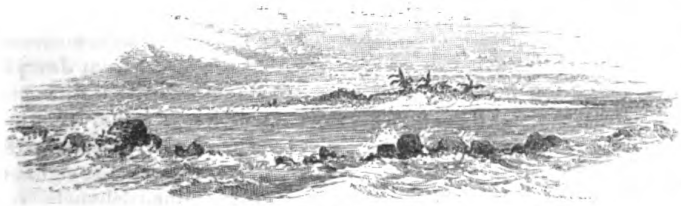
"A sound, hoarse and steady, but louder even than that of the wind, broke on our ears. It was evident that we were approaching it, for every instant it became more distinct and ominous. I gazed ahead into the hopeless darkness, when suddenly a broad sheet of lightning revealed immediately before us, and not a cable's length distant, what, under the lurid gleam, appeared to be a wall of white spray, dashing literally a hundred feet in the air—a hell of waters, from which there was no escape. "*El Roncador!*" shrieked the captain, in a voice of utter despair, that even then thrilled like a knife in my heart. The fearful moment of death had come, and I had barely time to draw a full breath of preparation for the struggle, when we were literally whelmed in the raging waters. I felt a shock, a sharp jerk, and the hiss and gurgle of the sea, a sensation of immense pressure, followed by a blow like that of a heavy fall. Again I was lifted up, and again struck down, but this time with less force. I had just enough consciousness left to know that I was striking on the sand, and I made an involuntary effort to rise and escape from the waves. Before I could gain my feet I was again struck down, again and again, until, nearer dead than alive, I at last succeeded in crawling to a spot where the water did not reach me. I strove to rise now, but could not; and, as that is the last thing I remember distinctly of that terrible night, I suppose I must have fallen into a swoon."

The captain and his mate were lost. The artist, Antonio, and the sailor, sorely bruised, were flung upon the shore.

Fortunately it was the turtle season, and there was no danger of starvation; and there was every probability that turtle hunters would soon visit the island for their annual supply of shell. The survivors of the shipwreck set about making the best of their affairs. By night they lay in wait for the turtle as they came up to deposit their eggs; turned the unwieldy creatures on their backs, so that they were absolutely helpless; and by daylight proceeded to the operation of divesting them of the prized shell. The tortoise shell of commerce is merely the scales that cover the bony shield of the turtle. These scales are thirteen in number, varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. A large turtle will furnish about eight pounds.

To detach this shell from the living animal, says our author, "is a cruel process which it made my flesh creep to witness. The fishers do not kill the turtles; did they do so, they would in a few years exterminate them. When the turtle is caught, they fasten him, and cover his back with dry leaves or grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates to separate at their joints. A large knife is then carefully inserted horizontally beneath them, and the laminæ lifted from the back, care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off, until the heat has fully prepared it for separation. Many turtles die under this cruel operation, but instances are numerous in which they have been caught a second time, with the outer coating reproduced; but, in such cases, instead of thirteen pieces, it is a single piece. I could never bring myself to witness this cruelty more than once, and was glad that the process of 'scaling' was carried on out of sight of the hut. Had the poor turtles the power of shrieking, they would have made that barren island a very hell, with their cries of torture."

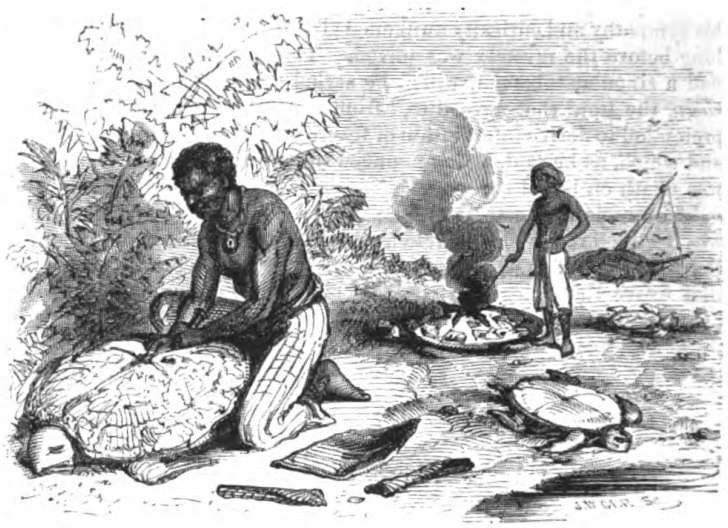
The vessels of the expected turtle hunters came in sight at last. They were not disposed to be over-friendly. After coolly plundering the wreck of whatever they wanted, they ordered their shipwrecked predecessors to vacate the hut they had erected. Our artist demurred to this order; and a couple of the new comers advancing, knife in hand to carry it into execution, he presented a truly American argument to the contrary, in the shape of a revolver. They attempted to flee;



"EL RONCADOR."

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but the captain was caught, and the muzzle of the pistol brought most unpleasantly close to his head. He begged for mercy in the most abject terms; and was finally released on condition of carrying the party from the island. To make sure that he should not give them the slip, he was obliged to take up his residence in the hut, while his men remained on board the vessel. The mysterious revolver was as potent as a magician's wand in keeping the worthy captain under due subjection; and in course of time he began to entertain quite a liking for his peremptory hosts; so much so, that on reaching his village, after leaving El Roncador, he manifested his high respect for them by getting up a dance in their honor. The music for the entertainment consisted of a violin, two guitars, and a queer Indian instrument consisting of a perforated gourd over which were strained brass wires in lieu of strings. The refreshment consisted of Jamaica rum, flavored with the juice of the sugar cane, lemons, and red pepper. Every body got gloriously drunk, quarreled, broke their instruments over each other's heads; then cried, embraced and became good friends again. And so the entertainment came to an end.



SHELLING TURTLES.

The tortoise hunting on El Roncador had been so successful, that our artist put a few hundred dollars in his purse by the sale of the shell which he had collected. So with renewed courage he embarked for the Mosquito capital.

The royal residence is described by our author as "A collection of the rudest possible thatched huts. Among them are two or three framed buildings, one of which is the residence of a Mr. Bell, an Englishman, with whom, as I afterward learned, resided that world-renowned monarch, 'George William Clarence, King of all the Mosquitos.' The site of the huts is picturesque, being upon comparatively high ground, at a point where a considerable stream from the interior enters the lagoon. There are two villages; the principal one, or Blewfields proper, which is much the largest, containing perhaps five hundred people, and 'Carlsruhe,' a kind of dependency, so named by a colony of Prussians who had attempted to establish themselves here, but whose colony, at the time of my visit, had utterly failed. Out of more than a hundred of the poor people, who had been induced to come here, but three or four were left, existing in a state of great debility and distress. Most of their companions had died, but a few had escaped to the interior, where they bear convincing witness to the wickedness of attempting to found colonies, from northern climates, on low, pestiferous shores, under the tropics.

"Among the huts were many palm and plantain trees, with detached stalks of the papaya, laden with its large golden fruit. The shore was lined with canoes, *pitpans* and *dories*, hollowed from the trunks of trees, all sharp, trim, and graceful in shape. The natives propel them, with great rapidity, by single broad-bladed paddles, struck vertically in the water, first on one side, and then on the other.

"There was a large assemblage on the beach, when we landed, but I was amazed to find that, with few exceptions, they were all unmitigated negroes, or Sambos (*i. e.* mixed negro and Indian). I had heard of the Mosquito Shore as occupied by the Mosquito Indians, but soon found that there were few, if any, pure Indians on the entire coast. The miserable people who go by that name are, in reality, Sambos, having a considerable intermixture of trader blood from Jamaica, with which island the coast has its principal relations. The arrival of the traders on the shore is the signal for unrestrained debauchery, always preluded by the traders



APPROACH OF THE TURTLE HUNTERS.

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baptizing, in a manner not remarkable for its delicacy or gravity, all children born since their last visit, in whom there is any decided indication of white blood. The names given on these occasions are as fantastic as the ceremony, and great liberties are taken with the cognomens of all notabilities, living and dead, from 'Pompey' down to 'Wellington.'"

Walking out the morning after his arrival, Mr. Bard encountered a tall trim serious looking white man, who invited him to his house. It was a plain building of rough boards, containing a number of small rooms opening into a larger one. All around were hung portraits of the Queen of England. A sleepy looking black girl, with an enormous head of frizzled hair, was lazily sweeping the floor, as they entered. Little did our wanderer dream of the august presence into which he was soon to be ushered.

"At a word from the gentleman," says the narrative, "the torpid black girl disappeared for a few moments, and then came back with some cups and a pot of coffee. I observed that there were three cups, and that my host filled them all, which I thought a little singular, since there were but two of us. A faint, momentary suspicion crossed my mind, that the female polypus stood in some such relation to my host as to warrant her in honoring us with her company. But, instead of doing so, she unceremoniously pushed open a door in the corner, and curtly ejaculated to some unseen occupant, 'Get up!' There was a kind of querulous response, and directly a thumping and muttering, as of some person who regarded himself as unreasonably disturbed. Meanwhile we had each finished our first cup of coffee, and were proceeding with a second, when the door in the corner opened, and a black boy, or what an American would be apt to call a 'young darkey,' apparently nineteen or twenty years old, shuffled up to the table. He wore only a shirt, unbuttoned at the throat, and cotton pantaloons, scarcely buttoned at all. He nodded to my entertainer with a drawling 'Mornin', Sir!' and sat down to the third cup of coffee. My host seemed to take no notice of him, and we continued our conversation. Soon after, the sloven youth got up, took his hat, and slowly walked down the path to the river, where I afterward saw him washing his face in the stream."

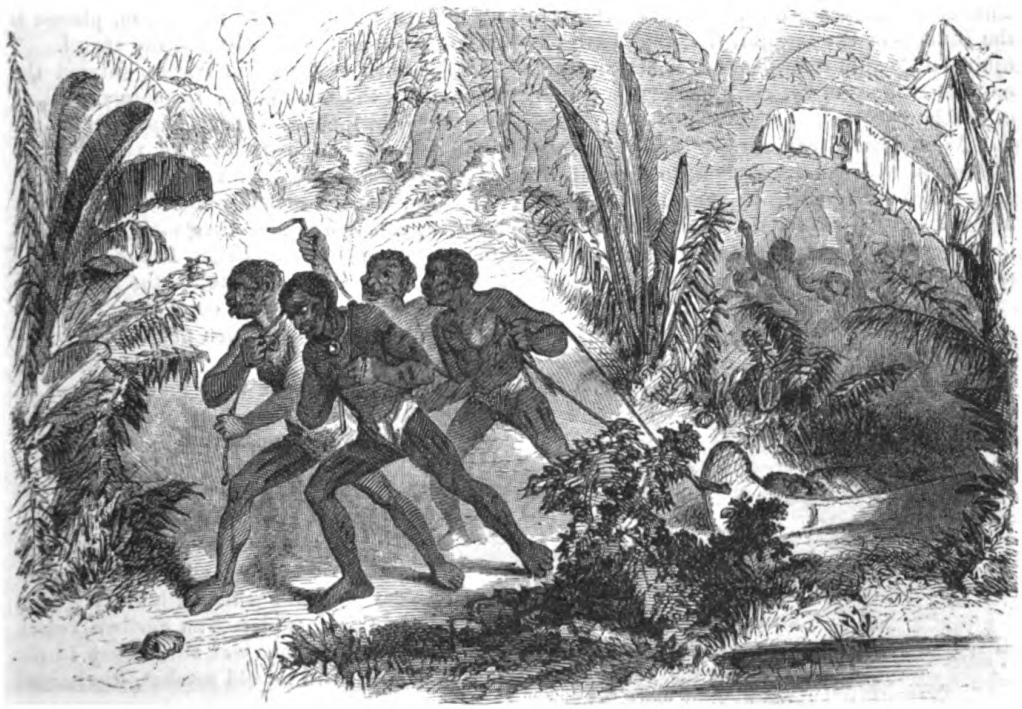
In the course of conversation the artist remarked that he was very desirous of being presented to His Majesty the King of the Mosquitos. His host thereupon stepped to the door, and shouted to the colored youth to return:

"Perhaps you are not aware that *that* is the king," he said, as the boy approached.

"George," said the host, "this gentleman has come to see you. Sit down."

This was the ceremony of introduction to the Mosquito Monarch. The tall, thin white gentleman was Mr. Bell, the English resident. George was nothing more nor less than a negro, with scarcely a trace of Indian blood; such a fellow as would be considered at the South to be "a likely young fellow, worth twelve hundred dollars as a body servant."

The Mosquitos are a mongrel race. The original inhabitants of the coast were described by Fernando Columbus, the son of the great navigator, as being "almost negroes in color, bestial, going naked." The bucanneers of every



A MOSQUITO BURIAL.

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nation made their shores a rendezvous, and mingled promiscuously with the Indians. A Spanish slaver was subsequently wrecked upon the coast, and the brutal Africans were added to the population. Runaway slaves from the English and Spanish plantations swelled their number, until finally the negro element came to predominate. Nothing shows more clearly the African character of the Mosquitos than their funeral ceremonies. In reading the following account of a funeral, one might fancy that it was a chapter from Mungo Park or Clapperton:

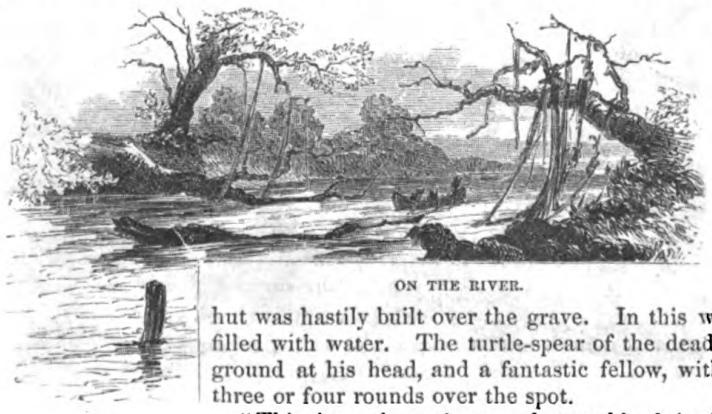


ON THE MOONLIT SEA!

"As we came near, we heard the monotonous beating of the native drum, or *tum-tum*, relieved by an occasional low, deep blast on a large hollow pipe, which sounded more like the distant bellowing of an ox than any thing else I ever heard. In the pauses we distinguished suppressed wails, which continued for a minute perhaps, and then were followed by the monotonous drum and droning pipe. On advancing to the huts in the centre of the group, I found a small *pitpan* (canoe) cut in half, in one part of which, wrapped in cotton cloth, was the dead body of a man of middle age, much emaciated, and horribly disfigured by what is called the *bulpis*, a species of syphilitic leprosy, which is almost universal on the coast, and which, with the aid of rum, has already reduced the population to one half what it was twenty years ago. This disgusting disease is held in such terror by the Indians of the interior, that they have prohibited all sexual relations between their people and the Sambos of the coast, under the penalty of death.

"Around the pitpan were stationed a number of women, with palm branches, to keep off the flies, which swarmed around the already festering corpse. Their frizzled hair started from their heads like the snakes on the brow of the fabled Gorgon, and they swayed their bodies to and fro, keeping a kind of tread-mill step to the measure of the doleful *tum-tum*. With the exception of the men who beat the drum and blew the pipe, these women appeared to be the only persons at all interested in the proceedings. The rest were standing in groups, or squatted at the roots of the palm-trees. I was beginning to get tired of the performance, when, with a suddenness which startled even the women around the corpse, four men, entirely naked excepting a cloth wrapped round their loins, and daubed over with variously-colored clays, rushed from the interior of one of the huts, and hastily fastening a piece of rope to the half of the pitpan containing the corpse, dashed away toward the woods, dragging it after them, like a sledge. The women with the Gorgon heads, and the men with the drum and trumpet, followed them on the run, each keeping time on his respective instrument. The spectators all hurried after, in a confused mass, while a big negro, catching up the remaining half of the pitpan, placed it on his head, and trotted behind the crowd.

"The men bearing the corpse entered the woods, and the mass of the spectators, jostling each other in the narrow path, kept up the same rapid pace. At the distance of perhaps two hundred yards, there was an open space, covered with low, dank, tangled underbush, still wet from the rain of the preceding night, which, although unmarked by any sign, I took to be the burial place. When I came up, the half of the pitpan containing the body had been put in a shallow trench. The other half was then inverted over it. The Gorgon-headed women threw in their palm-branches, and the painted negroes rapidly filled in the earth. While this was going on, some men were collecting sticks and palm-branches, with which a little hut was hastily built over the grave. In this was placed an earthen vessel, filled with water. The turtle-spear of the dead man was stuck deep in the ground at his head, and a fantastic fellow, with an old musket, discharged three or four rounds over the spot.



ON THE RIVER.

"This done, the entire crowd started back in the same manner it had come.

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No sooner, however, did the painted men reach the village, than, seizing some heavy *machetes*, they commenced cutting down the palm-trees which stood around the hut that had been occupied by the dead Sambo. It was done silently, in the most hasty manner, and when finished, they ran down to the river, and plunged out of sight in the water—a kind of lustration or purifying rite. They remained in the water a few moments, then hurried back to the hut from which they had issued, and disappeared."



CHASED BY INDIANS.

The story of the British protectorate over the Mosquitos is a comical one: As early as 1687, one of their chiefs was taken to Jamaica for the purpose of having him place his country under the protection of England. A cocked hat was given him, together with a commission appointing him King of the Mosquitos. His Majesty, however, pulled off his European clothes, ran away from his new friends and protectors, and climbed a tree. In 1740, the English procured a "cession" of the country, and sent some troops over from Jamaica to take possession. This claim was, however, formally abandoned in 1783. When the country passed from under Spanish rule into the hands of the feeble South American Republics, the British again renewed their intrigues. They pitched, for monarch, upon a drunken Sambo "who combined," according to the reports of their own agents, "all the bad qualities of the European and the Creole, with the vicious propensities of the Sambo and the capriciousness of the Indian." The reign of this interesting personage was short. He was killed, in 1824, in a drunken brawl, and was succeeded by his half-brother Robert. But the new king was not to the liking of his protectors, who deposed him, and put in his place another Sambo, who was crowned under the name of George Frederick. His reign was also brief; and he was succeeded by another Sambo, Robert Charles Frederick, who was solemnly crowned at Belize on the 23d of April, 1825.

There is extant an account of the ceremonial, which is intensely ludicrous. The monarch was dressed in the uniform of a British major, his court mostly wore sailors' trowsers, some with shirts, and some without. His Majesty seemed chiefly occupied in admiring his finery; and after the anointing oil, which was highly perfumed, had been poured upon his head, he expressed his delight at this portion of the ceremony by repeatedly passing his hands through his bushy locks, and then applying them to his nose. Preparatory to taking the oath of allegiance, "upon the faith of a Christian," it was necessary that they should profess Christianity.



CAPTAIN DRUMMER.

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They were accordingly baptized. After this solemn mockery they all proceeded to get beastly drunk at the coronation-dinner which was provided for them.

But his sable Majesty proved somewhat refractory, and his protectors removed him to Belize, where he died, not however before he had affixed his mark to a document, constituting "the United Church of England and Ireland the established religion of the Mosquito nation forever," and appointing the British Superintendent at Belize guardian to his infant heir, and Regent of the kingdom. This heir was his present Majesty, "George William Clarence," the hopeful youth to whom our author had the honor of a personal introduction.

It is not our purpose to follow our author in his journeyings. Suffice it to say that, investing a boat with a portion of the proceeds of the shell gathered on El Roncador, he sailed along the shore, penetrated the dark lagoons and shadowy rivers, and met with adventures without number, which he has recorded in a style full of life and vivacity, illustrating them with sketches which leave us in doubt whether he is more skillful in the use of the pen or the pencil.

He was accompanied by Antonio, and a boy belonging to the Poyer Indians, whom he had hired. Provided with a formal passport from his Majesty George William Clarence, he was usually received with much consideration by the dignitaries of the several villages. The first occasion for using this formidable document, was at a village called Wassawatla, of which the "head man," "Captain Drummer," is well set forth, with pen and pencil:

"He was, to start with, far from being a fine-looking darkey; but all natural deficiencies were more than made up by his dress. He had on a most venerable cocked hat, in which was stuck a long, drooping, red plume, that had lost half of its feathers, looking like the plumes of some rake of a rooster, returning crestfallen and bedraggled, from an unsuccessful attempt on some powerful neighbor's harem. His coat was that of a post-captain in the British navy, and his pantaloons were of blue cloth, with a dusty gold stripe running down each side. They were, furthermore, much too short at both ends, leaving an unseemly projection of ankle, as well as a broad strip of dark skin between the waistband and the coat. And when I say that the captain wore no shirt, was rather fat, and his pantaloons deficient in buttons wherewith to keep it appropriately closed in front, the active fancy of the reader may be able to complete the picture. He bore, moreover, a huge cavalry sword, which looked all the more formidable from being bent in several places and very rusty. He came forward with deliberation and gravity, and I advanced to meet him, 'king-paper' in hand.



GENERAL PETER SLAM.

"When I had got near him, he adjusted himself in position, and compressed his lips, with an affectation of severe dignity. Hardly able to restrain laughing outright, I took off my hat, and saluted him with a profound bow, and 'Good-morning, Captain!' He pulled off his hat in return, and undertook a bow, but the strain was too great on the sole remaining button of his waistband; it gave way, and, to borrow a modest nautical phrase, the nether garment 'came down on the run!' The captain, however, no way disconcerted, gathered it up with both hands, and held it in place, while I read the 'paper that talked.'"

As a companion sketch to the head man of Wassawatla, we add the following picture of another dignitary:

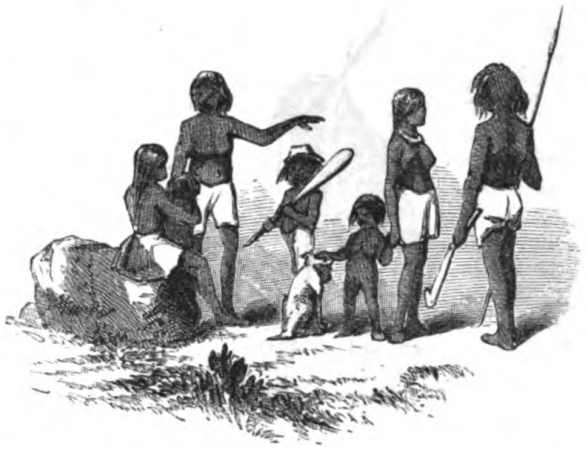
"The crowd that huddled around me would have put Falstaff's tatterdemalion army to shame. The most conspicuous character among them wore a red

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check-shirt, none of the cleanest, and a thread-bare undress coat of a British general, but had neither shoes nor breeches. Nor was he equally favored with Captain Drummer in respect of a hat. Instead of a venerable chapeau, like that worn by the captain with so much dignity, he had an ancient bell-crowned 'tile,' which had once been white, but was now of equivocal color, and which, apparently from having been repeatedly used as a seat, was crushed up bellows-fashion, and cocked forward in a most absurd manner.

"The wearer of this imposing garb had already reached the stage of 'big drunk,' and his English, none of the best at any time, was now of a very uncertain character. He staggered up, as if to embrace me, slapping his breast with one hand, and druling out 'I General Slam—General Peter Slam!' I avoided the intended honor by stepping on one side, the consequence of which was, that if the General had not been caught by Antonio, he certainly would have plunged into the lagoon. General Slam then insisted on escorting me up from the beach, 'English gentleman fashion!' and taking my arm in his unsteady grasp, he headed the procession, with a desperate attempt at steadiness, but nevertheless swaying from side to side, after the immemorial practice of drunken men."

The Mosquito territory—the country, that is, occupied by the degraded mongrel race to whom that name properly belongs—is of very limited extent, though the protectors of his sable Majesty appear to exercise an undefined species of influence over the Indians to a considerable distance. The genuine Indians are every way superior to the Sambos. They are a slight, well-made people, with well-kept glossy black hair, who rely for subsistence mainly upon agriculture. They have an abundance of tropical plants and fruit, such as maize, yucas, cassava, squashes, plantains, cocoa-nuts, and papayas. The women are rather pretty, and are exceedingly shy and retiring. They are divided into quite a number of tribes, such as the Poyers,



TOWKAS INDIANS.

Towkas, Cookras, and Woolwas; but there is a strong family likeness between them. They are also distinguished from the Sambos by the almost entire absence of polygamy. They are, however, extremely fond of intoxicating liquor, or rather of getting drunk; since their tipple, *chica*, is any thing but tempting to the organs of taste, smell, or sig



EFFECTS OF CHICA.

At one of the villages of these Indians our author was received with great hospitality, the largest and most commodious hut being assigned for his residence, with the intimation that it was at his disposal as long as he chose to remain. A rude drum in one corner answered the purpose of a bell; a gentle tap upon it being answered by a couple of lads, who brought whatever he desired. For all this kindness they would accept nothing beyond a few red cotton handkerchiefs and triangular files, which are in great demand for pointing their hunting-spears. The time of his stay among them was passed pleasantly in hunting and fishing.



VILLAGE OF QUAMWATLA.

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SUKIA OF SANDY BAY.



THE "MOTHER OF THE TIGERS."

Our author gives very full details of the superstitions of these Indians. They have a kind of witches, called *Sukias*, who exercise a great influence over them. One of them, whom he encountered at Sandy Bay, was as disgusting a piece of humanity as ever rode a broomstick. While another, who resided far up among the mountains, and who bore the appellation of "the Mother of the Tigers," was, if the pictorial and verbal sketches which he gives of her are to be trusted, a rare model of female loveliness.

Between this "Mother of the Tigers" and the mysterious Indian boy Antonio, there is some strange connection, which is not cleared up till the very close of the book, when he announces that he is the hereditary chief of the Peninsula of Yucatan, and that he had left his native fastnesses to organize a vast scheme of insurrection, which was to overthrow the dominion of the Spanish race throughout the whole Southern Continent. This announcement was made as our artist and the Indian stood alone, in the dim twilight, upon the sandy beach of the Island of Guanaja, renowned in history as the spot from which Columbus caught his first view of the continent which should bear his name. The mild-eyed Indian boy is no other than the famous ANTONIO CHUL, the leader of that formidable insurrection which is now raging in Yucatan!

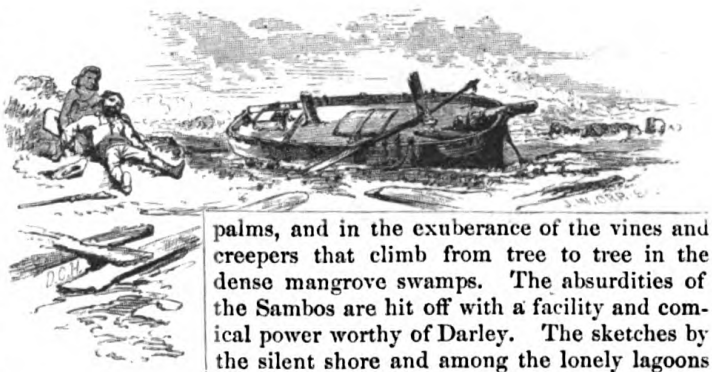


EMBARCADERO ON THE TIROLAS.

Shall we acknowledge that this melodramatic *denouément* has somewhat shaken our faith in the book as an actual record of real adventure? We know that truth is stranger than fiction;

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that all this might very well have been true; and that coincidences quite as strange are narrated in the sober pages of history, without arousing the incredulity of the most skeptical. All this we know very well. But still we have our doubts.

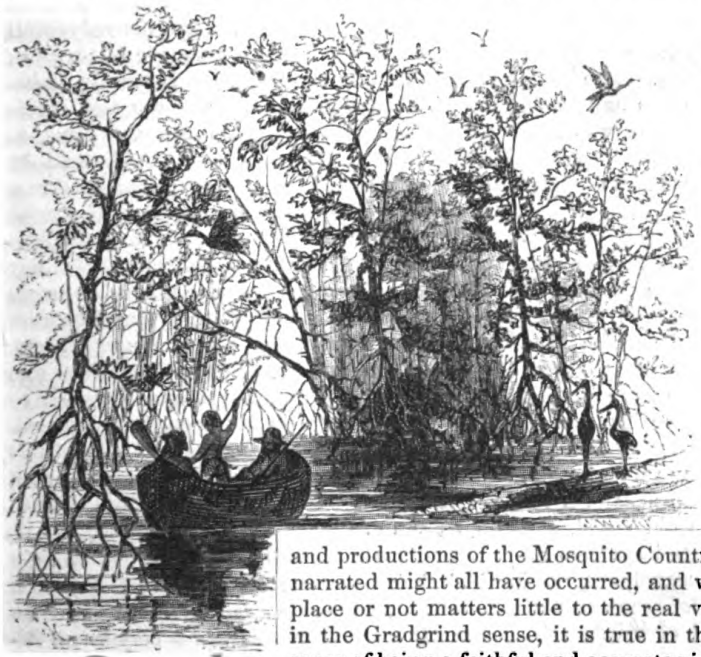


Then again, who is Mr. Samuel A. Bard? He speaks of the little studio in White Street, where he toiled away at his historical compositions. Can any body give us the number where that studio was situated. He also tells us of two or three pictures annually purchased of him by the late "Art Union," through the good offices of his friend Mr. Sly, one of the Directors of that Institution. Can any one tell us what those pictures were?

We confess our own ignorance; and yet we had supposed that no artist capable of producing



the capital sketches in "Waikna" was unknown to us. In the pictures of tropical scenery his pencil revels among the feathery foliage of the palms, and in the exuberance of the vines and creepers that climb from tree to tree in the dense mangrove swamps. The absurdities of the Sambos are hit off with a facility and comical power worthy of Darley. The sketches by the silent shore and among the lonely lagoons are as deeply imbued with poetical feeling as are the delicate productions of Kensett's pencil. The waves dashing upon the sandy beach, strown here and there with ragged boulders, or heaving the hulk of the shipwrecked vessel, the grand line where the sky and water meet, and the picturesque forms of the clouds, want only the magic of colors to remind us of Church's happiest efforts. Our author is as dexterous in the use of the pen as of the pencil. Had our space permitted, we might have quoted page after page of animated and brilliant description of scenery and incident. His accounts of the manner of catching the turtle, spearing the manitus, and hunting the tapir, open a new field of adventure to our Nimrods, who are on the look-out for strange and untried species of game. The incidental notices of the various productions of the country give a highly favorable picture of its commercial and agricultural capabilities, when it shall have passed into the hands of a people more enterprising and industrious than the mongrel races who now inhabit it; a consummation which, in the nature of things, can not be long delayed.



At all events, the author of "Waikna" is perfectly acquainted with the country and people he has undertaken to describe. We have been able to detect no error or misstatement in his descriptions of the natural history, scenery, and productions of the Mosquito Country. The personal adventures narrated might all have occurred, and whether they did actually take place or not matters little to the real value of the book. If not true in the Gradgrind sense, it is true in the higher artistic and poetical sense of being a faithful and accurate picture of a very singular people.

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GUTTEMBERG'S FIRST PROOF.

EARLY PRINTING AND PRINTERS.

IT has been said that the age, not the man, invents. But it was not the fifteenth century that invented the art of Printing. It was not the demand of the age that forced such a discovery, nor the necessity of the times that led to it. The darkness of the Middle Ages had not begun to disappear. There was no more necessity for books than there had been for thousands of years. There was no progressing toward the discovery, no grasping after it, and approaching it, little by little, as is the case with most human inventions. The same old process of copying with the pen and hand, which was used in the days of Moses, was used in the fifteenth century after Christ; nor was there any more facility in the process at the later date than at the earlier.

The accidental thought of one man, suggested by an occurrence which took place in his presence for the hundredth or the thousandth time, but which had never suggested the idea to any man before, lit the flame which in a moment flashed the lustre of this great discovery on the astonished darkness of the period. In a half century the dark clouds of ignorance, which had hung heavily over Europe, then the only residence of civilization, were rolled away, and the light of knowledge, and next of a reformed religion, shone on the old world, and then on the new, which seems to have been reserved by God, unknown to educated men, until it might become the residence of a new race of men in an age of books, and of comparative liberty.

We do not propose in this article a very minute account of the invention of printing, but only a sketch of some of those points in the history of the art which are valuable to all, and likely to prove interesting to the Magazine-reader.

Books have been known nearly or quite as long as men have had a written language; and it appears manifest that, as early as the days of Abraham, Egyptian records were kept in an alphabetical language. The hieroglyphical writing of Egypt is not a language of pictures, as was formerly supposed, but is strictly alphabetical, each sign standing for the first sound uttered in pronouncing its name. Thus, in English, the picture of a man would stand for *m*, and of a sword for *s*. The Egyptians, at a very early period, impressed seals in clay with stamps, and on clay cylinders, which were afterward baked and hardened, and are to this day preserved. These stamps were the earliest steps made toward the art of printing; but they were the last steps made for three thousand years. They continued to be used in all countries and times afterward; and the Romans appear to have used stamps with ink upon them for sealing instruments or similar uses. One of this sort has been found which, on being tried with modern printer's ink, gives a clear and distinct impression of the letters

CICAECILIIHERMIAESN;

which, being interpreted, reads C. I. CAECILII HERMIAE SIGNUM, *the signet of Caius Julius Caecilius Hermias*. But this was a very small advance in the great art.

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The books of the early ages were, of course, manuscript; and until the period of the Ptolemies in Egypt, all books and manuscripts were made of papyrus, the Egyptian substitute for paper. This was the bark or pellicle of a plant which grows in swamps and marshes to a height of six to twelve feet. The bark was unrolled from the stem, and the pieces were fastened together in a sheet, the length of the sheet depending on the pleasure of the maker, and its width determined by the length of the roll cut from the stem.

It is worthy of remark, in passing, how many of our words are derived from this old Egyptian papyrus. The word *paper* is obvious. The Greek word for papyrus was *biblos*, hence signifying also a book; and from this comes our word Bible and all our bibliographical words. The Latin word *liber*, from signifying originally the bark of a tree, and thence papyrus, became the word for a book, and hence our word library and others similar. Papyrus was a large article of commerce in the early centuries of the Christian era, and was the only article of which books were made until the invention of parchment.

In the second century before Christ, Eumenes, king of Pergamos, the chief town of Asia Propria, the second Eumenes of the family of Attalus, desired to increase the library at Pergamos, which already numbered two hundred thousand volumes, and which gave to his city the honor of standing first in the world in literary treasures. Ptolemy Euergetes the Second, of Egypt, jealous of the increasing renown of Pergamos—perhaps more jealous from the fact that his own cruelties had driven almost all the learned men from Egypt to the other countries bordering on the Mediterranean—decreed that no papyrus should be exported from Egypt, thinking thereby to stop the increase of the library of Eumenes. The men of Pergamos immediately invented a substitute for the papyrus in the skins of animals, which, when prepared, were called Carta Pergamena, or Pergamenta, whence came our word parchment. Thus the rivalry between the two kings Eumenes and Euergetes is kept in memory forever, as Sharpe remarks in his history of the Ptolemies, by the words paper and parchment.

The newly-invented sheets displaced the old papyrus, which is now unknown except as found in the tombs of the dead of two thousand years and more ago. For sixteen hundred years men wrote on parchment with pen and ink. All the grand works of the ancient authors, and all the sacred writings, were copied again and again, and copies were more or less costly as the style determined.

Every monastery had its writing-room, where long desks lay covered with vellum and parchment, at which the monks and scribes stood, hour after hour of long days and longer nights, copying old books, or elaborating those magnificent ornaments to the pages which now astonish us with their beauty and splendor. The manuscripts of the early centuries fell to pieces in time, and were replaced by copies of later date, so that we are now possessed of none of the originals, and those which we have become valuable in proportion to their approximation to the dates of their authors.

Parchment became scarce and expensive in the Middle Ages, and hence arose a custom of erasing the writing and using old parchments a second time. In this way many valuable manuscripts have been destroyed. Some were recovered with great labor and diligence at a later period, but doubtless very many are forever lost which would be curiosities of ancient literature. In 1816, a manuscript of 127 parchment leaves was found, on which were written the Epistles of Jerome. It was found that these were written over another work, and part of it written over a third time. On removing the apparent writing, the *Institutes of Gaius* were recovered, which had always been supposed forever lost.

The value of manuscripts was, of course, enormous. It was often the labor of a monk's lifetime to copy and illuminate one work. It gives a strange picture of human life, to imagine a man living threescore years and ten in monastic seclusion, poring with dim eyes over the pages of an old manuscript of Plato or Plutarch, studying its strange characters until they were impressed on his very brain, and haunted his cell while he slept, and filled his imagination, while he dreamed or waked, with slow hand, spring after spring, summer after summer, winter after winter, guiding the pen across that parchment page, and leaving there the only traces of his having lived that he expected to bequeath to the world he knew nothing of, and that knew nothing of him, adding line by line, page by page, and measuring out his years by the measures of the Roman poet or the lives of old heroes, and folding his finished work at length between the heavy boards, and clasping, and closing, and shelving it, perhaps never to be opened again till a later age and a magnificent invention had reduced all his labor to a mere curiosity of patience and toil, and then going to his cell, haunted forever with the shapes and shadows of old Greek or Hebrew characters, or possibly attended with the pleasant music which the old poet had sung to him for fifty years, and dying alone, and being thenceforth forgotten. This is, we say, a strange view of human life, and yet a view which is presented a thousand times to one who examines the splendid manuscripts of the Middle Ages.

Some of these parchment volumes were of inconceivable beauty and splendor. There is one book preserved at Upsal, in Sweden, known as the Silver Book, or the Gothic Gospels. It is a large folio of purple or violet-colored parchment, in which part of the New Testament is impressed on the pages in silver letters. The beginning of each Gospel and of the Lord's Prayer, and of other portions esteemed most worthy, are in gold letters. It was made by pressing each letter or word on the page with

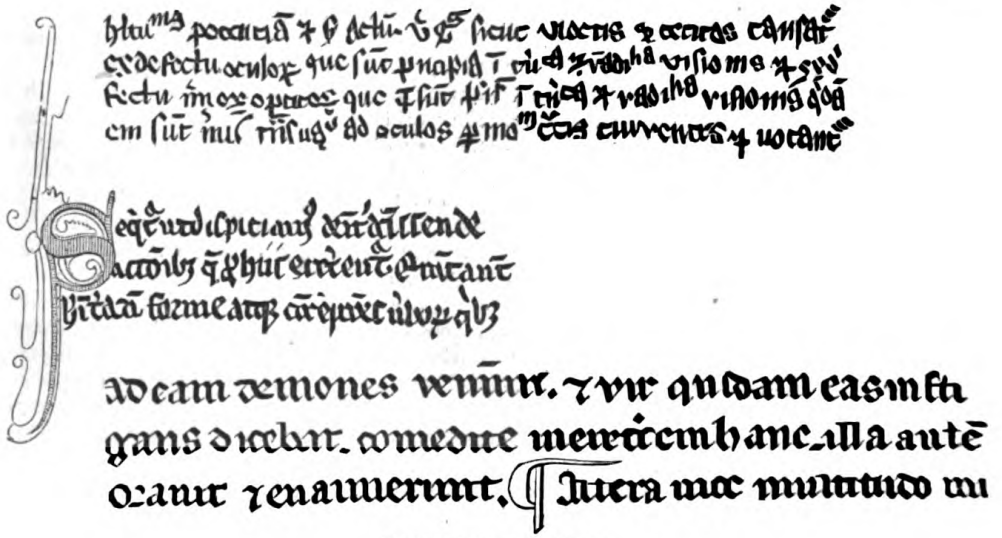
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gold or silver foil, much as we now impress the covers of books. It seems strange that so near an approximation to the art of printing did not result in its discovery. But this book, elegant as it is, does not equal another, "*The book of the passion of our Lord, in characters composed of no material.*" This book is made from the finest vellum, and each letter and character is cut out of the page, the alternate leaves being blue. This book is now in France, and has been a desideratum to all royal collectors. No price could purchase it. Rodolf II. of Germany offered 11,000 ducats for it. It was doubtless made in an English monastery, as it bears English arms.

All the manuscripts of the Middle Ages were more or less brilliantly illuminated with colored initial letters, borders, strange pictures, quaint devices, monsters, and imaginary forms, all done with brilliant coloring, and usually with exquisite grace and beauty. Perhaps a better idea of the value set upon manuscripts may be given by an anecdote which is historical, than by naming prices paid for them in money.

About A.D. 1425, and shortly after the death of Henry V. of England, the Prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, presented his petition to the Privy Council, asking a decree that a book be returned to him—the works of St. Gregory—which the King had borrowed before his death, and had never sent back. It appeared that the King had, in his last will and testament, directed the return of this borrowed book, but his direction had not been complied with. The Countess of Westmoreland presented a similar petition in relation to the Chronicles of Jerusalem, which the royal borrower had treated in the same way. In both cases the Privy Council, with great formality, ordered the return of the treasures. In fact, the value of a volume was almost the value of a dukedom; and princely revenues could not purchase what amount of reading matter is now found in the house of any one of our humblest mechanics. The Countess of Anjou paid for one manuscript—the Homilies of Haimon—two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and an equal amount of millet and rye. In St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1295, were twelve copies of the Gospels, all ornamented splendidly; some bound in gold, silver, and pearls, and other jewels, and one copy with eleven relics of saints set in the silver frame-work of the pages.

The general style of manuscripts varied, as manuscripts in our day vary, with the handwriting of the copyist. We give three specimens from as many manuscripts of the thirteenth century, which will convey a general idea of their appearance. The colored illuminations, except as indicated by the outline letter S, are, of course, omitted. This letter S is in the manuscript exceedingly brilliant—the body of the letter being blue and the flourishes vermilion.



MANUSCRIPT FAC-SIMILES.

Wood-cutting was, of course, the intermediate step between manuscript and printing. The date of its invention will never be known. That the Chinese practiced it centuries ago is well known, and they have long been accustomed to carve entire pages of wood, and print from them by the hand. But as the civilized world derived no knowledge of this from them, we are left to seek its origin in the gloom of the dark ages. A somewhat doubtful story is on record of a brother and sister named *Cunio*, who lived at Venice in 1284, and who carved on wood the pages of a small book, which they printed, of the heroic actions of Alexander the Great. It purported to be wood-cuts of eight large paintings made by Alessandro Alberino Cunio and Isabella his sister, which they reduced in size, and carved, with explanatory reading matter, and printed to give to their friends. This book has been a fruitful source of discussion among bibliographers, and the weight of authority would seem to lean toward its authenticity. No copy of it is in existence.

In the fourteenth century wood-cutting was

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practiced extensively in Europe, especially for the making of cards. Some small books were printed, of which each page was cut out of a single block of wood, and usually contained a picture with some rude explanatory passages. Of this class was the book known as the Poor Man's Bible, which contained forty pages, each page containing scriptural illustrations with passages, texts, and verses, called Leonine verses. But up to the fifteenth century the notion of movable type was unknown, and the simple idea of cutting separate letters and transposing them as they might be needed to form words and sentences, had never occurred to any man. It was but a sparkle of thought, the momentary action of a mind, which was all-sufficient to change the nations—to overthrow and establish dynasties—to people desolate places, and reclaim wildernesses—to guide the destinies of the race of man, and revolutionize a world.

To appreciate the invention of printing—to understand how unexpected it was and how wholly unprepared was the mind of Europe for it—we must take our position at the period when it was announced that such an invention was made.

In Paris—somewhere about 1450–60—purchasers of manuscripts, the King, the Archbishop, and other buyers, received offers of copies of the Bible, purporting to be manuscript copies, at the usual price of such manuscripts, about 750 crowns. The King and Archbishop bought copies. Others paid less for them; and the Bible was at length sold for as low as fifty and even thirty crowns. This was unparalleled in the history of books. It created great astonishment in the city. The King and Archbishop compared notes, and were surprised, horrified in fact, to find that their purchases were not only copies, but were fac-similes each of the other, in size, shape, line, letter, blot, and dot. The devil—who was sure to be accused of all marvels in all ages—had the credit of publishing the Bible, and Faust, the seller, was of course arrested as his agent. Hence arose all the stories of Faust and Mephistophiles. To save his head, he revealed to the wonder-stricken King that the only devil in the matter was the printer's devil, and that in Mentz, a city of Germany, he, in company with John Guttemberg and Peter Schoeffer, had established an office for the production of copies of books by a new process, which consisted in arranging movable metallic letters in the forms of the words and sentences to be printed, putting ink on them, and taking off the ink on paper laid over them and pressed



PORTRAIT OF LAURENTIUS COSTER.

[His name was Laurentius, and the name Coster he derived from his father's office as Custos of the cathedral.]

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PORTRAIT OF GUTTEMBERG.

on them. The news spread like the wind. Europe awoke to the startling intelligence. It was as if a trumpet rang through all the land.

And now we may trace the history of this magnificent discovery. The contest, for three centuries, has been between Haarlem and Mentz, each claiming the honor of the invention. The contest is now over. All has been said on both sides that can be said, and at this late period a just history can be given.

Laurentius Coster was an old citizen of Haarlem, where he was born about 1370. Shortly before his death he carved on the bark of trees for the amusement of the children of his brother; and observing the marks which the bleeding bark made on paper, was led to the idea of carving wooden types for books, which he did, tying the type together with strings, and printing only on one side of the paper, pasting the leaves together to conceal the blank pages. He died in 1440, having doubtless printed several small tracts in this manner.

There is a story of his office having been robbed by a John Somebody—the surname never having been given. The Hollanders have studiously hinted that it was Faust; though, from the fact that the story says the robber was a servant of Laurentius, and Faust is known to have been a man of wealth, this can not be true. It is probable, however, that it was either the father of John Guttemberg, or some person who communicated his plundered knowledge to Guttemberg. The idea of robbing a printing-office has been laughed at as incredible; but no one supposes that the wine-press printing-press of Laurentius was stolen. Taking a dozen of his types was enough to rob him of his secret; and, in 1439, John Guttemberg was at Strasbourg, an exile from his native city Mentz, studying out the art of printing books.

The hints he may have derived from Laurentius should by no means detract from the fame of Guttemberg, or impugn his title to the name of Inventor of Printing. Coster died in 1440, and with him died the art in Haarlem. It was at best a rude idea, and Guttemberg made no practical use of it. He directed his attention toward the composition of metallic type; and having returned from Strasbourg to Mentz, he at length cut the type from metal, and finally cut matrices, or moulds, in which he cast type, which were the aim of all his labors. It was eleven years from the time he undertook this work before he had accomplished it.

Having exhausted his own funds, he had revealed his plans to John Faust, a wealthy citizen of Mentz, who had entered into partnership with him. A mysterious darkness hangs about the ten years between 1440 and 1450, and Guttemberg's office issued more subjects for romance and story during that time than ever afterward printed volumes.

Several books, or tracts, were printed with wooden type, or blocks, during this time; such as the *Catholicon*, the *Confessionalia*, and one or two others. They were all without date or printer's name, and probably had little or no

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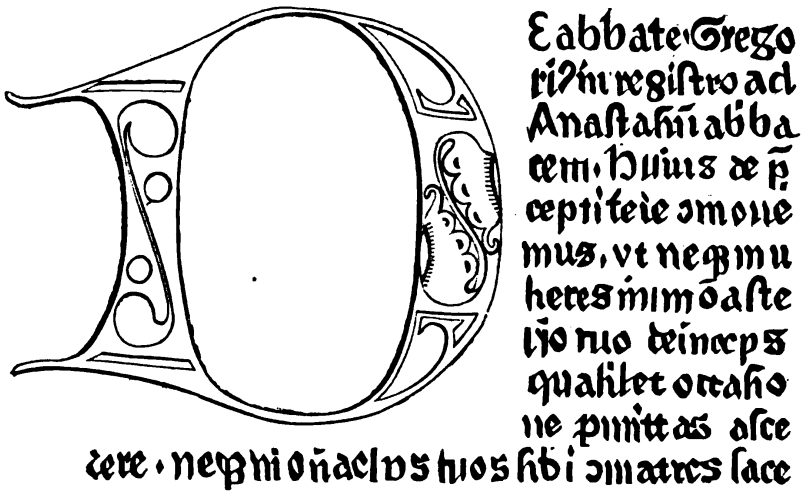
circulation, and may be considered as experiments. In 1450 the metallic type were perfected; and between that time and 1455 the art was consecrated to God by the publication of a Latin Bible, the first book printed with movable cut metallic type, and, in fact, the first production of the great invention of printing. It is a matter of astonishment that the art should make its appearance so splendidly. It had no infancy. Men knew it first in a volume of 637 leaves of vellum, looking much like manuscript, which, indeed, it was designed to imitate, and finished in gorgeous style. The pages were elegantly illuminated by hand, as were nearly all books printed for twenty years after this; and it might well have been taken for a fine specimen of monkish copying.

The fact that the first production of the new art was the Bible, is one of the deepest interest. Men had for centuries been most studiously covering up the riches of the Word of God from the gaze and the grasp of the perishing world. But the "Word of God is not bound." One man, one thought, one splendid effort of genius, in one year scattered more copies of that priceless volume over the world's surface, than had been produced in any century before. Nay, in twenty years from that date, it is safe to say the new art had furnished more copies of the Bible than had been made in all the centuries before. It was vain, then, for human invention to seek to hide it. It found its way into halls and huts, into the palaces of Continental kings and the mountain cabins of Scottish highlanders. Its enemies strove with every force to crush it. But a new power was in the world, hitherto unknown, and not now understood; a power that was destined to prove itself omnipotent over Church and State, over priests and princes. The printing-press was the new monarch, and the intellect of man was its kingdom. The Reformation blazed its splendor on the world almost immediately, and the forces of this new power were strong in its aid. Whatever has been its history since, it is a source of never-to-be-forgotten pride, in connection with the new art, that its first, and its continuous, and its most noble achievements have been in giving the Holy Scriptures to man.

The art thus given to the world did not enrich its inventor, either in fame or fortune. In 1457 Faust, and Schoeffer, his son-in-law—having dissolved partnership with Guttemberg in 1455—published a *Psalter*, a very splendid work, in which they announced themselves as the inventors of metallic type. This very book Guttemberg had labored on for three years. He opened an office in Mentz, and continued to print until his death, in 1467. But his name sank into obscurity until a later and just age restored it to its proper position. Up to 1462 the Mentz printers had kept their secret, binding all their workmen by the most solemn oaths not to reveal it. But in this year it became known, and instantly Europe was filled with it. Some writers have supposed this to be the same year in which Faust was in Paris. Within a year printing-offices were established in every part of the civilized world, and before the year 1480 ninety-four printing-offices were in full operation in the different cities of Europe.

Mentelius, one of the assistants of Guttemberg, who had probably been with him when in Strasbourg before 1440, was already his rival, and indeed laid claim to the invention of the art. He printed books as early as 1460. His style will appear from the following specimen of his typography, taken from a ponderous folio from his press, without date, but probably between 1460–63.

The large letter D in the volume is inserted by hand, in a brilliant vermillion. The outline gives an idea of its shape and ornaments.



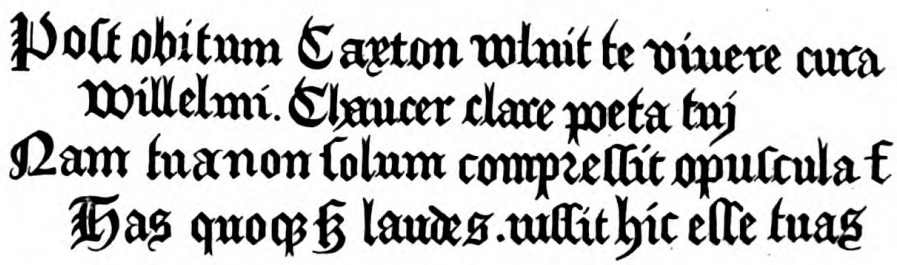
FAC-SIMILE OF MENTEL'S TYPE.

This volume is the earliest specimen of typography in our possession, and from the similarity between the type and one of the specimens of manuscript before given, the reader will judge how readily the story of Faust and the French king and people might have been true. The volume is perfect, having never had a title-page, and consists of extracts from a hundred different authors, arranged in the alphabetical order of the subjects.

The new art was brought into England by William Caxton in 1474. He had been a merchant trading with Holland and Germany, and in those days the same mercer bought and sold books and dry goods of every sort. He left the

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mercantile business very early in life and attached himself to one of the German Courts. He became acquainted with the art of printing at its earliest publication, and seems to have printed at least one book at Cologne in Germany, namely, "The History of Troy," which he himself translated for Margaret of Burgundy. He brought the art to London, where, in 1474, he published "The Game of Chess," the first book printed in England. A specimen of Caxton's type of a later date, will be interesting to insert here.



CAXTON'S TYPE.

Caxton was a rude and unskillful printer, and there are no books known by him which possess any merit as specimens of the art. But as the first English printer he will be always famous, and as long as there are printing-offices in any country where English is spoken his name will be preserved, if only for the phrases and words which are supposed to be derived from his office. Caxton's printing-office was in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey. Hence came the phrase in printing-offices of "holding a chapel," which consists in trying an offender by a mock ceremony of Justice, at the imposing stone, where the oldest printer in the office presides. The ordinary words Friar and Monk, signifying blots and blanks on a printed page, resulting from either broken down type or an imperfect impression, and several other words, are of similar origin. It has even been said that the printer's devil derived his name from the first of that useful family, who was accustomed to bring Caxton's ink up from some deep vault of the old chapel.



CAXTON'S DEVICE.

Caxton's device which he used to mark his books is here given. The monogram between the initials W. and C., is supposed to stand for 74, 1474 being the date of his first printed book in England.

As every thing relating to Caxton is of interest, we give a portrait which has appeared as his in all the bibliographical books for a hundred years. But we give it not as a portrait, but for the sake of showing one of those curious literary forgeries which have been passed upon collectors and book men in all times. This portrait, which is to be found in Ames's great work on English printers, as well as in Lewis's life of Caxton, is actually a portrait of Burchillo Domenico, an Italian poet of the sixteenth century! It is to be found in *La Zucca* of Doni, whence it was taken by the celebrated English engraver Faithorne, and engraved for an English nobleman as Caxton. Lewis copied it in his life of Caxton, and others, seeing Faithorne's name on it, were readily deceived. Dibdin has the credit of exposing the cheat.

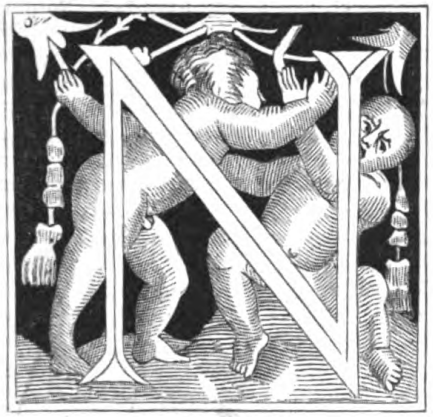
The new art was soon spread over the civilized world, and the multiplication of books was incredible. Almost every known manuscript of antiquity was printed before the year 1500. But it must be observed that printing a book was by no means what it now is. The large majority of issues from the press in those days were ponderous folios or quartos, published at immense cost. The custom of illuminating the pages by letters inserted with the hand, and splendidly colored and gilded, as well as by illustrative figures and marginal lines of graceful and elegant beauty, continued to prevail long after the invention of typography, and did not entirely cease until the days when Hans Holbein and others, in the early part of the



CAXTON'S PORTRAIT.

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sixteenth century, substituted initial letters and borders, which were cut on wood with great skill and beauty.



INITIAL LETTER N.

Nor were the designs remarkable for being in keeping with the character of the volumes they ornamented, as may be judged from the initial letter N given above, which is taken from the third book of IRENAEUS *de Quatuor Haeresibus*, the edition by the great Erasmus, and published from the press of his friend Froben, in 1533, at Basil.

But nearly all the finest specimens of typography in the fifteenth century are printed with the initial of each chapter or principal division wanting, or, if inserted at all, only in a small type, so that the workman to whose hands it passed from the press should know what letter to insert in brilliant color—red, blue, or gold—with ornamental wreaths and flowers.

The Q below is from the first page of *Tractatus Servitutum urbanorum proediorum domini Bartholomei Cepollae*, printed at Rome by *Reynhard* in 1475. It is selected, not as remarkably elegant, but as more convenient for the engraver than many other splendid specimens, of which no idea can be given without the aid of colors. The square which forms the background of the letter is gold. The letter itself contains three shades of red or carmine, three shades of green, as many of blue, the deepest of which is a very rich mazarine, some white and black, and lines of gold. The gilding in this copy is as brilliant and untarnished as if it were laid on this year, and all the colors are bright, clear, and rich. The initial letters throughout the volume are elegantly put in, mostly in deep blue, on which a fine sand or emery has been sprinkled while the paint was wet, so as to give it the brilliancy of jewels.

The type of the volume, of which a specimen is given, is the Roman letter. This was invented by Nicholas Jenson, who learned the art of printing at Mentz about 1458, but did not practice it until about 1471, at Venice. It was a new, beautiful, and graceful invention, and has been popular to this day. The pages of the volume of Bartolomeus, from which we make the above extract, and of many other books of the same period and style, present an appearance of lightness, grace, and beauty that has never been surpassed in the art, and to which the taste of the present age is recurring, as Pickering's numerous publications indicate, and as the readers of *Harper* will perceive on turning to the head lines of the advertisements on the cover of the Magazine.

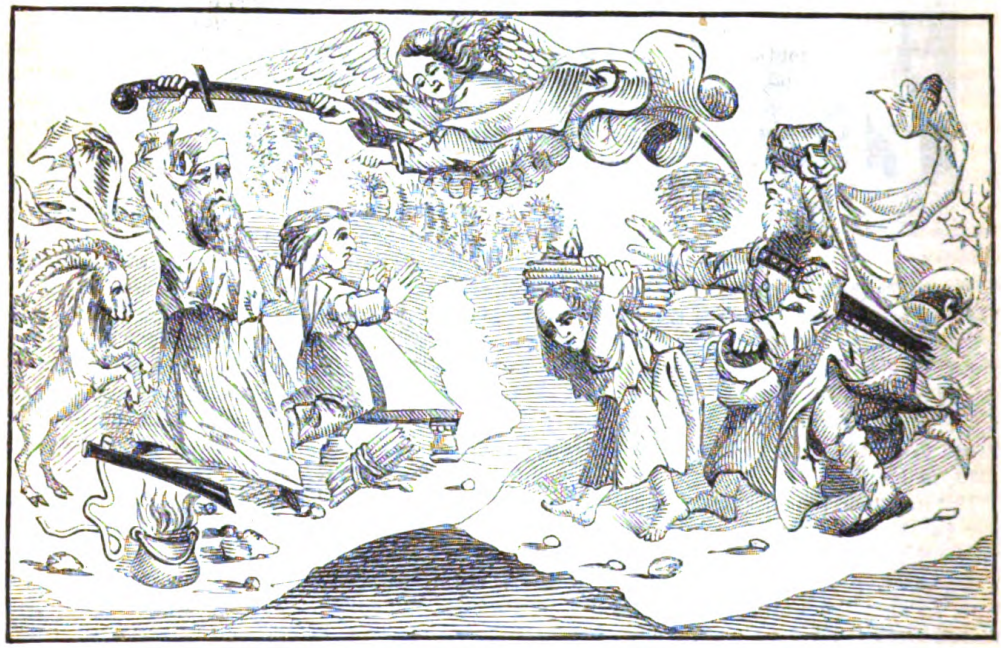


LETTER Q, AND EARLY ROMAN TYPE.

Title-pages were hardly known prior to the year 1480, and indeed were not very common till 1500. Paging was entirely neglected in the early books. Signatures, which are the marks at the foot of certain pages to guide the binder, were unknown until 1470, when they are found in an edition of Terence, printed at Milan by *Zoratus*.

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It has already been remarked that the first books printed with wooden blocks were illustrated books. The practice of illustrating with wood-cuts was adopted very shortly after the invention of printing. One of the greatest illustrated books of the fifteenth century was the celebrated German edition of the "Nuremberg Chronicles." The Latin edition was printed by *Koburger*, at Nuremberg, in 1493, without illustrations, and was followed the same year by the German edition, which was filled with wood-cuts, illustrating scenes in all periods, past, present, and future, from the creation of light to the judgment of the dead. More quaint, curious, and startling illustrations can hardly be imagined, as may be supposed from one which we give, reduced to one-fourth its size, illustrating the sacrifice of Isaac, two scenes in one



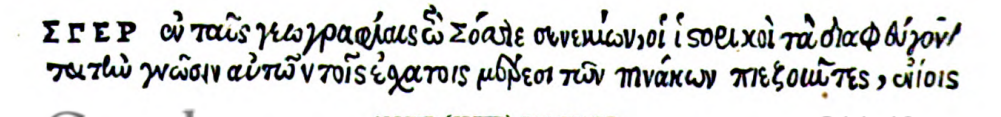
SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.

picture. The book is a large folio of 285 leaves, besides title-page and index leaves, and contains several hundred prints, some of which occupy the entire page of the book, being 14½ inches by 9. The copy in our collection is perfect, and a very elegant specimen of this great work of Koburger's press, which has been celebrated for three hundred years.

A great improvement in printing was the invention of the Italic letter toward the close of the fifteenth century, by *Aldus*, the founder of the great press which has since been so famous in the history of printing. From this press, in rapid succession, for a period of nearly a hundred years, issued all the great works of antiquity, in splendid folios, quartos, and other shapes, which were sold at enormous prices, as well on account of their elegant workmanship as their critical accuracy. Aldus Manutius was a learned man, writing out with his own hand nearly every manuscript which he printed, and his successors were all accomplished scholars, men of elegant attainments, and their editions exhibited this fact. To this day copies of the Aldine classics are valued and bought and sold at high prices, and publishers in all the centuries since the fifteenth have gotten up careful counterfeits of them.

The Aldine type was especially valuable for Greek books, which were before printed with a spreading type that took up too much space. (The first Greek type were used at Mentz, in 1465, and the first Greek book was the Grammar of Lasaris, printed at Milan in 1476.)

A more solid mass of printed matter can hardly be imagined than the PLUTARCH, *Vitae Parallelae*, published at Venice in 1519, of which we have a very handsome and perfect copy. We give a fac-simile to show the Aldine Greek characters of that period. A copy of this volume was sold at the Pinelli sale for £5 10*s*., or about $27, and the book readily commands from $10 to $25, according to its condition and perfectness. It should be noted that, in order to have the illustration within our limit, we have selected two lines which occur on the first page, where the initial is omitted, and the lines do not extend across the page of the volume.



ALDINE (GREEK) FAC-SIMILE.

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The form or printed page of the book is nearly two inches wider than these lines indicate. The initial letter is omitted, to be inserted by hand.

The difficulties which attend the modern reader of old printing, consist chiefly in the absence of our usual methods of division which give lightness to the page, and an occasional rest to the reader. The division of a column into paragraphs was wholly unknown for half a century, and no break occurs, from the commencement to the end of a subject, in most of the old books. Hence page after page of solid double column black-letter frightens the unaccustomed eye. Besides this, the numerous abridgments of words, and signs for absent letters, are a never-ceasing source of perplexity. The patience of ancient compositors as well as readers must have been inexhaustible. We have three heavy folio volumes of the sermons of *Meffreth*, printed by *Kesler* in 1488, which are destitute of paragraphs, and present hopeless mazes of reading. And to add to their curiosity, the second volume has bound in its very middle twenty-four large folio double-column pages of manuscript, indicating that the printers had omitted some sermons which are thus supplied! Imagine a quarto edition of Chalmers's Sermons, with twenty-four pages of manuscript in every copy!

In some books the absence of paragraphs is atoned for by occasional touches of red or blue paint on the first letter of a sentence, giving thus some variety to the page.

The early printers used only the full point and the double point or colon. The comma was not used until many years after the invention of printing. A substitute was introduced, which was a simple oblique dash after a word thus, /; and this finally became our comma. Capitals at the commencement of sentences are not found in the early books, and even the name of Christ is oftenest found abbreviated thus, xpus.

The binding of the early books was massive and often costly. Heavy oaken boards were covered with leather, oftenest hog skin or vellum, and ornamented with metallic studs, bosses, and clasps. The name was sometimes written on a slip of vellum, and let into the side of the cover, overlaid with transparent horn, which was bound around and fastened down by strips of brass or silver. Scaliger mentions a Psalter which his grandmother possessed, of which the cover was two inches thick, and hollow on the inner side, making a box or closet in which was a crucifix and sundry other ornaments.

We have some very beautiful specimens of early binding, such as elegantly stamped and gilded leather, and one volume of which the cover is brown leather, inlaid with stripes of the same material variously colored, white, red, and black, making a beautiful combination.

Gradually from year to year the style of printing and binding changed. The Gothic and black letter yielded to the Roman, and printing began to be practiced as one of the arts of use and not of ornament, so that after the early part of the sixteenth century few elegant works were published.

From the fact that the early editions of old authors were necessarily printed from manuscripts, and a correct edition required a careful collation and examination of various manuscripts, it may be judged that the early printers were generally learned men and able scholars. Superintending their own works, and often cutting or casting their own type, they were obliged to be familiar with all languages in which they printed, and as correct readings of passages, which were differently written in different manuscripts, were desirable, they were necessarily conversant with the authors whose works they printed.

A class of men were connected with the printing-offices of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and even eighteenth centuries who are now unknown, namely, *correctors of the press;* very different persons from the modern proof readers. They were men of splendid attainments, the most brilliant and learned of the age, who acquired reputations that will last as long as the authors they edited. It was their work to compare editions, to suggest better readings, to hunt out and examine hitherto unknown manuscripts, and to find the original meaning and writing of an author out of the obscure blunders of successive copyists. Such were Erasmus of Rotterdam, the corrector and editor of the press of Froben at Basil, Cornelius Kilian of the press of Plantin, Frederick Sylburgius of the Wechelian press, and many others. This class of men did not disappear until the last century, when they became editors, without being attached to the printing-office as part of the establishment. Men of renown, to be forever kept in remembrance with the names of the authors they edited and enriched with notes and commentaries, were Gryneus, and Arlenius, and Serranus, and Lambinus, and the Scaligers, and Heyne, and Taylor, and a hundred others.

The mention of Scaliger leads to the relation of an anecdote of that learned man, Joseph John Scaliger, which he relates of himself. He says that his eye sight was so good that he could read at midnight without a light, and often woke in his bed and took a book and read without lighting his lamp. The statement would be incredible but for the excellence of the authority, which is that of a man of magnificent attainments, who was master of thirteen languages, who knew so that he could repeat any line of the thousands he had written, and who never forgot what he once heard or knew.

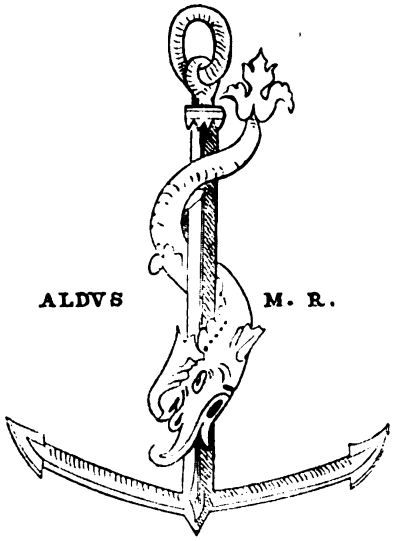
Having sketched thus briefly the early history of printing and its characteristics, we propose to notice some of the most celebrated printers and printing-offices of the first century after the birth of the art.

Guttemberg sank into obscurity even amidst the blaze he had kindled. The younger offices surpassed his in the splendor of their issues, the elegance of their work, and the richness of

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their type and margins. Even his old partners, Faust and Schoeffer, rivaled and outshone him in Mentz itself. Sweynheym and Pannartz founded an office at Sabbiaco in 1465, and at Rome in 1467, from which issued many *editiones principes* of the classics. Vindelin de Spira established an office at Venice, as did Jenson before named, and both offices acquired great renown, as did that of Bruxella at Naples, Junta at Florence, and Koburger at Nuremberg. But it is difficult to single out any one office as excelling the others until the period of Aldus.

We have already spoken of this press in connection with the Italic letter. It was established by Aldus Manutius at Venice in 1488. The first issue of his press was a quarto edition of Musæus, esteemed very rare at this day. His son, Paul Manutius, continued the office until 1574, and the grandson and namesake of Aldus Manutius continued it until his death in 1597. Its reputation is world-wide, and the device of Aldus, Senior, the anchor and the dolphin, continued by his successors, has become famous for all time.

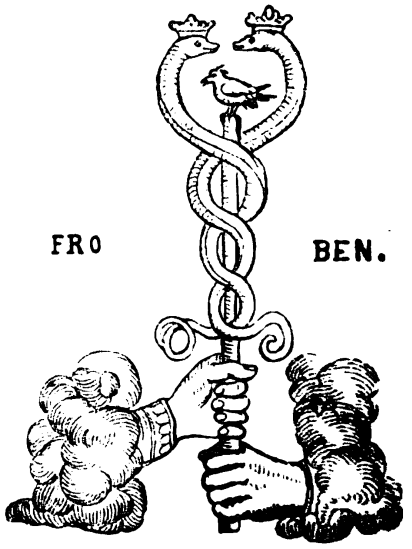


ALDUS'S DEVICE.

The printing-office of *Henry Stephens*, *Stephanus*, or *Etienne*, in Paris, became one of the most celebrated for causes similar to those which gave its renown to the Aldine press. He was born at Paris in 1470, and opened his office there in 1503, printing as his first book the Arithmetic of Boethius. He died in 1520.

Robert Stephens, his son, born 1503, carried on the business of the office in connection with *De Colines*, who married his father's widow. He himself married a learned lady, daughter of a printer, who would not allow any language but Latin to be spoken in her house. He published a fine edition of the New Testament, which led him into difficulty with the doctors of the Sorbonne, and he at length openly avowed Protestantism. To him has been ascribed the division of the Bible into chapters and verses, but erroneously, except as to the New Testament, which he did first divide into verses in 1551. The division of the Scriptures into chapters is due to Cardinal Hugo about 1250. He also printed his celebrated *Thesaurus Linguae Latinae*, and some very fine editions of the Latin Bible and Greek Testament. *Charles*, his brother, was a printer in Paris from 1551 to 1564. *Henry*, eldest son of Robert, was one of the most profound scholars, as well as one of the most distinguished printers of his age, and added to the store of classical learning more than the world can ever be sufficiently grateful for. He was editor and printer from 1554 to 1598. His son, *Paul Stephen*, was a printer at Geneva, and his son, *Anthony*, was in the same business as king's printer at Paris till his death in 1629. *Robert*, grandson of the first Henry Stephens, continued a Roman Catholic, and his father cut him off. He was king's printer at Paris till his death in 1571, and had a son named *Robert Stephen Stephens*, who was also king's printer after his father's death, and died in 1629. *Francis Stephens*, another grandson of the first Henry, was a printer at Geneva, where he was a partner of *Perrin*, and published many French works. Thus nine printers of this family have left their names on record in connection with the great art of typography. The editions of the chiefs of the family are remarkable for their critical correctness, as well as their beauty of execution.

The press of Froben at Basil is deserving of especial notice, although it was not of so long continuance as some others. The purity of its texts and the elegance of his editions gave the issues of the office of John Frobenius peculiar value, which is increased at this age in which we live by the memory of the learned Erasmus, who was his corrector of the press. Reference has already been made to one of the editions of this press. After the death of his father in 1527, the son, Jerome Frobenius, continued the business, and Erasmus continued the corrector-ship until 1536, when the great reformer and scholar died. The device which Frobenius used



FROBEN'S DEVICE.

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to mark his editions is here given. The issues of the Frobenian press are always valuable.

Henry Petrus, or *Peter*, was a contemporary printer at Basle with Frobenius. All the publications of his press have their value, and many of them are highly prized. His peculiar device, the hammer striking the rock, is to be



HENRY PETER'S DEVICE.

found in all the publications of his press, in one or another form. The above is taken from his edition of Plato, published in 1556, which was edited by Arnold Arlenius, or rather corrected by him from old manuscripts which he collected in Italy. The same device appears in other publications of Petrus, with the motto in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, "Nunquid non verba mea sunt quasi ignis, dicit dominus, et quasi malleus conterens petrum."

The family of Elzevirs, at Amsterdam and Leyden, of whom there were five, Lewis, Bonaventure, Abraham, Lewis 2d, and Daniel, was celebrated for a long period. Lewis, who flourished at Leyden from and after 1495, is known as the first printer who distinguished between V and U. In 1674, Daniel Elzevir published a catalogue of books printed by his family, which filled seven duodecimo volumes!

Space fails us wherein to speak of *Arnold Birkman*, of Cologne, whose curious device of the foxes shaking hands over a fat hen and a brood of chickens contrasted strangely with the title of "honest citizen," which he was accustomed to give himself; or of *Christopher Plantin*, scholar and printer, at Paris, Leyden, and Tours; or of *Andreus Wechelius*, whose classical reputation equals that of any printer of the sixteenth century; or of *Sigismund Grimm* and *Marcus Wirsung*, of whom Augsburg has always boasted, and whose strange device, the giant brandishing a club on the shield of Grimm toward the shield and feathers of Wirsung, is certain to attract the collector's eye; or of many others, contemporaries and rivals of those we have named.

Before closing this article, it will not be uninteresting to mention a few of the productions of the early press, which are now esteemed particularly curious and valuable.

To the collector an *editio princeps* (which, for the unlearned reader we may explain, signifies the first printed edition of any work) is always valuable, while to the scholar a later edition, if more correct, possess greater interest and worth. Obviously, to all classes of collectors, the earliest printed books are of great value; and Guttemberg's Bible, of 1450–55, would sell for its weight, almost its size, in gold. How many copies of it are now known we have not at hand the means of stating, but the number is not over five. All of Guttemberg's books, and those of Faust and Schoeffer, are of great value, not to be measured by money. If ever offered for sale, their price could be determined solely by the presence of wealthy collectors who would rival each other in bidding.

One of the rarest classical books now known is the edition of HORACE, published at Naples in 1474, by Arnoldus de Bruxella, of which but one copy is known to be in existence. This was formerly in the library of the Duke of Cassano, and was purchased about 1821, with the chief part of the Duke's library, by Earl Spencer, to enrich his already unrivaled collection. This is not an *editio princeps*, though none is known to be of prior date. The edition which is supposed to be the first, is one that, as is believed, was published at Milan about 1470, by Zarotus. The money value of this copy of Horace can not be stated, as it has not been sold except in this instance, and then with a library. Its probable value may be guessed from the fact, that the edition of Zarotus, esteemed much less valuable, sold at the Pinelli sale for £31 10*s*., or about $155. The value of this book consists in its rarity, not in its elegance.

Some editions of Virgil are of peculiar rarity. The first edition, by *Sweynheym* and *Pannartz*, published at Rome, without date, but supposed to be 1469, has always been esteemed of great value. An amusing anecdote is related of the discovery of a copy of this volume in an old monastery in Suabia. The monks, good fellows, would not be tempted by money to part with the book; but they had a weakness for Hock, and on the offer of a quantity of that wine, which was worth about seven guineas, they sold the Roman poet, and took to a wine he never heard of, and would doubtless have detested if he had. The purchaser sold it to an English bookseller for £50, and it is said that Lord Spencer paid £400 for the same copy. This price is probably greater than he did pay.

A copy of the second edition of Virgil, printed at Venice in 1470, *on vellum*, was sold in 1779 for 2308 livres; in 1780 for 2270 livres; and the same copy, a few years later, was sold in Paris for 1925 florins, or about $950.

A copy of the *editio princeps* of Plato, published at Venice by Aldus in 1513, *on vellum*, was sold in the latter part of the last century for £55 13*s*. Copies on paper are frequently met with.

But the classics are far from being the only valuable specimens of early typography. The

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art was applied to all sciences and uses to which we now apply it, and poetry and history, song and romance, abounded in printed pages. Edition after edition of the Bible, in its original tongues, appeared from the various offices of Europe, to which the utmost skill of editors and printers was devoted, and one of the greatest triumphs of the art was in the great Complutensian Polyglot of Cardinal Ximenes, published in 1522.



XIMENES' BIBLE—FAC-SIMILE.

The style of this work may be gathered from the fac-simile which we give. The reader will please to imagine the two extracts placed side by side in parallel columns, such being the page of the book. The Magazine page is not wide enough to permit this.

Mallinkrot, a writer in defense of Mentz against the claims of Haarlem, for the invention of printing, in a general treatise on the art, published in a small, dark, closely-printed Latin quarto, in 1640, relates this anecdote of Cardinal Ximenes in connection with this Polyglot Bible. He says, that he had often heard John Brocarius, son of Arnold William Brocarius, the printer, say, that when a boy, he was sent by his father, wearing his best clothing, to carry the last volume, just from the press, to the Cardinal, that he might know of its completion. The Cardinal, rejoiced at the sight, looking up to heaven, exclaimed, "I thank thee, O Christ, that thou hast brought this work, which I have superintended with so much labor, to its desired end!" and, turning to his friends, he added, "Verily, with great and difficult labor for the State, I have borne myself to this time, but there is nothing, my friends, concerning which I am more to be congratulated than this edition of the Bible, which opens at once all the sacred fountains of our religion."

And well might the good old man rejoice at his magnificent work ended. To edit this edition he studied Hebrew at sixty years of age, and employed many learned men to aid in his labors. He paid 4000 crowns for seven manuscripts of the Hebrew Bible, and the whole expense to his private purse was about fifty thousand ducats. The whole title of the book will give the best idea of its contents.

BIBLIA SACRA POLYGLOTTA, complectentia vetus testamentum Hebraico, Græco et Latino, Idiomate; novum testamentum Græcum et Latinum, et vocabularium Hebraicum et Chaldaicum veteris testamenti, cum grammatica Hebraica, nec non dictionario Græco, studio opera et impensis Cardinalis Francisca Ximenes de Cisneros.

The printing was commenced in 1502, and finished in 1517. Some difficulties were raised by the Romish Church as to the propriety of publishing it, which delayed the publication until 1522. Only about six hundred copies were printed. It has always been esteemed of great rarity and value. At the Pinelli sale, a copy on vellum was sold for £483, or nearly $2500.

A curious fate attended the valuable manuscripts which the Cardinal collected at so great price for this work. During the last century, a great curiosity was expressed to find them, and the desire was universal to preserve them as invaluable treasures for the purposes of theological and biblical study. A search was accordingly instituted in 1784 at Alcala, which resulted in the discovery that about thirty-five years previously they had been sold by an ignorant librarian as useless parchments to a dealer

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in fire-works, who had used all of them but a few leaves in the manufacture of rockets! These few leaves alone remain of the Cardinal's treasures.

The limits of this article have already exceeded what was intended, and there remains much to be said which must be omitted. From the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, the art of printing became more and more diffused over the world, and books increased until their number became countless. It is sometimes curious to perceive the self-congratulatory remarks of printers or editors, from time to time, on the great advances which the art had made. Mallinkrot thought his contemporary, Matthew Merian, who published books of German topography, illustrated with steel and copper plates, an honor to the age, and says, that Koburger and his contemporaries would doubtless be astounded to behold his magnificent productions. But Mallinkrot would doubtless be silent with profound admiration could he see Kingsborough's Mexico, or Harper's Bible, or The Republican Court, or The Knickerbocker Gallery. But let us note distinctly that this improvement is in the art of illustration more than of printing. Presses have, indeed, improved, so that Faust himself would believe in the devil, and ascribe his art to Satanic inspiration, could he see a newspaper press at work in our day. But when the work is done, it is the same old work. The writer has specimens of the typographical art for at least every ten years from the date of Guttemberg's Bible to this time, and on placing open on the table the immense nameless folio of Mentellius, of about 1460, and other volumes of the succeeding years, Koburger's great Chronicles, of 1493; Matthew Merian's Topographia Sueviae, of 1643; Baskerville's magnificent Bible, of 1763, which is certainly as splendid a specimen of type as the world can expect to produce; Murray's Elephant folio of Perrin's Pyramids of Ghizeh; and one of the four volumes of the great Italian edition of the Galleria Pitti, with its five hundred costly plates; it is, to say the least, exceedingly difficult to see what there is of the truly practical, valuable, and useful in the later issues, that surpasses the solid, substantial, clear, and legible typography of the contemporaries of Guttemberg.

But the contrast between an old printing-office and one in our day is greater than words can describe, and the reader, who sees the illustration at the commencement of this article, which may serve for a fair view of the first printing-office, would be astounded by the view presented in the office from which this page issues.

Instead of the two old men leaning over the ponderous wooden press, on which their own hands had placed the form of type, he would see thirty-six magical masses of iron, from which are flying out pages like snow-flakes, all driven by the tremendous energy of steam; on each press a form of modern electrotyped matter—not masses of type, but each page a solid piece of copper, presenting every letter, illustration, line, and dot on its surface, and following this matter from the author's pen to the table on which the Magazine is delivered to readers, he would find that about six hundred persons had been employed in transforming the words he now reads from the manuscript of the author into the clear page which is before him.

Should any reader desire to follow this contrast farther, he will be able to do so by reading the September Number of Harper's Story Books for Children, in which Mr. Jacob Abbott has given a full description of their entire establishment, with illustrations, which will afford a more perfect and interesting account of the progress and present state of this great art than any work heretofore published.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER LXX.

CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

WE shall say no more regarding Thomas Newcome's political doings; his speeches against Barnes, and the Baronet's replies. The nephew was beaten by his stout old uncle.

In due time the Gazette announced that Thomas Newcome, Esq., was returned as one of the Members of Parliament for the borough of Newcome; and, after triumphant dinners, speeches, and rejoicings, the member came back to his family in London, and to his affairs in that city.

The good Colonel appeared to be by no means elated by his victory. He would not allow that he was wrong in engaging in that family war, of which we have just seen the issue; though it may be that his secret remorse on this account in part occasioned his disquiet. But there were other reasons which his family not long afterward came to understand, for the gloom and low spirits which now oppressed the head of their home.

It was observed (that is, if simple little Rosey took the trouble to observe) that the entertainments at the Colonel's mansion were more frequent and splendid even than before; the silver cocoa-nut tree was constantly in requisition, and around it were assembled many new guests, who had not formerly been used to sit under those branches. Mr. Sherrick and his wife appeared at those parties, at which the proprietor of Lady Whittlesea's chapel made himself perfectly familiar. Sherrick cut jokes with the master of the house, which the latter received with a very grave acquiescence; he ordered the servants about, addressing the butler as "Old Corkscrew," and bidding the footman, whom he loved to call by his Christian name, to "look alive." He called the Colonel "Newcome" sometimes, and facetiously speculated upon the degree of relationship subsisting between them now that his daughter was married to Clive's

* Continued from the August Number.

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uncle, the Colonel's brother-in-law. Though I dare say Clive did not much relish receiving news of his aunt, Sherrick was sure to bring such intelligence when it reached him; and announced, in due time, the birth of a little cousin at Bogglywallah, whom the fond parents designed to name "Thomas Newcome Honeyman."

A dreadful panic and ghastly terror seized poor Clive on an occasion which he described to me afterward. Going out from home one day with his father, he beheld a wine-merchant's cart, from which hampers were carried down the area gate into the lower regions of Colonel Newcome's house. "Sherrick and Co., Wine Merchants, Walpole Street," was painted upon the vehicle.

"Good heavens! Sir; do you get your wine from *him?*" Clive cried out to his father, remembering Honeyman's provisions in early times. The Colonel, looking very gloomy and turning red, said, "Yes, he bought wine from Sherrick, who had been very good-natured and serviceable; and who—and who, you know, is our connection now." When informed of the circumstance by Clive, I too, as I confess, thought the incident alarming.

Then Clive, with a laugh, told me of a grand battle which had taken place in consequence of Mrs. Mackenzie's behavior to the wine-merchant's wife. The Campaigner had treated this very kind and harmless, but vulgar woman, with extreme *hauteur*—had talked loud during her singing—the beauty of which, to say truth, time had considerably impaired—had made contemptuous observations regarding her upon more than one occasion. At length the Colonel broke out in great wrath against Mrs. Mackenzie—bade her to respect that lady as one of his guests—and, if she did not like the company which assembled at his house, hinted to her that there were many thousand other houses in London where she could find a lodging. For the sake of her child, and her adored grandchild, the Campaigner took no notice of this hint; and declined to remove from the quarter which she had occupied ever since she had become a grandmamma.

I myself dined once or twice, with my old friends, under the shadow of the pickle-bearing cocoa-nut tree; and could not but remark a change of personages in the society assembled. The manager of the City branch of the B. B. C. was always present—an ominous-looking man, whose whispers and compliments seemed to make poor Clive, at his end of the table, very melancholy. With the City manager came the City manager's friends, whose jokes passed gayly round, and who kept the conversation to themselves. Once I had the happiness to meet Mr. Ratray, who had returned, filled with rupees from the Indian bank; who told us many anecdotes of the splendor of Ram-un-Lal at Calcutta, who complimented the Colonel on his fine house and grand dinners with sinister good-humor. Those compliments did not seem to please our poor friend, that familiarity choked him. A brisk little chattering attorney, very intimate with Sherrick, with a wife of dubious gentility, was another constant guest. He enlivened the table by his jokes, and recounted choice stories about the aristocracy, with certain members of whom the little man seemed very familiar. He knew to a shilling how much this lord owed—and how much the creditors allowed to that marquis. He had been concerned with such and such a nobleman, who was now in the Queen's Bench. He spoke of their lordships affably and without their titles—calling upon "Louisa, my dear," his wife, to testify to the day when Viscount Tagrag dined with them, and Earl Bareacres sent them the pheasants. F. B., as sombre and downcast as his hosts now seemed to be, informed me demurely that the attorney was a member of one of the most eminent firms in the City—that he had been engaged in procuring the Colonel's parliamentary title for him—and in various important matters appertaining to the B. B. C.; but my knowledge of the world and the law was sufficient to make me aware that this gentleman belonged to a well-known firm of money-lending solicitors, and I trembled to see such a person in the home of our good Colonel. Where were the generals and the judges? Where were the fogies and their respectable ladies? Stupid they were, and dull their company, but better a stalled ox in their society, than Mr. Campion's jokes over Mr. Sherrick's wines.

After the little rebuke administered by Colonel Newcome, Mrs. Mackenzie abstained from overt hostilities against any guests of her daughter's father-in-law; and contented herself by assuming grand and princess-like airs in the company of the new ladies. They flattered her and poor little Rosa intensely. The latter liked their company no doubt. To a man of the world looking on, who has seen the men and morals of many cities, it was curious, almost pathetic, to watch that poor little innocent creature fresh and smiling, attired in bright colors

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and a thousand gewgaws, simpering in the midst of these darkling people—practicing her little arts, and coquetries, with such a court round about her. An unconscious little maid, with rich and rare gems sparkling on all her fingers, and bright gold rings as many as belonged to the late Old Woman of Banbury Cross—still she smiled and prattled innocently before these banditti—I thought of Zerlina and the Brigands, in "Fra Diavolo."

Walking away with F. B. from one of these parties of the Colonel's, and seriously alarmed at what I had observed there, I demanded of Bayham whether my conjectures were not correct, that some misfortune overhung our old friend's house? At first Bayham denied stoutly or pretended ignorance; but at length, having reached the "Haunt" together, which I had not visited since I was a married man, we entered that place of entertainment, and were greeted by its old landlady and waitress, and accommodated with a quiet parlor. And here F. B., after groaning—after sighing—after solacing himself with a prodigious quantity of bitter beer—fairly burst out, and, with tears in his eyes, made a full and sad confession respecting this unlucky Bundelcund Banking Company. The shares had been going lower and lower, so that there was no sale now for them at all. To meet the liabilities the directors must have undergone the greatest sacrifices. He did not know—he did not like to think what the Colonel's personal losses were. The respectable solicitors of the Company had retired long since, after having secured payment of a most respectable bill, and had given place to the firm of dubious law-agents of whom I had that evening seen a partner. How the retiring partners from India had been allowed to withdraw, and to bring fortunes along with them, was a mystery to Mr. Frederick Bayham. The great Indian *millionnaire* was in his, F. B.'s eyes, "a confounded old mahogany-colored heathen humbug." These fine parties which the Colonel was giving, and that fine carriage which was always flaunting about the park with poor Mrs. Clive and the Campaigner, and the nurse and the baby, were, in F. B.'s opinion, all decoys and shams. He did not mean to say that the meals were not paid, and that the Colonel had to plunder for his horses' corn; but he knew that Sherrick, and the attorney, and the manager, insisted upon the necessity of giving these parties, and keeping up this state and grandeur, and opined that it was at the special instance of these advisers that the Colonel had contested the borough for which he was now returned. "Do you know how much that contest cost?" asks F. B. "The sum, Sir, was awful! and we have ever so much of it to pay. I came up twice from Newcome myself to Campion and Sherrick about it. I betray no secrets—F. B., Sir, would die a thousand deaths before he would tell the secrets of his benefactor!—but, Pendennis, you understand a thing or two. You know what o'clock it is, and so does yours truly, F. B., who drinks your health. *I* know the taste of Sherrick's wine well enough. F. B., Sir, fears the Greeks and all the gifts they bring. Confound his Amontillado! I had rather drink this honest malt and hops all my life than ever see a drop of his abominable golden sherry. Golden? F. B. believes it *is* golden—and a precious deal dearer than gold too"—and herewith, ringing the bell, my friend asked for a second pint of the just-named and cheaper fluid.

I have of late had to recount portions of my dear old friend's history which must needs be told, and over which the writer does not like to dwell. If Thomas Newcome's opulence was unpleasant to describe, and to contrast with the bright goodness and simplicity I remembered in former days; how much more painful is that part of the story to which we are now come perforce, and which the acute reader of novels has, no doubt, long foreseen? Yes, Sir or Madam, you are quite right in the opinion which you have held all along regarding the Bundelcund Banking Company, in which our Colonel has invested every rupee he possesses, *Solvuntur rupees*, etc. I disdain, for the most part, the tricks and surprises of the novelist's art. Knowing, from the very beginning of our story, what was the issue of this Bundelcund Banking concern, I have scarce had patience to keep my counsel about it; and whenever I have had occasion to mention the Company, have scarcely been able to refrain from breaking out into fierce diatribes against that complicated enormous outrageous swindle. It was one of many similar cheats which have been successfully practiced upon the simple folks, civilian and military, who toil and struggle—who fight with sun and enemy—who pass years of long exile and gallant endurance in the service of our empire in India. Agency houses after agency houses have been established, and have flourished in splendor and magnificence, and have paid fabulous dividends—and have enormously enriched two or three wary speculators—and then have burst in bankruptcy, involving widows, orphans, and countless simple people who trusted their all to the keeping of these unworthy treasurers.

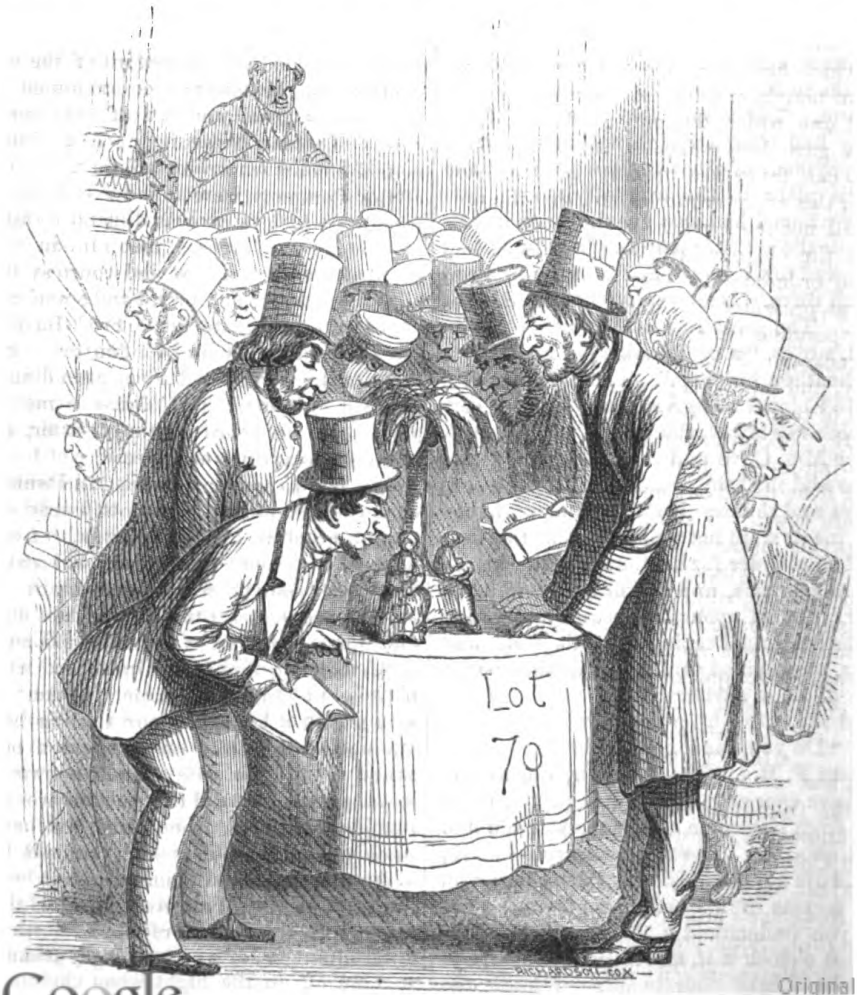
The failure of the Bundelcund Bank, which we now have to record, was one only of many similar schemes ending in ruin. About the time when Thomas Newcome was chaired as Member of Parliament for the borough of which he bore the name, the great Indian merchant who was at the head of the Bundelcund Banking Company's affairs at Calcutta, suddenly died of cholera at his palace at Barackpore. He had been giving of late a series of the most splendid banquets with which Indian prince ever entertained a Calcutta society. The greatest and proudest personages of that aristocratic city had attended his feasts. The fairest Calcutta beauties had danced in his halls. Did not poor F. B. transfer from the columns of the "Bengal Hurkaru" to the "Pall Mall Gazette" the most astounding descriptions of those Asiatic Nights Entertainments, of which the very grandest was to come off on the night when cholera seized

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Ram-un-Lal in its grip? There was to have been a masquerade outvying all European masquerades in splendor. The two rival queens of the Calcutta society were to have appeared, each with her court around her. Young civilians at the college, and young ensigns fresh landed, had gone into awful expenses, and borrowed money at fearful interest from the B. B. C. and other banking companies, in order to appear with befitting splendor as knights and noblemen of Henrietta Maria's Court (Henrietta Maria, wife of Hastings Hicks, Esq., Sudder Dewanee Adawlut), or as princes and warriors surrounding the palanquin of Lalla Rookh (the lovely wife of Hon. Cornwallis Bobus, Member of Council): all these splendors were there. As carriage after carriage drove up from Calcutta, they were met at Ram-un-Lal's gate by ghastly weeping servants, who announced their master's demise.

On the next day the Bank at Calcutta was closed, and the day after, when heavy bills were presented which must be paid, although by this time Ram-un-Lal was not only dead but buried, and his widows howling over his grave, it was announced throughout Calcutta that but 800 rupees were left in the treasury of the B. B. C. to meet engagements to the amount of four lakhs then immediately due, and sixty days afterward the shutters were closed at No. 175, Lothbury, the London offices of the B. B. C. of India, and £35,000 worth of their bills refused by their agents, Messrs. Baines, Jolly, and Co., of Fog Court.

When the accounts of that ghastly bankruptcy arrived from Calcutta, it was found, of course, that the merchant prince, Ram-un-Lal, owed the B. B. C. twenty-five lakhs of rupees, the value of which was scarcely even represented by his respectable signature. It was found that one of the auditors of the bank, the generally-esteemed Charley Condor (a capital fellow, famous for his good dinners and for playing low comedy characters at the Chowringhee Theatre), was indebted to the bank in £90,000; and also it was discovered that the revered Baptist Bellman, Chief Registrar of the Calcutta Tape and Sealing Wax Office (a most valuable and powerful amateur preacher, who had converted two natives, and whose serious soirees were thronged at Calcutta), had helped himself to £73,000 more, for which he settled in the Bankruptcy Court before he resumed his duties in his own. In justice to Mr. Bellman, it must be said that



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he could have had no idea of the catastrophe impending over the B. B. C. For, only three weeks before that great bank closed its doors, Mr. Bellman, as guardian of the children of his widowed sister, Mrs. Colonel Green, had sold the whole of the late Colonel's property out of Company's paper, and invested it in the bank, which gave a high interest, and with bills of which, drawn upon their London correspondents, he had accommodated Mrs. Colonel Green when she took her departure for Europe with her numerous little family on board the *Burrumpooter*.

And now you have the explanation of the title of this chapter, and know wherefore Thomas Newcome never sat in Parliament. Where are our dear old friends now? Where are Rosey's chariots and horses? Where her jewels and gewgaws? Bills are up in the fine new house. Swarms of Hebrew gentlemen with their hats on are walking about the drawing-rooms, peering into the bedrooms, weighing and poising the poor old silver cocoa-nut tree, eying the plate and crystal, thumbing the damask of the curtains, and inspecting ottomans, mirrors, and a hundred articles of splendid trumpery. There is Rosey's boudoir, which her father-in-law loved to ornament—there is Clive's studio with a hundred sketches—there is the Colonel's bare room at the top of the house, with his little iron bedstead and ship's drawers, and a camel trunk or two which have accompanied him on many an Indian march, and his old regulation sword, and that one which the native officers of his regiment gave him when he bade them farewell. I can fancy the brokers' faces as they look over this camp wardrobe, and that the uniforms will not fetch much in Holywell Street. There is the old one still, and that new one which he ordered and wore when poor little Rosey was presented at Court. I had not the heart to examine their plunder, and go among those wreckers. F. B. used to attend the sale regularly, and report its proceedings to us with eyes full of tears. "A fellow laughed at me," says F. B., "because when I came into the dear old drawing-room I took my hat off. I told him that if he dared say another word I would knock him down." I think F. B. may be pardoned in this instance for emulating the office of auctioneer. Where are you, pretty Rosey, and poor helpless baby? Where are you, dear Clive—gallant young friend of my youth? Ah! it is a sad story—a melancholy page to pen! Let us pass it over quickly—I love not to think of my friend in pain.

CHAPTER LXXI.

IN WHICH MRS. CLIVE NEWCOME'S CARRIAGE IS ORDERED.

ALL the friends of the Newcome family, of course, knew the disaster which had befallen the good Colonel, and I was aware, for my own part, that not only his own, but almost the whole of Rosa Newcome's property was involved in the common ruin. Some proposals of temporary relief were made to our friends from more quarters than one, but were thankfully rejected—and we were led to hope that the Colonel, having still his pension secured to him, which the law could not touch, might live comfortably enough in the retirement to which, of course, he would betake himself, when the melancholy proceedings consequent on the bankruptcy were brought to an end. It was shown that he had been egregiously duped in the transaction—that his credulity had cost him and his family a large fortune—that he had given up every penny which belonged to him—that there could not be any sort of stain upon his honest reputation. The judge before whom he appeared, spoke with feeling and regard of the unhappy gentleman—the lawyer who examined him respected the grief and fall of that simple old man. Thomas Newcome took a little room near the court where his affairs and the affairs of the Company were adjudged—lived with a frugality which never was difficult to him—and once when perchance I met him in the city, avoided me, with a bow and courtesy that was quite humble though proud and somehow inexpressibly touching to me. Fred Bayham was the only person whom he admitted. Fred always faithfully insisted upon attending him in and out of court. J. J. came to me immediately after he heard of the disaster, eager to place all his savings at the service of his friends. Laura and I came to London, and were urgent with similar offers. Our good friend declined to see any of us. F. B. again, with tears trickling on his rough cheeks, and a break in his voice, told me he feared that affairs must be very bad indeed, for the Colonel absolutely denied himself a cheroot to smoke. Laura drove to his lodgings and took him a box, which was held up to him as he came to open the door to my wife's knock by our smiling little boy. He patted the child on his golden head and kissed him. My wife wished he would have done as much for her; but he would not—though she owned she kissed his hand. He drew it across his eyes and thanked her in a very calm and stately manner; but he did not invite her within the threshold of his door, saying simply, that such a room was not a fit place to receive a lady, "as you ought to know very



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well, Mrs. Smith," he said to the landlady, who had accompanied my wife up the stairs. "He will eat scarcely any thing," the woman told us, "his meals come down untouched; his candles are burning all night, almost, as he sits poring over his papers." "He was bent—he who used to walk so uprightly," Laura said. He seemed to have grown many years older, and was, indeed, quite a decrepit old man.

"I am glad they have left Clive out of the bankruptcy," the Colonel said to Bayham; it was almost the only time when his voice exhibited any emotion. "It was very kind of them to leave out Clive, poor boy, and I have thanked the lawyers in Court." Those gentlemen, and the judge himself, were very much moved at this act of gratitude. The judge made a very feeling speech to the Colonel when he came up for his certificate. He passed very different comments on the conduct of the Manager of the Bank, when that person appeared for examination. He wished that the law had power to deal with those gentlemen who had come home with large fortunes from India, realized but a few years before the bankruptcy. Those gentlemen had known how to take care of themselves very well, and as for the Manager, is not his wife giving elegant balls at her elegant house at Cheltenham at this very day?

What weighed most upon the Colonel's mind, F. B. imagined, was the thought that he had been the means of inducing many poor friends to embark their money in this luckless speculation. Take J. J.'s money, after he had persuaded old Ridley to place £200 in Indian shares! Good God, he and his family should rather perish than he would touch a farthing of it! Many fierce words were uttered to him by Mrs. Mackenzie, for instance—by her angry daughter at Musselburgh—Josey's husband—by Mr. Smee, R.A., and two or three Indian officers, friends of his own, who had entered into the speculation on his recommendation. These rebukes, Thomas Newcome bore with an affecting meekness, as his faithful F. B. described to me, striving with many oaths and much loudness to carry off his own emotion. But what moved the Colonel most of all, was a letter which came at this time from Honeyman in India, saying that he was doing well—that of course he knew of his benefactor's misfortune, and that he sent a remittance which, D.V., should be annual, in payment of his debt to the Colonel, and his good sister at Brighton. "On receipt of this letter," said F. B., "the old man was fairly beat—the letter, with the bill in it, dropped out of his hands. He clasped them both together, shaking in every limb, and his head dropped down on his breast as he said, 'I thank my God Almighty for this!' and he sent the check off to Mrs. Honeyman by the post that night, Sir, every shilling of it; and he passed his old arm under mine—and we went out to Tom's Coffee-house, and he ate some dinner for the first time for ever so long, and drank a couple of glasses of port wine, and F. B. stood it, Sir, and would stand his heart's blood for that dear old boy."

It was on a Monday morning that those melancholy shutters were seen over the offices of the Bundelcund Bank in Lothbury, which were not to come down until the rooms were handed over to some other, and, let us trust, more fortunate speculators. The Indian bills had arrived, and been protested in the City on the previous Saturday. The Campaigner and Mrs. Rosey had arranged a little party to the theatre that evening, and the gallant Captain Goby had agreed to quit the delights of the Flag Club, in order to accompany the ladies. Neither of them knew what was happening in the City, or could account, otherwise than by the common domestic causes, for Clive's gloomy despondency and his father's sad reserve. Clive had not been in the City on this day. He had spent it, as usual, in his studio, *boudé* by his wife, and not disturbed by the mess-room raillery of the Campaigner. They dined early, in order to be in time for the theatre. Goby entertained them with the latest jokes from the smoking-room at the Flag, and was in his turn amused by the brilliant plans for the season which Rosey and her mamma sketched out. The entertainments which Mrs. Clive proposed to give, the ball—she was dying for a masked ball—just such a one as that described in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of last week, out of that paper with the droll title, the "Bengal Hurkaru," which the merchant prince, the head of the bank, you know, in India, had given at Calcutta. "We must have a ball, too," says Mrs. Mackenzie, "society demands it of you." "Of course it does," echoes Captain Goby, and he bethought him of a brilliant circle of young fellows from the Flag, whom he would bring in splendid uniform to dance with the pretty Mrs. Clive Newcome.

After the dinner—they little knew it was to be their last in that fine house—the ladies retired to give a parting kiss to baby, a parting look to the toilets, with which they proposed to fascinate the inhabitants of the pit and public boxes at the Olympic. Goby made vigorous play with the claret bottle during the brief interval of potation allowed to him; he, too, little deeming that he should never drink bumper there again; Clive looking on with the melancholy and silent acquiescence which had, of late, been his part in the household. The carriage was announced—the ladies came down—pretty capotes on—the lovely Campaigner, Goby vowed, looking as young and as handsome as her daughter, by Jove!—and the hall-door was opened to admit the two gentlemen and ladies to their carriage, when, as they were about to step in, a Hansom cab drove up rapidly, in which was perceived Thomas Newcome's anxious face. He got out of the vehicle—his own carriage making way for him—the ladies still on the steps. "Oh, the play! I forgot!" said the Colonel.

"Of course we are going to the play, papa,"

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cries little Rosey, with a gay little tap of her hand.

"I think you had best not," Colonel Newcome said gravely.

"Indeed my darling child has set her heart upon it, and I would not have her disappointed for the world in her situation," cries the Campaigner, tossing up her head.

The Colonel for reply bade his coachman drive to the stables, and come for further orders; and, turning to his daughter's guest, expressed to Captain Goby his regret that the proposed party could not take place on that evening, as he had matter of very great importance to communicate to his family. On hearing these news, and understanding that his further company was not desirable, the Captain, a man of great presence of mind, arrested the Hansom cabman, who was about to take his departure, and who blithely, knowing the Club and its inmates full well, carried off the jolly Captain to finish his evening at the Flag.

"Has it come, father?" said Clive, with a sure prescience, looking in his father's face.

The father took and grasped the hand which his son held out. "Let us go back into the dining-room," he said. They entered it, and he filled himself a glass of wine out of the bottle still standing amidst the dessert. He bade the butler retire, who was lingering about the room and sideboard, and only wanted to know whether his master would have dinner, that was all. And, this gentleman having withdrawn, Colonel Newcome finished his glass of sherry and broke a biscuit; the Campaigner assuming an attitude of surprise and indignation, while Rosey had leisure to remark that papa looked very ill, and that something must have happened.

The Colonel took both her hands and drew her toward him and kissed her, while Rosey's mamma flouncing down on a chair beat a tattoo upon the table-cloth with her fan. "Something has happened, my love," the Colonel said very sadly; "you must show all your strength of mind, for a great misfortune has befallen us."

"Good heavens, Colonel, what is it? don't frighten my beloved child!" rushing toward her darling, and enveloping her in her robust arms, "What can have happened? don't agitate this darling child, Sir," and she looked indignantly toward the poor Colonel.

"We have received the very worst news from Calcutta—a confirmation of the news by the last mail, Clivey, my boy."

"It is no news to me. I have always been expecting it, father," says Clive, holding down his head.

"Expecting what? What have you been keeping back from us? In what have you been deceiving us, Colonel Newcome?" shrieks the Campaigner, and Rosa crying out, "Oh, mamma, mamma!" begins to whimper.

"The chief of the bank in India is dead," the Colonel went on. "He has left its affairs in worse than disorder. We are, I fear, ruined, Mrs. Mackenzie," and the Colonel went on to tell how the bank could not open on Monday morning, and its bills to a great amount had already been protested in the City that day.

Rosey did not understand half these news, or comprehend the calamity which was to follow; but Mrs. Mackenzie, rustling in great wrath, made a speech, of which the anger gathered as she proceeded; in which she vowed and protested that her money which the Colonel, she did not know from *what motives*, had induced her to subscribe, should *not* be sacrificed, and that have it she would, the bank shut or not, the next Monday morning—that her daughter had a fortune of her own, which her poor dear brother James should have divided, and would have divided much more fairly, had he not been wrongly influenced—she would not say by *whom*, and she commanded Colonel Newcome, upon that *instant*, if he was, as he always pretended to be, an *honorable* man, to give an account of her blessed darling's property, and to pay back her own, every sixpence of it. She would not lend it for an hour longer, and to see that that dear blessed child now sleeping unconsciously up stairs, and his dear brothers and sisters who might follow, for Rosey was a young woman, a poor innocent creature, too young to be married, and never would have been married had she listened to her mamma's advice. She demanded that baby, and all succeeding babies, should have their *rights*, and should be looked to by their grandmother, if their father's father was so *unkind*, and so *wicked*, and so *unnatural*, as to give their money to rogues, and deprive them of their just bread.

Rosey began to cry more loudly than ever during the utterance of mamma's sermon, so loudly that Clive peevishly cried out, "Hold your tongue," on which the Campaigner, clutching her daughter to her breast again, turned on her son-in-law, and abused him as she had abused his father before him, calling out that they were both in a conspiracy to defraud her child, and the little darling up stairs, of its bread, and she would speak, yes, she would, and no power should prevent her, and her money she would have on Monday, as sure as her poor dear husband, Captain Mackenzie, was dead, and she never would have been *cheated* so, yes, *cheated*, if he had been alive.

At the word "cheated" Clive broke out with an execration—the poor Colonel with a groan of despair—the widow's storm continued, and above that howling tempest of words rose Mrs. Clive's piping scream, who went off into downright hysterics at last, in which she was encouraged by her mother, and in which she gasped out frantic ejaculations regarding baby; dear, darling, ruined baby, and so forth.

The sorrow-stricken Colonel had to quell the women's tongues and shrill anger, and his son's wrathful replies, who could not bear the weight of Mrs. Mackenzie upon him; and it was not until these three were allayed, that Thomas Newcome was able to continue his sad story, to

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explain what had happened, and what the actual state of the case was, and to oblige the terror-stricken women at length to hear something like reason.

He then had to tell them, to their dismay, that he would inevitably be declared a bankrupt in the ensuing week; that the whole of his property in that house, as elsewhere, would be seized and sold for the creditors' benefit; and that his daughter had best immediately leave a home where she would be certainly subject to humiliation and annoyance. "I would have Clive, my boy, take you out of the country, and —and return to me when I have need of him, and shall send for him," the father said fondly, in reply to a rebellious look in his son's face. "I would have you quit this house as soon as possible. Why not to-night? The law bloodhounds may be upon us ere an hour is over—at this moment for what I know."

At that moment the door bell was heard to ring, and the women gave a scream apiece, as if the bailiffs were actually coming to take possession. Rosey went off in quite a series of screams, peevishly repressed by her husband, and always encouraged by mamma, who called her son-in-law an unfeeling wretch. It must be confessed that Mrs. Clive Newcome did not exhibit much strength of mind, or comfort her husband much at a moment when he needed consolation.

From angry rebellion and fierce remonstrance, this pair of women now passed to an extreme terror and desire for instantaneous flight. They would go that moment—they would wrap that blessed child up in its shawls—and nurse should take it any where—any where, poor neglected thing! "My trunks," cries Mrs. Mackenzie, "you know are ready packed—I am sure it is not the treatment which I have received—it is nothing but my *duty* and my *religion*—and the protection which I owe to this blessed unprotected—yes, *unprotected*, and *robbed*, and *cheated*, darling child—which have made me stay a *single day* in this house. I never thought I should have been *robbed* in it, or my darlings with their fine fortunes flung naked on the world. If my Mac was here, you never had dared to have done this, Colonel Newcome—no, never! He had his faults—Mackenzie had—but he would never have robbed his own children! Come away, Rosey, my blessed love, come let us pack your things, and let us go and *hide* our *heads* in sorrow somewhere. Ah! didn't I tell you to beware of all *painters*, and that Clarence was a true gentleman, and loved you with all his heart, and would never have cheated you out of your money, for which I will have justice as sure as there is justice in England."

During this outburst the Colonel sat utterly scared and silent, supporting his poor head between his hands. When the harem had departed he turned sadly to his son. Clive did not believe that his father was a cheat and a rogue. No, thank God! The two men embraced with tender cordiality and almost happy emotion on the one side and the other. Never for one moment could Clive think his dear old father meant wrong—though the speculations were unfortunate in which he had engaged—though Clive had not liked them—it was a relief to his mind that they were now come to an end—they should all be happier now, thank God! those clouds of distrust being removed. Clive felt not one moment's doubt but that they should be able to meet fortune with a brave face; and that happier, much happier days were in store for him than ever they had known since the period of this confounded prosperity.

"Here's a good end to it," says Clive, with flashing eyes and a flushed face, "and here's a good health till to-morrow, father!" and he filled into two glasses the wine still remaining in the flask. "Good-by to our fortune, and bad luck go with her—I puff the prostitute away—*Si celeres quatit pennas*, you remember what we used to say at Greyfriars—*resigno quæ dedit, et mea virtute me involvo, probamque pauperiem sine dote quæro.*" And he pledged his father, who drank his wine, his hand shaking as he raised the glass to his lips, and his kind voice trembling as he uttered the well-known old school words, with an emotion that was as sacred as a prayer. Once more, and with hearts full of love, the two men embraced. Clive's voice would tremble now if he told the story as it did when he spoke it to me in happier times, one calm summer evening when we sat together and talked of dear old days.

Thomas Newcome explained to his son the plan, which, to his mind as he came away from the City after the day's misfortunes, he thought it was best to pursue. The women and the child were clearly best out of the way. "And you too, my boy, must be on duty with them until I send for you, which I will do if your presence can be of the least service to me, or is called for by—by—our honor," said the old man with a drop in his voice. "You must obey me in this, dear Clive, as you have done in every thing, and been a good, and dear, and obedient son to me. God pardon me for having trusted to my own simple old brains too much, and not to you who knew so much better. You will obey me this once more, my boy—you will promise me this," and the old man as he spoke took Clive's hand in both his, and fondly caressed it.

Then with a shaking hand he took out of his pocket his old purse with the steel rings, which he had worn for many and many a long year. Clive remembered it, and his father's face how it would beam with delight, when he used to take that very purse out in Clive's boyish days and tip him just after he left school. "Here are some notes and some gold," he said. "It is Rosey's, honestly, Clive dear, her half-year's dividend for which you will give an order, please, to Sherrick. He has been very kind and good, Sherrick. All the servants were providentially paid last week—there are only the outstanding week's bills out—we shall manage to meet those I dare say. And you will see that Rosey only

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takes away such clothes for herself and her baby as are actually necessary, won't you, dear? the plain things you know—none of the fineries—they may be packed in a petara or two, and you will take them with you—but the pomps and vanities, you know, we will leave behind—the pearls and bracelets, and the plate, and all that rubbish—and I will make an inventory of them to-morrow when you are gone and give them up, every rupee's worth, Sir, every ana, by Jove, to the creditors.

The darkness had fallen by this time, and the obsequious butler entered to light the dining-room lamps. "You have been a very good and kind servant to us, Martin," says the Colonel, making him a low bow; "I should like to shake you by the hand. We must part company now, and I have no doubt you and your fellow-servants will find good places, all of you, as you merit, Martin—as you merit. Great losses have fallen upon our family—we are ruined, Sir—we are ruined! The great Bundelcund Banking Company has stopped payment in India, and our branch here must stop on Monday. Thank my friends down stairs for their kindness to me and my family." Martin bowed in silence with great respect. He and his comrades in the servants' hall had been expecting this catastrophe, quite as long as the Colonel himself, who thought he had kept his affairs so profoundly secret.

Clive went up into his women's apartments, looking with but little regret, I dare say, round those cheerless nuptial chambers with all their gaudy fittings; the fine looking-glasses, in which poor Rosey's little person had been reflected; the silken curtains under which he had lain by the poor child's side, wakeful and lonely. Here he found his child's nurse, and his wife, and his wife's mother, busily engaged with a multiplicity of boxes; with flounces, feathers, fal-lals, and finery which they were stowing away in this trunk and that; while the baby lay on its little pink pillow breathing softly, a little pearly fist placed close to its mouth. The aspect of the tawdry vanities scattered here and there, chafed and annoyed the young man. He kicked the robes over with his foot. When Mrs. Mackenzie interposed with loud ejaculations, he sternly bade her to be silent, and not wake the child. His words were not to be questioned when he spoke in that manner. "You will take nothing with you, Rosey, but what is strictly necessary—only two or three of your plainest dresses, and what is required for the boy. What is in this trunk?" Mrs. Mackenzie stepped forward and declared, and the nurse vowed upon her honor, and the lady's maid asserted really now upon her honor too, that there was nothing but what was most strictly necessary in that trunk, to which affidavits, when Clive applied to his wife, she gave a rather timid assent.

"Where are the keys of that trunk?" Upon Mrs. Mackenzie's exclamation of "What nonsense!" Clive, putting his foot upon the flimsy oil-covered box, vowed he would kick the lid off unless it was instantly opened. Obeying this grim summons, the fluttering women produced the keys, and the black box was opened before him.

The box was found to contain a number of objects which Clive pronounced to be by no means necessary to his wife's and child's existence. Trinket boxes and favorite little gimcracks, chains, rings, and pearl necklaces, the tiara poor Rosey had worn at court—the feathers and the gorgeous train which had decorated the little person—all these were found packed away in this one receptacle; and in another box, I am sorry to say, were silver forks and spoons (the butler wisely judging that the rich and splendid electrotype ware might as well be left behind)—all the silver forks, spoons, and ladles, and our poor old friend the cocoa-nut tree, which these female robbers would have carried out of the premises.

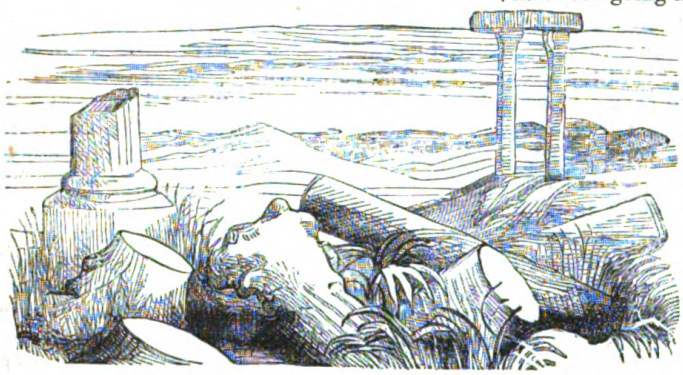
Mr. Clive Newcome burst out into fierce laughter when he saw the cocoa-nut tree; he laughed so loud that baby woke, and his mother-in-law called him a brute, and the nurse ran to give its accustomed quietus to the little screaming infant. Rosey's eyes poured forth a torrent of little protests, and she would have cried yet more loudly than the other baby, had not her husband, again fiercely checking her, sworn with a dreadful oath, that unless she told him the whole truth, "By heavens she should leave the house with nothing but what covered her!" Even the Campaigner could not make head against Clive's stern resolution; and the incipient insurrection of the maids and the mistresses was quelled by his spirit. The lady's maid, a flighty creature, received her wages and took her leave; but the nurse could not find it in her heart to quit her little nursling so suddenly, and accompanied Clive's household in the journey upon which those poor folks were bound. What stolen goods were finally discovered when the family reached foreign parts were found in Mrs. Mackenzie's trunks, not in her daughter's; a silver filigree basket, a few tea-spoons, baby's gold coral, and a costly crimson velvet-bound copy of the Hon. Miss Grimstone's Church Service, to which articles, having thus appropriated them, Mrs. Mackenzie henceforward laid claim as her own.

So when the packing was done a cab was called to receive the modest trunks of this fugitive family—the coachman was bidden to put his horses to again, and for the last time poor Rosey Newcome sate in her own carriage, to which the Colonel conducted her with his courtly old bow, kissing the baby as it slept once more unconscious in its nurse's embrace, and bestowing a very grave and polite parting salute upon the Campaigner.

Then Clive and his father entered a cab on which the trunks were borne, and they drove to the Tower Stairs, where the ship lay which was to convey them out of England; and during that journey, no doubt, they talked over their altered prospects, and I am sure Clive's

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father blessed his son fondly, and committed him and his family to a good God's gracious keeping, and thought of him with sacred love when they had parted, and Thomas Newcome had returned to his lonely house to watch and to think of his ruined fortunes, and to pray that he might have courage under them; that he might bear his own fate honorably; and that a gentle one might be dealt to those beloved beings for whom his life had been sacrificed in vain.



CHAPTER LXXII.

BELISARIUS.

When the sale of Colonel Newcome's effects took place, a friend of the family bought in, for a few shillings, those two swords which had hung, as we have said, in the good man's chamber, and for which no single broker present had the heart to bid. The head of Clive's father, painted by himself, which had always kept its place in the young man's studio, together with a lot of his oil sketchings, easels, and painting apparatus, were purchased by the faithful J. J., who kept them until his friend should return to London and reclaim them, and who showed the most generous solicitude in Clive's behalf. J. J. was elected of the Royal Academy this year, and Clive, it was evident, was working hard at the profession which he had always loved; for he sent over three pictures to the Academy, and I never knew man more mortified than the affectionate J. J., when two of these unlucky pieces were rejected by the committee for the year. One pretty little piece, called "The Stranded Boat," got a fair place on the Exhibition walls, and, you may be sure, was loudly praised by a certain critic in the "Pall Mall Gazette." The picture was sold on the first day of the exhibition at the price of twenty-five pounds, which the artist demanded; and, when the kind J. J. wrote to inform his friend of this satisfactory circumstance, and to say that he held the money at Clive's disposal, the latter replied, with many expressions of sincere gratitude, at the same time begging him directly to forward the money, with our old friend Thomas Newcome's love, to Mrs. Sarah Mason, at Newcome. But J. J. never informed his friend that he himself was the purchaser of the picture; nor was Clive made acquainted with the fact until some time afterward, when he found it hanging in Ridley's studio.

I have said that we none of us were aware at this time what was the real state of Colonel Newcome's finances, and hoped that, after giving up every shilling of his property which was confiscated to the creditors of the Bank, he had still, from his retiring pension and military allowances, at least enough reputably to maintain him. On one occasion, having business in the City, I there met Mr. Sherrick. Affairs had been going ill with that gentleman—he had been let in terribly, he informed me, by Lord Levant's insolvency — having had large money transactions with his lordship. "There's none of them so good as old Newcome," Mr. Sherrick said with a sigh; "that was a good one —that was an honest man if ever I saw one—with no more guile, and no more idea of business than a baby. Why didn't he take my advice, poor old cove? he might be comfortable now. Why did he sell away that annuity, Mr. Pendennis? I got it done for him when nobody else perhaps could have got it done for him—for the security 'aint worth twopence if Newcome wasn't an honest man; but I know he is, and would rather starve and eat the nails off his fingers than not keep to his word, the old trump! And when he came to me, a good two months before the smash of the Bank, which I knew it, Sir, and saw that it must come—when he came and raised three thousand pounds to meet them d—d electioneering bills, having to pay lawyers, commission, premium, life-insurance—*you* know the whole game Mr. P.—I as good as went down on my knees to him—I did—at the North and South American Coffee-house, where he was to meet the party about the money, and said, 'Colonel, don't raise it—I tell you, let it stand over—let it go in along with the bankruptcy that's a-coming—but he wouldn't, Sir—he went on like an old Bengal tiger, roaring about his honor; he paid the bills every shilling—infernal long bills they were—and it's my belief that, at this minute, he ain't got fifty pounds a year of his own to spend. I would send him back my commission—I would, by Jove!—only times is so bad, and that rascal Levant has let me in. It went to my heart to take the old cock's money—but it's gone—that and ever so much more—and Lady Whittlesea's chapel too, Mr. P. Hang that young Levant."

Squeezing my hand after this speech, Sherrick ran across the street after some other capitalist who was entering the Diddlesex Insurance Office, and left me very much grieved and dismayed at finding that my worst fears in regard to Thomas Newcome were confirmed. Should we confer with his wealthy family respecting the Colonel's impoverished condition?

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Was his brother Hobson Newcome aware of it? As for Sir Barnes, the quarrel between him and his uncle had been too fierce to admit of hopes of relief from that quarter. Barnes had been put to very heavy expenses in the first contested election; had come forward again immediately on his uncle's resignation, but again had been beaten by a more liberal candidate, his quondam former friend, Mr. Higg—who formally declared against Sir Barnes—and who drove him finally out of the representation of Newcome. From this gentleman it was vain, of course, for Colonel Newcome's friends to expect relief.

How to aid him? He was proud—past work—nearly seventy years old. "Oh, why did those cruel academicians refuse Clive's pictures?" cries Laura. "I have no patience with them—had the pictures been exhibited I know who might have bought them—but that is vain now. He would suspect at once, and send her money away. Oh, Pen! why, why didn't he come when I wrote that letter to Brussels?"

From persons so poorly endowed with money as ourselves, any help, but of the merest temporary nature, was out of the question. We knew our friends too well not to know that they would disdain to receive it. It was agreed between me and Laura that at any rate I should go and see Clive. Our friends, indeed, were at a very short distance from us, and, having exiled themselves from England, could yet see its coasts from their windows upon any clear day. Boulogne was their present abiding place—refuge of how many thousands of other unfortunate Britons—and to this friendly port I betook myself speedily, having the address of Colonel Newcome. His quarters were in a quiet grass-grown street of the Old Town. None of the family were at home when I called. There was, indeed, no servant to answer the bell, but the good-natured French domestic of a neighboring lodger told me that the young Monsieur went out every day to make his designs, and that I should probably find the elder gentleman upon the rampart, where he was in the custom of going every day. I strolled along by those pretty old walks and bastions, under the pleasant trees which shadow them, and the gray old gabled houses from which you look down upon the gay new city, and the busy port, and the piers stretching into the shining sea, dotted with a hundred white sails or black-smoking steamers, and bounded by the friendly lines of the bright English shore. There are few prospects more charming than the familiar view from those old French walls—few places where young children may play, and ruminating old age repose more pleasantly than on those peaceful rampart gardens.

I found our dear old friend seated on one of the benches, a newspaper on his knees, and by his side a red-cheeked little French lass, upon whose lap Thomas Newcome the younger lay sleeping. The Colonel's face flushed up when he saw me. As he advanced a step or two toward me I could see that he trembled in his walk. His hair had grown almost quite white. He looked now to be more than his age—he whose carriage last year had been so erect, whose figure had been so straight and manly. I was very much moved at meeting him, and at seeing the sad traces which pain and grief had left in the countenance of the dear old man.

"So you are come to see me, my good young friend," cried the Colonel with a trembling

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voice. "It is very, very kind of you. Is not this a pretty drawing-room to receive our friends in? We have not many of them now; Boy and I come and sit here for hours every day. Hasn't he grown a fine boy? He can say several words now, Sir, and can walk surprisingly well. Soon he will be able to walk with his grandfather, and then Marie will not have the trouble to wait upon either of us." He repeated this sentiment in his pretty old French, and turning with a bow to Marie. The girl said Monsieur knew very well that she did not desire better than to come out with baby; that it was better than staying at home, *pardieu;* and, the clock striking at this moment, she rose up with her child, crying out that it was time to return, or Madame would scold.

"Mrs. Mackenzie has rather a short temper," the Colonel said, with a gentle smile. "Poor thing, she has had a great deal to bear in consequence, Pen, of my imprudence. I am glad you never took shares in our bank. I should not be so glad to see you as I am now, if I had brought losses upon you as I have upon so many of my friends." I, for my part, trembled to hear that the good old man was under the domination of the Campaigner.

"Bayham sends me the paper regularly, he is a very kind, faithful creature. How glad I am that he has got a snug berth in the City! His company really prospers, I am happy to think, unlike some companies you know of, Pen. I have read your two speeches, Sir, and Clive and I liked them very much. The poor boy works all day at his pictures. You know he has sold one at the exhibition, which has given us a great deal of heart—and he has completed two or three more—and I am sitting to him now for—what do you think, Sir? for Belisarius. Will you give Belisarius and the Obolus kind word?"

"My dear, dear old friend," I said, in great emotion, "if you will do me the kindness to take my Obolus or to use my services in any way, you will give me more pleasure than ever I had from your generous bounties in old days. Look, Sir, I wear the watch which you gave me when you went to India. Did you not tell me then to look over Clive and serve him if I could? Can't I serve him now?" and I went on further in this strain, asseverating with great warmth and truth that my wife's affection and my own were most sincere for both of them, and that our pride would be to be able to help such dear friends.

The Colonel said I had a good heart, and my wife had, though—though— He did not finish this sentence, but I could interpret it without need of its completion. My wife and the two ladies of Colonel Newcome's family never could be friends, however much my poor Laura tried to be intimate with these women. Her very efforts at intimacy caused a frigidity and hauteur which Laura could not overcome. Little Rosey and her mother set us down as two aristocratic personages, nor for our parts were we very much disturbed at this opinion of the Campaigner and little Rosa.

I talked with the Colonel for half an hour or more about his affairs, which indeed were very gloomy, and Clive's prospects, of which he strove to present as cheering a view as possible. He was obliged to confirm the news which Sherrick had given me, and to own, in fact, that all his pension was swallowed up by a payment of interest and life insurance for sums which he had been compelled to borrow. How could he do otherwise than meet his engagements? Thank God, he had Clive's full approval for what he had done—had communicated the circumstance to his son almost immediately after it took place, and that was a comfort to him—an immense comfort. "For the women are very angry," said the poor Colonel; "you see they do not understand the laws of honor, at least as we understand them; and perhaps I was wrong in hiding the truth, as I certainly did, from Mrs. Mackenzie, but I acted for the best—I hoped against hope that some chance might turn in our favor. God knows, I had a hard task enough in wearing a cheerful face for months, and in following my little Rosa about to her parties and balls; but poor Mrs. Mackenzie has a right to be angry, only I wish my little girl did not side with her mother so entirely, for the loss of her affection gives me great pain."

So it was as I suspected. The Campaigner ruled over this family, and added to all their distresses by her intolerable presence and tyranny. "Why, Sir," I ventured to ask, "if, as I gather from you—and I remember," I added with a laugh, "certain battles royal which Clive described to me in old days—if you and the Campai—Mrs. Mackenzie do not agree, why should she continue to live with you, when you would all be so much happier apart?"

"She has a right to live in the house," says the Colonel; "it is I who have no right in it. I am a poor old pensioner, don't you see, subsisting on Rosey's bounty. We live on the hundred a year secured to her at her marriage, and Mrs. Mackenzie has her forty pounds of pension which she adds to the common stock. It is I who have made away with every shilling of Rosey's £17,000, God help me! and with £1500 of her mother's. They put their little means together, and they keep us — me and Clive. What can we do for a living? Great God! What can we do? Why, I am so useless that even when my poor boy earned £25 for his picture, I felt we were bound to send it to Sarah Mason, and you may fancy when this came to Mrs. Mackenzie's ears, what a life my boy and I led. I have never spoken of these things to any mortal soul—I even don't speak of them with Clive—but seeing your kind, honest face has made me talk—you must pardon my garrulity—I am growing old, Arthur. This poverty and these quarrels have beaten my spirit down — there, I shall talk on this subject no more. I wish, Sir, I could ask you to dine with

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us, but"—and here he smiled—"we must get the leave of the higher powers."

I was determined, in spite of prohibitions and Campaigners, to see my old friend Clive, and insisted on walking back with the Colonel to his lodgings, at the door of which we met Mrs. Mackenzie and her daughter. Rosa blushed up a little—looked at her mamma—and then greeted me with a hand and a courtesy. The Campaigner also saluted me in a majestic but amicable manner, made no objection even to my entering her apartments and seeing *the condition to which they were reduced:* this phrase was uttered with particular emphasis and a significant look toward the Colonel, who bowed his meek head and preceded me into the lodgings, which were in truth very homely, pretty, and comfortable. The Campaigner was an excellent manager—restless, bothering, brushing perpetually. Such fugitive gimcracks as they had brought away with them decorated the little salon. Mrs. Mackenzie, who took the entire command, even pressed me to dine and partake, if so fashionable a gentleman would *condescend* to partake, of a humble exile's fare. No fare was perhaps very pleasant to me in company with that woman, but I wanted to see my dear old Clive, and gladly accepted his voluble mother-in-law's not disinterested hospitality. She beckoned the Colonel aside; whispered to him, putting something into his hand; on which he took his hat and went away. Then Rosey was dismissed upon some other pretext, and I had the felicity to be left alone with Mrs. Captain Mackenzie.

She instantly improved the occasion; and with great eagerness and volubility entered into her statement of the present affairs and position of this unfortunate family. She described darling Rosey's delicate state, poor thing! nursed with tenderness and in the lap of luxury—brought up with every delicacy and the fondest mother—never knowing in the least how to take care of herself, and likely to fall down and perish unless the kind Campaigner were by to prop and protect her. She was in delicate health—very delicate—ordered cod liver oil by the doctor. Heaven knows how he could be paid for those expensive medicines out of the pittance which the *imprudence*—the most culpable and designing *imprudence*, and *extravagance*, and *folly* of Colonel Newcome had reduced them! Looking out from the window as she spoke, I saw—we both saw—the dear old gentleman sadly advancing toward the house, a parcel in his hand. Seeing his near approach, and that our interview was likely to come to an end, Mrs. Mackenzie rapidly whispered to me that she knew I had a good heart—that I had been blest by Providence with a fine fortune, which I knew how to keep better than *some* folks—and that if, as no doubt was my intention—for with what other but a charitable view could I have come to see them—and most generous and noble was it of you to come, and I always thought it of you, Mr. Pendennis, whatever *other* people said to the contrary. If I proposed to give them relief, which was most needful—and for which a *mother's blessings* would follow me—let it be to her, the Campaigner, that my loan should be confided—for as for the Colonel, he is not fit to be trusted with a shilling, and has already flung away *immense sums* upon some old woman he keeps in the country, leaving his darling Rosey without the actual necessaries of life.

The woman's greed and rapacity—the flattery with which she chose to belabor me at dinner, so choked and disgusted me, that I could hardly swallow the meal, though my poor old friend had been sent out to purchase a *paté* from the pastry-cook's for my especial refection. Clive was not at the dinner. He seldom returned till late at night on sketching days. Neither his wife nor his mother-in-law seemed much to miss him; and seeing that the Campaigner engrossed the entire share of the conversation, and proposed not to leave me for five minutes alone with the Colonel, I took leave rather speedily of my entertainers, leaving a message for Clive, and a prayer that he would come and see me at my hotel.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

IN WHICH BELISARIUS RETURNS FROM EXILE.



I WAS sitting in the dusk in my room at the Hotel des Bains, when the visitor for whom I hoped made his appearance in the person of Clive, with his broad shoulders, and broad hat, and a shaggy beard, which he had thought fit in his quality of painter to assume. Our greeting it need not be said was warm; and our talk, which extended far into the night, very friendly and confidential. If I make my readers confidants in Mr. Clive's private affairs, I ask my friend's pardon for narrating his history in their behoof. The world had gone very ill with my poor Clive, and I do not think that the pecuniary losses which had visited him and his father afflicted him near so sorely as the state of his home. In a pique with the woman he loved, and from that generous weakness which formed part of his character, and which led him to acquiesce in most wishes of his good father, the young man had gratified the darling desire of the Colonel's heart, and taken the wife whom his two old friends brought to him. Rosey, who was also, as we have shown, of a very obedient and ductile nature, had acquiesced gladly enough in her mamma's opinion, that she was in love with the rich and handsome young Clive, and accepted him for better or worse. So undoubtedly would this good child have accepted Captain Hoby, her

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previous adorer, have smilingly promised fidelity to the Captain at church, and have made a very good, happy, and sufficient little wife for that officer, had not mamma commanded her to jilt him. What wonder that these elders should wish to see their two dear young ones united? They began with suitable age, money, good temper, and parents' blessings. It is not the first time that, with all these excellent helps to prosperity and happiness, a marriage has turned out unfortunately—a pretty, tight ship gone to wreck that set forth on its voyage with cheers from the shore, and every prospect of fair wind and fine weather.

We have before quoted poor Clive's simile of the shoes with which his good old father provided him—as pretty a little pair of shoes as need be—only they did not fit the wearer. If they pinched him at first, how they blistered and tortured him now! If Clive was gloomy and discontented even when the honeymoon had scarce waned, and he and his family sat at home in state and splendor under the boughs of the famous silver cocoa-nut tree; what was the young man's condition now in poverty, when they had no love along with a scant dinner of herbs; when his mother-in-law grudged each morsel which his poor old father ate—when a vulgar, coarse-minded woman pursued with brutal sarcasm and deadly rancor one of the tenderest and noblest gentlemen in the world—when an ailing wife, always under some one's domination, received him with helpless hysterical cries and reproaches—when a coarse female tyrant, stupid, obstinate, utterly unable to comprehend the son's kindly genius, or the father's gentle spirit, bullied over both, using the intolerable undeniable advantage which her actual wrongs gave her to tyrannize over these two wretched men! He had never heard the last of that money which they had sent to Mrs. Mason, Clive said. When the knowledge of the fact came to the Campaigner's ears, she raised such a storm as almost killed the poor Colonel, and drove his son half mad. She seized the howling infant, vowing that its unnatural father and grandfather were bent upon starving it—she consoled and sent Rosey into hysterics—she took the outlawed parson to whose church they went, and the choice society of bankrupt captains, captains' ladies, fugitive stock-brokers' wives, and dingy frequenters of billiard-rooms, and refugees from the Bench, into her councils; and in her daily visits among these personages, and her walks on the pier, whither she trudged with poor Rosey in her train, Mrs. Mackenzie made known her own wrongs and her daughter's—showed how the Colonel, having robbed and cheated them previously, was now living upon them, insomuch that Mrs. Bolter, the levanting auctioneer's wife, would not make the poor old man a bow when she met him—that Mrs. Captain Kitely, whose husband had lain for seven years past in Boulogne jail, ordered her son to cut Clive; and when, the child being sick, the poor old Colonel went for arrow-root to the chemist's, young Snooks, the apothecary's assistant, refused to allow him to take the powder away without previously depositing the money.

He had no money, Thomas Newcome. He gave up every farthing. After having impoverished all around him, he had no right, he said, to touch a sixpence of the wretched pittance remaining to them—he had even given up his cigar, the poor old man, the companion and comforter of forty years. He was "not fit to be trusted with money," Mrs. Mackenzie said, and the good man owned as he ate his scanty crust, and bowed his noble old head in silence under that cowardly persecution.

And this, at the end of threescore and seven or eight years, was to be the close of a life which had been spent in freedom and splendor, and kindness and honor; this the reward of the noblest heart that ever beat—the tomb and prison of a gallant warrior who had ridden in twenty battles—whose course through life had been a bounty wherever it had passed—whose name had been followed by blessings, and whose career was to end here—here—in a mean room, in a mean alley of a foreign town—a low furious woman standing over him and stabbing the kind, defenseless heart with killing insult and daily outrage!

As we sat together in the dark, Clive told me this wretched story, which was wrung from him with a passionate emotion that I could not but keenly share. He wondered the old man lived, Clive said. Some of the women's taunts and jibes, as he could see, struck his father so that he gasped and started back as if some one had lashed him with a whip. "He would make away with himself," said poor Clive, "but he deems this is his punishment, and that he must bear it as long as it pleases God. He does not care for his own losses, as far as they concern himself; but these reproaches of Mrs. Mackenzie, and some things which were said to him in the Bankruptcy Court by one or two widows of old friends, who were induced through his representations to take shares in that infernal Bank, have affected him dreadfully. I hear him lying awake and groaning at night, God bless him. Great God! what can I do—what can I do?" burst out the young man in a dreadful paroxysm of grief. "I have tried to get lessons—I went to London on the deck of a steamer, and took a lot of drawings with me—tried picture-dealers—pawnbrokers—Jews—Moss, whom you may remember at Gandish's, and who gave me, for forty-two drawings, £18. I brought the money back to Boulogne. It was enough to pay the doctor, and bury our last poor little dead baby. *Tenez*, Pen, you must give me some supper; I have had nothing all day but a *pain de deux sous*; I can't stand it at home. My heart's almost broken—you must give me some money, Pen, old boy. I know you will. I thought of writing to you, but I wanted to support myself, you see. When I went to London with the drawings I tried George's chambers, but he was in

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the country. I saw Crackthorpe on the street, in Oxford Street, but I could not face him, and bolted down Hanway-yard. I tried, and I could not ask him, and I got the £18 from Moss that day, and came home with it."

Give him money? Of course I would give him money—my dear old friend! And, as an alterative and a wholesome shock to check that burst of passion and grief in which the poor fellow indulged, I thought fit to break into a very fierce and angry invective on my own part, which served to disguise the extreme feeling of pain and pity that I did not somehow choose to exhibit. I rated Clive soundly, and taxed him with unfriendliness and ingratitude for not having sooner applied to friends who would think shame of themselves while he was in need. Whatever he wanted was his as much as mine. I could not understand how the necessity of the family should, in truth, be so extreme as he described it, for, after all, many a poor family lived upon very much less; but I uttered none of these objections, checking them with the thought that Clive, on his first arrival at Boulogne, entirely ignorant of the practice of economy, might have imprudently engaged in expenses which had reduced him to this present destitution.*

I took the liberty of asking about debts, and of these Clive gave me to understand there were none—at least none of his, or his father's contracting. "If we were too proud to borrow, and I think we were wrong, Pen, my dear old boy—I think we were wrong now—at least, we were too proud to owe. My color-man takes his bill out in drawings, and I think owes me a trifle. He got me some lessons at fifty sous a ticket—a pound the ten—from an economical swell who has taken a chateau here, and has two flunkies in livery. He has four daughters, who take advantage of the lessons, and screws ten per cent. upon the poor color-man's pencils and drawing-paper. It's pleasant work to give the lessons to the children, and to be patronized by the swell, and not expensive to him, is it, Pen? But I don't mind that, if I could but get lessons enough; for you see, besides our expenses here, we must have some more money, and the dear old governor would die outright if poor old Sarah Mason did not get her £50 a year."

And now there arrived a plentiful supper, and a bottle of good wine, of which the giver was not sorry to partake after the meagre dinner at three o'clock, to which I had been invited by the Campaigner; and it was midnight when I walked back with my friend to his house in the upper town; and all the stars of heaven were shining cheerily; and my dear Clive's face wore an expression of happiness, such as I remembered in old days, as we shook hands and parted with a "God bless you!"

To Clive's friend, revolving these things in his mind, as he lay in one of those most snug and comfortable beds at the excellent Hotel des Bains, it appeared that this town of Boulogne was a very bad market for the artist's talents; and that he had best bring them to London, where a score of old friends would assuredly be ready to help him. And if the Colonel, too, could be got away from the domination of the Campaigner, I felt certain that the dear old gentleman could but profit by his leave of absence. My wife and I at this time inhabited a spacious old house in Queen's Square, Westminster, where there was plenty of room for father and son. I knew that Laura would be delighted to welcome these guests—may the wife of every worthy gentleman who reads these pages be as ready to receive her husband's friends. It was the state of Rosey's health, and the Campaigner's authority and permission, about which I was in doubt, and whether this lady's two slaves would be allowed to go away.

These cogitations kept the present biographer long awake, and he did not breakfast next day until an hour before noon. I had the coffee-room to myself by chance, and my meal was not yet ended when the waiter announced a lady to visit Mr. Pendennis, and Mrs. Mackenzie made her appearance. No signs of care or poverty were visible in the attire or countenance of the buxom widow. A handsome bonnet decorated within with a profusion of poppies, bluebells, and ears of corn; a jewel on her forehead, not costly, but splendid in appearance, and glittering artfully over that central spot from which her wavy chestnut hair parted, to cluster in ringlets round her ample cheeks; a handsome India shawl, smart gloves, a rich silk dress, a neat parasol of blue with pale yellow lining, a multiplicity of glittering rings and a very splendid gold watch and chain, which I remembered in former days as hanging round poor Rosey's white neck—all these adornments set off the widow's person, so that you might have thought her a wealthy capitalist's lady, and never could have supposed that she was a poor, cheated, ruined, robbed, unfortunate Campaigner.

Nothing could be more gracious than the *accueil* of this lady. She paid me many handsome compliments about my literary works — asked most affectionately for dear Mrs. Pendennis and the dear children—and then, as I expected, coming to business, contrasted the happiness and genteel position of my wife and family with the misery and wrongs of her own blessed child and grandson. She never could call that child by the odious name which he received at his baptism. *I* knew what bitter reasons she had to dislike the name of Thomas Newcome.

She again rapidly enumerated the wrongs she had received at the hands of that gentleman; mentioned the vast sums of money out of which she and her soul's darling had been tricked by that poor muddle-headed creature, to say no worse of him; and described finally

* I did not know at the time that Mrs. Mackenzie had taken entire superintendence of the family treasury—and that this exemplary woman was putting away, as she had done previously, sundry little sums to meet rainy days.

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their present pressing need. The doctors, the burial, Rosey's delicate condition, the cost of sweetbreads, calf's-foot jelly, and cod-liver oil, were again passed in a rapid calculation before me; and she ended her speech by expressing her gratification that I had attended to her advice of the previous day, and not given Clive Newcome a direct loan; that the family wanted it, the Campaigner called upon Heaven to witness; that Clive and his absurd poor father would fling guineas out of the window was a fact equally certain; the rest of the argument was obvious, namely, that Mr. Pendennis should administer a donation to herself.

I had brought but a small sum of money in my pocket-book, though Mrs. Mackenzie, intimate with bankers, and having, thank Heaven, in spite of all her misfortunes, the utmost confidence of *all* her tradesmen, hinted a perfect willingness on her part to accept an order upon her friends, Hobson Brothers of London.

This direct thrust I gently and smilingly parried by asking Mrs. Mackenzie whether she supposed a gentleman who had just paid an electioneering bill, and had, at the best of times, but a very small income, might sometimes not be in a condition to draw satisfactorily upon Messrs. Hobson or any other bankers? Her countenance fell at this remark, nor was her cheerfulness much improved by the tender of one of the two bank notes which then happened to be in my possession. I said that I had a use for the remaining note, and that it would not be more than sufficient to pay my hotel bill, and the expenses of my party back to London.

My party? I had here to divulge, with some little trepidation, the plan which I had been making over night; to explain how I thought that Clive's great talents were wasted at Boulogne, and could only find a proper market in London; how I was pretty certain, through my connection with booksellers, to find some advantageous employment for him, and would have done so months ago had I known the state of the case; but I had believed, until within a very few days since, that the Colonel, in spite of his bankruptcy, was still in the enjoyment of considerable military pensions.

This statement, of course, elicited from the widow a number of remarks not complimentary to my dear old Colonel. He might have kept his pensions had he not been a fool—he was a baby about money matters—misled himself and every body—was a log in the house, etc., etc.

I suggested that his annuities might possibly be put into some more satisfactory shape—that I had trustworthy lawyers with whom I would put him in communication — that he had best come to London to see to these matters — and that my wife had a large house where she would most gladly entertain the two gentlemen.

This I said with some reasonable dread—fearing, in the first place, her refusal; in the second, her acceptance of the invitation with a proposal, as our house was large, to come herself, and inhabit it for a while. Had I not seen that Campaigner arrive for a month at poor James Binney's house in Fitzroy Square, and stay there for many years? Was I not aware that when she once set her foot in a gentleman's establishment, terrific battles must ensue before she could be dislodged? Had she not once been routed by Clive? and was she not now in command and possession? Do I not, finally, know something of the world; and have I not a weak, easy temper? I protest it was with terror that I awaited the widow's possible answer to my proposal.

To my great relief, she expressed the utmost approval of both my plans. I was uncommonly kind, she was sure, to interest myself about the two gentlemen, and for her blessed Rosey's sake, a fond mother thanked me. It was most advisable that Clive should earn some money by that horrid profession which he had chosen to adopt — *trade*, *she* called it. She was clearly anxious to get rid both of father and son, and agreed that the sooner they went the better.

We walked back arm in arm to the Colonel's quarters in the old town, Mrs. Mackenzie, in the course of our walk, doing me the honor to introduce me by name to several dingy acquaintances whom we met sauntering up the street, and imparting to me, as each moved away, the pecuniary cause of his temporary residence in Boulogne. Spite of Rosey's delicate state of health, Mrs. Mackenzie did not hesitate to break the news to her of the gentlemen's probable departure, abruptly and eagerly, as if the intelligence was likely to please her: and it did, rather than otherwise. The young woman, being in the habit of letting mamma judge for her, continued it in this instance; and whether her husband staid or went, seemed to be equally content or apathetic. "And is it not most kind and generous of dear Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis to propose to receive Mr. Newcome and the Colonel?" This opportunity for gratitude being pointed out to Rosey, she acquiesced in it straightway — it was very kind of me, Rosey was sure. "And don't you ask after dear Mrs. Pendennis and the dear children — you poor dear suffering darling child?" Rosey, who had neglected this inquiry, immediately hoped Mrs. Pendennis and the children were well. The overpowering mother had taken utter possession of this poor little thing. Rosey's eyes followed the Campaigner about, and appealed to her at all moments. She sat under Mrs. Mackenzie as a bird before a boa-constrictor, doomed — fluttering — fascinated — scared and fawning as a whipped spaniel before a keeper.

The Colonel was on his accustomed bench on the rampart at this sunny hour. I repaired thither, and found the old gentleman seated by his grandson, who lay, as yesterday, on the little bonne's lap, one of his little purple hands closed round the grandfather's finger. "Hush!" says the good man, lifting up his other finger to his mustache, as I approached, "Boy's asleep. Il est bien joli quand il dort—le Boy, n'est ce pas, Marie?" The maid believed mon-

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sieur well—the boy was a little angel. "This maid is a most trustworthy, valuable person, Pendennis," the Colonel said, with much gravity.

The boa-constrictor had fascinated him too—the lash of that woman at home had cowed that helpless, gentle, noble spirit. As I looked at the head so upright and manly, now so beautiful and resigned—the year of his past life seemed to pass before me somehow in a flash of thought. I could fancy the accursed tyranny—the dumb acquiescence—the brutal jeer—the helpless remorse—the sleepless nights of pain and recollection—the gentle heart lacerated with deadly stabs—and the impotent hope. I own I burst into a sob at the sight, and thought of the noble suffering creature, and hid my face, and turned away.

He sprang up, releasing his hand from the child's, and placing it, the kind, shaking hand on my shoulder. "What is it, Arthur—my dear boy?" he said, looking wistfully in my face. "No bad news from home, my dear? Laura and the children well?"

The emotion was mastered in a moment. I put his arm under mine, and as we slowly sauntered up and down the sunny walk of the old rampart, I told him how I had come with special commands from Laura to bring him for a while to stay with us, and to settle his business, which I was sure had been woefully mismanaged, and to see whether we could not find the means of getting some little out of the wreck of the property for the boy yonder.

At first Colonel Newcome would not hear of quitting Boulogne, where Rosey would miss him—he was sure she would want him—but before the ladies of his family, to whom we presently returned, Thomas Newcome's resolution was quickly recalled. He agreed to go, and Clive coming in at this time, was put in possession of our plan, and gladly acquiesced in it. On that very evening I came with a carriage to conduct my two friends to the steamboat. Their little packets were made and ready. There was no pretense of grief at parting on the women's side, but Marie, the little maid, with Boy in her arms, cried sadly; and Clive heartily embraced the child; and the Colonel going back to give it one more kiss, drew out of his neckcloth a little gold brooch which he wore, and which, trembling, he put into Marie's hand, bidding her take good care of Boy till his return.

"She is a good girl—a most faithful, attached girl, Arthur, do you see," the kind old gentleman said; "and I had no money to give her—no, not one single rupee."

WHAT WE DRINK.

TERRIBLE were the punishments suffered by the guilty dwellers in Tartarus; but the greatest of all seemed, even to the ancients, the anguish endured by a monarch whom the gods had once loved as companion, and now in their fury exposed to incredible torture. He had eaten their bread and drank of their nectar—what wonder that earthly food pleased his fastidious palate no longer? The red wine of Phrygia, his own kingdom, could no longer make merry his heart, and his soul longed for the precious drink of the gods on Olympus. In an evil hour he forgot himself, and carried some with him to his earthly home. The indignant masters of heaven and earth condemned him for such grievous misdeed to suffer everlasting thirst in the dark regions where Pluto reigned supreme, and the souls of the wicked met their reward. There the unfortunate king stood, day after day, in the midst of sweet swelling waters, that ever rose playfully, temptingly up to his parched lips, and ever fell back in bitter mockery at the very instant when relief seemed at hand, and torturing thirst about to be quenched. Could human ingenuity devise a more fearful infliction of ceaseless pain, adding to all the horrors of fiercest bodily suffering the soul's unutterable, ever-new anguish?

And yet men daily endure like sufferings now on the earth. The weary wanderer through the desert, and the bold mariner in the seas of the Arctic, the becalmed sailor in the Tropics, and the lost emigrant crossing the vast dry plains of the Far West—all succumb to the same dread enemy, Thirst, or, if they escape by the mercy of God, remember ever after the days of their torture with shuddering horror. For "even the youths shall be faint and weary," and painful beyond words is that feeling when the "heart sinks," and the soul longeth to part from the earth-born body. A fierce tyrant is Hunger, and grimly it gnaws at our strength, until even the strong are "burnt with hunger and devoured." But the most cruel of all mere bodily wants, that try the soul of man as in a furnace, is Thirst. It breaks the tower of man's fortitude, it loosens even the silver cords of the strongest of earthly affections, the love of a mother: "And the water was spent in the bottle, and Hagar cast the child under one of the shrubs; and she went and set her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot, for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept."

As man drinks sooner in life than he eats, so thirst ever remains a harder master than hunger. It calls more frequently for satisfaction; it punishes neglect much sooner, and with more fearful sufferings. Among animals, the temperature of the blood seems largely to influence the demands of thirst; cold-blooded reptiles, for instance, are supposed to be able to live for years without moisture. The camel is of all warm-blooded animals the only one known to endure thirst for several days in succession, Nature having endowed it with an interior cistern, where water is long preserved without change, and gradually only absorbed through the body. Men can rarely exist for more than a few days without moisture; but a small quantity, imbibed by the means of solid food, is sufficient, and, in diseases, the admission of water

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in baths, through the pores of the skin, will support life for a time.

Thirst, like hunger, is one of those sensations by which our good mother, Nature, reminds us daily and hourly that we are born of the dust of the earth, and must, therefore, ever be careful to supply our bodily frame with the elements needed for its existence. The silent monitor makes itself most felt in the palate and throat; a slight trial, however, convinces us soon that the sensation extends through the whole of the body. To moisten the mouth, or even to hold a cooling piece of metal on our tongue, will apparently grant relief; it is a deception, however, only of our senses; while even the parched wanderer, who has at last reached the welcome fountain and drank to his heart's content, feels true relief only after a time, when the grateful liquid has passed from vein to vein and filled the whole structure with its magic miniature waves. Immense quantities, therefore, are ever required to supply the unceasing demand. Man consists, for nearly two-thirds of his whole substance, not of solids but of liquid water, and much as we imbibe, in the process of breathing, from the water contained in the atmosphere, much still remains to be furnished by actual drinking. The demand is increased by the rapid passage of the fickle element through our body, and its restless desire to leave us again. Countless pearly drops press through every pore of the skin—in winter, invisible to the naked eye; in summer, of tangible size. When Captain Ross, in one of his North Pole expeditions, devised an ingenious method of collecting the troublesome evaporation of his cabin guests, it filled every week large copper pans, with two or three bushels of solid ice!

Various, therefore, are the means by which man tries to satisfy the cravings of this sternest of taskmasters. Nature herself provides for the helpless infant, as for the young of all mammalia, their own first beverage, which is to them both food and drink. But even for riper years the milk of animals serves the same purpose, whether we drink it fresh as it foams into the milking-pail, or let it form rich and nutritious butter. Eastern nations prefer it sour and curdled; in the icy North the fat is removed for other ends, and the whey alone used as a beverage. Millions of cows and goats, of sheep even and mares, are kept for the milk they afford to their owners, mostly nomadic tribes. The Tartar, and the Calmuck of the Steppes in the East, and many a tribe near the great African desert, know not our domestic cattle, and live, from time immemorial, on the milk of their mares, their favorite *leben*. The Lapp, on the contrary, and some of his northern brethren, depend for their existence upon the reindeer, the only resource and support of almost all polar tribes. Countless herds of this beautiful animal roam over the vast plains that slope down toward the eternal ice of the Arctic seas; frugal like no other being on earth, they live upon the stunted growth of dwarfish trees, a few rare berries that the short summer may ripen, and the humble moss, hid under the sheltering cover of deep, close snow. But, of an evening, when the faint light of the sinking sun casts a brownish-red sheen on the gray desolate mountains, while the valleys are filled with cheerless, chilly mists, and dark night broods on the silent waters, a strange, spectral noise is heard from afar, as of the dry bones shaking, bone to bone, in the open valley of the prophet. It approaches, and soon the low barking of dogs, and the loud voices of men calling aloud to each other, is heard to mingle with the increasing clamor. At last, as if on the wings of the tempest, a forest of bare branches is seen suddenly to pierce the gray sky on every hill and every mountain. Thousands and thousands of light, graceful antlers, looking for all the world like dry, leafless trees in a wintry forest, are clearly defined on the bright background. They are the reindeer that the poor Lapps have driven up from their distant pasture; patiently these humble but useful friends of man come to his camp, for the sake of a few handfuls of leaves, or even more miserable food. They know, season after season, no roof but the heavens above them, no litter but the cold snow that covers the earth. Their scanty food and consequent small supply of milk makes three or five hundred necessary for a single family; so thousands have to be driven into immense pens for the sake of the few females among them. The Lapp calls them one by one—for they all know not only his voice, but the name also that was given them at their birth; ties each to a pole, and then most painfully milks them. Fortunately for the poor sons of the North, their milk is perhaps the very richest we know, and as nutritious as it is palatable. Little of it, however, is actually drunk; the Lapp especially much prefers it smoked in the animal's stomach, or, if too poor to buy costly flour, thickened with the blood of the reindeer.

If the milk of other animals is mainly used for medicinal purposes only, there is at least one vegetable also that gives milk of surpassing richness and pleasant taste. This is the so-called cow-tree—one of the wonders of the vegetable kingdom in tropical regions. Besides milk, no other animal matter is used to quench thirst, unless it be for want of ordinary means, and in cases of great misfortune. The Greenlander, it is true, drinks with avidity almost incredible quantities of train oil; and all over the Arctic regions the liquid fat of the whale is frequently used for the same purpose. Blood is but rarely drank by man: the Esquimaux, burning with pitiless thirst, and the fierce Indian, exhausted and helpless in the silent plain, seek, perhaps, a moment's relief in the blood of the captured seal or the slain buffalo; but the nations of the earth seem still to hear in their hearts the voice of him that said: "Ye shall eat no manner of blood, whether it be of fowl or beast, in any of your dwellings!"

There is, then, but one beverage common to

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all men—in the bountiful mercy of God, the cheapest of all, and yet the very best to answer one of the many purposes for which it was created. Our great mother, Nature, provides an ample table for all of her children. Season after season, by day and by night, at every moment millions of created beings find an abundance of food and drink. Many of her guests come early, many come late; but she is always ready, and all things are ever so arranged that the proper food is prepared at the very time when it is wanted. And yet, in the midst of such overflowing abundance, nothing is wasted; not a crumb of bread, not a drop of water is left unemployed. For every dish, for the smallest gift there is a consumer; what the great do not eat the small readily accept, and what some reject others enjoy with contentment. Thus there is apparently more than amplest provision made for an unfailing supply of water. Three-quarters of the whole globe are covered with the all-powerful element, from the tiny mountain-rill to the gigantic father of rivers. We meet it now as mountain-lake, reflecting heathy hills or snow-covered Alps, and now as broad ocean, holding the earth herself in loving embrace. Nor was it a mere idle dream of the ancients, when they represented the hoary God of waters under the ever-changing form of Proteus, who appeared to the weak and the ignorant in a thousand lying shapes, and only to the wise and the strong—for knowledge then already was power—revealed both his real nature and his most valuable secrets. For, a true Proteus, water is still, even to the mind of our day, omnipresent in appearance and yet ever escaping—to-day a sweet image of calm peace, to-morrow raging in wild fury and swallowing goods not only and gigantic vessels, the triumph of human skill, but covering provinces with its terrible waves, and hiding forever whole cities and blooming lands in its dark, unfathomable bosom. The traveler moves with marvelous speed by the aid of water, compelled to labor as steam; he greets it with joyful gratitude under the dark shade of the orange-tree or the palm in the Orient, and amazes the credulous son of the East by accounts of the huge icebergs of the Pole and the bridges built by the frozen fluid from country to country. Ever within reach, it ever eludes our grasp; and without rest and without ceasing it races onward in its eternal course around the globe. The merry spring rushes with youthful haste through the narrow valley into the broad plain; a mighty stream, it rolls its gigantic waves into the great ocean, and with it rushes daily around the whole of the earth. As fairy vapor it rises high up to heaven, and in sportive play, chasing cloud after cloud, it repeats its course, until it returns once more to the earth as gentle rain or grateful dew, filling every spring and every goblet held up by a thousand tender leaves and beauteous flowers. Not all of this vast abundance of water, however, is available for thirsty beings; even man can not seize the invisible element as it is held suspended in the atmosphere, nor can he drink the "bitter water that causeth the curse," and the briny floods of the ocean tempt him in bitter mockery. Like Tantalus of old, eye sees far as sight can reach nothing but restless, brilliant water; it tempts him in the huge wave that washes the sides of his vessel, it tempts him in the playful ripple that lulls him in vain to fitful sleep; he raises the clear and beautiful fluid to his lips, and finds it bitter poison. Or he is held by the iron grasp of gigantic floes of ice in Northern regions; all around him glitters and glares in unbearable splendor; lofty mountains with polished sides burn in cold flames, and vast, vague plains of brilliant ice reflect from a thousand mirrors the rays of a sun that has no longer the power to warm and to cheer him. Then comes intolerable thirst, and in vain does he seek relief from a handful of snow or a melting fragment of ice. Their cold is so intense, that instead of refreshment they give but additional pain, and by their effect upon the nerves increase the feeling of thirst to intolerable anguish. Even the hardened Esquimaux, when lacking the means of thawing snow at leisure, prefer enduring the pangs of thirst for days, to the bitter torture that snow and ice would cause them if used in their frozen condition.

The bird has swift wings, and the swallow leaves her nest in the clefts of Arabian mountains to quench her thirst, a few minutes later, at some half-dried pool in the desert, where shelter and shade have preserved a few drops of life-giving water. Even the light gazelle and the fleet wild ass fly on the wings of the wind from country to country, chasing across the wide plain the rain-filled clouds in the heavens. But man must settle by the water's side, on the great ocean's bosom, or on the banks of a river. Without water there is no life; hence the reverence with which the element has ever been viewed from time immemorial. "Water is the best," sang Pindar long ago; but thousands of years before him, say the Chinese, their great emperor, Thûn, had established a system of canals through the land that carried the rich gift of heaven from province to province, and changed one half of all China from a sterile desert into blooming fields and meadows. Mysterious Egypt worshiped, symbolically, in the Nile, the first great fountain of all life; it saw in water the indomitable and immortal element of life in Nature, that feeds all, maintains all, and gives to all earthly things an existence that is eternal. The children of the Occident, as those of the Orient, traced to water all beginning of life in nature and in nations. For springs and wells have ever been the first home of races—near them has ever beaten the first pulse of awakening culture. The earliest dwellings of roving races were found by the side of the still waters in the desert; their most vivid picture of misery is to this day "a dry and thirsty land where no water is, and the tongue fainteth for thirst;" their happiest days are promised to come when "the Lord will make the wilderness a pool of water and the dry land springs of water." The frail wigwam of the son

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of primeval forests is built near the gushing spring; and even the blood-thirsty savage reveres the sacred fountain. Nor does civilization feel itself more independent; each gushing brook, each bend of a river, and each bay on the coast soon sees a settlement rise by its side, and man has abandoned the humbler spring only to prefer the fuller stream. But what is the stream, after all, but the effect of united springs and their overflowing abundance? Wherever empires flourish, there, on its rivers, life has been first awakened, progress been seen, and power gained. What wonder, then, that the races of antiquity worshiped their mighty rivers: the Hebrew his Jordan; the Egyptian, in his Lotus-mysteries, the life-giving Nile; and the Indian his Ganga—the goddess of purity—in his holy Ganges? Abraham grazed his herds by the sweet waters that the Lord had given him; and she that stood by the well of water, and gave to drink to the foreigner and to his camels also, even Rebecca, became the mother of thousands of millions. In holy reverence did Greeks and Romans surround their springs with costly marble, and erected over them temples to nymphs and naiads. The old Germans connect with springs their sweetest songs of elf and of fairy; and Undine lives now, as of old, in the minds of all who love to dream in forest solitude and by enchanted fountains. And who that has ever traveled, day after day, through the endless, trackless desert—a burning sky above him, burning sand beneath him—where the ground glows with intense heat, and the air is still as if out of breath, will ever forget what he felt when, far, far on the horizon, like a dream of the Sahara, a faint shadow greeted his weary eye? And lo! amidst the ocean of sand a lofty palm-tree rose—a being of a higher world it seemed to him—waving welcome from afar, and bending gracefully over the inexpressibly sweet green island beneath it. How the blood rushed to the anxious heart, how gentle dreams led all his senses captive, when his eye first caught, or thought to catch, the sheen of still waters deep in the dark shadow!

What to Eastern lands and tropical regions was thus a first and indispensable necessity, was long considered a luxury only among Northern races. The Romans alone, grand in all that they once undertook, and the sagacious Arabs, saw the wisdom of an ample supply of water for city and country. The great mistress of the world had, under her emperors, thirteen great aqueducts, besides the magnificent Aqua Appia; so that Augustus could reply to the discontented Romans, who asked, besides bread, for wine also, that they had already a blessing above all cities on earth, an abundance of pure and salubrious water. The quantity daily distributed was as large as the cost was insignificant, and neither the famous works of Athens nor those of Corinth could vie with the massive structures of Rome. What the Arabs have done to quench the parched palate of the dry and weary lands of Spain, still shows even after these six hundred years. Their system of irrigation, though long in ruins, is still the marvel and admiration of all Europe; and many a useful, invaluable lesson has been learned, a few years ago, by scholars and farmers, sent there for the purpose by the governments of France, Germany, and England. That our century has at last seen the expediency not only, but the absolute necessity of an almost unlimited supply of clear, pure water, for health as well as for wealth, is a progress our age may well boast of, and in which our own country stands foremost among the nations of the earth.

Science has lent its aid to determine the nature of water in its best application to the various purposes for which it is used. In nature, we all know, it is never quite pure, but it does not always reveal to the eye its foreign contents. Even the rain-drops from heaven contain much matter that they have found time, in their rapid fall, to absorb from the air. Still, they give the purest water we know, if caught from the heavens directly.

The water of springs is purest, and, at the same time, freshest and clearest, when it passes through sandstone or granite, while limestone leaves in it particles which affect both its taste and medicinal effects. But, in fact, all springs give but so-called mineral waters, and the brightest and clearest are by no means the purest, but, when carefully filtered, exhibit to the eye also those impurities that before only the most cautious of watchmen, the tongue, could discover. Wells furnish a supply that differs not in purity, but in the nature only of the foreign bodies with which it is loaded. Near houses in town, all kinds of animal and vegetable matter are mixed with the water before it reaches the surface: in the country the latter prevails almost exclusively. Dew and rain, as well as the thousand invisible rills that are ever silently at work beneath our feet, carry, industriously, atom after atom into the soil, and thus, by degrees, into the wells from which we are supplied with water. What the latter may be in the neighborhood of the grave-yards, which have long disgraced the most populous quarters of European cities, we prefer leaving to the imagination.

The soft water of rivers is the impurest of all, except the briny floods of the ocean. They betray, in bright colors, the nature of their impurities to the eye. The glaciers of Iceland and the slopes of the Andes send milk-white rivers, filled with white soil, into the sterile plains at their feet. Streams that pass through boggy lakes or peaty regions emerge as brown as they are bitter, and rocks of red marl will burden their rivers with brilliant oxide of iron. Man has, however, not only become accustomed to these undesired solid additions to his daily beverage, but seems to reward his struggle with a special delight in the taste of muddy waters. The dusky fluid of the Nile is sweet to the palate, and the children of Egypt long and yearn for its water as the Swiss does for his sweet home in the mountains. The sacred Ganges

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rewards the faithful, who carry its waters to the most distant provinces, with abstract blessings and with a sensual enjoyment. Our own Mississippi water, so repugnant to the traveler at first sight, is a favorite with the dweller in the South, who prefers even its natural color and foreign contents. Generally, however, the water of rivers is clarified: that of the Ganges by rubbing certain nuts on the edges of the vessel in which it is kept; that of the Nile by a similar use of bitter almonds. Thus we are taught in Johnston's admirable books, the bitter waters of Marah were made sweet by the use of a tree that the Lord showed Moses.

Besides the means offered by Nature's bountiful hand to quench our thirst, we drink vast quantities of water in the solid food we eat to allay our hunger. Fruits, especially, consist largely of water, some to the amount of ninety per cent., as gourds, melons, and cucumbers. Directly, only few vegetables afford us a liquid. Such are the nepenthes of Ceylon and the Moluccas, and a number of similar plants, provided by our kind mother Earth with ample stores of water for the weary traveler and the exhausted cattle. On this continent, also, they are not wanting, wherever their extraordinary aid is most needed. The melo-cacti of South America have even earned the well-deserved name of "springs of the desert." Consuming themselves not a drop of water, and needing not more than an inch of soil, they live modestly on the vapors of the air, keep their rich treasure of water in safe vessels guarded by formidable spikes and thorns, and surrender it only when "the poor and needy seek for water, and there is none, and the tongue faileth for thirst." Their charity, taught them from on high, has instilled the same feeling even in the breast of the savage. Wherever they thrive, the touching custom prevails, that every traveler, as he passes one of the number, draws the never-missing knife, and lops off branches and thorns, that the poor parched horses of the wilderness, who "pant as the hart panteth after the water-brook," may safely approach and enjoy the refreshing liquid that restores them to life.

Man is, strangely enough, but rarely content to enjoy the rich gifts of nature in their first simple garb. He adapts it to climate and occupation; he fashions it after his taste, and makes it subservient to other enjoyments. Even the natives of Kamschatka, who, when first discovered by Russian sailors, were probably the only nation on earth that had no other beverage but water, enjoyed it after a manner not found in civilized countries. They commenced to drink it even before eating, taking nearly two quarts before their first meal; so they continued during the day, and, when night came, their last labor was to place a huge vessel of water by their bedside, and to fill it brimful with snow and ice. Next morning the bucket was empty! The Lapp and the Greenlanders, on the other hand, prefer it warm. Both nations keep a large copper kettle, or, where such luxuries are still unknown, a ponderous vessel of wood, adorned with bone knobs and hoops, constantly boiling. A large, well-carved spoon is ever ready, and from morn till night the thirsty natives are drinking the nauseous liquid.

Even civilized nations, however, have made the use of water much a matter of fashion. At certain times it was drunk pure only by children and humble peasants; at the beginning of this century it was thought a dangerous habit to take it unmixed, but within a few years it has risen to the dignity of a most useful medicine, if not of a panacea of unfailing virtue. Its healing powers, however, have always been gratefully acknowledged. Naaman was told by the prophet to bathe in the waters of Jordan, and Patroclus washed the wounds of his friend Euripides, received at the siege of Troy, simply with water. The hydropathists of our day but repeat experiments known to the ancients, by drenching us inside and outside in ice-cold water.

On the other hand, we find that the ingenuity of even the lowest races, has long since invented means to improve the simple and natural taste of water by an admixture of other substances. These are mostly vegetables, fruits, leaves, or roots, over which water is poured, fermented, or distilled. The simplest of these are probably poisonous mushrooms, used by the natives of Siberia, who convey their intoxicating power in a very peculiar and shocking, though quite natural manner, from drinker to drinker. The South American loves his kawa, a mixture requiring much care and labor. The men cut down a parrigudo tree, frequently found in Brazilian forests, and form of it a natural vessel of goodly size. Then come the women, and crouching around it, go lustily to work chewing maize, batates, and manjot, and deposit the produce from their mouths directly into the tree. The mixture stands thus: mixed with water and the rising sap of the tree, for sixteen hours and ferments; thence it is drawn on festivals and great occasions, and is highly intoxicating. The most savage races on earth have all their favorite mixture of this kind: the South Sea Islanders their kawa, made from a pepper plant, and the negroes of Africa their walo. Our North American Indians are said to be the only race lacking such beverage.

In Europe water is used unmixed only in the north and the extreme south; while the regions where the grape grows prefer it with wine. All over the Orient, however, it constantly appears artificially cooled by means of snow or ice, and mingled with coloring or aromatic substances, which generally give it the name of *sorbet*. Where the water is bad, as in Petersburg and in Paris, the latter custom is almost universal, to commend the impure beverage to the eye as well as to the palate. Mohammedans, living in hot countries, and by their faith prevented from seeking refreshment in wine, possess a thousand forms of cooling sorbets, to which they add, besides the usual vegetable juices, also musk, ambergris, aloes, and other

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aromas. Every household of a certain size has a special servant for the preparation of sorbets, and in the seraglio of the Sultan this important duty forms a separate department under a high officer. The Turks set great store by the rich vessels of crystal and the costly, well-carved spoons which serve in the enjoyment of the luxurious drinks. The French are, in a similar manner, famous, from of old, for their skill in the manufacture of refreshing beverages, which they call, from the fruits that are used, orgeade, orangeade, etc. The East of Europe has, for the same purpose, its favorite quass, a thin infusion of barley in water, mixed with fragrant herbs and plants, sourish to the taste, and far from being aromatic—the disgust of the foreigner, and the delight of the native. All over Russia the streets are filled with venders of this popular liquid in barrels or bottles, and in most houses of humbler pretension an ever-filled bowl may be found, with a large wooden spoon swimming in it, to which all are welcome.

Next to water, wine is probably the most popular beverage among men. It is certainly a strange psychological fact, not yet satisfactorily explained, that from time immemorial, nearly every nation on earth has sought some means for raising its condition of mental activity by artificial stimulants. The desire seems to be instinctive; its gratification, enjoyed with moderation, is probably useful and legitimate; excess is here, as every where, necessarily fatal. Such is the variety of means employed for the purpose, that they may be divided fairly into three distinct classes: cold drinks, consisting mostly of the fermented juices of fruits or other parts of vegetables; warm drinks, procured by an infusion of hot water on plants; and narcotics, which are, even in smallest quantities, poison, and, if repeated, cause a quick destruction of man's physique. The latter can, therefore, not properly be classed among the common beverages of man, and will here be mentioned no further.

The simplest wine known is the juice of the palm-tree, the best adapted for that purpose, both on account of its surprising copiousness and its vinous sweetness. The sap of all trees has more or less similar qualities: the birch provides the native of the icy North with a sweet juice; the maple furnishes ample sugar; the palm, however, is the richest of all. From the gentle Hindoo in the Far East of India to the black native of Guinea, from the red Indian in our West to the fierce savage of Oceania, all know these secret treasures of nature and use them, each in his way. The thirsty negro of tropical regions climbs, cat-like, to the towering height of a palm-tree; a few inches below its beauteous crown he bores a small hole, inserts a leaf rolled in the shape of a tube, and fastens to its end a light calabash. The date-palm gives a quart every month; fresh, the wine resembles whey in appearance, tastes pleasantly, and is cool and refreshing. After some hours it ferments and becomes genuine wine, with considerable intoxicating power. The cocoa-palm also furnishes wine from a simple incision into the fully-developed bud; in a few hours it produces large quantities of an extremely wholesome and palatable drink, which subsequently changes into wine, and even becomes slightly effervescent. The richest of all is the oil-palm on the gold coast of Africa: for five weeks a tree of only seven years' growth give daily more than a quart of cool and delicious wine.

Of an entirely different taste and nature is the chicha, a wine made of the American agave, and now known among us also under the Mexican name of pulque. The ancient Mexicans already knew the attractive qualities of the luscious drink, and we are told that their successors remained in no way behind them; in the year 1774 not less than two millions of arobes were drunk in the capital of their country alone! The remarkable plant that serves to produce it flowers not until the eighth or tenth year; then, it is well-known, a gigantic chandelier, with massive, countless branches, rises to a towering height, and presents one of the grandest sights in the vegetable kingdom. At the time when the flowering stem is about to be developed, an extraordinary quantity of sap flows toward the bud. Then the heart-leaves are cut out, and a hollow thus formed in the plant itself, in which the sweet juice soon collects. Three times a day the liquid is drawn off for several months, and one well-grown agave is said to furnish as much as a hundred quarts in the space of a single month. Large fields are covered with the useful plant all over lofty table-lands of Mexico, and the extent of its cultivation may be judged from the fact that a slight tax produced in three States only the immense sum of a million of dollars. The beverage itself is the fermented juice, generally enriched by fragrant herbs and spices; foreigners like not its decayed, disagreeable odor, but few can, after a while, resist the attraction of the acidulous, very slightly-intoxicating drink.

The wine of the grape dates back to farthest antiquity, and the oldest nations knew both its use and its abuse. "Noah planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine and he was drunken." The whole Word of God abounds with references to the grape and its precious fruit. The promised land produced it in unheard of luxury; the gigantic cluster brought back by the spies is familiar to all; and afterward it was said: "He washed his garments in wine and his clothes in the blood of grapes." It is often praised. When the vine was asked to become king over all plants, it is made to reply: "Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man?" and the Psalmist tells us that God causes it to grow to produce "wine that maketh glad the heart of man," and even counsels us "to give wine to those that are of heavy hearts." Nor are its dangers less clearly exhibited. Its use was forbidden to Nazarites forever, and to priests while engaged in the tabernacle; and the fearful warn-

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ing is added, "Weep and howl all ye drinkers of wine!" That it was, however, not exactly considered the root of all evil, may be judged from the frequency with which even the Saviour compares himself to the vine, from the first of all recorded miracles, and the doubtlessly well-weighed words of the inspired Apostle: "Let no man judge you for eating or drinking."

The grape is likewise a constant symbol on the oldest of Egyptian monuments, and rarely without the press for the making of wine by its side, in the very shape which is still used all over the Orient. The home of the generous plant is said to be between the Ararat and the Caucasus, where it has ever grown wild on rocky mountain sides, and where from the earliest times the natives have known how to obtain wine from the carefully-gathered berries. It seems soon to have become the favorite plant of the Greeks, who ascribed its introduction from India to their great god Dionysius, and carried it with them to colonies and distant countries. They honored the grapes, with corn and the olive-tree, as direct gifts from heaven, and celebrated the precious present with annual feasts and sacrifices. The mysteries of Bacchus were the most brilliant of ancient Hellas, and long survived all the others. The works of Hesiod and the hymns of Homer are full of the praise of the grape, but their very evidence shows that it was honored even long before that period in Asia Minor and on the Greek islands. The shield of Achilles represented a large grape gathering; and the vines in the garden of Alcinous are said to have yielded rich wine in abundance. The very oldest tombs found in Greece, vases and even sarcophagai, are covered with pictures of all the gay scenes of Southern life connected with the harvest of grapes. The state itself protected the culture of this precious gift of Nature, and Aristotle even treated it as a matter of science. His pupil Theophrastus went still farther; he wrote a most valuable work on the vine, and carried the plant itself to the island of Lesbos, where its luscious fruit very soon became famous.

Rome learned to appreciate the generous beverage later and much more slowly. The grape seems to have been rare in the earliest days of the rising empire, for Romulus sacrificed to the gods milk and not wine, and Numa Pompilius, with a wise regard for economy, even forbade the offering of wine at the burning of the dead, universal as that custom seems otherwise to have been in antiquity. At a later epoch, however, not only the native plant but vines from distant lands, from Greece, Syria, and all Asia, were largely cultivated throughout Italy, and authors sang their praises, from Cato and Varro in their sober though eloquent treatises, to the pains-taking Pliny and the enthusiastic encomiums of the excellent connoisseur Horace. Still the ancient Romans seem to have been most temperate in the use of wine. Ælian tells us that a youth of noble parentage was, by the laws of Rome, not allowed to drink wine before his thirty-fifth year, and women never. A wife forfeited her dowry if she ever drank more than her thirst required, and a Roman citizen was acquitted in court, who had killed his wife when he found her drinking wine by herself! Pompeii, on the other hand, abounds with pictures of grapes and wine in connection with the worship of Bacchus; and soon there was no portion of the continent to which the victorious legions of Rome had not carried the fruit of the vine. Diocletian had given it to Dalmatia, Constantine's apostate nephew, Julian, to France. The vineyards of the Rhine and Moselle, so famous in our day, owe their existence to Emperor Probus; but the most favored regions seem then to have been the rich slopes of the Alps toward the Danube, for already under Augustus Rhatian grapes were imported in Rome. Nor were other and more distant countries without the desired plant. Herodotus speaks of grape culture in Egypt; and the ancient and venerable Edda tells us of wine being a favorite beverage even of the dwellers in snow-covered Iceland. The great codes of law, gradually establishing their beneficent authority in the newly-formed kingdoms of Europe, keep us, step by step, informed of the gradual increase of this remarkable branch of agriculture; the Salic Law and the codes of Burgundians and Visigoths abound with rules and regulations. The main impulse, however, given to the culture of the grape in Europe seems to be due to Christianity. Its connection with the miracles of our Lord, his frequent allusions and comparisons in parable and exhortation, and finally his use of wine as a symbol for his own precious blood, shed for sinful man, made it dear to the heart of all Christians, and gave it a sacred prestige. The Church itself favored its cultivation; convents and churches loved to surround themselves with extensive vineyards, and the Benedictines especially scattered them all over Europe, seeking ever, with innate taste and marvelous tact, the fairest positions and finest views on God's beautiful earth. The princes and masters of the land followed the lofty example, and even Charlemagne thought it important to give special laws in his Capitularies for the protection of grapes and vines. Now the noble plant may be found all over Europe except England and Scandinavia, where a rigorous climate forbids the planting of vineyards. Those of the Rhine, though producing most generous wines, present but a stunted growth of little more than a foot's height, and bound up to dry, unbecoming sticks; in France and Spain the vine is allowed a wider range, and assumes a richer foliage, but in Italy alone it unfolds all its luxuriant beauty, and climbs, unfettered and uncontrolled, freely from tree to tree, loaded with luscious grapes, and swinging in graceful garlands across field and meadow.

Nor has it become a stranger, even under Mohammedan rule, in its own native country.

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The "Faithful" love wine and drink it not less than the "infidel" Christians, in spite of the prohibition of the Koran; and the Arabs know it by more than one hundred and thirty names, though they never call it by that used in their Holy Book, when they drink it. In the Caucasus, and on the shores of the Black Sea, the vine still grows wild, and is largely cultivated. Persia produces forty kinds of wine; the best in Shiraz and Ispahan, the latter of which is justly considered as of surpassing flavor and power. Here, however, as almost all over the Orient, the Mohammedan plants not and presses not—he only drinks. Armenians and Guebers are generally the husbandmen, Jews the traders. In Armenia, Mingrelia, and Georgia, the cellars of the rich are, nevertheless, their pride and particular boast, which they are fond of exhibiting to strangers. Large subterranean rooms, lighted up by magnificent windows on high, and covered with costly carpets, are lined on all sides with gigantic hogsheads. These are quite ornamental, and different from ours; they are made of burnt clay and lined with the fat of the enormous tails of the sheep of those countries. Guests are seated on rich divans near a brilliant fountain in the centre, around which stand countless bottles in grand array; niches, also, in the walls are filled with red and white vessels, ever ready to disgorge their fragrant contents. Unfortunately, the Mahommedan has no notion of any enjoyment of wine, apart from the exhilarating inebriety it produces, and hence the melancholy excess to which they are almost invariably led by indulgence. "They rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink," and "they tarry long at the wine, even unto evening." To drink wine is, after all, a sin to all who obey the Koran, and the very consciousness of the unlawful act they commit leads, no doubt, to an instinctive desire to drown conscience and scruples in intoxication.

Africa, also, has its grapes at both extremes—the North and the farthest South—where the Cape produces its famous Constantia, by the initiated considered the very prince of wines. Peru and Mexico have occasional vineyards, and our own great Republic might, with greater care, and some protection from Congress, soon produce an abundance of indigenous wine, equally attractive by its purity and its cheapness.

Wine seems to have been drunk pure by some nations, and mixed by others. Job testified to its abundance as a beverage, when he is told, "Thou hast not given wine to the weary to drink;" and Isaiah has been quoted as an advocate of pure wine in the reproachful words, "Thy silver has become dross, and thy wine mixed with water." In general, however, both Greeks and Romans considered it, like the French and Italian of our day, a mark of intemperance to drink wine unmixed—a custom, they said, fit for Scythians and other barbarians, but unbecoming civilized nations. The Germans, however, seem to have enjoyed a like abundance, and yet to have used their very light and acid wines unmixed with water. During the whole of the Middle Ages, wine was the universal drink in the lands watered by the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Danube; and the beggar received, as a matter of course, with his crust of bread also a goblet of wine. Even now, if wines are mixed, it is not from choice, but from necessity; as with the famous wine of Silesia, which is so very sour and astringent that its enemies say it serves the poor to mend their limbs.

Vinegar appears as a beverage only in a few countries, and then for special purposes. Roman soldiers received it as a refreshing drink on their marches; and even in the times of Constantine their rations included vinegar on one day and wine on the second. It was, however, probably not the liquid known as such to us, but like that offered to our Saviour, made of small wine. In our days, vinegar is much used in the East and in our own Southern States, as a cooling drink for those who labor hard in the heat of the sun. Mixed with water, Roman reapers already used it, as Theocritus tells us in his tenth idyl; and long before that, Ruth was directed to "dip her morsel in the vinegar" when she gleaned the field of Boaz.

Inferior by far, and yet hardly less universal as a beverage, is the modern rival of wine, beer. Even in antiquity it can vie with the fruit of the grapes; for the old Egyptians already knew it, and the natives of Pelusium revered it as a gift of their great god Osiris. Made originally of barley, the degenerate sons of the Pharaohs, the Fellahs, now brew it of oats—a drink as expressive of their condition as their melancholy personal appearance. The Greeks had a similar legend: Archilochus and most of the great tragic poets speak of "barley-wine;" and from Diodorus and Pliny we learn that they knew not only a zythus, or small-beer, but also a dizythus—the double X of the English. From Isidor of Sevilla we learn that the Romans, to whom beer was probably even more familiar than to us, called it Cerevisia, as a precious gift of Ceres, and esteemed it most highly as a pleasant, and especially wholesome beverage. The old Germans knew it also, when Tacitus first saw their country, and used it instead of wine; brewing it from barley, they called it (from *bere*) beer; while the Scandinavians gave it the name of *oil*, the English ale. Other and distant nations are equally familiar with the refreshing drink. That of the Chinese resembles our own exactly; the natives of Africa prepare it of millet and sesamum, the Mexcans make it of maize. Beer, like wine, owed its gradual improvement mainly to the convents of Europe, where it was first brewed with health-giving hops, and in larger quantities; thus it became a truly wholesome beverage, and fit for keeping. In England and Northern France it soon superseded the fruit of the grape, and thus drove the limit of that plant further south, good beer being naturally preferred to bad wine.

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Thus vineyards disappeared and made way for the beautiful hop plantations of England. During the last thirty years a variety, called lager bier, has much prevailed in Germany and even in the United States. Neither the water from which it is made, nor a peculiar mode of brewing, are the cause of its pleasant taste that has made it so universally popular. The secret is, simply, that it is kept in an even temperature of fifty degrees. For this purpose vast cellars are built, or even, as in Munich, its first home, large mountains artificially raised. In this country, deep excavations or cellars hewn out of the live rock are used for the purpose; and the friends of the modern beverage plead that it favors the cause of true temperance by superseding, with a light, wholesome, and innocent drink, the dangerous combination of wine and brandy.

If wine may thus be considered the favorite and characteristic beverage of the South, and beer that of the German race, mead appears as the only drink peculiar to Northern nations. Though we know not what may have been the nectar and ambrosia of the gods on Olympus, we are fully let into the secrets of the simpler table of the gods in Walhalla. Here mead alone was drunk by all; and such were its mysterious virtues that the great Odin required no solid food, but lived exclusively upon the heavenly liquor. It has, of course, lost such supernatural powers, since a heretic world believes no longer in the ancient gods; but it still remains a favorite drink in all countries that produce its main element, honey. To Scandinavia and Northern Russia, we must therefore add Poland and Russia, together with most Slavic lands, while the mead of Hungary is improved by the addition of berries and spices, and even exported. On the whole, however, it is gradually disappearing before its formidable rival, the beer of the Germans.

A similar fate threatens the fermented juice of various kinds of fruits, known among us as cider. A cheap and common beverage, it was long used extensively on board ship, probably from an instinctive sense of its power to counteract scurvy. In Europe it has unfortunately given way before the increasing ravages of that dread enemy of man, alcohol.

There is an opinion prevailing, that we owe this great curse to the East, and it is certain that some such beverage has been familiar to all Asiatic nations from time immemorial. The Chinese, whose sad privilege it seems to be to have had every thing before every body else, and yet to have nothing, have ever made brandy from their grapes, which they use not for wine. It is a nauseous drink, taken in small cups, and highly intoxicating. In the East Indies arrack is made from rice or from the milky juice of cocoa-nuts which has been distilled. Much of this is made in Batavia and Goa, and thus finds its way through Holland into Europe; the greater quantity, however, goes to Arabia. The Arabs themselves claim, strangely enough, to be the inventors of brandy, and sustain their claim by a large production and a still larger consumption of the tempting poison. The Persians have their kohemaar, which they distill from the kernals of certain fruits, and sell in particular houses; though highly intoxicating in itself, they add to its injurious strength by small quantities of hemp-seed. Throughout nearly the whole of Asia, among the Kalmucs and all Eastern Mongol nations, a kind of powerful brandy is made from the milk of mares. They allow the fresh-drawn milk to stand a day or two in open, dirty vessels, where it turns sour, and is stirred from time to time. The butter is next removed, and then the women establish a rude apparatus for distilling, making their vessels air-tight by the agreeable aid of cow-dung. If milk alone does not answer, lamb's meat with sour milk is added, and the quaint mixture, so oddly treated, produces a very powerful and highly-intoxicating drink. From the Mongols the custom soon spread to Russia, where brandy became such a favorite, that even the great Peter was constantly not only royally but imperially drunk. He allowed, however, not all of his subjects to enjoy themselves to the same extent, and his favorite Strelitz, who alone were permitted to drink it, had to live in a separate quarter of the town, "not to give too bad an example." How universal the habit was, and how fearful the effect, may be judged from the fact, that the Cossacks, who, after the fall of Napoleon, found their way through Germany into France, rushed first into the drug shops of captured cities to enjoy huge draughts of aqua fortis. Brandy found its way next to Finland and Scandinavia, where, as in Germany, it was long sold as medicine, and even during the Thirty Years' War still imported from abroad. In the mean time, however, merchants who had learned to know it from the Arabs, had brought it to Italy and France, where chemists and apothecaries mainly distilled it and sold it under the name of *aqua vitæ*, as an elixir against all diseases. Now it is, of all artificial beverages, probably the most universally drunk, having found it way long since to the West India islands, on which vast quantities of rum are produced from the sugar-cane, and to this continent, where it has obtained a new and sad notoriety as the fatal gift of the white man to the Indian. It reigns, however, most absolutely, where neither wine nor beer have prevailed, among the Slavic and Finnic races, and must be considered as their own peculiar favorite. Even this most violent of intoxicating drinks did not at first prove so dangerous as it has since appeared. Excess seems, at least, to have ever been confined to men only. Animals, it is well known, are, cats and apes excepted, strangers to voluntary intoxication; even among the lowest races women make the drink, but men indulge in it and pay the penalty. Drunkenness was unknown to Rome until the days of her general decline, and Tiberius is probably the first em-

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peror known to have so far forgotten himself. The Germans, however, were early noted for excess, and Tacitus gives a sad picture of their proneness, even in solemn national council, to drink day and night, and after feasting invariably followed fighting. Charlemagne was probably the first Maine reformer. Already in 803 he ordered that no count should hold court unless he was sober, and that no man should give evidence or obtain justice while he was drunk. A soldier who yielded to the temptation was driven from the ranks and kept upon water, until he confessed his wrong; and all older clergymen were, in 810, admonished to set a good example by avoiding intoxication, "that hearth and nurse of all vice." How much this admonition was needed, appears from the excess to which even the Lord's holy communion led, where priests and people were found drunk at the foot of the altar! In the Middle Ages the drunkard was despised, and poets and prose writers speak of him with contempt; his vice was barely forgiven in a serf or a villain. But soon the increasing wealth of cities all over Europe brought with it luxuries of every kind, and with them extravagant indulgence. As early as the sixteenth century drunkenness was quoted as the national vice of Germany, and in 1524 fifteen princes formed there the first Temperance League. How the same vice prevailed until lately in England and in her dependencies, and what modern lawgivers and men like the venerable Father Matthew have done for reform, is too familiar to be here repeated.

Warm beverages seem ever to have been at least equally popular with all nations on earth; tureens with contrivances for keeping the contents warm, found in the ruins of Pompeii, prove their use among the ancient Romans, and the same universal taste prevails now from frozen Labrador to the burning Tropics. The most common of all is tea—so common as to present the impressive fact, that all Europe and our continent pay an immense annual tribute to barbarous China. But there is closely connected with it the not less extraordinary thought, that Eastern Asia becomes, by this very trade with the Occident, so entirely dependent upon it, that it is compelled to associate with the rest of the world in spite of deep-rooted prejudices and ancient customs. This influence is, moreover, daily extending; it has lately opened the sister empire of Japan, and a little plant will thus, under Providence, become the civilizer of uncounted millions. And has not the same insignificant shrub been, within the memory of men, the cause of protracted war and of the foundation of a republic, greater in its hopes even than in its present already unparalleled greatness?

Tea has from the oldest times been used extensively in China and Eastern Asia, partly because of its inherent attractions and virtues, and partly because of the prejudice, which there universally prevails, that to drink cold water is unwholesome. The oldest Chinese works recommend the distilling of all water to be used as a beverage, and the old Chinese used to follow the advice. The introduction of tea is ascribed to divine interference, which we find alike referred to in all countries and all ages, as an explanation of the great blessings of civilization. Darma, a Buddha priest, who actually lived in the sixth century, came as a missionary to China, and in his holy zeal is said to have vowed that he would pray or preach by day and by night without intermission. His body refused to support him, and he fell asleep. In his indignation he cut off his eyelids and threw them from him; but lo! a miracle caused them to take root and to flourish! Such was the origin of the tea plant—a myth, clearly expressive of the peculiar effect which tea has on our nerves. Its use was in the eighth century already so general in China, that it produced large sums in the shape of a tax raised by the Imperial Government. It soon held all over Asia the same place that wine had among Europeans. Arabian travelers are said to have been the first Western men who became personally acquainted with the peculiar beverage, though in the early part of the fifteenth century a Persian embassy also had been treated with tea at the frontiers. Asia is still its own special home. There it is, as yet, almost exclusively raised, and there it is most universally consumed. Not less than four hundred millions, citizens of the Flowery Kingdom, Japan, Siam, and all the larger kingdoms of the East, together with the nomades of Northern Asia, drink tea as their daily and principal beverage. In China Proper each small blue cup with its gayly painted inside, is filled with the leaves and their exclusive infusion; neither sugar nor cream must be added, lest they diminish the highly-valued aroma. In very cold weather only a small piece of ginger is taken with it. The poor use the same leaves over and over again, as long as they remain bitter. The best kinds are reserved for the Emperor; the lesser are carefully prepared for Western markets to suit the taste of outside barbarians. Withered and spoiled leaves are glued together with the blood of sheep or oxen, fashioned in the shape of bricks, and sent off to the Mongols, to whom they serve, boiled as soup, at once as food and drink. Other teas are rolled into bales and sewed up in untanned skins, in which shape they are eagerly bought in Burmah and Cochin-China. At home its consumption is, of course, immense; tea-houses abound in city and country; teachers in large schools show how to offer it courteously, how to accept, and how to drink it with grace. No gentleman travels without his tea-caddy and apparatus fastened to his saddle. Its introduction is ascribed to a saint, its praises are annually sung by countless poets, its use is enforced by law, and its consumption heavily taxed! In vain have, as yet, the governments of Europe endeavored to raise it in their colonies, so as to avoid the heavy duty it

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pays in China, The enterprising Fortune has, of late, attempted to plant it on the southern slopes of the Himalaya, where Great Britain threatens to become a formidable competitor with the Central empire. All other efforts, made in Europe, Africa, and Brazil, have failed, even when Chinese laborers were specially imported for the purpose: the plant thrives and prospers, but the leaves have not the same aroma.

Tea reached Holland first through Dutch merchants, who had exchanged it in China for dried sage leaves—a warm infusion of which had until then been the favorite drink even in England. In the Life of Whitfield we still read that, during one of his fasting humors at Oxford, "he ate nothing but sage tea without sugar and coarse bread." A traveler, called Mandelsloh, first called it Tea, and recommended it to his countrymen on the Continent as a highly medicinal herb; physicians endorsed him, and some went so far as to promise a hundred years' life from the use of the great arcanum! In 1660 it was still so rare in England, that two pounds and two ounces were presented to the King as a handsome and acceptable present; and the year after we read in Pepys's delightful Diary, that "he sent for a cup of tea, a Chinese beverage, of which he had never drunk before." Three years later a hundred pounds of the best tea were imported from Bantam for the use of druggists, and thus began a branch of commerce which now has few rivals. Nearly at the same time Russian merchants had, very reluctantly, taken the ill-looking leaves that, "when dried, wrinkled up like worms," in exchange for costly furs, and brought them back to their country. Here they became soon very popular, because they were believed to counteract and prevent intoxication! The so-called Caravan-tea, carried all the way by land, is by many considered as much superior to that imported by sea. Now, the whole North of Europe, from the Ural to the coast of Normandy, use the fragrant drink, at the rate of 1½ pound a head; the consumption in the United States is said to amount only to one pound a person. Its charms have never been denied; but it has often been accused as injurious to health. The Chinese themselves say that "tea-drinkers become early lame," and their women use it sparingly, because "it makes them soon old." Southern nations in Europe believe it to affect the nerves. As late as the well-known inquiry into the conduct of Lord Clive, Sir George Savile denounced tea as deleterious, and hated the very name of India, because the East India Company were carrying on a destructive trade, and "ruining, by tea, the health of the country." It is, however, now well established that tea favors the digestion, and is a good substitute for the large quantities of meat required by the climate of Northern and Oceanic regions. Besides, it aids mental activity, and has thus become the great favorite of scholars and artists. Dr. Johnson's sixteen cups, and his indignation at being asked if he would not prefer a small basin to save trouble, are well known to all readers of Boswell. The danger of excess lies mainly in the effect of tea upon the nervous activity, which it heightens, however, very unequally in different persons.

Ludicrous enough are the results of recent inquiries into the real nature of some teas sold in the market. The Chinese already have their "Lie-tea," made from the dust of tea-boxes, and other dust, mixed with gum so as to resemble gunpowder. The English imitator is not quite so sincere as to call his merchandise "Lie-tea;" but he goes still farther in adulteration, and has been detected in using even the secretion of silk-worms to represent tea! In the year 1843 there were not less than eight factories in London, where used tea-leaves, purchased from waiters and servants, were "faced" with black lead, colored with indigo or Prussian blue, to produce green or black tea at will, and then made fragrant with native spices! Much commoner still is the use of simple sloe-leaves, or those of the sycamore, the horse-chestnut, and the plum-tree. Thousands drink the odd compound, like it, and thrive; what strange virtue, then, is there in such an infusion? Really important, however, is the substitution of coffee-leaves — a plan discovered by Professor Blume of Leyden, and patented by Dr. Gardner in London since the Great Exhibition. It has been discovered that they had been used for ages in Java and Sumatra, as the sole beverage of a large and healthy population. Its great cheapness and high nutritive qualities recommended it to the attention of men of science, who soon discovered that the leaves of the coffee-tree contained the same peculiar chemical property, known as Theine.

So universal is the taste for some such infusion, that scarcely a nation can be found without its own peculiar tea. Even the fierce Abyssinian has his "sleep-dispelling" warm beverage, and the North American the Labrador tea, an exhilarating warm drink, made from a marsh plant, that grows along the swamps and heath-covered shores of his bleak mountain-lakes. Here made from a licorice, there from an Alpine rose, some tea is drank from the wilderness of New Holland to the inhospitable lands near the Pole. The most largely used of these is probably the maté, drank by the whole population of South America. This is an infusion upon the leaves of a Brazilian holly, growing wild there, and from time immemorial known as *yerba* — "the herb" *par excellence*. Bonpland, the companion of Humboldt, long a prisoner of the dictator, Dr. Francia, and now a farmer on the banks of the Uruguay, describes, not without betraying a certain fondness, the peculiar mode of enjoying the favorite beverage. A curiously-carved vessel, filled with the smoking liquid, is handed round, like the pipe of peace among our Indians, and each guest takes in his hand the same long tube with a

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perforated ball at the end, through which it is slowly and leisurely imbibed. It is said to calm the restless, and to rouse the torpid; but used to excess, it weakens the health and destroys the constitution

Another native-American beverage, chocolate, is almost the exclusive property of Spanish races. It is a preparation of the bean of the cacao-tree, which the old Mexicans called chocollatl. A great favorite in Spain from the first, it reached Paris only under Louis XIV., through his queen, Maria Theresa of Austria. But although their physicians were so charmed with the new beverage that they wrote books in order to establish its exclusive claims to be considered the food of the gods, its difficult preparation and great costliness have prevented its general use.

Far more universal is the drinking of coffee, another valuable gift which we owe to the Orient. A native of Abyssinia, the plant grows there, and all over Africa to the Equator, wild, to a height of thirty or forty feet. How it made its way from that mysterious country to Arabia is unknown; but it has there found a second home. Not, however, in its northern parts, where an ever cloudless sky sends burning rays ever without change down upon vast sterile plains, broken only by rare oases, with a grateful well and a few slender palm-trees, under which the Bedouin raises his black hair tent, and watches the caravans as they pass on their way to holy Mecca. A different scene presents the southern part of the land of Mohammed. Here the fragrant balm and the grateful myrrh grow in profusion; here whole forests of palms gird noble mountains, at whose feet large durrah-fields wave gently in the breeze. Here also are found the famous coffee-plantations, their dark green leaves shining brilliantly in the bright sun, while the light lower side turns fitfully up and glistens and glitters like the foamy crest on the ocean waves.

Coffee also is said by the children of the East to have been a gift from on high; and the legend resembles in more than one point the tradition referring to tea. Some call the Archangel Michael the first inventor, and others their own great prophet. The general opinion, however, is that the superior of a Mohammedan convent near Aden, on the west coast of the Red Sea, was struck with the antics and gambols of a herd of goats, that had browsed upon the leaves of some trees in the garden. He found the berries both palatable and useful, and soon introduced the pleasant drink to keep himself and his dervises awake during their nightly vigils. It was prepared in large brown pots, and drank in every mosque and every convent; even now it is thus kept in all mosques, and gratuitously offered in tiny cups to the worshiping faithful. Still, even coffee had its enemies, and its battles to fight, ere it became, what it now is, the universal and favorite drink of the Orient. Following the banner of the Prophet wherever it was carried, it raised, first in Mecca, and then in Cairo and Constantinople, more than one fierce and not unbloody rebellion. Doctors proclaimed it little better than poison, and theologians threatened that the faces of coffee-drinkers would appear as black as the roasted berry on the day of Resurrection. Women alone were allowed to drink it freely; they were, even without this sin, by the Koran declared inadmissible in heaven. All difficulties, however, were soon overcome; and now coffee is to the son of the East such a daily necessity that a Turkish law gave a wife a legal ground for separation, if she was refused coffee by her miserly or cruel husband.

Venice was probably the first port in Europe to which the new beverage was brought from the East, although Prosper Alpin, a botanist of Padua, already spoke of it, on his return to Italy, as a favorite dish in Egypt. Merchants brought, in the year 1663, the first beans from the Levant, and with them the necessary utensils for preparing the coffee; they were exhibited merely as a curiosity, but soon led to the establishment of the first coffee-house in Marseilles. The embassador of Sultan Mohammed IV. used, at the same time, to regale his guests in Paris with the fragrant decoction, and thus made coffee there known and fashionable. England also owed her knowledge of the new source of enjoyment to some merchants returning from Smyrna, who had even brought a Greek girl with them to prepare the coffee. She married a London coachman, and opened, on Cornhill, the first house for its sale, now known as the Virginia Coffee-house. But here, as in France, coffee had much opposition to endure; in the South, physicians and divines arose to condemn it, and its feeble advocates were compelled to plead such wretched arguments as—that coffee was called *bon* in Turkey, and came from Arabia *Felix!* In England, Charles II. tried to prohibit its use, but the obstinate king, who could defy his parliament, was powerless against the favorite beverage.

From Europe it spread rapidly over the colonies. A Dutchman raised a few plants in a green-house in Amsterdam, and sent them to Sumatra, and other islands, where they soon prospered, and now produce an abundance. Louis XIV. also wished coffee to be planted on his West India islands, and sent a few plants, in care of a midshipman, Des Clieux, to distant Martinique. The voyage was difficult and tedious; the ship lay long becalmed, and the young officer had to sacrifice part of his own scanty ration of water to keep at least one precious plant from destruction. In this he succeeded; and thus, it is said, all the millions of trees now raised in the West Indies and in Brazil are descended from this single parent. If this be true, by far the greater part of the immense quantity of coffee now consumed, amounting at least to six hundred millions of pounds, is derived from a little plant raised carefully in a botanical garden at Paris!

In the Orient, coffee is drunk in solemn si-

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lence, and coffee-houses are therefore called Schools of Wisdom; in the Occident it is mixed with sugar, and often with cream, and used mainly to favor digestion and to increase the activity of brain. In German and Belgian armies it has successfully taken the place of brandy; and was, during the last wars in Denmark, served out as a ration, at the request of the soldiers themselves. Scandinavia consumes it most largely—at the rate of three pounds a head; next follows the German Custom-league, where it pays a high duty, and still amounts to two pounds for each person. Substitutes, also, are not wanting. England allows chicory to be mixed with coffee; and in Germany barley, acorns, and rye are largely used in its stead. The viler compounds, not unknown to the United States, contain mainly sawdust, ferruginous earths, and burnt sugar.

Similar beverages may be found among less civilized nations, but they are unknown beyond their own limits, and do not affect, like tea and coffee, in their culture and preparation, the interests of millions of men. They are, however, additional evidences of the profuse liberality with which our great mother Earth treats all of her children, and of the wise beneficence with which Providence thus kindly turns hunger and thirst into a source of enjoyment, and changes curses into blessings.

WHY OUR MINISTER DIDN'T MARRY.

IT makes no difference where the scene of my story is laid. It is in a quiet village in the interior—what particular State I decline stating, for reasons which the intelligent reader will readily divine. The particular house is an old, antiquated farm-house, at the outskirts of the village, perfectly "embosomed" in trees, and with a large lawn in front, which, in the lifetime of its late owner, had been a cornfield at times, and at other times a meadow, and then a pasture ground where cattle grazed. If the reader has seen the place, he will recognize it at once from the description. The house is the same now as it was forty years ago on the outside, though within it is fitted up in modern style, with all the accompaniments of modern luxury and ease.

The grounds have undergone a similar alteration, and the lawn is now a fine grove of stately trees, interspersed with shrubbery, and ornamented with large and tastefully-cut flower-beds and complicated walks, in the fashion of modern "landscape gardening." Need I say the place is one of rare beauty even to most fastidious eye? But no professor of the fanciful art has been the projector of the elegant design, nor the superintendent of its construction. The whole arrangement owes its perfection to the taste and personal care of the young and common-looking girl who is the occupant of the place and its owner.

There is no professional gardener to manage the place, or attend to the large and well-furnished conservatory of blooming flowers. She directs the whole; and, with the aid of a single hired man, keeps it in the very best order. She loves her flowers and her birds, and, of course, loves every thing and every body. If she is plain in personal appearance, she is noble in soul, and has a heart full of the highest and holiest thoughts and purposes of life. The very dreams of life are dreams of love to somebody, or something, or every thing; and of usefulness to every body. The pride which seems naturally to attach to persons situated as she is, finds no place in her heart.

I am writing now of things as they were ten years ago. They are changed, in a measure, now. The old house has been remodeled and modernized in its exterior, and has passed into the care of a new occupant, though the beautiful grounds are still under the direction of the same mistress.

Emily Clinton's mother died when she was two years old. Five years after her father died, leaving his only child to the care and guardianship of his friend, Doctor Weston, a bachelor, but one who possessed his entire confidence and a large share of his affection. The girl had been petted and humored in all her wishes and whims by her widowed and indulgent father, and when her new guardian assumed the management of her person and property, she was an ignorant, careless, and hoydenish child. It was not easy for a man unaccustomed to the domestic care of children to fix upon the best plan for the future training of his charge, so as to fit her for the sphere of life in which he should wish her to move. But after mature deliberation, he referred the case to his sister, Mrs. Vernon, a widow lady of mature years, and it was decided that she should occupy the old mansion, and assume the care and culture of the wild and unbroken Emily. A more judicious arrangement could not have been made, and the wayward child, under her excellent management, soon gave tokens of a character far above all their expectations. As she grew up, provision was made for her instruction, and as her tastes were developed, every opportunity was afforded for their cultivation. The old house was fitted up in a fashionable style, and at an expense which, to its former possessor, would have seemed unwarrantable extravagance, and the grounds were given up to her sole superintendence; while her excellent companion gradually and imperceptibly resigned to her most of the duties of the house.

I do not mean to say that Emily was perfect. She had her foibles and her follies, as all girls have. But the constant aim of her guardian had been to instill into her mind the same noble and generous principles that he acted upon himself; and he had that kindly and earnest way of exhibiting them to her, that made her feel as if she was acting from the impulses of her own heart, when she was only following out the influence of his training. He was seconded in all his wishes with regard to Emily by his sister, whom the former had long learned to regard as a kind and affectionate mother.

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Let me now introduce my readers into the library of the old house, such as it was ten years ago. It is not a large room, with lofty ceilings, and surrounded with shelves groaning under the weight of ponderous volumes, which the owner never looks into; into which the darkened windows admit only light enough to make objects indistinctly visible. It is a quiet, snug little room, opening out upon the end of the low piazza. There are books enough, carefully selected; and upon the walls are hanging a few choice paintings, interspersed—a curious taste—with maps and charts. Every thing about the room is very plain, but very tasteful and neat. The only curious thing about it is an antique lamp, which is hanging over the table in the middle of the floor, and sheds a dim light upon the papers and books of accounts, and numerous bills and receipts lying before Miss Emily Clinton. She seems to have just finished examining them, and is leaning back in her chair, resting her head on the ends of her beautiful fingers—for she has a beautiful hand, if her face is not handsome—and is thinking.

The door opens, and Doctor Weston enters. She rises from her seat and offers him her hand, which he takes, and drawing her to his side, presses a warm kiss upon her lips. You would have thought he was her father, from the noble and proud look of love with which he seems to regard her.

"I have not seen you, dear Doctor, for four days," said Emily, as she looked up into his kindly face and beaming eye, and gently loosened herself from his arm, though she held his hand still in both of hers. "Has business been so urgent, that you could not spare us the light of your countenance, if only to look in upon us?"

Did I say her face was not handsome? There was something in it, as she stood thus—I can not tell what it was—but something more than beauty; a burning up of her soul into her eyes and face and form, that would have taken the heart of a young man by storm, if she had looked so at him. But she kept all such outburnings of her woman's heart for Doctor Weston. And why should she not? He was proud of her, and had treated her thus ever since her father died.

"No," he replied; "I wished to give you time to examine these accounts, which I see you have been doing this evening. I hoped to have found you through with them."

"And so I am," she said; "I have just finished the last year."

"And you find them correct?" he asked.

"There is an error of thirty cents in the footing up of the whole."

"Thirty cents in the complicated accounts of fourteen years! Well, you are a close accountant, and will bring me in debt to you more than I expected," said the Doctor.

"But tell me," she asked, "why have you wanted to worry my child's brain with all these figures and papers?"

"Simply because I am your guardian," he replied, "and by the will of your father you were to come into possession of your property at the age of twenty-one. The law now allows you to hold it and manage it for yourself, and to-morrow I shall surrender it into your hands."

"To-morrow!"

"Yes; to-morrow you will be twenty-one."

"And a full-grown woman. I did not think before I was any older than I was the day you brought me home from my father's grave."

"But you know it now."

"I believe it must be so, since you assert it; and, I declare, I think I feel older already. It has grown upon me this moment—fourteen years in a single instant! How strange it makes one feel!"

"The knowledge, and experience, and improvement, however, have been of slower and more tedious growth."

"I did but jest, dear Doctor," she said, taking his hand and pressing it to her lips. "I do look back to these long years of patient and loving care on your part, and willful and girlish folly on mine, and marvel that you have not relinquished your trust and your care long ago. I am ashamed that a word of levity should have escaped me."

"I know, my dear Em, all you feel," said he, with a smile. "You are as near as possible what I have always wished and aimed to make you. I could hardly wish to see you different from what you are. If you are gay at times, your patient examination of these long accounts shows that you are capable of managing your own affairs, and you must prepare to receive my formal surrender, and give me my release, in the morning."

"But why surrender them at all?" she asked. "Will you leave me to myself as soon as you see I am able to walk alone? And your sister—I can never live without her—and she will go if you desert me."

"We will neither of us desert you, my dear child," replied the Doctor. "I believe she would never smile again if she should lose you; and as for myself, I do not really know what I should do without you. But as to these business matters, I have had you fitted by your education to take charge of them—and I shall insist upon it—till you choose another guardian."

"Another!"

"Yes; if Rumor tells the truth, as she always does, of course, it will be before long."

"You surely do not believe these silly stories about the minister and me?" she said, with a pained and serious look. She was evidently hurt by the allusion.

"I do not know what to believe, Em," he replied, smiling. "Appearances, on his part, are very suspicious. His visits here are far more frequent than at any other place, and his attentions to you are very pointed every where. He certainly likes you."

"And I like him," she replied.

"The confession is a very candid one, to say

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the least," said the Doctor, in a tone that in a younger man might have been expressive of some mortification.

"To like is one thing, my dear, good friend," said Emily, "and to love is another; and I shall never marry a man with the former feeling. As to the minister's visits here, I presume your good sister would be disposed to dispute my sole claim to them."

"But I believe he loves you," said the Doctor.

"I certainly do not love him," she replied; "nor am I ready to believe it of him. I have no thoughts of marrying him nor any body else. I can afford to be an old maid. I have learned, from the inspection of these numberless papers you have given me, that I am rich—twelve thousand dollars in money, with most of the interest accumulating for fourteen years—a good farm of more than one hundred acres—a comfortable house, well furnished—why, I am an heiress, Doctor Weston! I can afford to be an old maid; or, if I choose to marry, I can look higher than a poor country clergyman."

"You do wrong—it is not like you, Emily, to speak so," said the Doctor. "True and honest love ought never to be spoken nor thought lightly of. It is worth more than your house, and lands, and money, my dear girl."

"My ill-timed levity has pained you again," she replied. "When shall I be aught else than a giddy-headed girl?"

"Only be true to yourself, dear Em," he said, "and to the noble impulses of your heart, and you will always do right. And I am sure those impulses will never lead you to speak lightly of the only passion that sanctifies the human heart."

"Nay—now, my dear Doctor, it is you who do me wrong: though knowing little of the feeling, save in its expansive application to my birds and flowers, and your sister and yourself, and all others alike, I am not just the one to think rightly, not to say speak rightly, of this passion. But how could you dream there should be any shadow of truth in these rumors?"

"I did not dream it, Em," replied the Doctor, in the same serious tone he had used before. "There is too much of the real about it, I fear, for it to have any thing of the character of a dream. I can not be mistaken in thinking that Mr. Gray loves you, and that it is no wild emotion with him, but a calm and deep feeling springing up from the depths of a manly heart. But no matter now, Emily, I will not annoy you, as I see it does, by saying any thing more about it. I only wish to put you on your guard against ever unintentionally giving encouragement to an affection such as I believe his to be, if you do not return it."

"Which I certainly do not, my dear Doctor," she replied.

"Well, let us say no more of it. He is a man of the right stamp, though."

Emily was really annoyed by what her guardian had said about the minister; not because it was the subject of general rumor, so much as because he had seemed to believe it. As long as she was satisfied that whatever she was doing was right, she had small care what others said of it. She regarded Mr. Gray as one of the noblest and best of men. He was an everyday visitor at her house, but she really believed that he came there as much to see Mrs. Vernon as to see her. She liked his society, for he was a man of rare intellectual qualities and varied acquirements; his conversation was instructive, and, at the same time, amusing and full of illustrations, drawn from all sources, and his personal appearance was good enough to please any woman. It is true, he was many years older than she was; but years make little difference when tastes and sentiments are alike.

The more she thought of what Doctor Weston had said the more she was pained. So smoothly had the current of her life flowed along hitherto, that she had experienced little or nothing of trouble or care. She now saw the first dark cloud gathering around her; and her simple, loving woman's heart shrunk back with a feeling of poignant sorrow from the picture that was taking on new and darker hues the longer she thought of it. Her friendships that had grown up with her, and formed a large portion of her enjoyments, seemed about to be rudely interfered with and broken.

Emily had never dreamed that any man could love her. With a heart full of the kindest and best of feelings toward every body, she yet believed that it was beauty in woman's person that formed her great charm in the eye of man; and with her plain face and form, she had not thought of winning the love of any one. If the idea had ever entered her mind, it was only to be instantly expelled; while she gathered to herself new energy to pursue the path she had marked out for herself, not in the companionship of the loved and cherished, but solitary and alone, unaided and uncheered save by the consciousness of doing her duty. Dreary as such a path may seem to one like her, with a mind alive to all that is beautiful, and good, and lovely in nature as well as in the human heart, and a soul ever longing for communion with other souls that think and feel as she does—dark as it may seem, yet she had taught herself to face this fate, and resolutely look forward to a life of solitary labor.

Was it not strange that, under these circumstances, the heart of Emily did not go out at once, glad as her own bounding step, to meet the love of a man such as Mr. Gray? But it did not, and for reasons we shall presently see—reasons which were not revealed to her, though they existed in her own mind paramount to all others I have mentioned. But she did not believe the suspicions of her guardian were any thing more than suspicions, or she would have asked him his reasons for his belief. She resolved, however, to look for herself more closely into the actions of the minister; and if from any thing she might see these suspicions should

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be confirmed, then she would act as she felt she ought and could both for her own sake and his.

II.

It is not often nowadays that a minister stays as long in a country church as did Nathan Gray in his. More than twenty years ago he had come there as the village pastor, a young, and earnest, and self-sacrificing man. Full of the zeal of his calling, with talents of a high order, and great acquirements for a young man, and a genius apparently far above those among whom he had fallen, he devoted the lofty energies of his mind to the improvement of his people. He felt now that the life of a mere student was to be no longer his. He was to enter upon busy and active scenes—to study the improvement of his charge not only in spiritual things, but to aim at elevating them in all their pursuits and occupations.

A few weeks of observation and study of character, while he was forming their acquaintance, prepared him to this, and with rare tact he made all his friends. The consequence had been that for more than twenty years he had had their confidence and love—a confidence which had been strengthened and matured by years of sympathy in their trials and their joys. No one was jealous of the familiarity which he soon established with Doctor Weston and his sister; for they felt that, in education and acquirements, they were alike, and that it was perfectly natural that they should be more intimate with each other than they could be with the plain and untaught people of the place.

When Mrs. Vernon was transferred from the Doctor's house to the old mansion and the charge of Emily, Mr. Gray, of course, became a frequent visitor there; and it was to his aid and co-operation that Emily was indebted for many of her acquirements. And thus years passed on—years in which he saw her growing up to womanhood, and the charms of her mind and heart daily growing plainer and brighter, till he became aware that she was becoming an object of more interest to him than a mere pupil or friend. He was not a man to conceal this long from himself, or to remain long ignorant of the actual state of his own feelings toward her. A careful student of other men, he did not shrink from the examination of his own heart; and when he discovered his true feelings toward her, he began to study what hers were toward him, and easily taught himself to believe that all was right there.

It is true, as I have said, his was nearly twice her age; and this he told himself a thousand times while he was canvassing the matter, as he thought, candidly in his own mind. But why need this stand in the way, if hearts are united? This, too, he asked himself over and over again, and many a time, as he sat by her and looked down into her calm blue eyes, which did not shun his gaze, and in which he soon learned to read a truth they did not speak. It was a constant joy to him—his love for Emily—and for three years, at the time of which I write, it had been growing strong and mature, and forming a large portion of his daily thoughts.

Rarely did a day pass in which he was not a visitor at the old house, and the idle talk of the village had long made his marriage a fixed fact. This they both knew; but he did not regard it, because, in his own mind, he looked upon the rumor as the foreshadowing of what he wished and fully believed to be true, and she laughed at it, as too groundless and foolish to trouble herself about. She liked Mr. Gray. The Doctor and he were her principal society; he had been her friend, and teacher, and minister since she was a child, and she thought of him as only these; why should she suppose that he thought any more of her? The current of her life was flowing on calmly and smoothly, and his constant visits to her and Mrs. Vernon formed the principal incidents in the monotony of their home life. But to him it was vastly more than to her. His heart had been learning, day by day, for years, to live only in her smiles, and calmly to look forward to the time when he could tell her all his great store of love—earnest, and truthful, and sincere love—and find her ready to receive the declaration with a quiet and happy mien that should tell him that she too, for long years, had felt the same love growing up in her young heart for him, and him alone. It had become a sort of inner life to him—a portion of his ordinary everyday life—while he was by her side, but a distinct and separate one while he was by himself.

It is singular that nothing should have ever occurred, in the whole progress of their intercourse, to open his eyes to the true state of her feelings. Perhaps, if she had been surrounded by others who were seeking her favor or her smiles, it might not have been so. There might then have arisen at times those jealous thoughts that would have led him to ask himself if she did like another better than him. Suspicion of those we love leads us to inspect their actions with a sharper eye. But he had none. There were no apparent obstacles to the straightforward course of his love. There were none to come in between him and his settled faith in his own security. There were no flutterings of heart, no shrinking back at the thought of telling her his true and honest feelings, from fear that they might not be returned. But he had waited patiently and cheerfully for the day that was fast approaching, when he knew she was to be of age, and had determined to signalize the day to her and to himself by plighting their mutual faith.

And the day drew on—neither faster nor slower, as it does to many in their mingled hopes and doubts. To him it came on with the same steady pace and hopeful prospect as every other day for months past had come. What had he to do to borrow trouble or harass himself with fears?

Emily had just finished her breakfast on the morning after the interview with her guardian, when, true to his promise, he entered the house,

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and his first words, as he shook hands with her, were—

"Well, Em, do you feel any more like a full-grown woman this morning?"

"Not at all, Doctor," she replied. "To tell the truth, the subject has not entered my mind."

"Well, now for business, and a few minutes will dispatch the whole, and I must be off," said Doctor Weston. "The legal forms can all be gone through at any time, I suppose. But our personal matters can be arranged at once."

"So you are determined to cast me off?"

"No, not cast you off, but leave you to yourself; while I am always ready to advise you, if you require it."

"I am afraid it will not be long before I shall call upon you," said Emily.

"Trust to your own good sense, my dear girl," replied the Doctor, "and I have perfect confidence in your ability to manage your own affairs."

A half hour spent in the details of figures and accounts, which Emily had gone over the evening before, and the few explanations necessary, ended their business, and just at that moment Mr. Gray, the minister, made his appearance at the window.

"Mrs. Vernon, with whom I have been sitting for a few moments, has pleaded the calls of business, and sent me here," he said, as Emily opened the sash to admit him. "She told me I would find the Doctor with you. I hope his visit is not professional."

"In one sense it is," said the Doctor; and he explained the object of his visit.

Mr. Gray congratulated Emily upon the event. Perhaps he would have said more, and rallied her upon her sudden advancement to a station of responsibility; but there was a seriousness—he thought it almost coldness—in her manner of receiving his congratulations that made him pause. "Could it be pride?" he asked himself. "Could she be so soon elated with the mere transfer of her property from her guardian's hands to her own, as to change at once her feelings and her actions toward one who had been for so long a time, as he thought, one of her most intimate and familiar friends? What else could be the reason? It was the first time that any thing of the kind had ever occurred."

Emily was conscious herself of a feeling of restraint and embarrassment. Her guardian's remark came instantly into her mind as she saw Mr. Gray, and she could not divest herself at first of the feeling it gave rise to. It was perfectly natural that she should feel so. Her ingenuous heart had been pained at the mere utterance of the suspicion, and now in his presence she was aware of a sort of coldness in her manner, which she immediately made a strong effort to banish, and soon succeeded. Conversation became more easy, and the minister forgot the incident, or at least believed that he had been mistaken in supposing that there had been any thing to notice. It might have been all in his own mind, he thought, and Emily could only see in him the kindness and familiarity of the friend she had always believed him to be.

How easily we persuade ourselves that what we wish to be true is so! The minister now measured and weighed every word and look of Emily for the few moments that his visit lasted, and read in them all—every one—the certainty of her love for him. Nothing had ever occurred in their acquaintance and intercourse to develop to his own mind the intensity of the passion as it was ruling his own heart. There had always been a quiet, calm satisfaction in sitting by her and listening to her voice, and looking into her eyes full of the fire of intellect, and he had foolishly imagined that the same feeling that he had was only depicted in the calm, quiet pleasure which Emily seemed to take in his society; while she, at the same time, was watching every word and look of his, and saying to herself, with the utmost conviction of its truth, that all her guardian's suspicions were only the fruit of the idle gossip of the village, for which she need not care a straw, so long as their feelings were what they evidently were, just the same, and nothing but those of the commonest sincere friendship.

But the Doctor sat and looked on, and read both their hearts aright, and saw, with pity for his friend the minister, the dismal height from which he must fall.

He rose to go, and Mr. Gray rose at the same time.

"By-the-way," said the latter, "I had almost forgotten the purpose of my early morning call. My sister is with me on a visit, and we have proposed a walk to Lake Steinaluin. I came over to invite you and our friend Mrs. Vernon to join us."

Emily looked at the Doctor as if she hesitated what answer to make.

"Oh, you will go of course," said he, in reply to her look.

"May I not plead the calls of business," said Emily, with a smile. "The burden of my new responsibility ought perhaps to occupy my mind to-day."

"Meet the emergencies as they arise," said Mr. Gray. "'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' But I have no doubt Miss Clinton will be always ready to encounter any responsibility, without looking forward for it. Troubles come fast enough without forestalling them."

"Will you not join us, Doctor?" Emily inquired.

"I can plead the calls of business," he replied, "with a very good grace. But the day is so fine, and the temptations so great, that I will meet you there."

Mrs. Vernon urged her household calls as a reason for not joining the party, but this was overruled; and then her inability for so long a walk; and this was obviated by Emily proposing that they should drive in her carriage as near their destination as possible, whence the walk would not be a long one to the lake.

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About three miles from the village the wide, level plain upon which it is situated is bounded by a long range of high hills, extending in an unbroken chain as far as the eye can reach in either direction. On the very summit of this range, in a valley surrounded by rocky walls, lies Lake Steinaluin—a beautiful sheet of water, reaching for a mile along the valley. Many traditionary stories of the early days of the country are told of this lake, and the rocky ridge in which it sleeps now in glassy and silent repose. It is the resort of all the country people, especially on their holidays, and then its rocky shores echo to their noisy mirth. But at other times it is a place of quiet and peaceful beauty.

Mr. Gray would have rather walked. He had been the chief one in planning the excursion, and he had done it as much for the sake of being with Emily, and walking by her side in the calm scenes of nature, where he might hear nothing but her voice, and see her eye kindle with admiration of all she saw. He might draw her away from their companions, and there alone, with nature around them, and nature's God above them, he had resolved to tell her all the feelings of his heart—the calm, and deep, and earnest love which had for years been growing up, stronger and stronger; and the hope, nay more, the belief, the faith that her feelings were the same. He had rather do it thus, when for a few moments they might realize together, with no one near, the full enjoyment of their hitherto untold love. He was, therefore, a little disappointed when the arrangements were altered, and he found that they were to ride.

The afternoon was fine and pleasant, and the spirits of the little party were high when they reached the foot of the hill. Mr. Gray gave his arm to Mrs. Vernon, and the others commenced the ascent together.

"I am glad we are up," said Mrs. Vernon, as she paused to take breath when they had reached the top.

"It is the feeling of every one," said the minister, "when he has reached the object he has toiled for."

"And is it not worth the labor in this case?" asked his sister. "I had no idea, from your description, of the perfect beauty of the place. Who would not spend a life of toil willingly if he were sure of so peaceful a close of his work?"

"And could see so quiet a scene beyond, Mary," he replied. "Look yonder."

"And yet how many faint and give up in weariness before they reach the end," said Emily.

"They are cowards," said Mr. Gray, "and do not deserve a better fate. It is only for the resolute and strong-hearted—those who toil faithfully and untiringly that the reward waits."

"All can not be heroes," said Mrs. Vernon.

"And all can not wear the crown," said Mr. Gray. "Now, are you ready to go on. We have some distance yet to walk before we reach our destination."

The Doctor overtook them before they had reached the lake, and with the young ladies walked rapidly on. When Mr. Gray and Mrs. Vernon came up he found the Doctor and Miss Gray standing on the shore admiring the scene.

"Where is Miss Clinton," asked Mr. Gray.

"Indeed I had not missed her," said the Doctor. "She has probably gone to some of her favorite haunts, of which she has a number about the lake. Let us take the boat and row along the shore till we find her."

"You take the boat and go one way, and I will walk the other till we meet," said the minister.

The truth was, the moment the Doctor had joined the party, a cloud seemed to come over the mind of Emily which increased as they stood by the lake. There was a strange feeling of care upon her heart that she could not account for—an apprehension or dread of some unknown, unseen ill. It was a feeling she had never known before, and now she felt as if she would rather be alone. She therefore left her companions and wandered along the shore, till she reached a favorite spot where the trees covered with a dense shade a mass of rocks, and there she sat down to examine her heart and find the cause of her strange feelings. And here it was that Mr. Gray found her after a few minutes' walk.

"I thought I should find you here," he said.

"It is one of the spots I like best," she replied. "You know the tradition connected with it."

"I may have heard it, but have forgotten it now."

"It is that a young Indian maiden who had loved for years a warrior of her tribe, threw herself from this rock and perished in the lake, when she heard that he had died in battle."

"I remember it now; but he was not dead."

"No. And it is said that when his whole tribe had been wasted and destroyed but himself, he came to this same spot, and singing the story of his brave deeds, he called upon the name of her who had died here, and told her of his unceasing love for her, and cast himself in and perished too."

"Do they not say that his voice is heard here still at times?"

"Something of that kind used to be told by the old people."

"It is a story of faithful love," said the minister, "and consecrates the spot. Let me tell another of my own, to make it more sacred."

"Of your own, Mr. Gray?" inquired Emily.

"Yes, of my own, Emily—a love which has been growing up in my heart for years till it has become a strong and earnest one, and I had fixed upon this day to make it known, though not in this place. I love you, Emily, as I know the true-hearted only can love, and here I would offer you a heart that has learned to beat for you alone. Will you accept it?"

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Emily had risen from her seat while he was speaking, and now stood gazing far off into the distance, while her face had become pale, and she hardly seemed to breathe. He took her hand, but it was cold as marble.

"You do not hear me, Miss Clinton," he said. "Will you not answer me—one word, Emily?"

He was terrified at her appearance.

"Mr. Gray," she said at length, "you have made a terrible mistake. I esteem you—I like you as a man, but I can never be your wife. I am sorry for you, my dear friend, but let me beg of you to banish this from your mind."

But he was gone. All his hopes were blasted. He did not wait for the others but hurried home to his room, where he might be alone to struggle with his terrible misfortune.

"O God, let me die!" It was the exclamation of a heart crushed with agony. It seemed to him as if the burden of the sorrow of the whole world was weighing and pressing down upon his single soul. It was not his brain that suffered yet. All these seemed clear, and the sense of every word she had spoken—spoken as he felt in his inmost thought, in the truest hearty kindness, and so near akin to love as to seem to him almost love itself—was as plain and distinct, and comprehended by him, as if he were all the time reading them written of another in letters of sunlight in the face of his study where he was sitting. There was no doubt nor dreaminess about them at all. His mind was grasping no phantom, but a huge and terrible reality that, for the time, shut out every sense of every thing else, while his heart seemed struggling and groaning under a load of immeasurable sorrow.

"Yes, let me die!" he cried, throwing himself on his knees; "in mercy, merciful Father, let me die! Is it not better for me to die than to live?"

But he could not pray. Thoughts of submission rose shadow-like and untangible in his mind, but he could find no words in which to utter them. His reason might tell him to submit, but the crushed heart would not rise to his help.

It was wonderful to himself with what calmness of mind he now stopped to look down into the dark future, where he could see no ray of light. Hitherto, if he had ever a fear, he had been hopeful, and could see before him a bright star shining on all his life. If he had ever hesitated or doubted that Emily loved him, he had been able easily to persuade himself that this might not be true; and then he would go to her house, and sit by her side, and look down into her clear, and calm, and truthful eyes, and hear her gentle voice, and teach himself—alas, how easily!—to believe that he had been troubled about nothing. Now he wished he had never spoken of his love—that he had suffered himself to live on, even in doubt, so he could still sit beside her, and dream his happiness was not all a dream. Blissful ignorance—bitter knowledge! He had tasted of the tree, and found it death.

And then he went out into the fields, and by the side of the river. He walked miles, and waded knee-deep through the tangled grass in the meadows, and climbed steep hills, in the vain hope that bodily exercise would calm his mind. He found himself, at length, in the same spot where he had told Emily his love, and as the tradition she had related came to his mind, the tempter whispered in his ear terrible thoughts. He tore himself away, and again turned homeward. Now and then great drops of rain fell on the dusty path, while the heavy thunder crashed down after each vivid flash of lightning—but he did not see nor hear. The universe was a blank to him. The commotion in his heart swallowed up and obliterated every thing but the one thought of his own utter wretchedness.

Night had fallen before he reached home again, and he was drenched with the heavy rain. He would have gone straight to his study and shut himself in alone, but his sister heard his step and met him in the hall.

"What is it, my brother?" she anxiously inquired; "tell me what has happened? We were all alarmed at Miss Clinton's appearance, and she told us you had probably gone home. What is it?" and she put her arm around his neck, and drew his head close to her bosom.

What a blessed thing is human sympathy! How the bruised and broken heart yields to its holy influence and rises up again to life. The minister told to his sister the whole history of his dream of love from beginning to end. He accused himself of folly and weakness in allowing himself to be so deceived; in not having seen, what now was plain as day to him, that all Emily's feelings toward him had only been those of warm and familiar friendship. He did not blame her. He could not now see one single act of her life which ought to have led him to take any encouragement to himself. It was all the fault of his own folly and conceit.

"My poor—poor brother!" said his sister.

"Do not call me so, Mary," he said. "Call me a fool—a madman—for such I have been. What shall I do now? I can never look her in the face again."

"You can and you will," she said. "You look upon it too seriously. When this first bitterness of your grief has passed over, you will be yourself again."

And she was right. In a few days he had regained his calmness and self-possession, though the sorrow remained in his heart.

III.

"What is it, Emily—what is the matter?" the Doctor inquired anxiously, as she presented herself to the little party by the lake, with a blanched face and quivering lip, after the minister had left her.

"Let us go home," was her only reply.

"But where is Mr. Gray?"

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"I do not know. He has gone toward home."

The ladies overwhelmed her with their anxious questions; but the Doctor saw that something had taken place to agitate and distress her, and guessed at once what it was; and silencing the others he sent them on, while he followed with Emily.

"Now tell me what it is," said he.

"Not now, Doctor—not now."

"Is it as I suspected? Tell me that, Emily."

"Do not ask me now. Some other time I will tell you all; but it is too terrible!"

She walked rapidly, and clung convulsively to the Doctor's arm, as if some terrible fear had taken possession of her heart. But not another word did she speak till they reached the carriage, when, telling the driver to make haste home, she sunk back into the corner. She apologized hurriedly to Miss Gray as she set her down at her brother's house, and then drove rapidly home. She could not ride fast enough. It was a constant effort for her to conceal or suppress her agitation. The presence of her companions was disagreeable to her. She wanted to be alone where she could battle in secret with the misery that was wringing her heart. And even then she found it more difficult than she had anticipated to define what were exactly her true feelings. What was the cause of this agitation? Could it be possible that she had been, unknown to herself, cherishing an affection for Mr. Gray, and that she was angry with herself for having slighted his offer? Had she not rejected a love that would have shed light and joy on her path, and on which she might have leaned in the hour of trial? Had she not turned away from a fountain—the only one—that was gushing up in the midst of life's lonely and solitary desert, and might she not now be doomed to perish of thirst?

These were questions she asked herself over and over again. But thoughts of a different kind gradually took possession of her mind. They were of pity and compassion for the noble heart she had been compelled to wound so deeply. It was not in the nature of her woman's heart to cause pain to the meanest and lowest of God's creatures; and yet she who would have turned aside her foot from treading on a worm, had been compelled to wound and crush a noble human heart. Yet it was right. She could not have done otherwise. And then she recounted to herself all she had said, and all she would have said if he had staid to hear her—each word she had used, and the very tone and manner in which she had spoken it, and she could find nothing for which to blame herself. She could not have used different words nor have spoken them in a kinder way if they had been spoken to a brother. She felt that she had done as she ought—that she had been true to herself, and more than all that, that she had been true to the minister. How could she have linked herself to another without that love which alone can make such a union sufferable, and without which she must ever have been a burden to his life and her own. Yet she was wretched. Poor girl! she did not know her own heart. She did not know the altar on which the flame was burning which would consume all but the memory of the sacrifice she had made.

For the first time in her life she had now a sorrow which she could not communicate to her friend Mrs. Vernon. She felt the need of some one with feelings like her own; and when the Doctor called in the evening to be relieved of his anxiety, she threw herself on his bosom and wept bitterly. Strange emotions swelled his heart as he drew her to his side and heard her story. A new thought seemed to have entered his mind. He rose and walked the floor for a few moments, and then, seating himself by her side again, he said:

"Emily—Emily—would I be foolish if I were to tell you the same story that Mr. Gray has told you—that since you have grown up to be a woman the affection of a guardian has changed to a deeper, and perhaps better, love? That I love you now as I could but have loved you if I were twenty years back in life, and of your own age?"

This question opened the eyes of Emily to a knowledge of her own heart, and the true reason why she had never loved the minister.

In a few days the old house began to be remodeled and repaired, and the good villagers were surprised to find that for once they had been blind to what was one of the plainest truths in the world—that Emily Clinton was going to marry Doctor Weston and not the minister.

THE BUCCANEERS OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled
By our stern orders."

IN the month of June, in the year 1630, the good ship *Arabella*, with her consorts, came to anchor in Massachusetts Bay, and Winthrop Dudley, and the flower of the Puritan stock, out of whose loins the people of New England were to spring, landed on the rocky shore.

In the same month of the same year, a band of adventurous Frenchmen from Normandy, after cruising about for some time in the West Indies, landed on the Island of Hispaniola. They were wild rovers, in search of adventure. The Spaniards had vacated the island; the Frenchmen took possession, and made a living by hunting.

The men of Lincolnshire founded a nation. The men of Normandy—who had founded nations centuries and centuries before—now begat the most famous tribe of corsairs the world has known.

Nature, in thoughtlessly planting the Pyrenees, had made the men who lived on one side

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the chain the "natural enemies" of those who had the folly to be born on the other. It was a Frenchman's office in this world to cut Spanish throats; a Spaniard's to hang Frenchmen. With other valuables, this wholesome national hatred was imported to America, and the prizes won by the Spaniards in the new continent imparted to it fresh virulence. It was to escape the Spaniards that the Norman emigrants squatted in Hispaniola. Nor were they long to find a refuge even there.

Off the northern coast of the island, about six miles distant, lies a small rocky isle, which the Spaniards named Tortuga, in consequence of a fancied resemblance in its shape to the tortoise. It was singularly adapted to defense. Iron-bound on two sides, it was guarded on a third by shoals and reefs; on the fourth side was a good harbor, land-locked, with a sandy, shelving beach, so gradual in its slope that a landing could only be effected in boats. All the characteristics of the tropics were apparent at a glance. The soil, which was fertile in the interior, needed no cultivation. Palm-trees soared majestically over a thick scented brushwood, in which sugar-cane, tobacco, cotton, and all kinds of fruits flourished in abundance, and wild boars roamed in numberless droves. Living was certain to be cheap. Of venomous reptiles, as the Irish historian said of his own island, there were none; but Œxmelin hands down to posterity an account of vipers which were employed as cats by the settlers, and which, incredible to relate, actually swallowed a respectable capon and seven pigeons at a meal! From this we learn the folly of placing our trust in books of natural history. If Tortuga was badly provided with venomous snakes, it had nothing to complain of in the way of poisonous herbs. An Indian lover, jealous of his mistress, crept to her sleeping-place at night, and—blockhead that he was—instead of clasping her young beauties to his breast, slipped a leaf of a shrub between her toes; after which there was nothing to be done for her but to bury her. But the most deadly of the deadly plants was the *mançanilla*, a sort of poisonous pear, which grew luxuriantly, with leaves like the laurel, and fruit very like the common pear. If a man ate of it he was gone; even the fish which, with their usual stupidity, occasionally lunched off one of the fruits, were punished, not with death, but by becoming poisonous themselves, and woe to him who touched them. So potent was the venom of the mançanilla, that to sleep under its boughs was as sure a thing as sleeping under the upas. Deluded mortals who were thus poisoned could, however, be cured. They were seized by their comrades, and bound to the earth with strong cords. No water, no shade were allowed them. Their anguish was intolerable. The body became red as fire, the tongue black as ink; the victim screamed for water to allay his burning thirst. If these tortures did not carry him off, in three days or so his fever would abate, and the effect of the poison disappear; and the old chroniclers state positively that cures were often thus effected.

The French, harassed by the Spaniards in their hunting-grounds at Hispaniola, cast eyes upon this rocky islet, and made it their home. It was taken from them once or twice by their enemy, but they generally contrived to regain it; and of all their fastnesses there was none of which they were prouder or fonder. La Vasseur, who retook it from the Spaniards in 1640, built a fort to guard it on its only unguarded side. It stood on a precipitous rock, six hundred feet high, and was furnished with every scientific appliance which could increase its strength. The only approach was a path in which not more than three men could march abreast; it was, in fact, as the Spaniards found to their cost, quite impregnable.

This was the nest whence the fillibusters or buccaneers sallied forth to plunder the rich fleets, and at last the rich cities of Central America.

As usual, history blunders frightfully about the buccaneers. That the Spaniards were the prime authors of their own troubles, is obvious enough. Having by murder, cruelty, and rapine wrested the wealthiest countries of tropical America from the natives, they next thought of keeping them for themselves, and excluding all other Europeans. The Englishman, the Frenchman, the Dutchman, were pariahs on the Spanish Main. Hence a bitter hatred of the Spaniards among them—a feeling culminating at last in the organization of a system of predatory warfare, sometimes dignified by royal commissions, oftener without disguise, but always cruel, remorseless, and gainful. The field was promising. A contemporary writer notes that one single Spanish house lost $300,000 by the buccaneers in a year, without any injury to its credit or means. Half a million a year appears to have been no extraordinary income for an enterprising merchant. Indeed, one needs only to travel through the wealthier districts of Mexico at the present day to estimate what must have been the fortunes which two centuries of wastefulness and sloth have not been able to dissipate. Nor was the policy of the rich Spaniards calculated to counteract the temptation thus held out to the needy. They were insolent, cruel, intolerant; and, as a rule, though generally brave, they were not good soldiers, and seldom made any head against the hardier men of the north.

Of the piratical cruises of the early buccaneers, and of the fate of the Spanish galleons which fell in their way, history contains no record. The first raid commemorated in their chronicles is the attack on the town of San Francisco, Campeachy, by Lewis Scott, an Englishman. It succeeded. Scott and his companions returned laden with booty, and the rumor of the exploit spread through all the islands which were not held by Spaniards. Soon afterward a Dutchman, named Davis, after an unsuccessful cruise, proposed to his crew to undertake

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an expedition against the town of Granada, Nicaragua. It was known to be wealthy and populous, and the sailors—part French, part English, and part Dutch—jumped at the proposal. Davis rowed nearly a hundred miles up the river, then left his ships, and, with eighty determined men, advanced by night marches on the city. The plan of operations was characteristic. A sentinel challenging them as they approached, they replied that they were fishermen returning home, and two of them advanced toward him, apparently in order to afford further explanations. He met them half-way, when they "prudently and quietly" passed their swords through his body. They had secured a guide, who led them, one by one, to the houses of the richest inhabitants. Each knocked at a door, and begged to see the master of the house. Admitted, he seized the Spaniard by the throat, and bade him surrender all his money and jewels. A small party had been detailed to look after the churches. They called on the sacristans, apologized for the lateness of their visit, and begged the loan of the keys of the churches. An hour or two sufficed to hammer the sacramental cups into lumps of metal, to gouge the small images of their jeweled eyes, and to pack all the altar plate. The work was complete, in fact, by the time some one of the Spaniards gave the alarm by ringing a bell. The buccaneers instantly hurried to the appointed rendezvous; then forming in square, they retreated slowly to their boats, defying all attempts of the Spaniards to intercept them. Not content with their plunder, they secured the persons of several leading citizens, whom they afterward released for a ransom of five hundred cows. Davis arrived safely at Jamaica with his booty, and an equitable division was made, the poorest sailor receiving over five hundred crowns as his share of the week's profit.

This expedition may be regarded as the prototype of all the subsequent ones. The people of Granada were at least ten to one; but Davis does not seem to have lost any men. The same phenomenon marks all the buccaneer enterprises. Partly from their superior address and strength, and partly from the terror of their name, they managed, whatever were the odds, not only to effect their purpose, but to throw almost the entire loss on the Spaniards.

The regeneration of Russia, as every one knows, was the work of Peter the Great. It was likewise a Peter the Great who founded the fame of Tortuga. He was a sailor of Dieppe, of equivocal character; and, as often happens, owed his fame and fortune chiefly to accident and disaster. He had been cruising for some time in the Spanish Main without meeting so much as a fishing-boat to capture. His provisions were exhausted. So was his water. His crew were in despair. Of a sudden, a large Spanish galleon approached them. Peter the Great, with the inspiration of true genius, called upon his men to attack it. "We have," said he, "a choice of deaths. We may either die of hunger where we are, or die in the fight. I am for the latter." With one voice the men promised to support him, and they approached the huge Spaniard. The captain was on deck, watching them: as they drew near enough for him to perceive their force, he turned to the lieutenant, who had proposed to get a cannon ready to sink them, and said, "Rig the crane out, and hoist the prize on board when she comes alongside." But he had no idea of the men he was dealing with. A few minutes afterward, as he sat in his cabin playing cards with his officers, Peter the Great suddenly appeared before him, pistol in hand, and bade him surrender the ship. He had no choice left. The deck was in the hands of the buccaneers; their last act before boarding had been to scuttle their own vessel, in order to cut off their chances of escape. The Spaniards surrendered, and Peter the Great, having humanely abstained from putting his prisoners to death, took his prize to Tortuga, and returned with a colossal fortune to France, doubtless to found a noble family.

Peter the Great was a better man than his compeers in every way. Like most men who make money easily, the buccaneers spent it freely. At Jamaica, which seems to have been a common rendezvous for the robbers of the Main, and at Tortuga, they lived in princely style after a streak of good luck, and soon lost their earnings at play, or squandered them in debauchery. It was a common thing for a buccaneer captain to lose a hundred thousand dollars at play of a night. And the ladies who were superior to conventional rules, and agreed to share the homes of the lords of the sea, reaped abundant harvests on these occasions.

This applies, however, only to those who were sailors. Originally the tribe was divided into three classes: buccaneers, or *boucaniers* (from *boucane*, which is Norman patois for smoke), who were hunters; *flibustiers*, a French corruption of the English word freebooter, who roamed the seas in search of Spanish galleons; and *engagés*, or apprentices. At the time Tortuga was wrested from the Spaniards, the buccaneers were nothing more than hunters, and lived on the Island of Hispaniola. Their game was the wild ox: boars were mere pastime. Each hunter had his apprentices, an Indian or two as a guide, and a pack of well-trained dogs. The way was led at the chase by one of the hounds, who was called the *venteur*, and was selected for his sagacity. Each buccaneer made it a point of honor to kill his ox before returning home. When the animal was down, the dogs and *engagés* dispatched him; and the hunter, cutting off a leg, sucked the warm marrow from the large bone, and gave a portion to the *venteur*. The other dogs had no claim to any thing till the carcass was abandoned. So well was this rule understood, that Esquemeling saw a pack of dogs, who attacked and killed a wild boar on their own account, stand by panting and baying while the *venteur* ate his fill, and only satisfy their hunger when

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their chief was glutted. These dogs, it is curious to note, were the offspring of the blood-hounds which Columbus and the Spanish adventurers introduced into America to hunt down the Indians.

Some of the feasts of these buccaneers make the mouth water. Roast pig was their favorite dish. Having skinned and cleaned the animal, they used to lay it on a wooden frame, supported by four stout stakes. The belly was kept open by a stick, just as butchers practice at the present day, and into the cavity were thrust by the handful crushed pimento, salt, pepper, and citrons. Underneath a fierce charcoal fire was kept up. When a partridge, or other small game, had been shot, it was tossed into the pig's stomach as into a pot. They had the best of liquors direct from France, and the banana served them for bread.

Their chief dainty, however, from which their name was derived, was their smoked meat, *viands boucanée*. This was either beef or pork. The animal was first boned, and the flesh cut into strips and left in mats to dry for twenty-four hours. At the expiration of this time it was carried into the *boucan*, which was a small hut, with a low door and without window or chimney. Inside stood a large platform of wicker-work, on which the meat was laid; underneath, at too great a distance to cook it, was kindled a charcoal fire. The fat, bones, and skin of the animal, were thrown into the fire from time to time, and a thick smoke, strongly impregnated with ammonia, was thus generated. A very short time sufficed for the operation. The fire was allowed to go out, and the pork or beef was found thoroughly *boucanée*. The same process is in vogue at the present day in the Hudson Bay Company's service. Their buffalo-meat, smoked in this way, is well known in the North and West by the name of pemican. Exmelin speaks with tremulous tenderness of the boucaned meat of Hispaniola. "It is," says he, "red as a rose, and fragrant as the most delicious spice of Araby; a man must be ill indeed not to eat it, even without cooking."

A buccaneer's life was not so disagreeable. In such a climate the open air is the best dwelling place; and, by dint of exercise, the buccaneers had brought their bodies into such a healthy condition, that their flesh closed on a wound like an elastic substance, and diseases were unknown among them. Their rivals, the Spaniards, were hunters likewise; but at the chase, as every where else, they were so overburdened with dignity, that they seemed contemptible in the eyes of the rough buccaneers. The Spanish hunter rode to the chase on his thoroughbred, accompanied by a regiment of servants on horseback and on foot. He was arrayed with what was called a hocksing iron, which was a spear about fourteen feet long, tipped at the end with a crescent of sharp steel: this rested on the horse's head, whence the Spanish horses were always known by their right ear being bent down by the pressure of the weapon. When a Spaniard found a herd of wild oxen, he chose his animal, rode at it, and with a dexterous blow of his hocksing iron nearly severed the hind-leg just above the hock. The animal wheeled instantly, and woe to the hunter if he was dilatory in his movements. But generally the horse was so well trained that his movement was as swift as that of his wounded foe. The horseman was borne out of reach, and, at the first sign of hesitation on the part of the ox, he rode past him again like the wind, and this time cut the sinews of a fore-leg. This brought the ox to the ground, when the hunter rode up for the last time, dismounted, and dispatched him with a stab of a hunting-knife behind the horns. After this the Spaniard rode grandly home.

The buccaneers despised this artistic plan of hunting. They knew no weapon but the gun—the best that Paris could furnish, and invariably used as tenderly as a new-born babe. More than once, in the course of their never-ending feud with the Spaniards, the advantage of their system was manifested. On one occasion a buccaneer was surprised with his *engagé* by fifty Spanish mounted lancers. The Frenchman cocked his musket, stood back to back to his *engagé*, and refused to surrender. The lancers rode round and round them, arguing very eloquently that resistance was useless; the buccaneer's answer was that the first man who approached would die. There did not happen to be any among the fifty who were anxious to lay down their life for their cause. So, after a brief consultation, the fifty marched off; and noticing, as they were going, some movement on the part of the buccaneer, panic seized them, and they fled at the top of their speed from these two determined men.

Originally, as was observed above, the buccaneers were a distinct class from the *flibustiers*, or sea-rovers. They were allies—usually fellow-countrymen, mostly French. The Spaniard was their common foe; their haunts were the same. But, at first, the *flibustiers* did not care to hunt, and the buccaneers rarely accompanied their friends on their naval cruises. It was not till long after the occupation of Tortuga that, game becoming scarce, the men of the woods took to the sea, and their name, which was familiar to the Spaniards, was applied to the whole race.

Many of them were men of good family and education. Ravenau de Lussan, who was one of the most successful freebooters, was a French officer who had distinguished himself as a cadet, and had served under Condé. Dampierre mentions an old buccaneer who had been one of Cromwell's chief officers in Ireland; he was, says the traveler, "a hearty, merry old man," who always declared he would never take quarter, and was accordingly shot by the Spaniards, at Leon, "from a long distance." There were British university men among them, and Dutch bankrupts; adventurers from Germany, Scotch exiles, and innumerable officers from France,

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whom the iron rule of the monarch and the cold shade of the aristocracy had driven abroad in disgust.

One of the representative men of the class was Barthelemy the Portuguese. Where he came from, or how he ended, no one knows. He first looms up as the captain of a small buccaneer craft carrying four three-pounders and thirty men—a mere mite in comparison with the Spanish galleons. For all this, Barthelemy determined to attack a large Spaniard which he met off Cape Corriente. The whole proceeding was characteristic. When the Spaniard hove in sight, the buccaneers assembled round the mast, discussed the stranger, and resolved, considering the respective strength of the two vessels, that they would not attack unless the captain particularly desired it. Barthelemy, thus appealed to, replied simply that nothing was to be won in any part of the world without risk, and ordered sail to be set in chase. The Spaniard carried seventy men as crew, besides mariners and passengers, and twenty guns. One can easily fancy the sensation created by the threatened attack of the little sea rover. This time, however, the Spanish captain did not order the "crane to be rigged to hoist the prize alongside;" he armed his men, and when the buccaneers boarded, cutlass in hand, they were received so warmly that they were compelled to retreat to their own vessel. Barthelemy sheered off, and kept up a cannonade and rolling fire of musketry for five hours. We must suppose that the Spaniards were absolutely incapable of working their guns; for though their superiority in men and metal was as six to one, the upshot of the combat was, that when the buccaneers boarded the second time, the deck was yielded without resistance. Barthelemy had lost fourteen men in killed and wounded—a large proportion for a *flibustier*—but there were not over forty men left living on board the Spaniard.

The prize contained about $80,000 in money and merchandise, which would have given the captors some $4000 apiece—Barthelemy receiving nearly a quarter of the whole as his share. But they were not destined to enjoy it. Want of water compelled them to run into a port in Cuba. On weighing, three Spaniards hove in sight, and captured them easily. Barthelemy was carried into San Francisco Campeachy, where he was immediately recognized, and the captain who had taken him required to surrender him to justice. The captain had taken a fancy to his prisoner, and would have retained him. But the Spaniards thronged the harbor, crying, "We have caught Barthelemy the Portuguese, the most wicked rascal in the world, who has done more harm to Spanish commerce than all the other pirates put together. We must hang him at once." His capture was an event of national importance. Heavily ironed, and surrounded by a strong force of men armed to the teeth, the captive buccaneer was transferred from the deck of the friendly captain to another vessel. It was judged unnecessary to go through the form of a trial. A gibbet was all that was needed. A Spanish sailor—whether from humanity or brutality we know not—let Barthelemy know that the scaffold was nearly ready and the rope noosed. There was no time to be lost. He could neither elude the vigilance of his sentinel nor swim the distance which separated him from the shore; but he was not discouraged. Freed from his irons, he called the sentinel to him, and with a single blow, skillfully directed, laid him dead without a groan. Then, corking two empty wine-jars, he tied them under his armpits and let himself down into the water by the main-chains. The least danger to be apprehended was from the sharks. Fortune favored him, however, and he floated to land. Even then—such was the training of the Spanish blood-hounds—escape seemed impossible. There was only one way of baffling these wonderful hunters, and that was by lying in a stream of running water. Barthelemy had read of fugitives escaping them in this way; he chose a running stream, half choked by fallen trees, and lay there for several days, listening to the baying of the hounds and the shouts of the negroes in pursuit of him, supporting life by gnawing the roots which grew on the edge of the stream. At length he ventured to fly. With one last look at the gibbet intended for him, now plainly marked in relief on the evening sky, he set out at nightfall for the Golfo Tristi, his only baggage a calabash of water. Incredible as had been his former sufferings, he underwent greater ones now. His food was the shell-fish thrown up on the beach, often putrid, and almost poisonous. Sometimes the shore was so thickly overgrown with trees that he could not advance except by swinging himself in air from branch to branch like the sloths. At other times his path was intersected by deep streams filled with caymans; and his only resource was to try to frighten them away by throwing stones into the water, then dash in, and endeavor to cross before they had recovered their courage. One large river he crossed on a raft, the branches for which he cut down with a knife made out of a rusty nail he found on the way. Indians, Spaniards, and jaguars were on his track. To add to all, the heat was overpowering. Yet he surmounted all; and on the fourteenth day—the distance was over one hundred miles—he had the delight of beholding a buccaneer ship careening.

He was received with transports by his old friends, and immediately offered to lead them against a prize worthy of them: nothing less than the very ship in which he had been a prisoner at Campeachy. He soon found volunteers to accompany him, and a day or two afterward, at the dead of night, noiselessly boarded the Spaniard. The sentinel challenged them. "We are sailors," said Barthelemy, "returning from shore with goods that have paid no duty." The faithful sentinel muttered a hope that he would not be forgotten, but the next moment

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he was stabbed, and the buccaneers held pistols to the heads of the sleeping crew. Weighing anchor hastily, Barthelemy then stood to sea with his prize.

But he had exhausted his stock of good fortune in adversity; he had none left for prosperity. A storm overtook him, and his ship went to pieces on the Jardine rocks. Barthelemy himself escaped, as usual, in a canoe, and arrived safely at Jamaica; but the chronicler briefly notes that "he never was fortunate after." One can not help regretting that his end is unknown; for, though his exploits were less marvelous than those of Lolonnois, Montbars, or Morgan, he is as fine a type of the buccaneers of the Main as any of them.

Lolonnois, whose name was so long the terror of the Spaniards, was a Frenchman, born at Poitou; embarked, when yet a boy, for the West Indies as an *engagé*.

It should be said here that these *engagés* were the indented servants of the buccaneer hunters. They were worthy young Frenchmen allured to Hispaniola by the glowing descriptions of the agents of the buccaneers at Bordeaux and Nantes. Their term of service was three years, during which they were expected to labor to the extent of their strength for their masters. Their chief business was carrying the hides of the animals killed by the hunters—toil arduous in the extreme in such a climate as Hispaniola, and when the overburdened *engagé* was expected to keep up with his active master. Blows, and occasionally death, were the reward of an *engagé* who flinched from his task, or fainted under the fierce rays of that tropical sun. A merciful buccaneer would allow his *engagé* to rest on Sunday; but these were exceptions. An *engagé* once reminded his master that the Lord had said: "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do; for the seventh day," etc. The hunter turned fiercely upon him, and with a blow, replied: "And I say unto you, Six days shalt thou kill bulls and skin them, and the seventh day thou shalt carry them to the beach." Another unfortunate lad incurred his master's displeasure, and was stripped and tied to a tree. He was then scourged till his back "ran with an entire stream of blood." When he fainted, his wounds were drenched with lemon-juice and sprinkled with pepper and salt. Reviving under this horrible torture, the poor creature was again beaten till he died, imploring God that he would "make his master feel as many torments before his death" as he had inflicted on his *engagé*. The buccaneer chroniclers record with satisfaction that the prayer was answered: the inhuman monster went mad a few days afterward, and actually tore himself to pieces with his own hands!

The historians of the buccaneers, Œxmelin and Esquemeling, were both *engagés*. The former was by profession a surgeon, but by some mishap had been sold as an apprentice. Of his dreadful sufferings from fatigue, hunger, thirst, and fever, he has left an interesting account. On recovering from his fever the famished doctor gladly accepted an invitation from a neighbor to eat a wholesome meal at his house. His master saw him leave the house, and, on a frivolous charge of treachery, thrust him into a damp, filthy, dark cellar, which served as a dungeon. Here he remained three days in irons, lying naked on the stones. The flesh creeps at that part of his story where he describes how, as he lay thinking, he felt something cold touch his side, spread till it encircled his naked body, and at last—for it was a snake—tighten its folds till it impeded his respiration. Of the agony of that moment, when the serpent's bite was expected every second, and it was wholly futile to think of calling for help, we can all form an idea. One does not breathe freely till the Frenchman adds that the snake, after holding him an age of minutes in its gripe, at last glided away to its hole.

Cruelties of this order were so common, and the labor of the *engagé* was so severe, that travelers have ascribed the great proportion of idiots among the people of these islands to that cause. There was but one way in which an *engagé* could secure himself against ill treatment, and that was by becoming an expert marksman. In their forays and bouts with the Spaniard the buccaneers knew the value of a good shot too well to despise one. Sometimes an unusual degree of skill in this respect secured for the *engagé* the degree of Hunter after a few months' service; but the lucky ones who thus escaped the regular three years' term were few. At the expiration of three years the master was expected to give his freedman a musket, clothes, one pound of powder and six of lead: he was received into the fraternity of the buccaneers, and immediately began to exercise on the last arrival from France the same treatment he had himself experienced.

This was Lolonnois's apprenticeship to the life of a buccaneer. Tortuga was in its glory at the time he set sail on his first ship: no city in the world saw money so freely lavished on extravagance as that rocky home of the freebooters. Sailing from thence with a high reputation for courage and skill, he soon made himself renowned for his cruelty. Neither Spaniard nor Indian would allow himself to be taken alive by the buccaneer who had sworn to torture every prisoner to death. The Governor of Cuba sent a well-armed vessel to take him, but Lolonnois boldly boarded her at night, and with his own hand beheaded each Spaniard as he ascended the hatch—tasting the blood as he performed his horrid task.

It has been remarked that the French, who are naturally a humane people, have no compeers in cruelty when their vein lies that way. Lolonnois is an illustration of the truth of the remark. His great expedition was undertaken against Venezuela. It had the sanction of the French governor of Tortuga, and, to a certain extent, of the French authorities at home; and the hopes raised by Lolonnois's courage and

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good fortune were so great that four hundred men, in eight ships, sailed under his orders. Venezuela was then a rich country. Gold was plentiful, and Merida, Maracaybo, and Gibraltar were populous and flourishing towns. The first, indeed, was much larger and richer than it is now.

After the first brush the Spaniards evacuated Maracaybo with their valuables. Gibraltar they defended better, being led by a brave Flemish soldier; but nothing could resist the onset of the buccaneers. The red flag waved over both places. Of merchandise, stores, and provisions the victors found an abundance; but the inhabitants had fled with their money and jewels. Lolonnois set his heart on obtaining these. He kept a strong force constantly scouring the woods in search of Spaniards, and each prisoner was offered a choice between death by torture or a betrayal of his friends' hiding-places. Many who refused to speak were hewed to pieces by Lolonnois himself in the sight of their fellow-captives. The women were starved into submission: in his playful moments, Lolonnois would hang a Spaniard by the beard till he confessed where part of the hidden treasure could be found. After obtaining all he could in this way, pestilence breaking out at Gibraltar, Lolonnois resolved to return. He sent word to the Spaniards that, if they did not pay him 80,000 pieces of eight within two days, he would burn the city to ashes. The wretched fugitives were discussing the offer when they saw the smoke ascend from the city. They sent hastily to say that they would pay the money provided the fire were extinguished. Lolonnois complied with the request; the Spaniards paid all the money they could raise; Maracaybo did the same; and the fleet set sail with $260,000 in money, and $100,000 in church-plate, besides vast quantities of silk, linen, and tobacco, and a great number of young Spanish girls and slaves. The whole was divided according to the buccaneer code—every sailor receiving money and merchandise to the value of 100 pieces of eight besides slaves. Tortuga saw a good time after the return of the fleet. The buccaneers were so reckless, and knew so little of business, that the Governor, who bought of them a portion of the merchandise they had brought to Tortuga, realized, on a single cargo he sent to France, the enormous profit of $600,000.

Lolonnois spent his share in three weeks, in feasting and debauchery. He was, says his biographer, a Caliban on land. His courage, however, was so renowned that he had no difficulty in fitting out a second expedition against Nicaragua, about the same strength as his former one. But his star had set. He took San Pedro; but the most frightful tortures could not extract any money or valuables from his prisoners. Pushing further inland, insurmountable difficulties assailed him. His provisions and water failed. The Spaniards laid ambuscade after ambuscade, and though Lolonnois generally defeated them with great slaughter, he lost many men in these contests, without any corresponding advantage. The road was overgrown with thorny shrubs, and the buccaneer had not thought of providing shoes for his men. Disease thinned their ranks. Driven frantic by disappointment, Lolonnois raved like a madman, hewed his guides to pieces, and swore that he would not leave a Spaniard alive. But it was all of no use. He could not penetrate the country, and was forced to return to the sea-coast. There a party of his men deserted him with his best ship. With the remainder Lolonnois still planned a fresh attack on Nicaragua. But his vessel grounded on a sand-bank, and could not be removed. Not a whit discouraged, he broke her to pieces, and set about building a boat with the remnants. His men he directed to plant vegetables, as they were suffering frightfully from famine. When his boat was built, he might easily have escaped to Tortuga. But he had sworn not to return empty-handed. He was as resolved as ever to sack the Nicaraguan towns. He set sail, landed on the Nicaraguan coast, and, for the first time in his life, was beaten back by the Spaniards. He took to his boat, and sheered off, intending to renew the attack in a day or two. But being driven out of his course, he landed near the Gulf of Darien to obtain water and provisions, and fell, with all his men, into the hands of that horrible race, the Darien Indians. Lolonnois was instantly killed, chopped up, and eaten as a hash. A fit end for such a hero!

Montbars, the exterminator, though as much dreaded by the Spaniards as Lolonnois, was a man of a very different stamp. The son and heir of a wealthy land-owner in Languedoc, his imagination was so fired and his passions roused by the accounts he read of the Spanish cruelties in America, that he became a monomaniac on the subject. Having agreed, when a lad at college, to personate a Frenchman in the prologue to a play, his interlocutor being a Spaniard, he could not wait for his cue, but rushed in a frantic manner upon the stage, in the middle of a soliloquy of the Spaniard, abusing his astonished fellow-actor with the utmost violence, and was only restrained from killing him on the spot by the interference of the spectators. Such a boy's vocation was plain. He was sent to sea under his uncle to cruise against the Spaniards, and soon became a buccaneer chief. His exploits were less marvelous than those of Lolonnois or Morgan; but he was unsurpassed in ferocity and courage. The very first prize he took had been captured by boarding. She was a rich vessel, and the moment the French were masters of her, they began to revel in anticipation over their booty. Montbars's uncle congratulated him on the fortune he had won so easily. "Money!" cried the youth indignantly, "who is thinking of money? Look at all those Spaniards killed—every man of them stone dead." Hence his name, "The Exterminator."

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Doubtless the greatest of the dynasty of buccaneer chiefs as well as the last, was the famous Henry Morgan, a Welchman by birth. He had gone to sea when a boy in search of adventure, and manhood found him quite a distinguished sailor and marked man among the buccaneers. His education was completed under Mansfeldt, in concert with whom he seems to have entertained serious ideas of founding a neutral or buccaneer state in Central America as a counterpoise to the Spaniards; a project warmly seconded by the Governor of the Province of Virginia. An attempt was made in fact, and St. Catherine's, an island on the Costa Rica coast, was to have been the nucleus of the future buccaneer republic; but the scheme failed, Mansfeldt died, and the garrison at St. Catherine's surrendered at discretion to the Spaniards.

Mansfeldt's death left Morgan supreme. He set his whole energies to work to muster a force large enough to clear his skirts of the charge of piracy; for the only distinction between the pirates and admirals of that day lay in their respective strength. Though not renouncing his own country, his principles, in respect to his men, were cosmopolitan; all were welcome, provided they were brave, except Spaniards. Having in course of time collected a force of something like seven hundred men, he prepared for a descent on the island of Cuba. Some of the men were for making a dash at the Havana; but Morgan, who knew the difficulty of any such enterprise, preferred an attack on the town of Puerto Principe, which was understood to be wealthy, and weakly garrisoned. The Spaniards had wind of his coming, and prepared ambuscades; but Morgan evaded them and took the town without trouble. Unhappily for him, the inhabitants had had time to hide their money and valuables; a few hundred cows, which the Spaniards were civilly requested to kill and salt in presence of their enemies, were the whole fruit of the enterprise.

Better luck attended him in his expedition against Porto Bello on the Isthmus—then a rich port, though unhealthy, and the chief Atlantic mart for slaves and the precious metals. It was well fortified and usually well garrisoned; the Spaniards felt certain that it could not be taken except by a regular siege and regular approaches, during which the Governor of Panama would have ample time to send relief. A stratagem enabled Morgan to throw a party of men into the city. They were soon discovered, and the Spaniards flocked to the citadel and forts. The prospect was that the buccaneers would yield to the temptations offered by the rich city at their feet, and so fall an easy prey to a party sallying from the defenses. But Morgan had provided against this. When the alarm was given, his men, without noticing the storehouses or churches, flew to the convents, and dragged from them all the monks and nuns. The wisdom of the plan was apparent next day when the astonished garrison beheld a dozen frightened friars, and as many pale nuns advancing over the glacis, bearing scaling ladders which they proceeded to plant against the walls. Very few of these Holy Fathers showed much heroism. They beseeched the garrison to spare their lives, not forgetting to warn them that the murder of a holy man of their figure was peculiarly damnable, even though it were the only method of saving the place; and thus, thanks to Spanish superstition, the ladders were planted and the place taken. The city was sacked according to buccaneer rule, and in fifteen days was stripped naked as a burial-ground. Some of the fugitives made their way to Panama to notify the President, Don Juan Perez de Guzman, of the disaster; and, as in duty bound, that worthy appeared in the plain at the head of an army considerably stronger than Morgan's. But it appeared he had no intention of fighting. There was so much chivalry and so little common sense in the Spanish character at this period that we need feel no surprise at learning that Don Juan Perez found nothing better to do, when he advanced within sight of Morgan's pickets, than to send him a messenger to compliment him on his bravery, and inquire with professional sympathy what were the arms he used in the capture of so strong a place. Morgan was not to be outdone. He sent the Spaniard a musket, which he took from one of the buccaneers, and a handful of bullets, as a sample of the tools he used, and begged Don Juan to keep them, as he would call for them at Panama in the course of a few months. The President took the hint, returned the musket, begging that Morgan would not give himself the trouble to call at Panama, and presented him with an emerald ring in token of his esteem. All this, while Morgan was sacking the chief Atlantic port of the state, and torturing the people, seems queer enough.

The net proceeds of this expedition were estimated at 260,000 pieces of eight, besides silk, merchandise, and slaves; which lasted the buccaneers a few days, and soon passed into the hands of the retailers and women of Jamaica. When the whole was exhausted, Morgan went to sea again; and having on board the fleet one of Lolonnois's old sailors, was persuaded to imitate his predecessor, and make a foray in Venezuela. It was entirely successful: Maracaybo and Gibraltar fell into the hands of the buccaneers without any resistance worth mentioning. The only features of the enterprise which distinguish it from the other expeditions of the period were the horrible tortures inflicted on the prisoners. Taught by sad experience, the Spaniards had prepared hiding-places beforehand for their treasure. Morgan, to be even with them, excelled even Lolonnois in cruelty. The Welshman has no rivals. Even the inquisition appears mild by contrast. When Gibraltar was taken, a poor lunatic who had not joined his people in their flight, but had amused himself in dressing his person in the finest clothes he could find in the deserted houses,

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was caught and taken before Morgan. When asked where the people were, he said he really did not know, but supposed they would soon be back; that really, for his part, he, Pepe, did not care. They inquired where the money was hid: the poor crazy creature took them to a chest in one of the churches, and pointed archly to it; it was, of course, empty. To punish him for what they chose to consider a trick, they hung him up by his wrists, with weights attached to his feet, till his arms were dislocated. In his agony, he assured them that he was brother to the Governor of Maracaybo, who would punish them for plaguing him; but that, in the mean time, he had 50,000 crowns, which he would give them if they would take him down. They did so: he led them to his hovel, and from under the hearth-stone disinterred three pieces of eight—all his treasure—which he gave them with sobs and tears. Put again to the torture, he fell on his knees, crying: "What will you do with me, Englishmen? I am a poor man, who live on alms and sleep at the hospital." So they lit a fire of palm-leaves, tossed the poor idiot into it, and burnt him to death.

The brutality of these tortures can only be explained by the astonishing tenacity of the rich merchants of the Spanish ports. One old fellow was seized, and denounced as wealthy by a renegade. He took the angels to witness that all his wealth had been 100 pieces of eight, which were taken from him at the sack. He was not believed, and was put to the torture called "swimming on land." Ropes were fastened to his wrists and ankles, and to the four corners of the room; while he was thus stretched out, a weight of 500 pounds was placed on his loins, and the cords kept constantly in motion. Still he swore he had nothing. Fire was then procured; his beard was burnt off, and his body singed. Still he said the same thing. He was kept several days almost without food; and, under the torture thus inflicted, he confessed that he had 500 pieces of eight, which he would give for his life. The buccaneers fell upon him with clubs, and threatened to make an end of him; when, at last, the obstinate old miser agreed to lead them to his hoard, where they found 2000 pieces of eight.

Morgan's great exploit was the expedition against Panama. This was the most extensive buccaneer operation that had ever been undertaken. Morgan had thirty-seven vessels—several of which were from New England—and 2200 well-armed men. Though he gave out that he was sailing against "the open and declared enemies of the King, his master," and hoisted the royal flag, the expedition was carried out on strictly buccaneering principles. The town to be attacked was chosen by lot. The booty was to be divided into shares, every man throwing all he had taken into the common heap. A captain had five or six shares, a mate two, a sailor one, a boy half a share. A scale of rewards for wounds and distinguished services was inserted in the charter party—at least as equitable as that now in use among warlike nations. To him who struck the enemy's flag, or planted the buccaneers', fifty crowns were given; to him who took a prisoner with tidings one hundred piastres; if an officer, a larger sum. The loss of an eye was compensated by $100; both eyes, $200; a leg or an arm, $500; both arms, $800; and so on, even to the loss of a finger, which was valued at a hundred piastres. The surgeon had his share as an officer, besides $200 for his medicine chest.

Chagres, with its castle, well-armed and well-defended by Spaniards and Indians, was taken, it is said, by a device which has since been usefully employed in war. While the attack was going on, an Indian arrow struck one of the buccaneers in the eye. "*Attendez, mes frères,*" said the wounded man, "*je m'en vais faire périr tous les Espagnols—tous—avec cette sacrée flèche;*" and winding round the arrow a handful of the wild cotton the buccaneers always carried about them to serve instead of lint, he put it in his musket and fired at the roof of the castle. The roof was of thatch; the blazing arrow set it on fire; and in a few minutes fifty other lighted arrows were sticking in it, spreading the conflagration. Chagres was taken and sacked.

The march to Panama began on the 18th January, 1670. As usual with the buccaneers, the commissariat and transportation departments had been entirely neglected, and the little army suffered horribly, from the start, from famine; the men ate the leather of their accoutrements soaked in water. On the ninth day, reaching the summit of the ridge, they caught sight, for the first time, of the Pacific Ocean, and a burst of rapture rose from the exulting army. That very evening they watched the sun set on the burnished steeples of Panama.

Next morning the attack began. History contains few battles so interesting. On the one side were Morgan's buccaneers, ragged, famished, and reckless; without artillery, and in bad discipline; in all, a trifle over 1000 men. On the other, the Spaniards counted 5000 foot, 1450 horse, and a large train of artillery; they had trained two hundred bulls to charge the enemy like Indian elephants; they were prepared for the attack, had sent their women and money to Tavoga, and were well able to stand a siege. The Spanish army, drawn up in battle array on the plain, glittered like a gaudy picture in the bright sunlight: the buccaneers, encamped in the hills, resembled wild beasts sallying from their lairs in search of food. But, for all their numbers and gallant show, the Spaniards had not the thew of their desperate assailants. The bulls became unmanageable, and threw their cavalry into confusion. The infantry could not withstand the impetuous charge of Morgan's fellows. Every buccaneer shot took effect; the Spaniards, nervous and excited, fired wildly and harmlessly. First one regiment, then another, turned about and fled. In two hours the whole army was routed; and Morgan, in hot pursuit, followed them straight into the city. Panama,

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the Queen of the Pacific, was his. A stately, magnificent city—the entrepôt of trade, and the mart to which the gold-miners and slave-dealers sent their wares. Two thousand mules were constantly employed in carrying treasure from Panama to Porto Bello for shipment. Though a whole month had been spent in stripping the city by the Spaniards, the buccaneers found rooms and stores choked with every kind of costly merchandise. The Spaniards in America have never raised such superb edifices as those which Morgan fired on his entrance.

The sack was like all similar operations of the buccaneers. The tortures of Maracaybo were renewed on the prisoners that were caught; old men and young, children and maidens, were hacked and hewed, stretched on the rack, crushed, mutilated, hanged, roasted, tormented by every device of infernal cruelty. Tavoga was taken, and several hundred of the fairest of the Spanish women carried off. One of these, a lady of surpassing beauty, was taken by Morgan himself. She was the wife of a Spanish merchant who was absent at the time, and was as haughty as she was beautiful. Morgan actually—we have indisputable authority for the statement—fell in love with her. He separated her from the other captives, treated her with great respect, and labored to convince her that the buccaneers were at least equal in point of refinement and cultivation to the Spaniards. But she only begged that she might be confined with her friends. Morgan refused; sent her presents of jewelry, rich stuffs, and perfumes; furnished her table from his own; and when by these attentions he had induced her to receive him with civility, offered her a share of his fortunes and his home. The haughty Spaniard peremptorily refused. He tendered all his share of the booty; she spurned it. He threatened her with the fate of her friends; she defied him. He approached her menacingly; she drew a poniard, and warned him that if she could not kill him she could at least make sure of herself. Baffled and enraged, Morgan had her immured in a dark cellar, without clothes, and almost without food. There he would come to see her, and find her in constant prayer and unchanged. Meanwhile the buccaneers began to complain that Morgan was betraying their interests for the sake of his Spanish beauty; and their chief admitting the justice of their reproaches, gave orders for the march homeward. The buccaneers took their prisoners with them: the beautiful Spaniard walked over the scorching sand between two sailors. For the first time her courage began to fail her, as the distance from her home lengthened; doubtless she thought of her husband's return, and of his desolation when he should find it deserted. Her piteous cries of affliction reached Morgan's ears. At the last moment he redeemed a part of his former villanies by a ray of humanity. The lady had agreed to pay $30,000 for her ransom, and had sent word to two priests to bring the sum—from a hiding-place she indicated—to Morgan. But the rogues had used it to ransom some of their fellow-priests. When this was explained to Morgan, he cast one last look on the pale face of his beautiful captive, then ordered the men who guarded her to take her back to Panama.

The survivors of the Panama expedition ought all to have made fortunes. The plunder was estimated at nearly two millions and a half of dollars, besides slaves: one hundred and seventy-five mules had left Panama laden with gold and silver. But there can be no doubt that Morgan and one or two of his friends secreted a large portion of the booty, especially the jewels; and that the whole *razzia* amounted to a much larger sum than three millions. The division was apparently fair, but really dishonest. Instead of receiving 1000 pieces of eight as they had expected, the common sailors only got 200. A mutiny had like to have broken out in consequence, and the French actually threatened Morgan's life; but by good management the danger was averted, though the little army was broken up. Morgan returned to Jamaica with a splendid fortune. He was knighted by Charles the Second, and when the Earl of Carlisle went to England, he was made Governor of Jamaica, in which office, saith the historian, Sir Henry much distinguished himself by the vigilance and severity with which he suppressed those unlawful bodies of pirates called buccaneers.

He did the work so well—hanging many of his old friends, and surrendering others to the Spaniards—that after him the business became poor and dull. The red flag still waved in the Main, and now and then a successful foray was made on the Spanish coast; but large operations were impossible, and the spirit of the buccaneers was broken. Very soon after Morgan's death the fraternity ceased to enjoy a separate existence. Their haunts were ravaged, their ships sunk, their captains hanged. Henceforth buccaneers were pirates and nothing more.

THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

IT was a dark night; a winter night; a night when the winds were abroad, with snow, and all the fury of a tempest.

Here and there, along the streets, the glimmer of a light might be seen. It was before the days of gas, and the oil-lamps were mostly blown out by a moderate breeze. Sometimes a pedestrian could be descried staggering along, gathering his cloak around him at every fourth step, and turning his back as often to the storm that threatened to strip him.

Long before midnight every street in the city was silent and deserted, and the few lights left might as well have gone out with their fellows, since they served no good purpose to any mortal. Not even a thief would venture out on such a night, or expose his precious body to such a storm.

In the old court-room of the Oyer and Term-

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iner a scene was presented on that night which at this day is somewhat unusual.

The court had been in session since ten in the forenoon, having taken a recess for dinner and another for supper. It was now ten o'clock, and the court and jury were alike exhausted; but they had agreed to finish the cause on trial that night, and the jury were listening to the summing-up on the part of the people by the district-attorney, who was calmly and dispassionately laying before them the evidence, and, with tremendous force, urging on them the propriety of a verdict against the prisoner.

The judge was a stranger to that bench. He was from a country circuit, appointed to relieve the press of city business, and he had worked steadily for four weeks of the term, which was now approaching its close, and had disposed of an immense amount of work. He had won the respect of the bar by his dignified and urbane bearing, his clear and lucid opinions and decisions, his kindness to younger members of the profession, and his steadfast attention to the work before him. But off from the bench no one saw him. From the moment that he left the court-room he disappeared. His carriage blinds were always closed, and he drove directly to his hotel, where he kept his rooms, and did not appear until to return to the court-room.

It was said that he was a man of great wealth, of elegant tastes, of refined and luxurious habits of life. Men wondered why he submitted to the drudgery of the bench; to the hard labor which a judge must do.

He did not need the salary: that was evident from his style of living at home and in the city. He did not need the position or reputation it gave him: that he had enjoyed while at the bar and in Congress, when to be in Congress was an honor. He did not do it from love of it: that no one who knew him would suspect; for, while he was prompt and faithful to attend to his duties, he never went one step farther, and in all his decisions was exceedingly careful not to waste time or words, or to travel out of the record, as is the fashion with our judges now, who seek arguments in Karnak and old Thebes to decide real estate questions in Rockland county.

Why he retained his judgeship, therefore, remained a subject of conjecture; and perhaps the most reasonable suggestion was that he did so for employment of mind, and to keep himself from painful thought. If so, it was a good plan. Nothing could more effectually drive away all painful recollections than steady devotion to the business of a circuit judge, provided he could once get the victory for the labor over the memories. If painful memory kept him from business it would be of no avail, but let him once forget the past, in the absorbing interest of judicial study, and he might retain the victory.

Such, doubtless, was the truth with Judge Cameron.

To the case now before him he had devoted himself with even unusual diligence. He seemed to be absorbed in it during the sessions of the court, and to have bent all the energies of his mind to the points involved. It was remarked, too, that from day to day, as it progressed, he had gradually leaned more and more against the prisoner, as if he had become convinced of the propriety of a verdict of guilty even before the evidence closed. This is not an uncommon occurrence. In most cases a man must be superhuman to avoid this. It may be said that a judge should conceal them, if he has such feelings. We will not stop to discuss that now. Charles Cameron was no man to disguise his feelings on or off the bench.

The district-attorney closed, and the jury rose to listen to the charge of the court.

The prisoner was a woman. She was indicted for the murder of her child, a young infant, and the case had hung, as most cases of this nature do, on medical testimony. The child was but a month old, and was found dead in its bed. The marks on its body might have indicated the causes of its death, or might have been the convulsive graspings of the mother holding her dead boy to her heart. The prosecution contended for the one view, the defense for the other. The medical evidence had been about equally balanced.

It was in proof that the mother lived alone in a house in the outskirts of the city. That she kept a servant, and had frequent visits from a gentleman, whose face the servant had never seen, though two years had passed during which he was there almost daily. She lived in plain and respectable style, was seldom out of her house, saw no other person but this one man, and had two children, of which this child was one, which died one month after it was born. Her usual visitor had not been seen for a month before her arrest.

On the cross examination the servant showed clearly that she had a feeling of enmity to the prisoner, growing out of some trifle, but not uncommon in persons of her nation and position, leading them, as lawyers see daily illustrated, to lie, and verify their lies by oaths, to obtain revenge for their real or fancied wrongs.

View it in its best light, the case was a dark one. So all who were in the court-room seemed to think. So thought the prisoner's counsel, than whom none abler could be found in the city.

To say the best of the whole case it was a mysterious one, and none the less so that the prisoner had sat in court from day to day heavily vailed, and no one had seen her face, or knew what looking person she was.

The judge received the testimony fully. His clear mind had taken in every point, and arranged it with reference to its logical bearing on the case, so that as he proceeded new light seemed to break on the dark points.

The prisoner, for the first time in the course of the trial, appeared interested in what was going on. She turned her face toward the

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bench, and gradually leaned forward as if to catch every sound that he uttered. As he proceeded she sometimes shuddered.

Before he closed he adverted to one singular point in the case.

"You can not fail to have observed, gentlemen, that no attempt has been made to clear the mystery hanging about the prisoner's former history, and character, and manner of living. Whether it has or has not any direct bearing on the question of her guilt or innocence, it has much weight on the general question of character. No proof of good character is offered you. No one stands here to vouch for it. No one offers any endorsement of the prisoner's manner of life, but, on the contrary, you are left to believe that she was without friends, without acquaintances, and for some reason out of the pale of society. While this friendlessness may be the result of misfortune, it is ordinarily understood to be the result of guilt; and though it by no means authorizes you to stamp the prisoner as a murderess, it is entitled to its weight in determining her character, and the probability of her being induced to commit the crime of which she stands accused!"

With a few general remarks the charge closed.

Before the jury retired, and immediately after the judge ceased, one of the jurors, a man of mild and venerable aspect, asked the court if it was proper to request the prisoner to remove her vail. "I can not well determine a question of such importance with reference to a person I have never seen," said he.

The prisoner was sitting in the same attitude, with her face turned to the judge, her head leaning toward him, as if she still heard his voice. She had not moved. She heard the question, however, and with one hand swept back her vail from her countenance.

Never in any court-room, since the trial of the beautiful Lady Jane Gray, did a face of such royal beauty flash on the gaze of an astonished jury. She was young—not more than twenty-five. Her features were of exquisite mould; her forehead broad and massive; her eye light-blue, and exceedingly clear and rich; her lips of matchless chiseling.

But the agony that was on all her face was unutterable, indescribable. She fixed her steady, imploring gaze on the judge, turned it to the juror who had spoken, and again let her vail fall, and herself sank back exhausted and fainting.

It was not till after the jury had retired that the clerk observed that the judge had fallen from his chair. Hastily rushing up to the bench, the officers lifted him and carried him to an open window. He revived soon, and the snow on his forehead recalled him to his senses. At first he muttered some inaudible sentences, and then gained strength to stand. He looked around him anxiously, and then thanking the officers for their attention, he resumed his seat and quietly awaited, with others, the return of the jury. The attack was attributed by all present to over-exertion and the closeness of the room. No one—I am wrong—only one of the persons who were in the court-room besides himself knew of the emotions which had so shaken that man. While the jury are deliberating we will go back in the story, and endeavor to make the scene as intelligible to the reader as it was to those two.

Charles Cameron, the only son of a wealthy lawyer of the colony of Virginia, was heir alike to a large fortune and a stern disposition. The old man had been a Royalist in the revolution, and never forgave the colonies their successful revolt. The son was a Whig, as violent as his father was on the other side, and many severe contests arose between them on political subjects. It was remarked as strange, that the old man, after all the violent scenes which had passed between his son and himself, and after all the enmity he had expressed to his son's principles, should have left him his fortune without limit or incumbrance. The son was in all respects worthy a fortune. He was a polished gentleman, a good companion, a faithful counselor, and a splendid scholar. He removed to a northern state shortly after his father's death, and soon took a prominent stand at the bar. Party politics ran high. He was a candidate for Congress against a man twenty years his senior. Many bitter things were said on both sides, some of which the hot blood of the young man resented with fury, and some which the cool determination of the older candidate made causes of enmity that was confirmed by his defeat, and made ten-fold more fierce when young Cameron ran away with his daughter, married her, and took her to Washington as his bride.

She never went into her father's house again, nor was recognized by him, or by any of his family, when they met, as they did daily, in the streets. Sixteen years passed, during which neither Cameron nor Bromley changed one jot in their feelings toward each other; and then death came into the house of the former.

Death is a terrible leveler. He is a tremendous enemy to distinctions. So even are the bottoms and the surfaces of graves, that men begin to feel that level whenever death approaches them, and are ready to forget all their differences. Not so John Bromley; he was not like other men. Not so Charles Cameron; he was like John Bromley.

"Charles," said Alice Cameron, "I am dying, and I would fain be reconciled to my father. Will you ask him to come and see me?"

He consented willingly, and sent that very hour a servant with a note asking Mr. Bromley to do Mrs. Cameron the honor to call and see her. Such a formal note seemed strange in such circumstances; but all the town knew that Mrs. Cameron was dying, and he could not but understand it as a summons to the death-bed of his daughter. He paid not the slightest attention to it. She penciled with her own feeble hand a petition—a daughter's earnest prayer—that she might be allowed to look once

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more on his face before she departed to the dread assembly of the dead. He did not come. When Cameron saw his wife lying dead, and the note returned, unopened, lying on the little stand by her head, he vowed a solemn vow that he would never forgive the man that last unkindness, not on earth, not though he stood at heaven's gate and were excluded for that hatred. He forgot that he would have done just so himself.

She left him one daughter fifteen years old. Two years later she was seventeen, and exceedingly beautiful. All the strong man's heart was bound up in the child; and she was one to love. Her form was of the mould of Eve's. Her eye was of the blue of the skies of Eden. Her voice was perfect music. For the first two years after her mother's death she was growing into complete womanhood, and then she was a splendid woman.

I have some hesitation in attempting to describe her character. It was by no means perfect. It was hardly possible that the child of such a father should be very mild and gentle; and, in fact, she was very like him in her firmness and her determination of purpose. Withal she inherited from her mother an amount of passion, warmth of feeling, and devotedness to any object of her affection, which, coupled with her fixedness of will, made her a difficult subject of management.

These were the prominent points of danger in her character. Every thing else was exceedingly winning and lovely, and even these points rendered her more attractive. If her horse refused to leap a fence, she rode him at it steadily till he did it. If she wished a flower that grew on the edge of a precipice, she walked boldly out and plucked it. If one she called friend were in need, she never rested till the aid was rendered. She had even been known to go alone at midnight for a physician to see her father in a severe attack of illness, because she would not trust a servant.

It was not strange that the strong man's heart wound itself around her. He made her his idol. He was gradually devoting himself more and more rigorously to his profession, and when he did permit himself to escape his library, it was his joy to be welcomed by her unrivaled smile and voice. She queened it in his house, and held gay revels in the large drawing-room while her father pored over books in his undisturbed office.

Matters were in this condition when Mr. Bromley died, leaving a will by which he gave his entire property to his three children older than Alice, cutting off Mrs. Cameron and her daughter Kate.

Mr. Cameron had no care for the money; a fourth of the fortune would not amount to a tithe of that which he would himself give to his daughter. But a flaw in the will of his old foe would be a grand discovery, and a capital revenge, and he sought for it, and, as he supposed, found it.

The consternation, anger, fury of the Bromley family may be imagined when it was announced that the father of Kate Cameron, now just of age, had commenced proceedings to set aside the will of her grandfather. The reputation of the lawyer did not suffice to satisfy them that it was any thing more than the enmity of the man that induced the proceeding, and they employed counsel to oppose.

One evening, not long after this, Mr. Cameron came somewhat suddenly from his library, through his drawing-room, and into a small parlor which was devoted to books of the lighter sort, and to musical instruments. He was seeking an authority which his library did not furnish. He found something he did not expect.

Possibly the freedom of life which he had permitted to his daughter might have authorized it; certainly it ought to have excused it, though it was a strange affair.

Kate was sitting in no equivocal position with a gentleman. His arm was around her, her head on his shoulder; and she was in such a splendid flow of spirits that it was not until her companion called her attention to him, that she saw her father standing in the door with a brow like a thunder-cloud.

"Young man, leave this house!" was the first remark of the father.

"John, keep your seat!" was the firm response of the daughter, as she rose and met her father's eye with a look that was as firm as his.

War was declared—that was manifest. The young man was John Bromley, grandson of the father of Mrs. Cameron, cousin of Kate, and the first of that family who had ever been seen in the house of the Camerons. He now interposed, with some confusion indeed, but politely:

"Accident makes necessary, Mr. Cameron, what I had intended to defer until a more auspicious time, when our present hostile aspect might be somewhat changed. But doubtless—"

"Explanation is unnecessary, Sir. I have requested you to leave the house; oblige me by sparing me the trouble of enforcing my request."

"Stop a minute, John, I will go with you!"

Mr. Cameron looked at his daughter calmly, half smiling at the spirit which he in fact admired.

"And where do you propose to go? To Stephen Bromley's? I fancy you will not find a welcome there."

"I don't care where, father. I love John Bromley, and I will go with him to the world's end."

"And leave me, Kate?"

There was a look of pain mingled with the sternness in her father's face, and it melted her. The next instant they two were alone, and she lay folded in her father's arms. But the charmed bond that had held that father and daughter together was injured. We can not pause to relate how it was bruised more and more, and finally broken. It was enough that Kate was

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determined to conquer her father, and all the evidence he furnished her that John Bromley was an abandoned character, unfit for her to love, but served to convince her of her father's injustice; and after a succession of violent scenes, the end came, and she disappeared.

He made no search for her. His heart was well-nigh broken. His home was absolutely desolate. He devoted himself to his profession, went upon the bench, studied, labored, strove day by day, year after year, to forget, and in part succeeded.

Nevertheless there were times when the memory of the past came over him like a flood, tearing up the strong barriers he had builded to keep them back, sweeping over his soul, and laying it waste and desolate. Sometimes, in the solemn nights, he would remember the beloved wife of his early years, and would weep bitterly in his lonesome room. Oftener still, his radiant daughter would appear before him in all her young loveliness, and he would shudder as he thought what might now be her fate, abandoned to the tender mercies of a cruel world.

And so years rolled on, and he grew old fast; and when Kate Cameron should have been twenty-five her father was prematurely old, and his mind was broken by his sorrows.

And when she threw back her vail and looked at him; when their eyes met once, only one instant, and he saw all the horrible scene before him, it was not strange that reason for the time departed. It was only strange that any life remained.

It is astonishing what command men may obtain over their features. He sat in the chair, leaning back listlessly, waiting the coming in of the verdict, and no one would have dreamed that he was more than ordinarily interested in what was going on.

The night crept slowly on. The day was approaching; and still no verdict.

The clerk had fallen asleep; the constables sat nodding on the steps that led up to the bench; the counsel had gone out, and were solacing themselves at a neighboring hotel with cigars and punch, discussing the trial and the news of the time, with an occasional joke and story by way of enlivenment. The candles had burned down, and the long wicks obscured the light, so that it was difficult to see across the court-room. The low hum of conversation had given place to profound silence, and now all was hushed, as if the same repose that blessed others, guilty or innocent, were blessing the prisoner and the court alike.

But an observer, had there been one, would have been startled at the scene which the court-room now presented in all this stillness.

The judge, from letting his gray eye rove around the room, had, when he saw that no one observed him, fixed it on the prisoner, who sat in a large chair, erect as before. She had removed the vail from her face, and sat uncovered, with her gaze fixed on his countenance. Neither could see the expression of the other's face. Each knew that the other was looking, but neither gave any indication of the knowledge. Her face was calm, but full of deep, ardent, earnest love, mingled with impending anxiety. Could his have been distinguished, the similitude would have been startling.

Slowly the night wore on. A little before daylight a stir announced the coming of the jury. As they entered, the court-room resumed its former appearance. The lights were trimmed; the constables awoke; the clerk roused himself to call over the names of the jury. But they had only come for instruction.

"In what the court had said about character, were they to understand that lack of evidence of the prisoner's good character was presumptive evidence of bad character?"

It was a nice question, and, in the present instance, a terrible one. For a father to direct a jury in determining the character of his daughter on presumptive evidence, was a work requiring no small mental determination. But he did it calmly, repeating what he had said before, and saying in substance that though no evidence of bad character, it was entitled to its weight in connection with the other evidence in the case.

Day broke on the city, and light stole into the court-room—gray, and feeble, and cold at the first, flushing up at length into the full glory of the sunrise. Men were now astonished to observe what a change the night had made in Judge Cameron's countenance. He was haggard, worn, and thin. He looked twenty years older than on the previous day. The prisoner remained invisible.

At seven o'clock the jury entered. Man by man answered to his name, and the clerk demanded their verdict.

None leaned more eagerly forward to hear it than the judge. The prisoner alone seemed unmoved. Her counsel sat with trembling hand waiting the announcement.

It was given at length:

"NOT GUILTY."

She threw back the vail from her face, and it was magnificent now in its splendid beauty. First she thanked the jury with a look which was enough, and then suddenly rose and turned to the judge.

But he was not visible. He had again fallen. She was the first by his side; and when the astonished officers attempted to remove her, she shook them off with the astounding declaration: "He is my father!"

Fourteen years more passed rapidly away. Judge Cameron had resigned his seat on the bench, sold his possessions in —— County, and disappeared from the neighborhood in which his active life had been passed. None knew the reason for all this change. It was sudden, and executed with as much rapidity as it was conceived. His place in the county and in public life was occupied by John Bromley, who, by dint of political management, had contrived to be elected to Congress, and almost, although not

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quite, to be appointed to the judgeship made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Cameron.

Bromley was in no respect the equal of the latter. He was in all respects his inferior. He was a man of low instincts and low associations. Educated, indeed, and accomplished as the world esteems accomplishments, possessed of many fascinating ways of hypocrisy, and well fitted to be the deceiver of such a frank girl as was Kate Cameron, now long forgotten in the community. Sometimes, indeed, in hours of unusual freedom over his wine with boon companions, John Bromley had hinted at his conquest over the splendid beauty of the county ten years before, and had left it to be inferred that he had been base enough to deceive and abandon her. But he was never known to recur to such subjects when sober; and a dark cloud often rested on his face when he should have been most gay. He was an accomplished scoundrel, and won his way as such men can do.

Steadily and stealthily he had absorbed all the wealth of his grandfather, and deprived his cousins of their shares of it. By one and another cunning trick of rascality, concealed so that the world called it a good speculation or a lucky hit, he had, for trifling considerations, become owner of all the vast estate which old John Bromley left, and had united to it the lands of Judge Cameron, so that his property was one of the finest in the State. But, if the truth were known, he was not so rich. His large estate was heavily encumbered, and he bethought himself, at forty-five, to marry a wife, by whom to increase his wealth, and redeem his lands, and save himself from ruin. He accordingly looked about him for such a person.

In the village was a boarding-school which had a celebrity through all the country. The ladies who had charge of it were two maiden sisters of forty to fifty years experience, who had lived in the village from their youth.

Among their scholars was one who had now been with them some eight years, and who was an exceedingly beautiful girl of seventeen. She was tall, slender, graceful, and of rare attractiveness of face and feature. The whole village had learned to love her, and yet she was never known to enter a house in the place. Miss Carlton was the admired of all, but known by none.

Her wealth was reputed to be immense. Her mother, she stated, was a widow, residing alternately in New York and in the south of Europe. One winter she had passed with her in the Apennines, and there had seen her grandfather, who constantly resided there, never accompanying her mother to America. Next spring she was to leave school forever, and then she hoped to live abroad among those mountains in some one of those quiet villages like Pau. Such was the talk among her schoolmates, all of whom looked up to her, as well they might, as to one altogether their superior.

Rumors of her great wealth reached the ears of John Bromley. He had seen her; and he thought a young and beautiful wife like Katharine Carlton would well become his halls, and so he determined to make her his, if he could but verify the stories he heard of her expectations.

With him, to plan and to execute had always been one and the same work, and he had little difficulty in ascertaining who paid her bills at the school. The village bank, of which he was a director, gave him the names of the bankers whose checks were forwarded every three months, and he set on foot questions which elicited the information he desired. She had no wealth of her own, but was understood to be sole heiress of something like half a million that belonged to her grandfather, who was still living. This was sufficient, and he proceeded to prosecute his suit. But he knew too well, by family experience, the danger of attempting a runaway marriage with the expectation of receiving money with his bride, and he accordingly determined to commence his negotiations in person with the parents of the young lady, who were then abroad.

Steamers were just then commencing their trips, and he proceeded to France, where he had reason to anticipate a meeting with them, though they were represented to be moving from place to place.

In a small cabaret on the road from Paris to Lyons, somewhat celebrated in those days for the perfection of its *cuisine* and the elegance of its miniature arrangements, a gentleman and lady who were traveling post had ordered dinner, and were waiting its appearance while their horses were changed.

The gentleman was about seventy years of age, tall, erect, and stately in his appearance. His hair was silvery white, and flowed over his back in large locks. His dress was purely French, so that he might readily be mistaken for a marquis of the old regime. Such, doubtless, the host supposed him to be, if his obsequiousness were any proof.

While they waited, a gentleman arrived, traveling in the other direction, by post also, and the old gentleman approached the window and saw him dismount from his carriage. Turning back suddenly, with a start, he exclaimed,

"Keep back, Kate; keep back!"

"Why, who is it, father?"

"It is he!"

"John?"

"Bromley."

"Strange! What can he be here for? Father, I mean to see him. Do you think he would recognize us? We are, surely, much changed, and our disguise is perfect. Mrs. —— did not know us in Paris; what think you?"

"It would be curious. Perhaps it will be as well. And if he does recognize us, what is the harm, after all. It will disturb our quiet for a while, and then all will run on again in the old channel."

The landlord entered with a card.

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"Mr. Bromley hearing that Mr. Carlton and Mrs. Carlton were at the inn, desired leave to present himself."

It was granted.

Full of his object, John Bromley never dreamed of recognizing them in their disguised appearance, and they saw that they were safe on that score. His proposition startled them, and they exchanged glances rapidly. Of course they could neither accept nor decline it now. They must have time to consider. They would be in America within a few months, when he should have their answer; meantime, he must not attempt to see her. These and sundry similar provisions enabled them to be rid of his importunity for the present, and the direction of their travel was changed, and they hastened to America.

When Bromley arrived at his home after an absence of about ninety days, he learned that a rival was in the field in the shape of his own cousin, Frederick Bromley, the son of his elder uncle, and a promising young lawyer in the county. He had already experienced the severity of his cousin's enmity in the contests he had about his ill-gotten estates, and this was the worst blow that could have been inflicted. To say truth, he had boasted over his wine that he had been successful in his foreign trip—a boast that reached the ears of his younger rival, and elicited from him a smile of contempt.

An accidental meeting, a slight service rendered, a few words exchanged, these were the incidents which commenced an acquaintance that had ripened into love, and in two months the young lady had accepted him, without thinking it necessary to refer the matter to parent or teacher.

But rumor reached the ears of John Bromley that her mother was in America, and had knowledge of this new engagement, and had approved it.

Just at this time, had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more startled than he was at an action in partition, commenced against him by Frederick Bromley on behalf of an unknown person, as grantee of Kate Cameron, of one-fourth of the estate of her grandfather.

The name startled him. He had not heard it for years. He had not seen it written in more. It seemed strange that it could appear in such papers as these, so formally, so mixed up with law phrases and technical terms. He had never thought of her for years except as the young queenly girl he had loved, and deceived, and forsaken. The old law proceedings had been discontinued when she left her home, and he had forgotten them.

His first impulse now was one of exceeding tenderness; for a moment he thought of abandoning all to her claim. Her very name had magic power at that instant, as the names of the once loved always must have, if we have left them and they have not forsaken us.

But the next moment his cool villainy returned to him, and he proceeded to examine the old claim again. In his younger days, when he had loved Kate Cameron, he had thought her father's views correct, and he had intended that night, if the old judge had permitted, to tell him he believed he would be successful. He would now see whether love had warped his judgment, and whether he was not a foolish boy then. He examined the case, and became convinced that he was.

He went to the city and laid it before eminent counsel, and was advised otherwise. "The will of John Bromley, Senior," said the brief and clear opinion of the ex-chancellor whom he consulted, "is manifestly void, and the property goes to his heirs at law."

Other counsel but confirmed this view. He could get no one in whom he had any confidence to say otherwise.

Troubles thickened around him. If this fourth of the estate and the mesne profits were to be taken from him, as they would be, he would be bankrupt. His position, character, reputation, all were at stake, and all now rested on some successful blow to retrieve his falling fortunes. The marriage appeared most feasible; and he began to reason with himself that if she were to marry him against her own will her grandfather would surely not cut her off, and at length he resolved to abduct her.

His plan was adroitly laid. There was a man in the city, an old ally of his younger rascalities, who had once helped him in a somewhat similar adventure, though in that case the lady was not unwilling. Stevens had personated a clergyman then for his aid, and possibly he might now provide one who would do up a marriage in fact.

Bromley wrote him to come to see him. He came. Almost twenty years had not changed him very much. He was the same round-faced, jolly, good-natured fellow he had known, with a broad English brogue, and a broader English laugh.

When Bromley reminded him of the old scrape his face fell. The look of contentment and happiness left it. He was silent for a moment.

"I did not think you had sent for me to speak of that, or I should not have come, Bromley."

"Well, we will not speak of it. I want you now to help me in another way. I want to marry a woman against her will."

"I will have nothing to do with it."

"Nonsense, Stevens. You will do it. It is just this."

And he told him all the circumstances and his plan. Stevens listened, and his eyes opened wider and wider, until, when he named Emily Carlton, his eyes shut with a snap so quick they could almost have been heard. Stevens now seemed to enter fully into his plans, and they arranged the minutiæ without difficulty.

The next week was fixed for the acomplishment.

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On the appointed morning Stevens was to present himself at the school as a messenger from the city with intelligence of the severe illness of Mrs. Carlton, and a request for the immediate attendance of the daughter. He was to convey her by carriage to the river, where they would take the steamer for New York, and Bromley would join them the same evening at a place to be appointed by Stevens. Every thing promised success, and the clergyman whom Stevens was to furnish would perform his work, consent or no consent.

In the drawing-room of an elegant residence in the city, at about nine o'clock of a winter evening, an old gentleman sat alone, looking into a splendid fire, manifestly absorbed in deep thought.

Before him swept the shadows and shapes of nearly seventy years, and he did honor to them, more or less as they severally demanded it. Sometimes his face grew dark and clouded, sometimes it was clear and sunny, sometimes bitterly sad.

At length a lady entered. She was about forty years of age in appearance, and was still very beautiful. No girl of eighteen ever seemed more fresh in feature, more graceful in form, more winning in all her ways.

"She is here, my father."

"Let her come in, Kate, and I will tell her all."

The door opened, and Katharine Carlton entered. Her presence seemed to give new light to the room.

"Katharine, my child, come close to me. I have much to say to you to-night, and I would prepare you for a scene you have little anticipated."

She was kneeling by the old man's side, looking up into his face with trusting love.

"When I was a boy I loved one who was marvelously like what you are now. I can see her again when I look at you. I hated her father, and I was proud of triumphing over him by winning his daughter against his stern commands. I eloped with her. Your mother was our only child. We were happy together for many years. How happy! Their memory is buried. I lost her—she died. Then I loved your mother. God visited my youthful sins on me, and in my happiest days your mother yielded to the smooth voice of a scoundrel and left me, as her mother had before left her father. But your mother was deceived. God punished her too, and when you were two years old, and she had an infant in her arms, she was abandoned to the world and its cold cruelties.

"By the strange interposition of Providence I found her in the hour of her utmost anguish, and took her back to my heart. God has blessed us both with many happy years since then, and we have loved you beyond all words to tell, and now I must tell you who was your father, and who—"

He was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the servant retiring hastily, gave place to Mr. Stevens and John Bromley.

No man was ever more astonished than was the latter at seeing the grandfather of his supposed victim before him. He turned furiously to Stevens, but the next instant a flash of lightning appeared to have struck him. This was surely Mr. Carlton, the same man he had seen in France; but yet it was not the same. The red complexion of the French marquis was gone, the dress was altogether changed, and the man before him was—could he doubt it—how did he fail to see it before—where were his senses—this man was Judge Cameron, the man of all others on the face of the earth he least desired to see.

It needed but one blow more.

Mrs. Carlton entered. He looked at her, and the strong man quailed before the presence of the woman he had wronged and abandoned. Had the grave opened he could not have been more appalled. He thought her long ago folded in its quiet embrace. He thought the seal of everlasting silence set on her testimony. But now he saw himself arraigned before the tribunal of injured innocence and offended justice.

The coolness of the villain returned after a moment's pause, and he prepared to confront his accusers.

"Thank God, John Bromley, that you have failed in your designs to-night. That sneer avails you little here. Thank God, I say, John Bromley."

"Doubtless I have cause, since you have seen fit to interfere."

"Thank God, I say."

"And why?"

"Because he has saved you from a blacker crime than even your vile soul is yet stained with."

"What crime might that be? Has it a name?"

"It has a name. Men call it incest."

"With whom? How? What do you mean?"

"Let me answer him, father. John Bromley, if there be a hell you are destined to it; but even at this point of your career I would fain save you. I loved you once. May God be my witness, I loved you. You deserted me, deserted your children; and when your youngest child died in my arms, and I, half mad with agony, clasped it close, close to my breast, men tore it from me, and accused me of its murder. You knew all that. You thought it a glorious opportunity to be rid of your victim. You basely left me; nay, worse than that, you set the hounds of the law on the false scent; you drove them up. You thought to lose me thus. God saved me by a miracle, and I was saved. Then I hated you. No words can tell how I abhorred your memory. Years softened that, and experience taught me that this world is no place to cherish such feelings. But when I saw you again, and when I heard you renew your baseness, and seal your old villanies by offering to unite to your own vile self a young, pure girl—

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forgetting that I had ever existed—then I saw that God had determined on his vengeance, and I did not seek to stay it. John Bromley, that girl yonder, that child that shrinks in horror from your accursed presence, is your child!"

"My child!"

"Your daughter by your wife!"

"Say rather, madam, my daughter by my—"

A back-handed blow, slight but effectual, on his lips, drove back the foul word to the heart that originated it.

"Have a care how you bandy harsh words here, Mister Bromley."

"This from you, Stevens! D—n you, Sir, what do you mean by striking me?"

"Because you choose to insult me."

"I insult you! how, pray?"

"By hinting that I did not marry you to Miss Cameron."

"I never had a doubt of it. What the d—l have you, of all men, to object to my calling her a—"

"Stop! Speak the word and I'll kill you! Curse you, John Bromley, I've owed you one some time, and I've paid it now. I'll have you know I'm a priest, Sir—a priest, by Jupiter! and if you doubt, I'll begin by showing you that I belong to the church militant anyhow. They've a trick in this State of proving a man married who only says he is, in any body's presence; but you were married body and soul, if there's any virtue in a ceremony performed by a clergyman in good and regular standing, if he does drink a little too much now and then."

The news was astounding to Bromley. He could not doubt it, and his quick mind saw at once all the bearings of his case.

"A pretty lawyer you are, Judge Cameron, to commence a suit in partition, in the name of a grantee of my wife, without my concurrence."

"Not so fast, Mr. Bromley. Your wife conveyed her rights to her father long before she eloped with you. You perhaps do not recollect that the old suit was begun in my name."

"Very well, very well; I am not wanted here. But I must beg you to excuse me if I request my daughter to accompany me home this evening. I have been deprived of her company so long, that I shall hardly be able to spare her."

"Ask her husband."

"Of course he need not ask," said Frederick Bromley, entering. "I would as soon trust her with a tiger."

"By whose sanction do you claim a right to her hand, young man? I fancy a writ of habeas corpus will bring some of you people to your senses."

"I fancy a marriage with the consent of a mother who has for seventeen years been sole guardian of her child, will stand against all your writs, John Bromley."

The baffled man left the house. But an officer was waiting at the door to arrest him for a dozen frauds in his transactions with his cousins, and he passed the night in as dirty a cell as the keeper of the city prison could be bribed to put him in.

It would be pleasant to end this narrative with relating the restoration of the defeated villain to a position of honor and of self-respect. But that may not be. Ruined in fortune and character, the mercy of his tormentors never led them to forgive him in one small particular, but they exacted atonement to the uttermost of the law.

He was placed on jail limits in New York, and wandered about the streets in rags, and at length disappeared. It was at first supposed that he had run away, and the sheriff, fearful of the usual action on his bond, offered a reward for his recovery. Some boatmen won the reward by producing a miserable carcass found floating in the river, which was identified as the remains of John Bromley.

YOUR HEALTH![*]

WOULD any man like to marry a woman with two wooden legs? Would any charming girl of seventeen choose to link her fate with a man composed of glass eyes, cork arms, false teeth, and a wig—a man, in short, who would require to be taken to pieces every night, and put together again every morning? We feel sure of a universal negative. In the male case there might occur occasionally heroic exceptions. Some women, naturally enough, become attached to gentlemen who have used up their superfluous limbs in the service of their country, and who, although only fragments of mortality, are invested with a certain romance of heroism dear to the female heart; but, as a general rule, we are very sure that both sexes are averse to fragmentary spouses. This is natural and proper. The love of beauty is one of the most instinctive qualities of the human mind, and it is only those who are themselves morally or mentally defective who fail to admire it. There is no temple so beautiful as that earthly temple in which the soul is enshrined. All noble architecture relates to, and has had its origin in the human form, and no structure of stone or brass that humanity has been able to devise, is so splendid as that proud and shapely form that, leaping out of the will of God, first gazed abroad amidst the gathered wonders of Paradise! There is no sight under the cope of heaven more glorious than a perfectly-formed man. Seas may be vast, rivers may be wide, mountains may be wild and lofty, vales may blossom with eternal summer, but there are none of these natural beauties that can move the heart so deeply as one glimpse of the grace and perfectness of a human shape. There we find all the splendors of the earth concentrated. There we find blending harmonies of color; exquisite outlines that curve into a perfect whole; grandeur of mien; muscles silently eloquent of power; a gait free and flowing as the streams, and, shining over and

[*] *Letters to the People on Health and Happiness.* By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. Harper and Brothers.

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through all, a Divine light, a wondrous illumination before which the sunsets of the West, and the auroral fires of the North, fade into a dim twilight.

Next in beauty to the form of the perfect man comes the form of the perfect woman. If the first is a grand harmony of Nature, the last is its melody. In the form of the woman we find the glorious outlines of the male refined into a voluptuous softness. We miss the air of power, but we have in its place an indefinable grace. The rounded limbs, the swaying shape, the air of needing shelter, as if lacking some protection which it feels to be necessary, all these bestow an indescribable charm upon the female figure, but are indicative of its secondary station. The moment those charms are fled, that instant all beauty vanishes. The moment the woman forsakes her vail of tenderness and graceful weakness, that moment she becomes a horror, a monstrosity. The harmony of human beauty lives in the three chords of Man, Woman, and Child. These, all different, yet blending together in a Divine union, make the visible music that delights the world.

Where, now, are we to find this beauty of form? Is it in our cities? Let us walk down Broadway and see how many lithe men and comely women will illuminate our journey. Are those pale thin youths, with curved spines, calfless legs, and iron-bound feet, the types of the present Man? Are these painted girls, with hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, concave bosoms, tottering steps, and cruelly tightened waists, are these the descendants of that ripe and queenly Eve, who sat in her perfect beauty by the side of sleeping Adam? Indeed, these boys and these girls are the lineal descendants of the primal pair; but how far descended! All power, all splendor wasted; all grace, all beauty faded away; nothing left but unwholesome skin, marrowless bones, pallid muscles, nerveless intellects.

And these things happen not without warning. The hand is steadily writing on the wall, and has been writing for years and years. It needs no prophet to read what it writes. Every American can translate for himself. Ruin is at the gate of the temple, it writes, and desolation is feeding on its walls! Ye who populate the land, are slowly and surely killing, not alone yourselves, but future generations. Unnatural habits of life, late hours, imperfect diet, improper clothing, physical indolence, feverish mental activity, bad ventilation, want of proper moral supervision in the schools, all these things are dragging down into the grave all that is beautiful or splendid in the human body and mind. You will become dwarfed in frame and intellect. Life will be to you—dyspeptics and scrofulous fools!—life will be to you a misery, not a blessing. If you marry, it will be but to propagate misfortune, even if you fulfill the Divine law of propagation. You will not know what it is to breathe a free breath, to relish food with a human relish, to love with a perfect love. The universe will be tasteless to you, the sun dim, the heavens hideous. All life will seem putrid in your putrid nostrils!

Now the foregoing is no exaggerated picture. One of the many chips that tell us which way the stream is flowing lies before us. A truthful and earnest book, written by a fearless and earnest woman. It is an indignant cry against the physical prostration of the age; a stirring appeal to the present race to awake from this destructive apathy.

Passing over the first portion of Miss Beecher's book, which is an excellent and simply written compendium of all that it is necessary for ordinary people to know of the laws of physiological science, we come to the second part, in which she lays down certain laws for the attainment of physical health, and consequently happiness.

People who live without thinking how they live, little know on what apparent trifles their physical and moral health depends. The merchant who rushes into Clark and Brown's and swallows a beef-steak, three or four potatoes, some bread and a tart, all in ten minutes, does not at the time reflect that he is attacking the health of his stomach as violently as if he were to swallow carving knives instead of vegetables. Mastication is one of the most important processes that leads to digestion. It is absolutely necessary that the food, previous to passing into the stomach, should be softened by the teeth, and lubricated with the saliva, which possesses peculiar properties useful in its decomposition. If this is not done the stomach vainly endeavors, by its grating muscular action, to reduce the food to the thin paste, in which form only it can pass through the valve that leads from the stomach to the intestines. Now no man can masticate a hearty dinner properly in less than half an hour, consequently the majority of our business men introduce food in an improper state into their stomachs, and suffer all the pangs of that frightful disease known as dyspepsia.

Again, people will no doubt be surprised when they are told that the present style of bed on which they sleep is utterly destructive to the spine. The spine is formed of a number of bony rings, bound together by muscular bands. Between each of these bony rings is a disc made of elastic cartilage, resembling those circular pieces of vulcanized India-rubber that are placed between the joints of gas-pipes. These render the spine flexible in all directions. If the spine bends forward the cartilaginous disc is compressed in front and expands behind. If the spine is bent backward the disc contracts and expands in the opposite directions. The figures on the opposite page will explain more clearly this curious structure:

Fig. 3 illustrates two vertebræ. The dark part between them represents the cartilaginous disc when the spine is in its erect position. *Fig.* 2 represents the appearance of the disc when the

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Fig. 1.

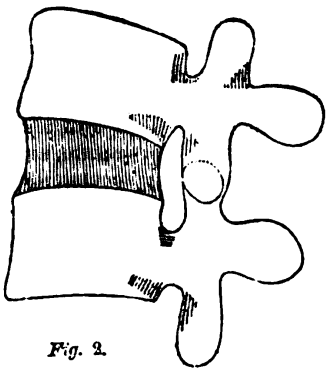


Fig. 2.

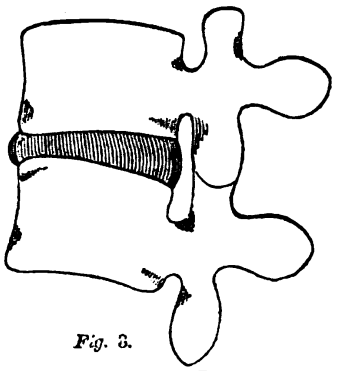
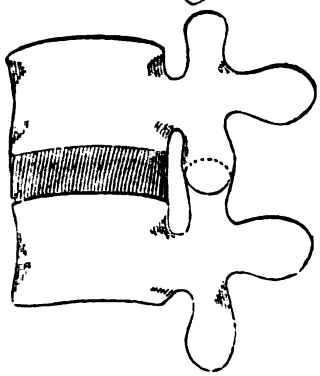


Fig. 3.



spine is bent forward. *Fig.* 1 is the same when bent backward.

Now we all know that during our ordinary daily avocations the spine is seldom in an erect position. Indeed in this country, where half the men and women stoop over their work, it may be said to be generally bent forward. The cartilaginous disc is, therefore, compressed in front for sixteen hours, and its only chance to regain its elasticity is to have that pressure removed during the hours of sleep. For this purpose a perfectly flat bed is required, so that the spine may remain straightened out. But what do we get instead? A soft bed, piled at one end with thick pillows, on which the head rests, curving the spine into precisely the same attitude it has been placed in all day when stooping over the desk. The result is, that the cartilage from constant pressure hardens, becomes in time as solid as bone, and the spine becomes curved forever. The writer of this article found out long since, by instinctive reasoning, before he was acquainted with the structure of the spinal column, the necessity of sleeping on a flat surface, and has not for many years used a pillow.

The imperfect ventilation of houses is one of the most frightful drains on American health. A full-grown person inspires 40 cubic inches of air at each breath. He inspires 18 times in a minute, which makes his consumption of atmosphere for that time 720 cubic inches. In an hour he breathes 43,200 cubic inches of air. Now, when a full-grown man is placed for an hour in a New York parlor in the winter time, where, in the name of Heaven, are these 43,200 cubic inches of pure air to come from? Every window is hermetically sealed. The doors are closed, and either a stove is consuming the vital oxygen of the room at the rate of several hogsheads an hour, or a "Register" is vomiting forth, through a hole in the floor, volumes of heated and vitiated air. How do people live in this atmosphere? Is it a miracle? These were questions that we often asked ourselves last winter. We were then in the habit of breakfasting and dining at the Brevoort House, in Fifth Avenue. Every time we entered this splendid hotel we thought instinctively of the Black Hole of Calcutta tragedy, where 146 Englishmen were thrust into a cell 18 feet square, with but two small windows, both on the same side, so that ventilation was impossible. "Scarcely was the door shut upon the prisoners," says Combe, "when their sufferings commenced, and in a short time a delirious and mortal struggle ensued to get near the window. Within four hours those who survived lay in the silence of apoplectic stupor; and at the end of six hours, *ninety-six* were relieved by death! In the morning when the door was opened, 23 only were found alive, many of whom were subsequently cut off by putrid fever, caused by the dreadful effluvia and corruption of the air."

This reminds us of an anecdote related of Crabbe, the poet, in the Life of his Son. Crabbe, when a boy, was sent to school at Bungay. Soon after his arrival he had a narrow escape of his life. He and some of his companions had been playing at soldiers, and being detected, were, by way of punishment, put into a large dog-kennel, named by the boys "The Black Hole." Crabbe was the first that entered, and the place was soon crammed full with the offenders. In a few minutes the air became pestilential. Poor Crabbe shrieked out that he was suffocating. At last, in despair, he hit the boy next to him violently on the hand. "Crabbe is dying! Crabbe is dying!" roared the sufferer; and the sentinel, alarmed, opened the door and allowed the boys to rush out into the air. "A minute more," said Crabbe afterward, "and I should have died."

How the people who lived in the previously mentioned splendid hotel continued to live, is more than we can understand. Every passage, every room was inundated with heated dried air, so that on entering the house one found his lungs suddenly oppressed as if some in-

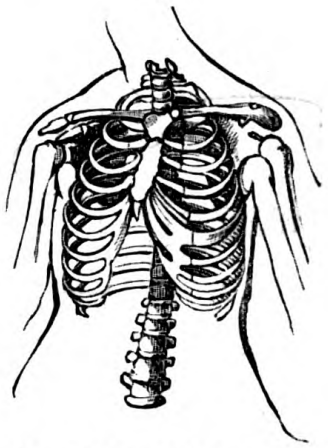
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visible hand were preventing their alternate action. Nor is this evil confined to this individual establishment. All the hotels in the city are more or less poisoned by this wholesale introduction of vitiated air. No wonder that our women who inhabit hotel parlors should have pale cheeks, weary chests, and emaciated limbs. No wonder that Mr. Beste should say, in his late book on this country, that to wed an American woman is to wed a bundle of diseases. It is the same in factories where toiling men and women bend over their work. The atmosphere is so heated that it is respired with pain by unsophisticated lungs. You can see the consequences plainly written in the unwholesome deathly faces that range along the benches. The poor creatures are so habituated to this unnatural atmosphere that, if the visitor to the factory room chances to leave the door open for a few moments, they will shiver and shrink at the touch of the healthy air that rushes in. One trembles to think of what their old age will be, if they ever reach it.

To women, especially, is the warning voice of the physiologist directed. The startling statistics that Miss Beecher publishes regarding female health, are a sufficient indication of the fearful necessity of instant and extensive reform among the most cherished of female habits. Miss Beecher has made personal inquiries among 26 towns in the States regarding the health of their female inhabitants. The results of these inquiries she gives in full. Out of 258 ladies named by initials, we find there are only 12 healthy. Out of the 26 towns there are 6 in which the writer can not mention a *single healthy person.* The majority of the remainder of the towns possess but *one* person in full health—that is, coming within the experience of the person who supplies the statistics. These statistical statements are further expanded by Miss Beecher, but the awful summing up is always the same—*Health has been nearly banished from the great mass of American women.*

After all, this is not very wonderful when we come to consider the moral and physical training we give our women. Let us exemplify in a single instance: A young girl, whose life up to the age of ten has consisted a good deal of candies varied with hot cakes, is after that period dispatched to a fashionable boarding-school. There she is crammed with languages, and taught deportment; but a very short time after she has gone there, you will see her face grow sallow and greenish. Her skin will perhaps be blotchy or covered with pimples. Her eyes lustreless and hollow. She eats hot cakes for breakfast and tea; she devours quantities of candy on the sly; her mind is overworked during school-hours, and half an hour's walk *in fine weather* is all the exercise which is bestowed on the muscles, on whose health both form and color entirely depend. Her mind becomes as impure as her blood; for, as Mrs. Gleason mournfully remarks, it is a fact now well known to school-teachers, that self-abuse exists to a frightful extent among the majority of the male and female schools of the United States. She breathes hot and vitiated air. The abominable modern dress which she wears deals double destruction: first, by leaving the chest thinly clad while it thickens unnaturally over the hips and legs, thus producing an unequal temperature at the two extremities of the body; second, by lacing the body out of all shape. Here are two drawings illustrating this side of the evil. *Fig.* 1 is the

Fig. 1.



form as it ought to exist in every well-made woman. *Fig.* 2 is the form after it has been

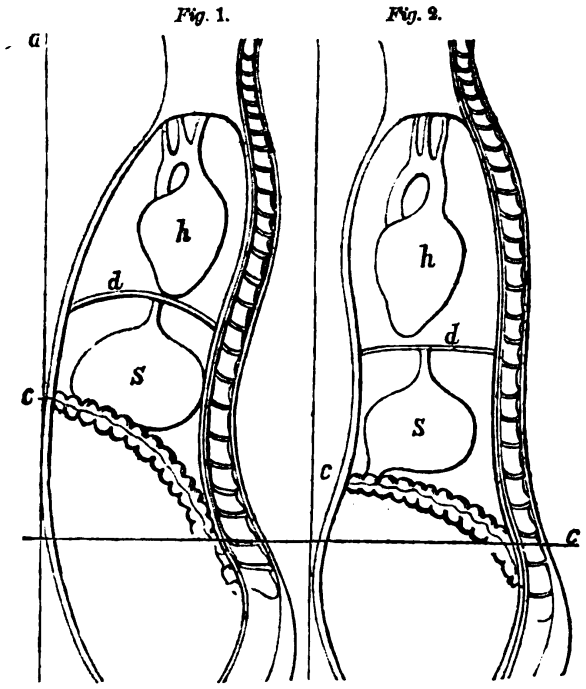
Fig. 2.



put through a course of fashionable dress-makers.

Besides this distortion of form, tight lacing produces still more terrible evils. To render these intelligible, we must premise that in the structure of the human form the heart and lungs are divided from the stomach by a membrane fastened to the ribs called the diaphragm. Every time we breathe this diaphragm assumes a curved position, or rather is drawn upward; but in health it always is somewhat curved, being supported in that position by the stomach, which in turn is supported by the intestines. The diaphragm is thus curved in order that the end of the heart may rest on it, as it would otherwise dangle in the cavity of the chest. Now by tight lacing the intestines are pressed down; as a matter of course the stomach descends, then the diaphragm falls, the heart loses its support, and literally dangles in the cavity of the chest. Every woman with a fashionable waist must of necessity have her vital organs reduced to this terrible condition. The following

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cuts will give an idea of the position of the diaphragm in the healthy and unhealthy subject. *h* is the heart, *d* the diaphragm, *S* the stomach, *c* the large intestine called the colon. In *Fig.* 1 the intestines bear up the stomach, the stomach the diaphragm, the diaphragm the heart. In *Fig.* 2, a victim of tight lacing, every thing is different—the heart is unsupported, the diaphragm level, the stomach displaced, the intestines pushed down. By comparing the two figures with both the perpendicular and horizontal lines, the differences of position in all the organs can be readily noticed.

Again, the motion of the diaphragm up and down, before alluded to, is made distinctly visible by watching the stomach of a healthy person. When the lungs expand the stomach sinks in, and when the lungs collapse the stomach protrudes. This is called "abdominal breathing," and is produced by the alternate motion of the diaphragm before described. This abdominal breathing furnishes Miss Beecher with the most frightful proof of the state of the internal organs of the American women. The fact will probably appear all the more startling when we copy her assertion, that among the majority of American women abdominal breathing has entirely ceased. That this result should take place is evident to any one who consults the foregoing diagram, in which the diaphragm has been forced into a perpetual level; but unscientific female readers will probably comprehend more fully when they are induced to observe the abdomen, and find, for the first time, that its breathing action has entirely disappeared. What wonder, then, if the young girl we previously took as an example, what wonder if she returns from her boarding-school with sallow skin, curved spine, calfless legs, and chronic indigestion?

We asked at the beginning of this article whether any man would like to marry a woman with two wooden legs. The reader may now see the application of this question. Is it a greater deformity to want legs than to have your heart where your stomach should be? Is it worse to walk on crutches than to have your spine shaped like the letter *S*? Yet a great many gentlemen, who marry fashionable young ladies whose insides are one vast deformity, would shrink back with horror if they were solicited to lead Miss Biffin to the altar.

There are a thousand things yet to be said on this subject which the limits of our article forbid our touching upon. Miss Beecher's work contains much that is useful, and we recommend it to all who feel some interest in preserving the beauty of our women. Heaven grant that the public mind may awaken to the terrible future to which its present course will lead it! Let people recount for a moment all the ills that nine-tenths of our population suffer from. Poisoned air; ill-digested food; want of proper exercise; ill-constructed beds; stimulating drinks; badly constructed clothing; immoral influences in schools; in short, they may say an entire life lived wrongly. If this catalogue does not alarm them, what will?

When shall we see the old form restored? When shall we see our men pacing the streets with free step, and our women with their cheeks flushed like the morning? Shall we ever have that Greek type of form restored to us—that type that must have been a blessing and a consolation to every eye that looked upon it? Our pale cheeks and spindled legs give a sad reply.

MILLY DOVE.

I.

IT was the quaintest of imaginable rooms. It was deep and dark in the corners where the very spirit of Mystery itself semed to hide away, while there lay from end to end of the crazy old floor a long bar of golden light, that had poured in through the single window, seeming like a luminous pathway which, if followed, would take one straight out through the diamonded casement, and so on to heaven. The walls were dim, and deeply paneled with some dark, melancholy wood, and in the chinks of every panel active spiders lived a toiling life, passing their days in the construction of suspension-bridges from their houses to the ceiling—which works were apparently undertaken from a purely scientific motive, as they were never seen to traverse them after they were finished. Three chairs lurked in the corners of this half-lit chamber. One of them—old-fashioned, with a high back and crooked arms—seemed to repose in the twilight of the place, like some high-

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shouldered old beau of the last century, silently reflecting, as it were, on the habits of the present generation. This old fellow was not, however, always in retreat. He was many a time during the day dragged forth right into the centre of the stream of golden light that poured through the deep window, where he seemed to blink and shrink from the unwonted glare, while a small bright figure nestled into his comfortable angles, and pierced his bent and padded old arms with cruel pins, to which divers endless cotton threads were fastened. And then, as the sunlight poured splendidly through the diamond panes, powdering the air with golden dust, and playing on the carvings of the ceiling, there was not a prettier picture in the world—not even in your grand foreign galleries beyond the sea—than Milly Dove, sitting in her sumptuous old chair.

She was very, very pretty, this little Milly Dove! Her eyes were so dark and blue, and the light that shone in them seemed to be so far off behind, that one saw it shining, shining miles and miles away, like the lights of a distant city across the sea! Then her hair was of such a rich brown—golden-hued where the light struck it—and her rosy, cloven mouth was so fresh and dewy, as it were, that, if I *were* a painter, I would not have tried to paint Milly Dove for the world—I would only have dreamed of her.

Milly sat the greater part of the day in that high-backed chair, right in the sunny stream, working at her embroidery or knitting. I said before—prettily enough too, I think—that the light, as it poured in, seemed like a path to heaven. If it were so, who that saw this little maiden seated in its radiance, would not say that she was an angel made to tread it?

She did not tread it, however, or even dream of any such proceeding as marching out through the window on a pavement of sunbeams, and wandering off into problematical regions; not that Milly Dove did not wish to go to heaven, but she had so many things to do down below here, that she never would have thought of such a journey, unless it pleased Some One to take her.

She had much to do, that little thing, though you would not think it to look at her. Milly Dove kept a shop. Yes! absolutely kept a shop. I suppose I ought to call it a store, but I prefer the word shop, and as I have always been accustomed to do what I like, I will use it. Still it was really so; the little maiden kept a real shop. Directly opposite to that old-fashioned window which lit the little room, a small glass door stood always half open, through which one could catch a glimpse of a small counter, and small shelves, and a singularly varied assortment of the smallest merchandise it was possible to keep. Tiny drums for infants of a military turn of mind; scanty bundles of cotton and muslin stuffs, large enough, perhaps, to furnish dolls' dresses; infinitesimal brooches; ridiculously reduced thimbles; stunted whips; dwarf rakes and spades, and baby wheel-barrows, together with a hundred such like articles, useful or ornamental, lay on the shelves, were hidden away in secret places under the counter, or depended in bunches from the low ceiling.

It seemed exceedingly odd to be obliged to regard Milly Dove as the owner of all this magnificent and varied property. Her childish figure had nothing of the rigidity of a proprietor; she did not look as if she had any pockets to keep her money in; nor did she possess in the faintest degree the air of being arithmetical. No one would believe, to look into those clear, unworldly eyes, that she could buy or sell any thing to the slightest advantage, unless, indeed, it were eggs, that commodity having been—as every one knows who has read story-books—intrusted from time immemorial to pretty little girls to convey to market. Now, in spite of all this, Milly Dove was a famous hand at a bargain. It was excellent to see her standing behind her small counter insisting pertinaciously on the price of some article which she was selling; explaining with much gravity to the cunning clown, who wished to purchase, its various merits and positive value; declaring that if she gave it a cent cheaper it would be a dead loss to her, and how were folks to live if they did not make some profit on their goods? Then all this with such a sweet and gentle firmness, such a mixture of innocence and shrewdness, that it must be a hard customer indeed who could find the heart to beat her down.

That house—a small old-fashioned New England tenement, smelling of the *Mayflower*—together with the shop and its stock of goods, were all that Milly Dove possessed in this wide world. Both her parents were dead, and this old roof, with a scanty supply of merchandise, were all they had to bequeath to their only child. And she managed her inheritance wonderfully well, let me tell you! By the aid of her little shop she made nearly two hundred and fifty dollars in the year, and she had a tenant for the upper part of the house in the person of a Mr. Josiah Compton, who paid her probably as much more; so that this little proprietor of sixteen, although somewhat forlorn, was not very poor, and was able to lay something by every year in the savings' bank at Boston.

Mr. Josiah Compton was Milly's only friend. He was a gnarled old bachelor of fifty-six; odd, kind-hearted, passionately attached to flowers and music, and loving dearly every thing old and quaint, and which did not smell, as he said, of the modern varnish. He had lived in this old house a very long time. Indeed, he had been living there for many a year before Milly was born, and loved the old place for the air of quiet antiquity with which it was haunted. There was a curious old garden at the back of the house, which Mr. Josiah Compton had, with his own hands, brought to a high state of floral culture. He had labored at it for years, and had written the history of his toil in flowers. The ground glowed with tulips and ranuncu-

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luses; fiery lychnises and rich-blossomed roses flaunted in the deep borders; trumpet honeysuckles thrust the golden lips of their horns through a tented drapery of glossy leaves, as if about to sound a challenge to the blue convolvulus; dahlias, drunk with dew, nodded their heavy heads; the campanulas, with their bells of intense blue, grew in close ranks around the edges of the beds, like a tiny army guarding the borders of this Kingdom of Flowers. Color and perfume floated like a spell through the entire place. The brilliant plants, trained into no formality, sprang up to heaven with a splendid freedom. The walks were paved with the blossoms that they shed, and the heavens were fragrant with the odors that they breathed.

On this garden Mr. Compton's window opened; and he would sit in the summer time at his piano, with the casement flung wide, the rich perfume of the flowers floating in upon the languid airs, and the rich music he awakened, surging over, and under, and through all, and mingling itself inextricably with the warm breath of the blossoming roses!

Mr. Compton's playing—and he played very beautifully—was a source of intense pleasure to Milly as she sat in her old-fashioned parlor underneath, and watched the shop through the half-open door. Poor child! of music as an art she was profoundly ignorant. Dominants, sub-dominants, fifths and sevenths, intervals, contrapunta, and such like, were mysteries unknown to her by name. She never saw the great metropolitan daily papers—for there, at least, she would have beheld the musical critics disporting themselves forever among those ponderous technicalities—and she had never heard any other performer besides Mr. Compton; but those wild voluntaries that he played pleased her mightily. Those sad harmonious wailings that poured all day long through the open window, until toward the close of day, when the sun was setting, they would burst into some triumphal melody—a mass of victorious harmonies that would sweep her soul up along the path of golden light striking heavenward, until it reached a goal so dazzlingly beautiful that her young soul grew blinded with its glories.

She was very happy sitting there in the sunshine, knitting and listening to the music. Occasionally some villager, in need of a ball of twine or a pair of scissors, would enter the store, and then Milly, jumping nimbly from her perch, would glide behind the small counter, looking intensely business-like. Or mayhap it would be some great boy who had just come into possession of wealth unlimited in the shape of a quarter dollar, and who tremblingly entered Milly's little shop, determined, yet scarce knowing how, to spend it. And to all such Milly Dove was beautifully kind and patient; showing them, with perfect good-humor, all the expensive toys to which they pointed, although perfectly aware all the time of the extent of their means, which were generally displayed in their hands with the most confiding simplicity. Her little sales over, she would again retreat to her parlor to knit, or it may be to take a good long peep at her panorama.

Milly Dove had a panorama. Not a panorama ever so many miles long, professing to exhibit the entire world in the most satisfactory manner possible in an hour and twenty-five minutes. No; Milly's panorama was, I must confess, limited in extent, but it possessed endless variety for her, and I do believe that she was never tired of looking at it.

The panorama was by no means complicated. Its exhibition was not encumbered with huge pulleys, and impossibly heavy weights, and windlasses, and cog-wheels, to keep it moving. Mr. Perham, I am afraid, would have looked upon it with contempt, and it would not astonish me if I heard Mr. Risley speak of it as "a peep-show." But, in spite of this insignificance when compared with a "seven-mile mirror," Milly's panorama was for her a splendid pastime. It was an endless round of enjoyment, a garden of perpetual delights.

This work of art consisted of a large wooden box supported on four long, diverging, attenuated legs. It contained a few colored prints hung on hinges from the top, one hiding the other, each capable of being lifted into a horizontal position, so as to disclose the next picture in succession, by a series of little pullies of a primitive character fixed on the exterior of the box. These pictures, when viewed through the double convex lens which was fixed in the front of the box at a proper focal distance, were magnified and glorified in so wonderful and splendid a manner, that to Milly they presented the aspect of illimitable paintings, unsurpassable in beauty of design or brillancy of color. How this treasure of art had come into her family the little maiden was altogether ignorant. Her mother was possessed of it long before Milly made her appearance in the world, and when dying, had left no tradition of its history. The probability was, that some wandering exhibitor may have left it with Mrs. Dove in pledge for unpaid board, and had never redeemed it, poor fellow!"

But there it was, and when Milly was left alone in the world it became hers, and proud enough of it she was, I can assure you. It afforded the dear child wondrous delight to look through the peep-hole, and draw up the paintings one after the other. She knew nothing of history—I don't like her a bit the less for it—and the subjects of these splendid illustrations would have remained mysteries to her forever, had it not been for the kindness of Mr. Compton, who would pull the strings as she peeped, and assuming the air and manner of a veritable showman, explain each cartoon as it appeared. That gentleman, however, was not always quite certain himself as to what scenes were really depicted in this splendid gallery; but then he never hesitated on account of any want of knowledge, and assigned to each picture the most probable explanation and title he could think

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of. I have seen many grand battle-pieces in great galleries across the sea that might just as well have been called the battle of Pavia as the battle of Agincourt, and have looked at many a heathen goddess painted by some great old artist, who might quite as soon have been put down as Moll Flanders in the catalogue, and no one would have questioned the propriety of the title. So I do not blame Mr. Compton in the least for his impromptu style of nomenclature. It satisfied Milly perfectly, and he had no other object.

These explanations did not, however, tax Mr. Compton's inventive faculties very largely. There were the pyramids of Ghizeh, which he could not very well mistake, and which afforded him an opportunity of delivering a very learned discourse on the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, all carefully extracted from an encyclopædia; and there was the battle of Waterloo, which the Duke of Wellington's nose and Napoleon's coat identified sufficiently; but again, there arose a fiery painting with flames, and soldiers, and much killing, and falling horses, with agonized mothers of large families in the fourth stories, which having no better name for, Mr. Compton christened the battle of Prague; and when he afterward performed the piece of music of that name on the piano, and came to the part called by the composer in an explanatory note "the cries of the wounded," there remained no shadow of doubt on Milly's mind but that the picture was indeed a faithful representation of that terrible event, and that Mr. Compton was the best-informed historian in the world.

Of late, somehow, Milly, poor child, was not quite so interested in her panorama, or so attentive to her shop as was her wont. She had not peeped through that magical hole for many days; her knitting was, I regret to say, of an unusually spasmodic character; and when she sat in the sunshine it seemed almost too gay for her, for her pretty little face seemed to have a cloud of sadness covering it. But she welcomed the music with more pleasure than ever; and the more melancholy it was the better she liked it; for it seemed then to speak to her in a language which she understood, yet could not interpret—harmoniously talking of strange things which she thought she felt, and still was unable to comprehend. So she sat all day and listened to Mr. Compton's wild improvisations, as they floated over the flowers, till perfume and harmony seemed to be mingling, and grew so abstracted in her habits that she had to be called thrice by Mrs. Barberry, who wanted to buy a flour-dredge, before she thought of answering.

It was singular, but no less true, that just at this time I had the privilege of peeping into that pure little maiden's mind and observing, in secret, all its innocent little operations. It was a rare privilege, I know, but I hope I love honor and beauty and virtue too much not to look upon the prerogative as holy. You will hear, therefore, from me only such things as are necessary to the conduct of the story I am endeavoring to relate.

I saw, at my very first peep, what it was that induced Milly to forget her panorama, and pay such little heed to old Mrs. Barberry. The cause of all this distraction was a certain person, of whom you shall know more before I have done with you.

About a week previous to the time I am speaking of, a stranger had made his appearance in the little town of Blossomdale, in which Milly lived; and just about the same time Milly, who had heard of the stranger's arrival—as one hears every thing in a village—but had not seen him; about the same time, I say, she observed a very peculiar-looking man passing her shop very frequently. Coupling the two facts together, she came to the conclusion that this person and the strange arrival were one; which at least proves that Milly Dove was capable of inductive reasoning.

He was a remarkable-looking man, this stranger. Not very tall, but rather powerfully built; he always walked rapidly, with his body stooped forward from the hips, as if his mind were in advance of his body. His face was somewhat narrow, and delicately featured. A thin mustache curled around a small mouth, and his hair was profuse, though not long. But it was in his eyes that his individuality seemed chiefly to lie—eyes that seemed to gaze at nothing, and yet see every thing. They did not look, they absorbed—those great dark eyes—and, as it were, shed from out their own darkness a shadow over the whole face. They were eyes truly delightful to look at—as it is delightful to look down into a calm sea—and very hard to be forgotten.

Milly did not easily forget them, I promise you. They haunted her as she sat alone in the little half-lit parlor, and seemed to glow with a strange light in the dim corners where the spiders dwelt. She looked at them, and they looked at her all the livelong day, and this was why she forgot her panorama.

Now Milly Dove told Mr. Compton every thing. He was her only friend. He stood to her in the place of a parent, and loved her as a little daughter. Confidence existed between them as a matter of course, and she talked to him as the stream flows. So she soon told him about this stranger: how she had seen him; how his face seemed to haunt her continually; how she kept thinking about him all day long; how she watched for him at the hour when it was usual for him to pass her door, and felt a sort of dim, indistinct pleasure when he passed. All this she told her old friend simply, truly, naturally, without even the remotest idea of the nature or origin of her feelings; for Milly was at that happy age when people are not learned in the mysteries of themselves, and do not possess the mournful knowledge which enables them to anatomize their own hearts. Mr. Compton at first looked rather sad at hearing this *naïve* confession; but after a moment he laughed and kissed her fair forehead, saying that she would

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soon forget this wonderful stranger. Then he sat down at his piano and played so wild and wonderful a strain, fraught with such depths of pure and, as it were, unconscious passion, that Milly lay statue-like by his feet, and dreamed so perfectly that she dreamed no more.

II.

It was a pleasant June day. Through the open window in Milly's little room a mingled stream of sunshine and the breath of flowers rolled in, filling the chamber with light and perfume. The spiders dozed in the crevices of the old paneled walls, while their aerial webs shone like most delicate threads of silver. The old high-shouldered chairs sidled off into the corners as if they were ashamed of their age, and the great panorama, which stood on one side of the door, glared with its huge, eye-like lens at the green window, like some species of four-legged Cyclops. Milly, as usual, was sitting in the sun. Nestled into that great high-backed chair, which was a world too large for her, she worked absently at some intricate female fabric—a fabric it was that I believe would have driven me crazy if I had been set down to learn its mysteries. There were dozens of strings pinned to various portions of the unhappy old chair. More strings trailed on the floor, whose courses, if followed, would be found to terminate in numberless little balls that kept continually rolling off into the corners, and disturbing the spiders that lived on the first floors of the panels. Then each string had to be unpinned every second minute and juggled with after some wondrous fashion, until, having been thrust by some species of white magic known only to Milly, through an interminable perspective of loops, it was solemnly repinned to the chair, and then the whole process began again.

Whether it was owing to the complication of this terrible web, or to the preoccupation of her own thoughts, no Penelope ever made so many blunders as Milly Dove on that June morning. Every now and then the web would come to a sudden stand-still; a minute investigation of certain curious knots would result in the discovery of some heart-rending error. Then the vagrant balls would have to be hunted up in the corners, and the pin would have to come out, and with a pettish toss of the head and little pouting of the under lip, the child would tediously unrip all the false work and begin again.

Sometimes she would let it drop altogether, and gaze absently through the open window, as if she were watching the humming-birds that hung before the golden-lipped tubes of the trumpet-honey-suckle, or she would turn toward the desolate panorama that seemed to gaze reproachfully at her with its single eye, and ponder over the propriety of taking another peep at that Bloody Battle of Prague, or the extraordinary representation of the Israelites gathering the Manna in the Desert, which said manna seemed to have been made into very respectable and well-baked quartern loaves before it had fallen.

Milly's reveries, whatever they were, were interrupted by the entrance of Master Dick Boby, the eldest son of Judge Boby, who was the richest and greatest man in the village. Master Boby had acquired—probably by inheritance—the sum of half a dollar; and immediately, upon coming into possession of his property, had set off for Milly's shop, uncertain as to whether he would purchase her entire stock, or simply confine himself to the acquisition of a stick of molasses candy. Milly, with her pleasant smile, was behind the counter in an instant, awaiting the commands of the young squire.

"What's them guns apiece, Miss Milly?" inquired Master Boby, pointing to a couple of flimsy fowling-pieces that stood in the corner.

"Six dollars apiece, Sir."

"I guess you'd take half price for them if a body was to buy both?" said the young millionaire, half-inquiringly, as if he had only to put his hand in his pocket and pull out the money.

"Well," said Milly, "I didn't buy them; they were here when father died; and as they've been so long on my hands, I'd be glad to sell them cheap. You can have them both for seven dollars and fifty cents, if you want them, Master Dick."

"Oh, I don't want them; only father might, if his own gun was to burst. What's the price of them skates, Miss Milly?"

"A dollar fifty, Sir. They are capital skates, and came all the way from York. But what do you want of skates this weather, Master Dick?"

"Oh, I didn't know but I might lose my own skates next winter, you know, so I thought I'd ask. Are you going to the circus show this evening, Miss Milly? for if you'd like to go, I can get tickets from father, and I'll take you;" and Master Dick looked admiringly at the pretty little maiden.

"Thank you kindly, Sir; but I don't think Mr. Compton would like me to go. He says the circus is a bad place."

"He don't know nothing," answered Master Dick, surlily; "but if you won't go, I know one who will. Give me an ounce of molasses candy, and half an ounce of peppermint, Miss Milly."

Milly had just opened the drawer containing the confections demanded by Master Dick, and was about measuring out the required quantity of molasses and peppermint when she saw something through the window that made her suddenly stop. A gentleman was marching slowly down the street. He appeared to be lost in reverie, for his head was thrown back, and his eyes were fixed on vacancy, while he moved on apparently unconscious of the existence of every body, himself included. He was a pleasant-looking gentleman, too, and seemed to be occupied with pleasing thoughts, for a sort of half-born smile played around his thin lips, seeming always on the point of becoming a laugh, but never fulfilling its promise. This gentleman had just arrived opposite Milly's door, when his reveries were suddenly and most unexpectedly

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interrupted by a big stone. This big stone was a stone of infamous habits. It lurked under a specious coating of clay, seemingly soft and elastic in its nature, but all the while turning up one sharp and treacherous edge, that to the foot of the tight-booted and unwary pedestrian caused unutterable tortures. It was a Tartuffe among stones, hypocritical, velvety, inducing confidence; but woe to the toe that lit upon its venomous edge!

Well, of course this thoughtful gentleman marched straight upon this assassin of a stone. Tschut! A terrible "thud" of toes against the treacherous edge—a wild flinging out of arms in a vain attempt at equilibrium—a convulsive ejaculation which I hope nobody heard—and our pedestrian measured his length in the dust. He rose in a moment; looked reproachfully at the stone, as if to upbraid it for its misconduct; then recalled probably by some unusual sensation, he looked down at his legs. Alas! across his left knee there was a great gaping split in his trowsers, through which a wide vista of inner drawers was visible. The poor gentleman gazed ruefully at this scene of destruction; looked around, and then again at his knee; then tried to walk a step or two; stopped, looked at his knee once more, and seemed to meditate profoundly on his position.

While rapt in this painful reverie, the victim of that abominable stone was startled by a very sweet little voice at his elbow. This voice—belonging to Milly Dove—said,

"Please, Sir, if you will step into the store, I will mend it for you."

The gentleman turned round, and gave a rapid glance at the sunny, girlish face that looked up into his with such a frank, easy expression, as if it was the most natural thing in the world that he should fall, and that she should come out and offer to mend his trowsers.

"Thank you, child!" said he, simply. "I am very much obliged to you. What is your name?"

"Milly Dove, Sir."

"And this is your father's store, I suppose?" and the stranger glanced round as he entered with a half smile at the varied assortment of goods that it contained. It was quite deserted, for Master Dick Boby, left alone with the candy, had, I regret to say, helped himself and departed.

"No, Sir, it's mine!" answered Milly, poking in her pocket for her needle-box.

"Yours! why, you are young to be at the head of an establishment?"

"I was sixteen my last birth-day, Sir. Will you come into the inside room if you please, so that you may put your foot upon a chair?"

The stranger did as he was bidden, and Milly's nimble fingers were soon busily drawing together the jagged edges of that gaping rent in his injured trowsers. He looked down upon her with a wondering gaze.

"I suppose some of your relatives live with you here?" he said, after a pause, during which he had been studying her features intently.

"No, Sir, I am alone."

"Alone!"

"No; that is—not exactly alone. Mr. Compton lodges up stairs."

"Mr. Compton?" said the stranger, a sort of dark shadow falling across his face like a vail. "Who is Mr. Compton? A young man?"

"A friend of my mother's, Sir. He lives here all the year round, and is a dear, pleasant gentleman. He's quite young too; not more than fifty-six."

"Ah!" and the Knight of the Rueful Breeches seemed to breathe more freely. "That is young indeed! How long have you been keeping shop?"

"Two years, Sir. My mother died about that time, and the neighbors were all very good to me when first I began. I think it will do now, Sir!"

"Thanks! thanks!" replied the stranger, scarce giving a glance at the neat seam across his knee. "You are an excellent little workwoman;" and as he spoke he seated himself deliberately in Milly's high-backed chair, much to that young lady's surprise. "You have a pretty room here," he continued, looking round him approvingly; "a very pretty room! The sunlight gushing in through that window, and parting, as it were to make good its entrance, the honeysuckles that wave before it, has a charming effect. Is it you who take care of the flowers out there?"

"Oh! there's not much to do now," said Milly, modestly. "Mr. Compton made the garden, and now I help him a little. They grow there so nicely, the flowers do! And in the spring I freshen up the beds a little, and weed the walks, and clip off the dead branches, and I think the sun and the rain do the rest."

"Hum! that's prettily said!"

Poor Milly grew scarlet at the tone of easy assurance in which this approbation was uttered. This gentleman seemed to have an air of the world about him that somehow alarmed her, she knew not why. His walk, his way of speech, the manner of his conversation, were all so different to the loutish villagers to whom she had been accustomed. He was even unlike Mr. Compton, who to Milly, until then, had been the highest type of human perfection.

"I'd like to live in a room like this!" muttered the stranger half aloud, gazing round him with evident pleasure. "It has a sweet, thoughtful air, and that garden outside would fill me with poetry. I'd like to live here very much indeed!"

"Then why don't you come?" was on the tip of Milly's tongue; but she suddenly recollected herself in time, and so was silent.

"Do you ever read, Miss Milly Dove?" was the next question, as the visitor turned abruptly round on the young maiden.

"No—yes—that is—sometimes," was the alarmed reply.

"Which means, that you do not read at all," said the stranger, gravely.

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Milly looked as if she was immediately about to tuck the end of her little apron into her eyes, and weep herself away.

"Well," continued he, "that can be remedied; but Mr. Compton should have given you books."

"Sir," said Milly, stoutly, quick to espouse her friend's cause, though unable to defend her own; "Sir, Mr. Compton knows a great deal more, in fact, than any one I ever saw, and every thing that he does is right!"

The stranger laughed.

"You are a chivalrous but illogical little maiden," said he, in a tone of insufferable patronage.

"I may not read much," said Milly, flushing up, "but I have a panorama."

"Oh! you have a panorama? A panorama of what? Let us see this wonder that supplies the place of books."

"Shall I show it to you, Sir?" asked Milly, timidly.

"Certainly; but before profiting by your kindness, I must introduce myself formally. I am Mr. Alexander Winthrop, a poor gentleman, with enough for his appetites, and too little for his desires. I am fond of traveling, books, and thinking. I am only twenty-five years old, although I look thirty. I live close to New York, and am at present at Blossomdale on business. Now you know all that I intend you to know about me; so we will go on with our panorama."

This off-hand introduction was delivered with such gravity, that poor Milly did not know what to make of it. At first she thought he was laughing at her, but on looking at his eyes she could not detect the slightest twinkle of merriment; so she nodded her little head to Mr. Alexander Winthrop, as if to say, "All right! I know you!" and then proceeded to introduce him to the panorama.

"This," said Milly, in a solemn voice, as she made him put his eye to the peep-hole, and proceeded to pull the strings that lifted the pictures—"this is the invasion of Mexico by the Spaniards. The man in the big boat is Cortes, a very cruel man indeed; and the man on the shore is Montezuma, the King of Mexico, who may be known by his red skin."

"Hem!" coughed Mr. Alexander. "How do you know that this is the invasion of Mexico?"

"Mr. Compton told me, Sir."

"Oh, Mr. Compton told you! then it's all right, of course. But," he continued, muttering to himself, "if Mr. Compton is right, Cortes dressed exceedingly like William Penn; and Montezuma would make a capital North American Indian."

"This picture," continued Milly, pulling another string, "represents the great Pyramids of Egypt, built by various kings, to serve for their tombs. The ancient Egyptians were far advanced in civilization while the rest of the globe was plunged in the obscurity of ignorance. Their chief god was Osiris, and the priesthood was so powerful that the government, in truth, was an ecclesiastical one. The ancient Egyptians were in the habit of placing a skeleton at the heads of their tables when they feasted, for the purpose of reminding them of their mortality, and it is believed that from them first sprang the art of embalming bodies. They were a highly commercial people, and found large markets for the products of their industry and art in the ancient cities of Greece and Rome."

"Why, child, where did you learn this?" exclaimed Mr. Alexander, gazing with astonishment on the little maiden, who ran off this farago of learning with the glibness of a lecturer on ancient history, looking all the while exceedingly proud of her knowledge.

"Mr. Compton told me," she answered, proudly.

Mr. Alexander could no longer contain himself, but burst into a shout of laughter that made Milly's ears tingle. Her round cheeks flushed, and the tears rose to her eyes. Poor little thing! she thought this Mr. Alexander Winthrop exceedingly rude; and yet she could not feel angry with him.

"Well! what's the next picture?" he asked, as soon as he had recovered from his mirth, and without making the slightest apology for his improper behavior.

"It's the Battle of the Nile," answered Milly, rather sullenly, for she did not exactly like the merciless laugh of her new friend.

"I was there all the while," chimed in Mr. Alexander.

"You couldn't. It happened ever so long ago," answered Milly quickly, delighted at finding Mr. Alexander out in a fib. That gentleman was on the point of going off into another fit of merriment, when a wild prelude on a piano wavered harmoniously through the window. After wandering up and down the keys for a short time, striking out fragments of melodies, and fluttering uncertainly from one to the other, as a butterfly roams from bud to bud, not knowing which to choose, the performer at length struck on a theme that seemed to satisfy him, and then poured out his entire soul. That it was a voluntary, one could discern in an instant, from the occasional irregularity of the rhythm, and lack of proper sequence between the parts; but it was so wild, so original, so mournful, so full of broken utterances of passion, that one might have imagined it the wail of a lost angel outside the gates of that Paradise which he saw but could not enjoy.

"That is a great performer," said Mr. Alexander, rising. "I must go and see him."

"It's Mr. Compton," cried Milly, eagerly; "he does not like to be disturbed. You must not go now."

"I don't care," said Mr. Alexander, very coolly. "Where's the stairs? Oh! here—all right!" And before she could detain him, he had bounded up the stairs, and was gone.

"I make no apology for coming in here in this way," said Mr. Alexander, as he pushed

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open Mr. Compton's door, "because, if you don't want people to rush in on you unannounced, you should not play so well, nor improvise such original themes."

"You are an artist, then?" said Mr. Compton, rising in some surprise at this sudden intrusion. "All such have a right to enter here."

"Enough of an artist to comprehend you," said the young man bluntly. "You are an artist, Mr. Compton, and have never done any thing but toy with art. More shame for you."

"Who is my lecturer?" said Mr. Compton, rather sternly.

"My name is Alexander Winthrop."

"What! he who—"

"Hush!" cried the young man, lifting his finger, for at that moment Milly appeared, with flushed cheeks, on the threshold of the door. "I am only Alexander Winthrop. I tore my trowsers by a fall opposite this house. This little fairy," pointing to Milly, "mended them for me. I heard you playing; I ran up stairs. Now you know all about me.

"Then you must be the stranger of whom Milly has so often spoken to me, as passing the door every day," said Mr. Compton, with a bland ignorance of the incautiousness of his remark, and totally heedless of Milly's agonized telegraphings to make him stop.

"Oh, then, the little fairy knew me before!" exclaimed Mr. Alexander, eagerly. "So we were old acquaintances, Miss Milly?"

Milly said nothing, but appeared to have suddenly recollected that her shop had been left unprotected, and disappeared as if by magic.

"I want to have a talk with you, Mr. Compton," said Mr. Alexander, looking after her.

Mr. Compton sighed.

"Let us go into the garden," he said; and they went out together.

III.

Two months after this Milly Dove sat in her little room reading. Those wondrous fabrics on which she used to labor with such patience were gone. There was dust on the panorama; its single eye was dim and melancholy. No more balls disturbed the repose of the fat old spiders in the panels; the very shop itself seemed to have an uncared-for look.

The reason of all this was that Milly Dove had become a student—a hard, close, unwearying student—and the books that she read were given her by Mr. Alexander. One author in particular pleased her mightily. A man named Ivan Thorle had lately astonished the world with an alternate succession of works of philosophy and fiction. In both paths did he seem to be equally at home. His novels were tender, impassioned, truthful, and always breathing the sublimest scorn for every thing mean and unholy. His philosophy was still more wonderful, because it was so clear. The progress of man was always his theme. The gradual amalgamation of races; the universal equalization of climate from the cultivation of the entire globe; the disappearance of poverty from the earth before the influence of machinery, which labored for all; the consequent improvement of the physical condition of our race; the abolishment of crime—in short, the apogee of the world. On all this he expatiated with a profundity of thought and simplicity of expression that made him at once the deepest and clearest of writers. Ivan Thorle, then, opened a new world for Milly. For the first time in her days she comprehended the true beauty of life, and experienced those delicious sensations which one experiences when they first begin to observe; an epoch, let me tell you, that comes much later than one imagines. Thus a Trinity of genius and goodness reigned supreme in Milly Dove's little heart—Mr. Compton, Mr. Alexander, and Ivan Thorle; and, although her reason placed Mr. Compton first, as being the oldest friend, and Ivan Thorle next, as being the greatest genius, yet I doubt much if that little maiden's heart did not put Mr. Alexander Winthrop, her affianced lover, high above all.

There was one thing that grieved this dear child, and it was so strange a grief for her to have had at that period, that it seems a mystery to me how she ever could have had it. It was that Mr. Alexander was not a great writer. She loved him very dearly, and she knew that Mr. Compton loved him, and they talked very learnedly together for hours at a time. He was very clever, was this Mr. Alexander Winthrop; but oh, if he would only write books like Ivan Thorle! If he would create those dear stories—so pure, so good, and so true! If he would make those splendid books that made every one love his fellow-men better when he had read them, and which were so purely written that a child might understand them! If he would only do this, she told him many times, as she clung to his breast, she would be as happy as the humming-birds that lived outside, forever in the sunshine! And Mr. Alexander would stroke her brown hair, and kiss her white forehead, and smiling mysteriously, say, "Some time, perhaps—" But he did not write books, and Milly Dove was sad.

Her sadness was now, however, for the moment lost in the perusal of Ivan Thorle's last book, "The Ladder of Stars"—a strange, wonderful mixture of romance and philosophy, and Milly pored over it in her high-backed chair, while the humming-birds outside looked in at her with their sharp, cunning eyes, and said to themselves, as they saw her rosy lips, "Bless us! there are flowers where there must be loads of honey. Let us go in and get it!" But now and then these rosy flowers had a strange way of opening with a laughing sound, and showing rows of white seed inside, in a manner unlike any flower ever before seen; so that the humming-birds thought they might be a dangerous sort of flower, and did not go in. Milly was over one of the most beautiful passages in the "Ladder of Stars" when she heard a step behind her. She turned, and beheld one of the most beautiful ladies she had ever seen standing in the

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door-way. A tall, proud-looking lady she was, with bright eyes, and fierce lip, and the smallest hands in the world. And such dress! So rich, and elegant, and flowing! Milly thought she was a fairy. Being naturally polite, however, even to fairies, the little maiden rose and advanced timidly to this sultana. The lady did not keep her long in suspense.

"Your name is Milly Dove?" she said, in a commanding voice.

"Yes, ma'am," said Milly, half-frightened at the tone of the question.

"You are going to marry a man calling himself Alexander Winthrop. Is it not so?"

"Yes, ma'am." Milly's limbs began to tremble at this point.

"You must not marry him."

"Why, ma'am?" Milly's strength began to come back a little.

"Because he would make you unhappy."

"How do you know, ma'am?" Oh! Milly Dove, Milly Dove! where did you pick up the Socratic mode of reasoning?

"Because I know it," said the sultana, stamping her foot. "You can not marry him. He loves me. I know he does!" she continued, passionately.

"He loves me better!" said Milly, quietly. "I know it, for he told me so."

"You! love you better! Listen, child. You do not know this man. He is proud, wealthy, learned, a genius, and courted by all the world. His sphere in life rolls through another orbit than yours. His genius, his tastes, his friendships will all separate him from you. He thinks he loves you now; well, in three months he will be disenchanted. He will neglect you—ill-treat you, perhaps—laugh at your ill-breeding, sport with your ignorance, and break your heart. Be warned in time. Here! I am rich. You shall have money, as much money as you wish, if you fly this place and promise never to see Alexander Winthrop again. I will make you wealthy, happy, every thing you wish, only leave me my love! leave me my love!"

She held out a purse to Milly as she spoke, and her splendid form literally shook with passion. Poor Milly was thunderstruck; she knew not what to do. Oh! how she wished for either Alexander or Mr. Compton.

"Ma'am," said she, at last, "I don't want money. I never knew that Mr. Alexander was rich; but it makes no matter to me whether he is or not. I know he loves me; for he said so, and he never tells a lie. Therefore I can not do as you wish me. I am sorry, ma'am, that you should love Mr. Alexander too."

"But you must, I tell you—you must, girl! You shall not wed him! He is mine! Do you not know—"

"She does *not* know, Miss Helen de Rham," said Mr. Alexander himself, stepping, at this juncture, out of the shop, and putting his arm around Milly's waist.

"Oh! you are here, Sir!" said Miss De Rham, with a scornful curl of her upper lip. "Enjoying love in a cottage, which, no doubt, you taste merely as a literary experience to be made serviceable in your next book. It is a pretty idyl."

"Madam," said Alexander, "let me hear no unworthy sneers against a love so pure that you could not understand it. Milly, as this lady has thought fit to intrude herself on my privacy and yours, it is fit that you should learn the history of our connection."

"Tell it, Sir, by all means," said Miss De Rham, seating herself in a chair; "you are accustomed to weave romances."

"I tell the truth, madam, always; and if I did not, this pure mind here is too true a touchstone not to detect the falsehood. Milly, that handsome lady there was once my friend. I believe I loved her, for she was beautiful and gifted. We were much together, and I understand that she expressed admiration for my talents. I thought her honest, and I loved her for her honesty; for she was one of those who could talk with that frank bluntness that so well simulates sincerity. Well, she was ambitious; she wanted to be a goddess, when she was only a woman; she wished to write, when God had only given her the power to appreciate. She came to me one day with a poem—a beautiful poem, which she said she had written. I got it published for her; it was admired every where. On the strength of it she rose to the reputation of a woman of genius. Well, Milly, it was all a lie!—an acted, a spoken, a perpetuated lie!—the poem was not hers. It was written for her by a protégé of hers, who betrayed her trust, and the whole thing was discovered. I left Miss De Rham, Milly Dove, to the shame, which, if she had a heart, ought to have eaten it out."

"And you could not discover the difference between an innocent piece of vanity and a crime! Oh, Ivan Thorle, in spite of all your knowledge you know not the world!"

"I do not wish to know it better, Miss De Rham. Leave me and my bride in ignorance and peace. Go, madam, back to your town luxury and refined atmosphere, where pretty names are given to bad deeds. I wish to remain unmolested with that pure love which will ever be a mystery to you. Go!"

"What name did she call you?" cried Milly Dove, breathlessly, as the proud lady swept scornfully out through the little shop.

"Milly, you may now know what I have long concealed. I am Ivan Thorle!"

"You? you? Oh, I am so glad—so glad—so glad! Dear Alexander, I have now nothing to wish for."

"But I have, dear Milly!"

Those who have read Alexander Winthrop's latest and best novel, "The Village Bride," will see there how happily he and Milly and Mr. Compton lived together; and they will recognize in the lecturer on Woman's Rights the portrait of Miss De Rham.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

ELECTIONS have been held in several of the Southern States during the past month, but up to the time of closing this Record full returns have not been received. In Tennessee, Andrew Johnson, the Democratic candidate, is re-elected Governor over M. P. Gentry, who was supported by the Whigs and Americans. In North Carolina the Democrats are believed to have elected six of the eight Members of Congress, the Americans electing the other two. In Kentucky the Americans are reported to have elected a majority of the Congressional delegation. Very serious riots occurred at Louisville on the day of election, August 7th, between the Irish and Americans, in which fire-arms were freely used on both sides, buildings were burned, and some twenty persons lost their lives. According to the reports thus far received, the Irish were the aggressors, as they are charged with having interfered with the Americans at the polls, and with having been armed in preparation for such a conflict. The canvass in Kentucky has been conducted with great bitterness and animosity. From Alabama we have not yet sufficient returns to warrant an opinion as to the result.——Affairs in Kansas Territory have attracted very general attention during the month. The Legislature met, under the summons of the Governor, at Pawnee, on the 2d of July—the Council consisting of sixteen, and the House of Representatives of twenty-six members. Its first act was to declare the persons having the greatest number of votes at the first election regular members—ignoring entirely the question of the legality of those votes, and the Governor's proclamation ordering a new election. An act was then passed to remove the seat of government temporarily to the Shawnee Manual Labor School. On the 6th, a Message was received from the Governor vetoing this bill, on the ground that the Legislature had no right to designate a place for the temporary meeting of the Legislature, that power being conferred exclusively upon the Governor. The bill was passed by a two-thirds vote, notwithstanding the objections of the Governor. On the 16th the Legislature assembled at Shawnee Manual Labor School, and several bills were at once introduced. Among them were acts authorizing the confinement of criminals in the jails of the State of Missouri; requiring all emigrants to take an oath to execute the Fugitive Slave Law, and declaring infamous any person convicted of propagating abolition sentiments, or inciting slaves to leave their masters. The Governor refused to sanction any of the bills passed, on the ground that the Legislature was not lawfully assembled. The Legislature then appointed a Committee to draft a Memorial to the President, requesting the removal of Governor Reeder, and the appointment of a successor. Meantime steps had been taken at Washington which led to the same result. On the 12th of June, as stated in our last, the Secretary of State wrote to Mr. Reeder that certain charges had been preferred against him connected with an alleged illegal purchase of lands on the Indian reservation in Kansas, and that unless these charges should be satisfactorily explained he would be removed from office. On the 26th, after his arrival at Kansas, Governor Reeder replied, denying that he had ever made any such purchase, and saying that he had only *agreed* to purchase the lands if the bargain should meet the approval of the President, and that the whole subject was before President Pierce, awaiting his action. Accompanying this letter were several documents tending to sustain the legality of his action in the matter. On the 26th of July the Secretary of the Interior, to whom the papers had been submitted, advised the President not to sanction the contracts which Governor Reeder had agreed to make; and the President's decision to this effect was announced to Governor Reeder in a letter dated August 2. But, meantime, a letter from the State Department, dated July 28, apprised Governor Reeder that his explanations were not satisfactory; and that, for that as well as other reasons, his functions and authority as Governor of Kansas were terminated.——Questions of a good deal of legal as well as general interest have arisen at Philadelphia in connection with the rescue of sundry slaves, whom John H. Wheeler, Esq., the United States Minister to Nicaragua, was taking with him to New York, where he intended to embark for Central America. On the 18th of July, while the party were on board the steamboat, Mr. Passmore Williamson stepped up to the negroes and informed them that they were legally free. While he was conversing with Mr. Wheeler, the slaves were removed by a party of colored persons. Mr. Wheeler at once procured from Judge Kane, of the United States Circuit Court, a writ of *habeas corpus*, directing Mr. Williamson to bring the slaves before the Judge. To this writ Mr. Williamson responded by declaring that the slaves were not then, and had not at any time been in his possession, and that he could not therefore produce them. Mr. Wheeler's counsel moved that Williamson be committed to jail for contempt of court in not obeying the writ. On the 27th of July Judge Kane delivered an opinion deciding that the evidence contradicted Mr. Williamson's declaration, and that he was therefore guilty of contempt in not producing the slaves. The Judge further said he was not aware of any law of Pennsylvania which could divest the rights of property of a citizen of North Carolina, nor that it would be valid if it did exist. He accordingly committed Mr. Williamson for contempt. Application was made to Chief-Justice Lewis, of the State Supreme Court, for a writ of *habeas corpus* that this decision might be reviewed; but he refused to issue it on the ground that one court could not interfere with the action of another in cases of contempt.——Further intelligence of the Kinney Expedition has been received. The schooner *Emma*, in which Col. Kinney took his departure with part of his force, was wrecked, and her officers and crew were taken into Jamaica, where they procured another vessel, the *Huntress*, with which they left Jamaica on the 13th of July, and reached San Juan on the 16th. Being informed a British war steamer was prepared to oppose their landing, Colonel Kinney went ashore without making himself known, but was soon recognized by the inhabitants and received with cordiality. Mr. John L. Nelson, United States agent at Turk's Island, had joined the expedition. The day after his arrival Colonel Kinney was waited on by the British Consul and Captain Dobbie, of the war steamer *Buzzard*, to whom he gave full explanations of his plans—declaring that his views were perfectly peaceful, that he desired only to colon-

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ize and settle certain lands to which he believed he had a good title, and that if his title proved not to be good, he should withdraw. He was intending to leave for his settlement at an early day.——Colonel Walker's success was not as great as was at first reported. He arrived, with fifty-six men, at Realejo on the 14th of June, and was sent by the revolutionary President of Leon, in whose service he had enlisted, to Rivas, where he arrived on the 28th. He had been joined by about 150 Central American troops, and with this force met a body of government troops who were assembled to receive them. His new recruits soon ran away, abandoning Walker and his party, who fortified themselves in a private house, and sustained an attack for some time, but finally broke out and cut their way through the enemy to the coast, where they procured a schooner and departed. Colonel Walker had been led to believe that large numbers of the people would join him, but in this, as the event proved, he was deceived.——In reply to a letter asking permission to use his name as a candidate for Congress in Mississippi, General Quitman says that he has no objection, provided he can act upon his own opinions on public affairs. He proceeds to say that he regards slavery as a great interest, which it is the duty of the General Government to foster and protect—that the maintenance of slavery in Cuba is essential to the security of our own institutions, and that our government, instead of thwarting, should encourage the diffusion of republican institutions throughout this continent. ——A grand council of all the various tribes of Indians in Michigan was held at Detroit on the 27th of July, to meet the United States Commissioner for the purpose of making such treaty arrangements as may conduce to the improvement of their condition.——Several serious and fatal accidents have occurred during the month in various parts of the country. The powder-mill of Mr. Garreche at Wilmington, Delaware, exploded on the morning of the 3d of August, killing six men, severely wounding as many more, and destroying a large amount of property.——The steamer *General M'Donald*, during an excursion trip on the Delaware river, came in collision with a schooner on the 4th of August, and ten or fifteen of her passengers were drowned. The steamer *Lancaster*, on the Ohio, burst her boiler on the 1st, and five or six persons on board, Irish laborers, were killed.

From *California* our advices are to the 16th of July. The news is not important. Governor Bigler had been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor. There was a general depression in commercial matters, and real estate, with produce of all sorts, had fallen greatly in price. Two or three duels had taken place, in one of which the French Consul, M. Dillon, took part as one of the principals.

MEXICO.

Further differences have arisen between the governments of Mexico and the United States; and a late arrival announces that our Minister had declared his relations with Mexico to be broken off. This was mainly in consequence of the seizure by the Mexican government of a Cuban who had fled from punishment for some political offenses, and whom the Mexican authorities sent back in spite of the protest of the American Minister, who wished him to be sent to the United States. Several American citizens, it is said, have been arrested in Mexico and committed to prison upon the most frivolous charges. It is rumored that satisfactory explanations on some of these points have been made; but the latest intelligence announced that Mr. Gadsden had left the Capital for Vera Cruz, on his way home. The domestic affairs of Mexico are in a confused and unsatisfactory state. Señor Almonte, the Minister to the United States, has been recalled, and M. Vidal y Rivas, who married the mother-in-law of Santa Anna, has been appointed to succeed him. Santa Anna lately assembled his State Council, and questioned them as to the necessity of a new organization of the government. Upon their advice, it was decided that a new Constitution should be promulgated upon the basis of a representative republic. In the course of a fortnight Santa Anna changed his ground, declared that the country needed no new Constitution, and that the Council had promulgated revolutionary principles and ideas. Meantime insurrectionary movements are rife in various sections of the country. In the department of Mexico the rebels are still in strong force, and have achieved important successes over the Government troops. The attempted negotiations with the insurgents of Michoacan have failed. At Guerro, Alvarez has issued decrees allowing all Mexicans and foreigners to explore the gold mines recently discovered near Acapulco; the Government, however, pronounces all these decrees void. In San Luis a recent attempt at insurrection was speedily suppressed. At Puebla, about the middle of July, an outbreak occurred, which was, however, soon put down, and two officers connected with it were taken and shot. In the districts of Cordova and Orizaba the revolution continued in full force. On the northern frontier the rebellion is still more formidable and successful. The whole population has pronounced against Santa Anna; and at our latest dates, the 24th of July, General Woll was engaged in fortifying himself at Matamoras against an expected attack of the insurgents, who were under command of General Garza. A battle was daily anticipated, which would decide the contest.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The month has been distinguished in England by another ministerial crisis, which had no other result, however, than the withdrawal of Lord John Russell from the Cabinet. After he returned from Vienna, and announced the failure of all attempts to negotiate a peace, Lord John Russell made a speech in Parliament, earnestly urging a vigorous prosecution of the war, since no path was open for an honorable peace. Count Buol, the Austrian minister, soon after published a dispatch stating that Austria had proposed terms of peace to which Lord John Russell had given his assent, but which the Cabinets of England and France had rejected. In reply to a question from Sir J. Walsh in the House of Commons on the 1st of July, Lord John admitted the substantial truth of this statement. On the 5th the matter was made the topic of a long debate, which was continued from day to day. All the papers relating to the negotiation were soon after published. From these and from the debates it appears that when the Vienna Conference was first opened, the question came up by what means the third of the four points to which all the powers, Russia included, had given their assent, and which had for its object the termination of the Russian preponderance in the Black Sea, could be secured. The English and French envoys urged that it should be done by requiring Russia to agree to a *limitation*

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of the fleet she should be allowed to maintain there. The most strenuous efforts, however, failed to induce Austria to say that she would insist upon this condition, and regard its rejection by Russia as a *casus belli*. After long discussions, on the 16th of April Count Buol proposed that the end desired should be sought by a system of *counterpoise*—providing that the fleet of the Allies in the Black Sea might always be increased *pari passu* with any increase in the Russian fleet. This was strenuously combatted by both the French and English Ministers; but it was found that Austria was immovable, and, in the hope that her active co-operation in the war might be secured in the event of the rejection of her own ultimatum, both Lord John Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys recommended the acceptance of the Austrian proposition. It was, however, promptly and decisively rejected by the Emperor of France and the English Cabinet. M. Drouyn de Lhuys accordingly resigned his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs; Lord John Russell, on the other hand, fearing that his withdrawal might give rise to dissensions, kept his seat in the Cabinet. For this he was very sharply censured by Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, and, indeed, nearly all the members who spoke upon the subject, and so strong was the current of feeling against him that he resigned, and was succeeded, as Colonial Secretary, by Sir William Molesworth. The debates on these topics were able and interesting, but we have stated the point on which they turned. ——On the 20th of July, a government proposal to guarantee the Turkish loan of five millions sterling, was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of only three votes.——Very remarkable demonstrations have taken place in consequence of the introduction, by Lord Robert Grosvenor, of a bill prohibiting the sale of certain articles of food and drink, and the running of public vehicles on the Sabbath. The bill was regarded as an attempt to deprive the laboring classes of opportunities for recreation, and for purchasing necessaries of life which they now enjoy. The next Sabbath not less than fifty thousand people assembled in Hyde Park, the aristocratic promenade of London, and hailed the equipages of the nobility with shouts of "Go to Church!" etc., etc., doing no violence, but expressing very strong resentment at the attempt of the nobility to deprive the poor of privileges which they themselves enjoyed. The next Sunday the demonstration was repeated, and the police created great excitement by harsh treatment of persons assembled there. The conduct of the police was severely censured in Parliament, and has been since made the subject of investigation. Lord Grosvenor, under this pressure of public sentiment, withdrew the bill. —— Lord Raglan's death in the Crimea was announced in Parliament on the 1st of July by a message from the Queen. An annuity of £1000 was voted to his widow, and a pension of £2000 a year to the present Lord Raglan, with remainder to his next heir.

THE CONTINENT.

In *France* the Legislative Assembly met on the 2d of July, and was opened by a brief address from the Emperor, in which he stated that the conferences at Vienna had not resulted in peace, and that Austria had not fulfilled the expectations of the Western Powers. Bills were speedily passed authorizing a war loan of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, the levy of 140,000 men for the service of 1856, and the imposition of several new taxes. The loan was at once taken. Active preparations are made in Paris for the reception of the Queen of England, whose visit is fixed for the 16th of August.

In *Austria* the failure of the Conferences has given a new turn to political events. Count Buol issued a circular letter explanatory of the position Austria had taken, and intimating that, inasmuch as the Western Powers had rejected her proposals, they could no longer consider her bound to make common cause in the war with them. *Prussia* has published a declaration of assent to the position of affairs, and appearances indicate a closer union of the two countries upon a common policy. It is said that the agents of Russia meantime are unusually active in securing the alliance of Austria. In correspondence that has recently taken place, Count Nesselrode expresses warm satisfaction at the course pursued by Austria, declares that Russia views with satisfaction the Austrian occupation of the Principalities, and that her armies will be now, as formerly, at the service of Austria.

In *Italy* there are indications of growing discontent, which awaken a good deal of alarm. Insurrectionary movements have been detected in various quarters. The Austrian garrison in Lombardy has been very largely increased. Milan is occupied by over 18,000 Austrian troops, and a line of defense has been established from that city to Brescia. Apprehensions are entertained of republican movements in most of the Italian States, except in Naples, where the fear is of a military insurrection. Several military officers have been arrested.

THE CRIMEA.

Details of the repulse of the attack of the 18th of June upon the Malakoff and Redan batteries, which was announced in our last Record, have since been received, and show it to have been a serious affair. The Mamelon, a work erected by the Russians since the commencement of the siege for the protection of the Malakoff, was already in possession of the French. On the 18th they advanced to the assault of the latter, which they attempted with three very heavy columns—each of which was swept back with dreadful slaughter. The English made an attack upon the Redan at nearly the same time, though the French complain that it was commenced too late to operate as a diversion in their favor. It failed, however, and both the allied armies were driven back with very heavy loss. Since that time, up to our latest dates, no active operations have taken place, though the French are pushing their parallels toward the Malakoff with the design of renewing the assault; the Russians are also active in strengthening their defenses, which are of earth, and therefore more easily thrown up, and less easily demolished than masonry.—Lord Raglan died on the 28th of June, after only a few days' illness. Funeral honors were paid to his remains, which were removed to England. General Simpson succeeds him in the chief command.—Among the losses of the Russians is reported that of General Todleben, the young engineer to whom is awarded the credit of the skillful and successful defense of Sebastopol.—It is stated that a Russian force of 40,000 men has invested the city of Kars, in Asia Minor, which is held by the Turks. A portion of the Turkish army at the Dardanelles recently mutinied against the British officers under whom they serve: the English were obliged to fire upon them with grape before they could reduce them to order.

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Literary Notices.

History of the Council of Trent, from the French of L. F. BUNGENER, edited by JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The importance of this celebrated Council in the establishment of the ecclesiastical authority of Rome, is forcibly stated by the American editor in his introduction to this seasonable volume. The doctrines of the Catholic Church were first reduced to a definite and permanent form by the Council of Trent. Her acknowledged creed is contained only in the decrees and acts of that body. The Apostolic and Nicene creeds are held in common by Catholics and Protestants. No separate formulary or catechism gives an authoritative exposition of the articles of the Catholic faith. They are to be found alone in the Tridentine canons. As is remarked by Möhler, the most able theologian of that Church since the days of Bellarmine: "Every other writing that may bear such a title is only a deduction from this formulary, or a nearer definition, illustration, or application of its contents, or is in part only regulated by it, or in any case obtains a value only by agreement with it, and hence can not, in point of dignity, bear a comparison with the original itself." The Council of Trent, moreover, dates the commencement of a new era in the papal power, as well as in the history of Catholic dogmas. Though convoked for the purpose of setting limits to the papal authority, its result was directly the reverse. From every struggle among its members the Pope emerged with fresh strength. The very Council that was to bind his hands placed in them new weapons. He was thus enabled to exercise a stronger control over bishops, priests, and laity than had been dreamed of before. Intrusted with the authority to interpret the decrees of the Council, the Pope is empowered to make any rule of faith or conduct at his pleasure. The history of an assembly which has exercised such a pervading influence over the modern religious world can not fail to be a subject of deep interest with intelligent and thoughtful readers. It is a curious inquiry to ascertain the pretensions and character of the men who thus, in fact, moulded the theological opinions of a large portion of Christendom in after ages. Happily we are at no loss for sources of information on this subject. The first published history of the Council of Trent was the famous work of Father Sarpi, which, though originally appearing under another name, is universally ascribed to his pen. This production, though entirely destitute of philosophical acumen, and often inaccurate in its historical details, is a vigorous satirical comment on the proceedings of the Council. Upon its first appearance it made a profound impression throughout Europe, and measures were at once taken for its refutation by the Roman Court. A large body of materials for this purpose was collected by the Jesuit Alciati, but he died in 1571, before the completion of the work. After his death the task was resumed by Pallavicino, who published his celebrated history of the Council in 1656. These two writers have been the principal authorities on the subject until within a comparatively recent period. In German there is an elaborate history of the Council by Salig, and in French by Dupin, and in England valuable materials for the purpose have been collected by Mendham. A popular history has lately been published in London by Buckley. Nothing, however, has been presented on this subject of so striking and readable a character as this work by Bungener. It has nothing of the air of a dry chronicle. With singular dramatic skill, great power of grouping as well as of characterization, and the command of a fresh and vigorous diction, the author transfuses his own spirit into the records of the past, and reproduces the faded scenes of antiquity in almost their natural glow and vitality. Nor is he deficient in the less imposing but equally essential qualities of the successful historian—thoroughness of research and accuracy of statement. "He uses his sources carefully and conscientiously; few facts of any importance in the sayings and doings of Trent are omitted; few are stated out of their proper and living connections; none are distorted for polemical purposes." The translation of this volume, which appears to have been made with care, is by Mr. Scott of St. Andrews, who has incorporated with it the last notes and additions of the author, made since the publication of the original work. Besides his diligent editorial supervision, Dr. M'Clintock has given a compact summary of the acts and decrees of the Council, and has left nothing wanting to the practical utility of the work.

Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett and his Times, by a JOURNALIST. (Published by Stringer and Townsend.) The history of the newspaper press in this country furnishes a most expressive commentary on the progress of American enterprise and cultivation. Certainly in no part of the world have more boldness and energy been developed in this branch of periodical literature than in the United States. The daily press of New York, in particular, is probably nowhere surpassed for the comprehensiveness of its arrangements, the extent of its issues, and the combination of business force and literary talent enlisted in its service. The life of a prominent editor, accordingly, possesses a general interest, on account of its connection with the various ramifications of society, which does not always attach itself to the career of a public man. The author of this volume has treated his subject from the above point of view, and, starting with the biography of an individual, has unfolded, to some extent, a consecutive panoramic exhibition of American journalism for the last quarter of a century. It is not written in the spirit of fulsome adulation, nor with a partisan zeal for a personal favorite, but with perhaps as great a degree of impartiality as is consistent with the mitigated form of hero-worship which doubtless inspired the undertaking. A rapid survey of the ground he has traversed will bring up many curious incidents in the progress of the newspaper—that great American institution—from small beginnings to its present state of palmy prosperity.

James Gordon Bennett was born in a rural locality among the Highlands of Scotland in the last year of the last century. He remained at school in his native village till he was fourteen or fifteen years of age, when he went to Aberdeen, where he attended a Catholic seminary for two or three years with a view of entering the ecclesiastical profession in that church. His biographer relates, "that he was a boy of good natural abilities, of a poetical turn of mind, enthusiastic, fond of solitary rambles, punctilious on points of honor with his school-mates,

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and full of self-confidence. His habits were good; he pursued his studies with zeal, and had an ambition to excel in every thing he undertook."

At Aberdeen he pursued the usual routine of college life, besides being an omnivorous reader. He belonged to a literary club which used to meet in the same room where Byron conned his youthful tasks. This was about the time that the fiery bard "woke up in the morning and found himself famous;" and, as a matter of course, the hot-headed, ingenuous juveniles of Aberdeen soon made him an object to swear by. Young Bennett, it would seem, did not escape the contagious influence. He became froward and self-willed, but it does not appear that he mounted the Byron shirt-collar, or like other devotees of that period, grew gloomy and lacrymose, or began to "whine and put the finger i'-the-eye." He was but a boy when he broke loose from the restraints of school and set up for his own master. The prospect of eminence in the Church had no charms for his young ambition. He soon threw divinity to the dogs, dividing his time between study and travel over "his native heather," until his embarkation for America. This took place in the spring of 1819. It was the result of a sudden impulse, not of sober judgment. Meeting a literary associate one day in the street, he was told by him that he was about to go to America. He at once decided to accompany him, wishing, as he said, "to see the place where Franklin was born." Except a small purse sufficient to defray his expenses for a few days upon his arrival, his cash was obviously minus. After a tedious passage he landed at Halifax, and at once seeking employment, with the true spirit of a Scotch dominie, commenced the labors of his new life by teaching. This thankless drudgery—worse at that day than the present—was little to his taste. He soon threw it up and betook himself to Boston. The sight of that ancient city aroused all his latent "entusimusy." Franklin had long been an enchantment to his imagination—a novel use, by-the-by, for the venerable Doctor—and Boston appeared to his idolizer as "the residence of a friend, and associate, and acquaintance." He was also wonderfully moved by Bunker's Hill and other scenes in "the holy struggle for Independence." "Dorchester Heights seemed almost as holy ground as Arthur's Seat or Salisbury Craig. Around the isles arose the waves of the mirrored bay. Beyond was Boston, her glittering spires rising into the blue vault of heaven, like beacons to light a world to liberty."

In spite of his patriotic excitements, the young adventurer had but a hard time of it in Boston. At first he had neither money nor employment, and for two days was without food, nor knew of any means to procure it except by begging. But he kept up a stout heart, and sometimes amused his lonely hours by attempts in verse. At length he obtained employment as a proof-reader in the celebrated printing-house of Wells and Lily, but as far as appears scarcely did more than keep soul and body together. The transition from this post to a connection with journalism was natural and easy. The newspapers of the principal cities attracted his attention, and suggested embryo schemes which have since received an ample completion. The *Boston Galaxy*, under the auspices of Mr. Buckingham, was at that time in the full flush of audacity and success. Its boldness, its piquancy, and its diablerie made it universally sought and feared. The influence of this journal was not lost on the observant mind of Bennett. But the time had not yet come for him to strike out a similar path for himself. He leaves Boston, however, in 1822, and makes his way to New York, with a burning brain, though with a collapsed purse. Meeting with no success in his first experiment as a journalist, he accepted a proposal from Mr. Willington, the veteran proprietor of the *Charleston Courier*, and was for some time employed on that distinguished newspaper, chiefly in translating from the Spanish journals received by way of Havana. He returned to New York in the autumn of 1824, and soon after issued proposals for opening a commercial school. This project, however, if carried into effect at all, which is somewhat doubtful, soon fell through, and was succeeded by the delivery of public lectures on political economy. In 1825, Mr. Bennett made his first attempt to become the proprietor of a public journal. This was called the *New York Courier*, a weekly paper issued on Saturday morning. It proved unsuccessful, and Mr. Bennett was employed at different times on several journals, chiefly on the *National Advocate*, published by Mr. Snowden. In 1826, he became more intimately connected with that paper. After the State elections of that year, he began his career as an active politician, discontinuing his connection with the *National Advocate*, and becoming attached to the *Enquirer*, of which the famous Mr. Noah was editor-in-chief. After the fusion of the *Courier* and the *Enquirer*, Mr. Bennett became an associate editor of the new paper in the autumn of 1829. This journal soon attracted much attention, and became the favorite organ of the democracy. Upon its abandonment of the Jackson party in 1832, Mr. Bennett retired from its editorial chair, and in October of the same year issued the first number of the *New York Globe*. This was a short-lived concern, and was discontinued at the close of a month from its commencement. The next step in the editorial career of Mr. Bennett was the purchase of an interest in the *Pennsylvanian*, published in Philadelphia, of which he at once became in fact, if not nominally, the leading conductor. This journal took a prominent share in the political struggles of the day, but failing to win the confidence of many influential partisans with whom he had been allied, Mr. Bennett withdrew from its management and returned to New York in the summer of 1834. After various schemes and proposals, the first number of the *Herald* was issued May 6, 1835. The progress of this celebrated journal is described at length in the Memoirs, furnishing a curious illustration of the gradual development of the newspaper press in New York. According to the biographer, the characteristic features of this sheet on its first publication were not such as would be commended by the "improved taste of the improved hour," but the motives of its editor did not "necessarily indicate a callous heart or a bad temper." It was established in the midst of a fierce newspaper war; was the subject of vehement hostility; and it can not be denied that its founder was tempted to use any weapon at his command to overthrow its strenuous assailants.

The course of Mr. Bennett, in connection with the administration of the *Herald*, is fully described and freely commented on in the closing portion of this volume. "His character," says the writer, "is not easily defined, because the immense variety of his acts puzzle the most analytical judg-

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ment. . . . In him, benevolence and conscientiousness, acting in opposition to self-esteem, and in harmony with approbativeness, ever would make him the friend of the weak against the strong, and of the million against their masters. He could not be an aristocrat, however habitually he might look with contempt upon ignorance and brutal natures. He has not combativeness so fully developed as to incite him to hold long arguments, or to become a great soldier. With his perceptive organs, intuitions, keen memory, and moderate comparison, together with the energy derived from his temperament, he would excel in affairs of state or diplomacy. His attachment to family and home is strong, but his firmness of purpose would lead him to control this for the great aim of his ambition. His constructiveness is not large, but he would be swift to perceive, by his power of rapid discernment, the surest course of action. His mind is not narrow in its range, but enlarged, discriminating, and comprehensive. He is a close observer by taste and habit, and an enthusiast by nature in science, literature, art, and human progress. Wound his pride, and he could not but be wounded from his heel to the crown of his head. The combination of the leading activities of the brain could produce nothing less than that masterly moral courage which is his guardian angel in every crisis, howsoever troublesome or dangerous."

Letters to the People on Health and Happiness, by CATHERINE E. BEECHER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this volume the distinguished authoress aims to direct the attention of the American people to certain facts in their habits and modes of life which she believes are eminently injurious to their physical well-being. It contains a brief explanation of the most important organs of the human system, describes the proper treatment of these organs in order to fulfill the designs of the Creator, points out the methods by which they are injured, sets forth the evils arising from their abuse and mismanagement, and suggests the appropriate remedies for the evils exhibited. The work is founded on sound physiological principles, and presents a great amount of useful information, which, if not strictly novel, has never been urged in such an impressive manner, or illustrated with such a variety of practical considerations. Miss Beecher writes with singular plainness of expression, and the vigor produced by deep earnestness of conviction. She is not always fastidiously correct in the use of language, but she is never unintelligible or dull. Her suggestions are doubtless adapted to increase the prevalence of health, and thus to diminish the importance of the medical profession. No one can read them without a fresh conviction of the dangerous and disgusting character of many of the popular habits of this country, and of the importance of a thorough physical reformation.

Among the recent original novels written in the interests of special reforms, we can speak favorably of *Cone Cut Corners*, by BENAULY, intended to illustrate the social evils of indulgence in intoxicating drinks. It consists of a series of lively sketches, hinging on a plot of considerable interest, though not quite free from over-coloring, remarkable for their striking illustrations of country life in New England. The moral of the story is excellent, and its literary execution displays various merits of no ordinary character. (Published by Mason Brothers.)

Ellie; or, the Human Comedy, by JOHN ESTEN COOK. (Published by A. Morris, Richmond.) A new story by the rising author of "The Virginia Comedians," "Leather Stocking and Silk," and other productions of genuine vigor and originality, will be warmly greeted by his readers, and enhance his already brilliant reputation. His name appears, for the first time, on the title-page of this volume, and, judging from past actual success, is destined to hold an honorable place in the literature of his country. Like his former works, *Ellie* is distinguished for its spirited dramatic conversations, its graphic pictures of nature, its fine character-drawing, and its union of delicate humor with refined and elevated sentiment. It is full of effective contrasts, free from forced and unnatural situations, and the plot sustains its interest from the commencement to the close.

Miss PARDOE'S last novel, entitled *The Jealous Wife*, has been reprinted by Fetridge and Co. This is one of the most striking works of fiction recently issued in London, remarkable for its philosophical conceptions of character, its natural and racy dialogue, and its powerful delineations of passion. The plot turns on the unreasonable suspicions of a jealous and haughty wife, whose lack of confidence in her husband poisons her own happiness, and lays the foundation for a tissue of tragic scenes. We believe that the most competent judges are agreed in pronouncing this novel superior to any of the fictitious productions of the gifted authoress.—The same house have issued a convenient edition of *Moredun*, the historical romance alleged to have been written by Sir WALTER SCOTT, and kept in concealment, by a singular combination of circumstances, until the present day. An elaborate introduction gives a full account of the origin claimed for the discovery, and presents a tempting nut to be cracked by the lover of curious literary problems. The story itself is not without interest, although not to be compared with the general run of Scott's novels.

Of the recent popular expositions of medicine, with which the press of this country has been almost overrun, *The Gentleman's Hand-book of Homeopathy*, by EGBERT GUERNSEY, M.D., is entitled to hearty commendation, for its practical character and the common-sense directions which it gives for the care and preservation of health. The general principles which it sets forth are independent of the medical theories to which the author is attached, and can scarcely be applied without benefit, especially by travelers and invalids. Published by W. Radde.

A new series of juvenile publications by JACOB ABBOTT is announced by Harper and Brothers, intended for the use of the nursery, and consisting of profusely-illustrated little volumes, entitled "*Learning to Talk*," "*Learning to Read*," and "*Learning to Think*." The plan is a quite ingenious one, and is carried out with the remarkable tact for which Mr. Abbott is pre-eminent among writers for children.

J. C. Derby has published a new work on the Mormon delusion, entitled *Female Life among the Mormons*, presenting, in the form of inartificial, autobiographical sketches, a vivid illustration of the oppression and debasement of woman among the "Saints of Utah." Without vouching for the correctness of all the details in this work, we think it bears the marks of verisimilitude, and evidently has a foundation in the personal experience of the

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writer. Its slender claims to literary excellence form a presumption in favor of the authenticity of the narrative, which can hardly be read without a feeling of indignation and shame at the atrocities of Mormon life that are perpetrated under the pretense of religion.—*My Confession, and other Stories*, issued by the same publisher, is probably the maiden production of a young writer, and is not only a success in itself, but gives ample promise of future successes, in the originality and nerve of its composition.

Panama in 1855, by ROBERT TOMES. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The writer of this lively volume was one of a New York party invited to attend the celebration of the opening of the Panama Railroad. In a convenient compass, he presents a great variety of information in regard to the manners and customs, natural scenery, commercial advantages, and social development of the Isthmus, describing the many curious objects that came within the scope of his personal observation with almost an exuberant vivacity. His work is full of comic descriptions and racy anecdotes, while nothing is lost in point of accuracy and instructiveness by the gayety of spirit which always animates the writer.

The Watchman (published by H. Long and Brother) is an addition to the crowd of novels, founded on actual experiences in humble life, which are just now so much the order of the day. It is a production of very considerable power, presenting just conceptions of character, a moral tone of unaffected purity and elevation, and frequent passages of successful description. Making no appeals to a mawkish sentimentality, or to an imaginative craving for unnatural excitement, it is favorably distinguished from many of its competitors by its pervading air of reality, and the truthfulness of its inculcations and descriptions. The plot is, perhaps, somewhat too complicated, but it well sustains the interest of the reader.

A Visit to the Camp before Sebastopol, by RICHARD C. M'CORMICK, Jr. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) Visiting the camp of the Allies under favorable auspices for observation, Mr. M'Cormick examined closely the position of the armies, the social and material resources of the soldiers, and the various minutiæ of military life which can be understood only from personal investigation. His book is both readable and informing. Written without any affectation of literary skill, it presents a simple record of the exciting scenes witnessed by the author, and produces a more life-like impression of the daily ongoings in camp than many pages of labored description. Several panoramic views and sketches enhance the practical utility of the volume.

Eutaxia; or, Presbyterian Liturgies, by A MINISTER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (published by M. W. Dodd), is devoted to an account of the various forms of worship in use in the Presbyterian Church from the time of John Calvin to the present day. It is a work of evident learning and research, and contains not a little curious antiquarian information.

The Atlas of the World, by GEORGE W. COLTON, now in course of publication by J. H. Colton and Company, will supply a want that has long been felt. The best European collections of maps, though complete as treating of the Eastern Hemisphere, are singularly meagre and unsatisfactory in respect to this continent. The Atlas of Mr. Colton, while omitting nothing of importance to the general reader contained in these publications, is immeasurably superior to any of them in respect to North and South America. The latest and best sources of information have been consulted. For the United States, the mass of materials contained in the archives of the several States and of the General Government have been faithfully collated. The boundaries of counties and towns are laid down, the lines of internal improvement, such as canals and railways, are given. For the unsettled portions of the country, the information contained in the works of all travelers and explorers is furnished. The maps heretofore published of Central and South America have been inexcusably meagre and defective, for most of those States have prepared large and accurate maps of their respective territories; and the main features of these have been embodied in the maps composing this Atlas. In addition to the usual geographical maps, a series of charts is given, illustrating the climatology, ethnography, and geology of the globe, and the distribution of animals and vegetables. The letter-press accompanying the maps contains a large amount of valuable statistical information. The mechanical execution of this Atlas is every way worthy of its intrinsic excellence.

The more prominent works published in London since our last report, are, "My Travels," by Captain Chamier; "Display," a novel, by Mrs. Maberly; "The City of the Crescent," by Mr. Trenery; John B. Gough's "Autobiography and Lectures;" Sir George Stephens's "Anti-Slavery Recollections;" "The Private Life of an Eastern King" (Nussir-u-deen, King of Oude); Mr. Burton's "Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Mecca;" Harrison Ainsworth's Ballads; Dr. Doran's "Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover;" Leigh Hunt's "Old Court Suburb, or Memorials of Kensington."

Among the principal announcements are translated selections from "Napoleon's Correspondence with his brother Joseph;" John Wilson Croker's "Historical Essays;" "History of the House of Lancaster," by Lord Brougham; Sir R. Murchison's "Map of the Geology of Europe," printed in colors; "The Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries," by G. H. Lewes; the "Memoirs of Lieutenant Bellot," the French officer who perished in the attempt to save Sir John Franklin; "Lord Brougham's Contributions to the Edinburgh Review," revised, now first collected; "The Fur-Hunters of the Far-West," by Alexander Ross; Captain Jesse's translation of Ferrier's "Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Affghanistan, Turkistan, and Beloochiston, with Historical Notices of those Countries, Descriptions of the Cities of Meshed, Herat, Balk, and Candahar, and Sketches of the Nomade Tribes of Central Asia;" two additional and concluding volumes of "Memoirs and Letters of Thomas Moore;" "Tennyson's Poems," illustrated by the first artists of the day; "The Dead Sea: a New Route to India," by Captain W. Allen, R.N.; "A Narrative of the Discovery of the Northwest Passage by H.M.S. *Investigator*, Captain M'Clure," edited by Commander Osborn, R.N.; the two concluding volumes of J. S. Buckingham's "Autobiography;" and new editions of Sydney Smith's "Memoirs and Correspondence;"

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and Lieutenant Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea."

Lord William Lennox, brother of the Duke of Richmond, and first husband of Miss Paton, the singer (well known in this country as Mrs. Joseph Wood), announces a novel, to be called "Philip Courtenay;" the author of "Charles Auchester" has in the press a story called "My First Season;" Mrs. Charles Reade, author of "Peg Woffington," has a new novel nearly ready, entitled "Susan Merton."

Mr. William Russell, whose letters to the *London Times* first gave a correct and startling account of the condition and sufferings of the Allies in the Crimea, has collected and revised the whole correspondence, and published it, in book-form, at a low price. Before publication, nearly 7000 copies were subscribed for by "the trade." It forms a history of the War from the landing at Gallipoli to the death of Lord Raglan.

Philip James Bailey, author of the drama of "Festus," has another poem in the press, entitled "The Mystic." It is said that Mr. Bailey will visit the United States in November, on a lecturing tour. Mr. Thackeray is expected also about the same time, and with similar views.

Charles Lever, the well-known author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Sir Jasper Carew," etc., has commenced a new story, to be continued monthly, in the *Dublin University Magazine*. It is entitled "Glencore and his Fortunes."

The article on Dryden, in the last *Edinburgh Review*, is attributed to Macaulay. His recent historical researches would naturally increase his familiarity with the subject.

There was commenced, in Australia, last April, a periodical called *The Sydney Sketch Book*, somewhat on the plan of *Punch* as regards satire and illustrations. It is so much opposed to "progress" that it denounces railways as "costly luxuries," beyond the means of a young colony. One of its jokes runs thus: "Why is a lady's logic, generally speaking, so confused?—Because it is utterly impossible for a woman to be *plain*." There is sarcasm as well as sharpness in this epigram at the new Governor:

VICTORIA'S CHOICE.

"'Wanted a Governor'—long they cried,
But when Victoria's choice they tried,
Quickly their cry the people recanting,
Found a new Governor, but found him—*wanting*."

Two volumes of the letters of Marshal St. Arnaud to his family have been published at Paris. They are truculent, and illustrate the character of the prime agent of the Napoleonic *coup-d'état* and the first leader of the French in the Crimea. Covering a space of twenty-five years, they almost form an autobiography.

Madame de Girardin, wife of the well-known editor of *La Presse*, in Paris, has died, and seldom has a woman of letters been so universally regretted. As Delphine Gay (daughter of a well-known authoress, who was intimate with Chateaubriand, Talma, the Verrets, and Beranger), she was early distinguished for her beauty and talents. Before she became a wife, her poetic compositions had obtained for her, among the Parisians, the title of The Tenth Muse; subsequently, with the exception of tragedies, she wrote nothing but prose. Of her dramatic works, "Judith" and "Cléopatre" take foremost place. Her later comedy, "Lady Tartuffe," in which Rachel played, has a yet wider reputation, and several of her minor pieces retain their rank on the stage. Her novels also possess great merit. In her *feuilletons*, which appeared in her husband's journal under the signature of Vicomte Charles de Launay, she exhibited much wit and great liveliness. She was a good conversationist, and her drawing-room was long the resort of the leading literary talent of Paris. Her domestic life was very happy. Madame de Girardin, whose personal charms were considerable, was born in 1805, married in 1831, and died on July 1, 1855.

Sir Edward Parry's death is announced as having taken place, in July, in Germany. He obtained a great reputation, thirty-five years ago, by his Arctic voyages during ten years, and on his first return, in 1828, received the honor of knighthood and a Parliamentary grant. He was Governor of Greenwich Hospital and a Rear-Admiral when he died. He was sixty-five years of age.

James Silk Buckingham, the Oriental Traveler, whose varied fortunes are recorded in his entertaining "Autobiography," of which two volumes recently appeared (the concluding portion being now in the press), has died in his sixty-ninth year. He went to sea when a youth, traveled extensively, educated himself, established a daily newspaper in Calcutta, was sent out of India by an arbitrary abuse of power, made far journeyings in the East, returned to England, wrote and lectured against the East India Company, was M.P. for Sheffield from 1832 to 1837, made a tour through Canada and the United States, latterly was a leader of the Temperance movement in England, and, in his old age, was pensioned by the British Government and his old opponent, the East India Company. He was a fluent speaker, and an amiable, gifted man.

The death of Frank S. Marryat, at the early age of twenty-nine, has scarcely been expected, though his health had been delicate for the last six months. His first work was "Borneo and the Indian Archipelago," but his reputation was fixed on a high rank by his "Mountains and Molehills," which has been considered, in this country as well as in England, as one of the most lively, agreeable, truth-telling book of travels, relating to California, yet published. Mr. Marryat was the second son of the sea-novelist. He entered the British navy at fourteen, and served for some years in the Mediterranean and the Indian Archipelago. Abandoning the sea, he produced his first work in 1848. On his father's death in that year, he again became a wanderer, and visited California.

In this obituary we have also to place the name of John Black, for a long time Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, at one period the leading and important organ of the Whigs, in London; Philip Pusey (brother of the celebrated Oxford professor and canon), for many years a Member of Parliament, and Editor of the *English Quarterly Journal of Agriculture;* and Dr. Arnott, the English army surgeon who attended Bonaparte during his last illness at St. Helena, and published an account of the disease and the circumstances of the illustrious exile's death.

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Editor's Table.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY will claim the attention of Congress early in the approaching session. The act of last session carried into effect one suggestion offered by the Secretary of War in his last Report, but by no means the most important one. It added two regiments of infantry and two of cavalry to the standing force, which raised the authorized strength of the army to 16,648 men. The real force does not probably exceed 12,000 to 13,000 men, including staff, dragoons, artillery, and infantry. Whether this moderate addition—an authorized number of 2432 men—will answer the purpose required and expected by the Secretary, namely, the suppression of all frontier troubles without the aid of the militia, remains to be seen.

But an increase to this or even a greater extent is a matter of trifling importance in comparison with the other questions relating to the army which call earnestly for settlement. It is perfectly certain that so long as the republic of the United States endures, it will never employ, in time of peace, a standing army large enough to defend its frontier. Public sentiment would not tolerate such a thing. It would be, in the opinion of ninety-nine men in every hundred, a useless expense. Wars do not spring up, like winds, between the going down and the rising of the sun; they are preceded by a series of unmistakable premonitory symptoms; and no nation that is ruled by sane men can, in the present day, be taken by surprise by a declaration of war. Nor is there any solid truth in the old notion that a long course of discipline in time of peace qualifies the soldier for active service in time of war; experience proves that six months' drill teaches him all he can learn till he is placed under fire, and that recruits hastily enrolled from the ranks of the militia and extemporaneously drilled, are likely to prove as efficient in the field as soldiers who have drawn pay for mere garrison duty for twenty years. On the other hand, the danger of Pretorian bands is well understood, and not likely to be forgotten. Soldiers, like Romish priests, are dead branches of the national tree. They bear neither fruit, bud, nor leaf, but only serve to burden the trunk, and occupy a space needed for the living shoots. Nor is their moral example better than their material usefulness. At all ages of the world's history, in the most civilized as in the most savage nations, masses of men assembled together, without women and without the family relation to impart self-respect and independence to each individual, have sunk, more or less deeply, into vicious habits, and become an ulcer in the community. For these and other kindred reasons, it has always been the sentiment of the American people that it was safe and proper to dispense with a standing army, and to trust, in the hour of danger, to a force extemporized from the ranks of the militia. The act of last session is not inconsistent with this principle. The couple of thousand extra men whom it authorizes the Department to raise are required for the special purpose of keeping in awe the Indians of the interior of the Continent. In a few years it is fair to presume that natural causes will have diminished the numbers of these Indians and driven the remnant beyond the limits of civilization; when this occurs, the necessity for the maintenance of the new regiments will disappear, and the army will be reduced at least to the old figure—an effective force of from 10,000 to 11,000 men.

From the very reasons which deprive the act of 1855 of material importance, other questions relating to the army derive immediate and vital interest. The policy of dispensing with a standing army is only safe so long as a body of efficient and well trained officers is maintained to lead the militia in time of war. Officers can not be extemporized. No man can become an engineer in six months—hardly in six years; nor can any one acquire without long and severe study such a knowledge of military tactics as would be required to qualify him for command in the field. The science needed for the construction of the simplest field-work is the fruit of persistent toil. And though the highest efforts of military skill have been flashes of genius rather than products of study, it is quite obvious that the latter was essential to render the former available. Even Napoleon could have done nothing had he never been a pupil at Brienne. We may leave to patriotism the duty of finding us soldiers; but we must provide officers ourselves, and keep them ready on hand.

This applies not only to the higher grades, but to the lowest commissioned officers in the service. A second lieutenant stands as much in need of training as a commanding general. His responsibilities are not so extensive, but they are more direct; if the one must answer for the issue of battles, the other has in charge the lives of individual men. In the field, regimental officers may be said to hold the lives of their men in their hand. Upon the experience and sagacity of the captain the health and efficiency of the company almost invariably depend. Discipline enjoins but one thing on the soldier—Obey. Whatever his own common sense may dictate, he can not give it a moment's thought; his part is to obey; and however suicidal the service required of him, he must perform it or be shot. How extensive a mischief may be wrought by intrusting the lower commissions of an army to incompetent men, the dreadful story of the British before Sebastopol tells but too plainly. The subalterns and captains in that army were, for the most part, young men ignorant of the art of war. They had never learned it as a trade. They had bought their commissions and their uniforms together. When they had learned the words of command their education was complete. Of the wants of men in active service, of the scientific rules which govern the movements of small bodies of soldiers, of the devices by which skilled officers husband the lives of their men or inflict additional loss on the enemy, of the most primitive hygienic laws, they were as ignorant as the same number of tailors or seamstresses. The consequence was, that while the French army suffered barely the average loss from accident, disease, and exposure, more than half the British force perished from these causes. It is true that the horrible inefficiency of the British commissariat and medical departments had much to do with the difference; but its prime cause was unquestionably the gross incapacity of the inferior regimental officers.

We are in this country in advance of the British in respect of materials for an army. They have

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no school that can compare with West Point. Their engineers and artillery officers are educated, certainly; but the examinations, like most performances of the kind in England, are mere matters of form. The veriest blockhead may obtain a commission in the artillery. Nor is transcendent ability, or even decent proficiency by any means essential to enable a man with family influence to enter the engineers. As to the line, as we said, reading and writing, a page of Cæsar, and a little ciphering, are all that is expected of the applicant for a commission. With us, at all events, the ignorant and the hopelessly stupid can not expect to be intrusted with the command of United States soldiers. It is the unanimous verdict of foreigners that the Academy at West Point is equal to any military school in the world. The system of education pursued there is the fruit of the combined experience of modern nations, methodized by some of the ablest minds the country has produced. Unlike foreign institutions of the like character, it has been conducted from the first on the principle that time and usage can not consecrate error. The work of reform and improvement never ceases within its walls. Whatever is good in foreign schools has been imitated; and not a single suggestion of value from any source has been neglected. Altogether it justifies the remarkable encomium of the last Board of Visitors, that "it was difficult to conceive a course of instructions more perfect in its general arrangement." Of late years, the eminent merits of the system have been enhanced by increased rigor in its practical application. The excess of candidates over regimental vacancies has enabled the authorities to increase the severity of the tests, so as to exclude all who have not attained distinguished proficiency. At present, examinations at West Point are strict to a fault. The number of rejected candidates increases yearly. It follows that the young men who pass safely through the ordeal are pretty sure to equal, in point of military knowledge and natural ability, any school of officers in the world.

Thus far, therefore, we have been consistent. We have taken the first step toward providing the country with a nucleus round which an efficient army may at any time be called. But we have gone no farther. Having established the school, we seem to have considered our duty complete, and have left the fate of the scholars in after life to chance. More than this, we have absolutely done what we could toward disgusting them with the profession for which they were educated with such care.

Let us explain. Soldiers, like other men, must live. They can not all be men of property and fortune, unless we wish our army to be like that of Great Britain, a nursery for the most incapable of rich men's sons. Therefore we must pay them. It is their right and our duty. If we want men of intellect to devote that intellect to our service, we must reward them, if not as liberally as they might be rewarded in other professions, at least so adequately that they shall not lack the necessaries of life or the comforts of the station of an officer. We need not enrich them at our expense; but it is folly for us to grant them so little that their minds shall be engrossed with the cares of poverty, and wholly unjust to them to accept their labor in exchange for a pittance which in any other walk of life it would be an insult to offer them.

It is but fair, in giving the pay list of the United States army, to say that it was adopted forty odd years ago, and that the present War Department is in favor of an extensive increase. It is as follows:

Rank.	Pay per month.	Rations.	Forage for Horses.	Allowance for Servants.
Lieutenant-general*	$250	40	4	—
Major-general	200	15	3	4
Brigadier-general	104	12	3	3
Colonel of cavalry	90	6	3	2
Lieut.-colonel of cavalry	75	5	3	2
Major of cavalry	60	4	3	2
Captain of cavalry	50	4	2	1
Lieutenant of cavalry	33 33/100	4	2	1
Colonel of artillery or infantry	75	6	3	2
Lieutenant-colonel of artillery or infantry	60	5	3	2
Major	50	4	3	2
Captain	40	4	0	1
First lieutenant	30	4	0	1
Second lieutenant	25	4	0	1

A ration is declared by law to be equal to 20 cents. The officer, therefore, who is entitled to four rations, receives in fact 80 cents per day besides his pay, equal to $24 a month. To this may be added a variety of odds and ends which swell the pay a trifle. For instance, a colonel may, if he please, keep but one horse, and pocket the two allowances of $8 a month. He and other officers may make their own bed and cook their own dinner; by which economical device they will save the expense of servants, for whom the State allows them wages and rations. An officer in command of a post receives double rations. Under certain circumstances, officers draw extra allowances for quarters and fuel. A trifle may be saved out of the mileage allowed for traveling expenses. An extra ration is allowed by law for every five years' service. But all these items of profit together amount to but a very small sum; and the State is hardly so poor that its servants should need to trust to petty acts of parsimony to eke out a subsistence. Setting aside altogether these contingent pickings, the proper pay of officers in the United States service is as given in the following table:

Lieutenant-general	$5880 a year.
Major-general	3480 "
Brigadier-general	2112 "
Colonel of cavalry	1512 "
Lieutenant-colonel of cavalry	1260 "
Major of cavalry	1008 "
Captain of cavalry	888 "
Lieutenant of cavalry	688 "
Colonel of artillery and infantry	1332 "
Lieut.-colonel of artillery and infantry	1080 "
Major	888 "
Captain	768 "
First lieutenant	648 "
Second lieutenant	588 "

The rates of pay in the British army are before us. It is difficult to institute a fair comparison;

* The pay of lieutenant-generals is here given as it was fixed in the Act of 1798, conferring the rank on Washington. The reader may be aware that some difficulty has arisen from the want of any provision with regard to pay in the resolution of Congress of 1855, authorizing the President to confer on a particular officer (General Scott) the rank of lieutenant-general by brevet. General Scott naturally claims the pay specified in the Act of 1798; but the authorities at Washington have up to this time refused to pay it on the ground that it was not so written in the bond. It is to be hoped that so manifest a perversion of the design of Congress will be shortly rectified. Should death overtake General Scott before the settlement of the question, those who denied comfort and ease of mind to his last hours will not be readily forgiven by the country.

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for their allowances and rations, which are more liberal than ours, vary so much that they can not readily be estimated. But it is safe to say, as a general rule, that the pay of British officers (which is considered so slender that no prudent parent allows his son to enter the army without means of his own) is, in general, more than double that of Americans of the same rank. Omitting rations and allowances on both sides, their lieutenant-colonels of cavalry receive about $2100, ours $900; their lieutenant-colonels of infantry $1552, ours $720; their captains of cavalry $1327, ours $600; their captains of infantry $1054, ours $480; their ensigns (infantry) $475, our second lieutenants $300.

The materials for a useful comparison, however, are better found at home than abroad. It is a glaring fact that any ordinary book-keeper in Wall Street receives a salary larger than a major in the American army. The teller in a respectable bank is paid as much as a brigadier-general. A journeyman printer who is skillful at his business can earn as much as a captain of infantry. A carpenter makes more at his trade than a second-lieutenant at his. Yet look at the difference between the education, the ability, the duties, and the responsibility of each. Independently of the money responsibility—which is always great, and often harassing and ruinous to officers of the army—they are morally, and the commanding officer usually holds them actually, responsible for their men. They have spent four years in arduous study. The captain has been many years in the service; has perhaps been wounded, has necessarily suffered much hardship, and incurred ill-health. All, from the general to the lieutenant, are expected to be men of education and gentlemanly manners. The carpenter's wife may take in washing, and the family may be happy in an attic; the lieutenant's wife must be a lady, and likes to play the piano. The teller in a bank has his lodgings in a snug boarding-house, or keeps house and takes a few lodgers himself; the brigadier-general must live in state, and entertain hospitably the officers of his department.

How it happens, under such a starving system as this, that disbursing officers ever render any accounts of public moneys at all, is quite wonderful, and speaks volumes for the honor of the service. Surely if you acquit the poor woman who steals a loaf to feed her child, you can not bring the law to bear on the defaulting lieutenant who has to support a family on thirteen dollars a week, and spend $20,000 of government money in a year! There is no comparison between the temptation in the two cases; and it is quite certain that, in the event of a defalcation by such an officer, the public sympathy would be as decidedly with him as it would be with the woman who stole a loaf.

Policy, independent of principle, should dictate an immediate increase in the pay of the commissioned officers. When we wanted soldiers, we were forced to increase the pay of enlisted men; if we want to maintain an efficient corps of officers, we must do the same with regard to them. True, so long as there are rich men in the country, West Point will not be likely to lack scholars; but it will never do to trust to men who take to arms as pastime, and serve as volunteers. The country can not afford to rely on gratuitous service. We must make the pay an object to the officer, if we wish him to be reliable in the hour of need; and if we seek to enlist the best talent in the nation, we must not restrict our choice to the small class whose private means render them independent of official emolument.

Any clerk in the War Department might be trusted to specify the increase that is required. We all know from experience how much it costs to live. Taking this as a basis of calculation, and remembering that the lowest officer in the service ought, with economy, to be able to live decently, it would probably be found that one thousand dollars a year would not be an extravagant sum to pay for the services of a second lieutenant. A graduate of West Point would command much more than this in most civil callings; he could not live suitably on less. The gradations of pay might be so arranged that the captain should receive $1800 to $2000, little enough, when it is remembered he may not obtain promotion before old age, and that his life will be spent in toils of the most arduous and responsible character. Three thousand dollars would barely suffice for a colonel. But the principle once acknowledged by Congress, no difficulty would arise as to the details. The country is not so poor as to need to starve the men on whom it relies for protection in the hour of danger.

Another important subject that will engage the attention of the Committee of Congress intrusted with the new Army Bill, is the question of brevet rank. It is at present hopelessly confused. Contradictory decisions have been rendered on every point that has been raised, and no one can tell what rank a brevet confers. So much doubt and uncertainty envelop the whole subject, that the only sensible mode of dealing with it is to obliterate the past bodily, and, reverting to first principles, to devise an entirely new system for the future.

The first point to be established is: Should there be any brevet rank at all? This question resolves itself into another, namely: Is it possible to insure a perfect equality of talents and zeal throughout the commissioned ranks of the army? There can be no hesitation in answering this query in the negative. Hence it follows that some means of rewarding superior talents and zeal should be provided. Of all the plans that have been used by military nations to attain this end, the promotion by brevet is the best. It is the only one which offers a suitable stimulus to the soldier, without violating the basis of justice on which military organization should rest. It is open to abuse, of course; but all human institutions are; and with the safeguard of a free press, the risk of its being used corruptly or unfairly is small. An objection has been preferred to the brevet system on the pretense that it is a monarchical institution; and distinctions have been drawn between the authority of the President and that of European monarchs, with a view to show that the power to confer army rank has not been delegated to the former by the Constitution; but none of these arguments appear to rest on solid grounds. Congress has power to "make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces;" and if it can be shown to be desirable to provide rewards for especial merit in the army by means of brevets, it can and ought to provide such rewards, and direct the Executive to distribute them.

Assuming, therefore, that the brevet system is sound in principle, it would appear proper that the power of conferring brevet rank should be con-

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fided to the President, not only as commander-in-chief of the army, but as the representative of the nation, which owes this reward to its faithful servants. It might be provided that brevets, like civil appointments, could only be conferred by and with the consent of the Senate; they should never be granted except on the recommendation of the commanding officers of the army

The next question which arises—the one out of which all the past trouble has flowed—is, how shall brevet rank take effect? Shall it supersede rank by seniority in any or all cases? It is impossible to disguise the fact—most, if not all of the confusion in which this subject has been involved has arisen from too much study of the terms of the law, and too little reflection on first principles. Brevet rank was established as a reward for merit. It was designed to be conferred upon officers who showed unusual gallantry or surpassing skill, but could not be promoted in the line of seniority untill their immediate superiors, who had evinced no excess of gallantry or skill, obtained their promotion. It was intended, in a word, to be a door of escape from the inevitable mischiefs of the system of promotion by seniority. Now, it is clear that this intention can only be fulfilled by giving full effect to brevet rank. If, as is done at present, we confer upon a captain the rank of major by brevet, but at the same time decide that he shall still be commanded by the captains who were his seniors before the brevet, we simply nullify the latter. His promotion becomes a mere empty name, and rather a source of annoyance and heart-burning than a substantial reward of honorable ambition. Better abolish it altogether than leave it without solid value. Better confer no brevets than throw them, as at present, like apples of discord among the officers of the army.

If the brevet system is to be retained—and we have seen that it ought—brevet rank in the army should be equivalent to rank by seniority in the corps. A major by brevet should command all captains, and should take rank among the majors on all occasions, according to the date of his brevet; precisely as if he had attained his majority in the ordinary line of progression. The only objection to this plan would arise from the difficulty of locating officers promoted by brevet, from the want of vacancies. But this obstacle can be overcome in two ways. First, by the establishment of a retired list, on which superannuated or disabled officers—always a numerous class—may be placed on reduced pay; and, secondly, by increasing the staff, on the plan proposed in Secretary Davis's last report. The gradual transfer of old officers to the retired list, and the appointment of others to special duties on the staff or elsewhere, would leave ample room for promotions by brevet.

All will not concur in the propriety of these hints. Mr. Secretary Davis says, in his last Report, that "commissions by brevet ought not to be allowed to advance an officer in his own corps over his proper seniors." With all due respect to so distinguished a soldier as Mr. Jefferson Davis, we would ask simply, why not? If a man fairly earns reward and obtains it, why should it not avail him with regard to all persons? Why should zeal and gallantry be useless, in a practical point of view, in the corps in which they are displayed? What right has Captain A, who is careless of glory, to complain if his junior Captain B, by leading a storming-party, earns the brevet rank of major, and becomes his superior? Is it not inconsistent with the fundamental principle of brevet rank, which Mr. Davis approves so highly, to deny it its proper weight in the regiment to which its recipient belongs, and where, above all other places, honor will be dearest to him? Is it not true, in fine, that the only objection to the universal effect of brevet rank rests on the old military prejudice in favor of seniority—a prejudice that will always command a majority of votes in the army, so long as genius is the exception and mediocrity the rule?

There are many other matters, in the organization of the United States army, which are sadly in need of reform. None, however, it is believed, save these two—the subject of officers' pay and brevet rank—are calculated to impair the efficiency of the corps of officers, and weaken a resource on which the country relies. On these two questions legislation is imperatively required. Without it, the commissioned ranks of the army must either be filled with incompetent persons, or become a nursery for rich men's sons; while, on the other hand, the unsettled condition of the questions relating to brevet rank must deprive the officer of his only substantial stimulus to exertion. Let us hope that the troublous state of the world will awaken Congress, and that the coming session will not pass over without the accomplishment of a reform which the national interests urgently demand.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN we hear the elaborate discussions that arise about our Chair concerning the great war in the East, we often find ourselves asking our young friends whether, after all the enthusiasm with which they enter into the politics of other nations, they have any left for those of their own. There is young Ulysses, who cherishes hopes of a diplomatic career, and who smiles rather sneeringly as he smokes his cigar at Newport, for instance, and hears what Spoon says about the Crimea. When Spoon has done, Ulysses takes out his map, and shows the company that nobody but himself knows much about the matter. He is learned in Malakoff towers. He understands parallels and trenches. He has his sufficient theory of all the events, adverse or prosperous. He shows you conclusively why Canrobert failed here, and Raglan there; and not only why, but how, Pelissier and Simpson will fail, unless they take great care. He has plans for the management of the sick, for the arrangement of barracks, for the conduct of assaults. Ulysses knows distinctly what he would do if he were in command; and when he resumes his cigar, all the Spoons are persuaded that Ulysses is just the man for the crisis, and ought to be sent to the Crimea at once.

Now all this intelligence is worth something. This amount of accurate information, applied to other affairs, would be equally valuable. But is the West less than the East? Shall a man be so wise in another's interests, and know nothing of his own? Have contemporary foreign politics the same charm as foreign history, so that a youth shall pore over the papers as he pores over books? Why is a young American so interested in the allied and Russian movements in the Crimea, and does not concern himself with American movements of which he is a part?

These are the questions which, as a moral Easy

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Chair, we put to the sensible youth Ulysses. But he replies that, somehow, American politics seem to have no interest or dignity. "How can you have any particular respect for what is done in the White House or at the caucus," he says, "or wish to mix yourself up with it, unless you have some personal object, and want to be made postmaster at Babylon or minister to Quito?"

We ask whether the interests of the human race upon this continent are not as dear as upon any other; and whether the dignity of politics does not consist in their greater or less bearing upon the welfare of mankind? Is it a historic name, or a famous country, or only distance and a perspective that endow the councils and actions of men with romance, or at least interest? Have we as much at stake in any Crimean movement as in many a Congressional debate? Yet with what languor and tameness we read of our own matters, unless it immediately affects the value of the stock we own, and how we devour with avidity the news from the Black Sea.

When there are great events pending, we grant the natural and necessary interest. When an obdurate Russian town rises into historical eminence forever, by withstanding the allied forces of great powers, and when its reduction has become a national point of honor to those powers—then it is easy to see that the struggle partakes of the character of a personal combat between renowned champions; and of such a spectacle a continent may well be the arena, and a world the witness. That is the present state of affairs in the Crimea. No one supposes that any advantage would accrue to the Allies by the reduction of Sebastopol at all commensurate with the effort and the expense of blood and treasure already made. If Sebastopol falls, nobody is a very great gainer. But how can the Allies retreat? Each army has laid its leader beneath the walls, and a half million of men are already the human cost of that siege. It is no wonder that the war in the East has a tragic interest for Ulysses, and for all the rest of us. We do not reproach that; but we ask why, in general, there is this want of brilliant speculation in our own affairs?

Ulysses shakes his head.

It is because, with us, our most interesting questions are forbidden topics. We all have our opinions upon the great subjects that divide us, but it is not good manners to allude to the subjects, nor to express our sentiments. "General Sugar Cane, from Florida, permit me to present you to my friend, Hon. Indian Corn, from Connecticut;" and the General and the honorable gentleman talk of the landscape, and the wine, and the Crimea, and each, being profoundly interested in subjects that vitally concern both, says nothing about them. Such conduct is a stern criticism of their manners, or their timidity and moral cowardice. "Hon. Indian Corn, do you mean to insult my friend, General Sugar Cane, by insinuating that he would lose his temper if he talked upon matters of which both you and he are constantly thinking? General Sugar Cane, let me inquire if you suppose the Hon. Indian Corn is not man enough to understand your position?" Are we babies or men? Do we punish our children for slapping each other's faces, and have we the indecency not to go and court punishment when we insult each other?

The difficulty is not, dear Ulysses, that our politics lack dignity, but it is that we lack manliness. How often have we rolled ourselves up to a sumptuous dinner-table, and been covered with crimson—as becomes an orthodox Easy Chair—as we reflected that, when the turn of politics came, we should all silently shirk the vital interest, and go on brilliantly speculating about the Crimea, and savagely whipping the —— about the stump, in the person of his Imperial Majesty Napoleon III.

The claims of good manners are never to be disregarded. This Easy Chair has often insisted upon that. And one of the cardinal rules of good manners is this: That there must never be a ruthless hurting of feelings. But is manliness to go for nothing? Are our feelings not to be noble? Do we claim the shelter of courtesy for mean and unworthy feelings? There is nothing more poetic than politeness. But let it be a man's recognition of a man, and not strength charitable to weakness. Ulysses dines out, and hears many things said or implied with which he has no sympathy, which he feels to be wrong, the spirit of which is baleful to his country. Shall he smirk, and hold his tongue? Shall he expend his ardor in enthusiasms for Florence Nightingale and raillery of the Russians; or shall he say, as calmly and honorably as we will hope the reverse was said, all that he thinks and feels; and state, with as much force and fun as he can, his view of affairs, and his objections to Herod's politic plan of a general massacre of the Innocents?

AKIN to the feeling which prompted the last paragraph, is the satisfaction with which we saw that Dickens had lately addressed a public political meeting in London. It is cheerful to reflect that, instead of Dr. Johnson proving with ill-success, "Taxation no tyranny;" or Sir Walter Scott, proud of breakfasting with his Prince, and wasting his life to secure a baronial hall, we have one great English author not so vehemently eloquent upon the side of official loaves and fishes, but, with sincere humor and humane feeling, speaking for the generous side in the generous way. It is a good sign when the genius and talent of a country, which are wont to express themselves in general principles, make a direct and individual application of those principles to actual circumstances. And when such a thing occurs in England, which is especially the country of precedents and forms, it has a taste of the Millennium about it which is very agreeable.

There has been something said and a good deal more insinuated about a cook's sticking to his coppers, a shoemaker to his last, and an author to his books; but it is the grand advance of this time upon some others, that there is an unwillingness among men to limit their manliness by the lines of a profession, and to be *ex officio* dull, dangerous, or imbecile. It seems to be a pity that a man must not speak well because he writes well, nor attempt to right wrongs when they arise in life because he has shown their enormity in fiction. And to regard great, and even critical, public crises with a calm and cheerful face, and front a formidable foe with a smile, happens to appear flippant to those who can tolerate the stale witticisms of officials who, while they joke in Parliament, are guilty of very serious work in the Crimea. There are actually people who say that if the state of English affairs is so serious as Mr. Dickens and his friends represent, it is in very bad taste for him to amuse a crowd with flippancy. But then, as we suppose

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that these people will not deny the serious state of affairs, they might perhaps inquire who has to shoulder the responsibility of those affairs; and even push on, and demand whether jocose imbecility and hilarious official routine, which cost England such sums of men and treasure, if not national prestige and position, are not as worthy of head-shakings and portentous finger-pointings as heroic good-humor and resolution.

If it is only objected that the young David who comes out with his sling and defies tough old Goliah, is of a smiling countenance, and conquers sympathy and the applause of all manly hearts with cheerfulness, we shall not despair of his ultimate victory, and shall wait to hear the vesper bells ring his triumph. The times decline to believe solemnity to be sense. The Burleigh headshake is out of date. England has been well-nigh stranded upon this ugly reef of red tape, and no late ship has brought pleasanter news than that the good sense of England had concluded to take the state of the nation into its own public consideration, and invite men known for their patriotism, intelligence, and discretion, to express their views of the subject. Is it not the affair of such men? Does the fair fame of the state belong in the keeping of state officials? But who in the last ten years has done most for the fair fame of England —Lords John Russell, Palmerston, and Aberdeen, or Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, and Mr. Tennyson? Who would not be proud and glad, as a man, to call either of the three last men countryman; whose heart and mind would care to own either of the three Lords as such? What rule is it, then, which excludes the citizens, and for the reason that they are the most illustrious citizens, from plainly speaking their opinions of public affairs and of the public men who direct them? "If Mr. Dickens wants to meddle with politics," says Red Tape, "let him do it seriously, and not like a mountebank." That is to say, we suppose, let him listen to the bland jokes of "the comic old gentleman" of the Commons, and form himself upon that grave and lofty statesmanship, that model of diplomatic deportment.

Of course the reason of this insinuation against Dickens and his friends, by certain minds upon our side of the water, lies in the fact that what he said was dreadfully true, too true to be tolerated by those who believe that any English ministry, so it be conservative of English traditions, can be very much in the wrong. But even if the details of government ought to be left to those who have been officially trained, certainly the character and spirit of the government are to be determined by the people governed. There really seems to be a half opinion in American minds that the English people have no business to meddle with their government, and it is as a vigorous, and manly, and commanding protest against this fatal and foolish view that we hail the recent speech of Mr. Dickens. There can be no doubt that one such meeting of sensible Englishmen in earnest, is worth twenty windy debates in Parliament, and that Lord Palmerston would dread its adverse decision more than a defeat in the Commons. For such an assembly is the Commons of the Commons. It is the voice of the nation which the Commons are deputed to express.

But more and better than any other view of it is this, that it represents the sweet and manly feeling which underlies the commercial interests in this war. In every nation in all great crises there are two supreme motives, the one selfishly rational, and the other a humane and unselfish motive. It is a kind of political Swedenborgianism. Thus in the Crimean war, on the one hand, England fights for her interest, for the integrity of her empire, and dreads to see Russia advancing upon India. But, on the other hand, England and France, representing the principle of constitutional government, are opposed to Russia which represents dead Asiatic despotism; for although France be now in form almost an absolute monarchy, yet every man knows that in France the Emperor is an accident, and in Russia the Czar is a principle. It is this conviction which secures to the Western Powers the sympathy of all truly thoughtful minds. What power, except Russia, can possibly gain by the extension of the Russian empire; and who, spite of his commercial calculations, which certainly are forcible within their sphere, does not know that the great, and final, and formidable foe of Russia is America, and that consequently all nations which have more or less of the American or democratic idea in their political constitution, like England and France, are really upon the American side? What do civilization, literature, the arts, the sciences, religion, morality, politics, owe to Russia? What can they hope from Russian domination? Have not the people in their very constitution the seeds of national decay already visible? The Russian nobles are the Sybarites of modern history. The luxurious tendency is held in check by the climate. But it is this tendency which reaches out for the soft South, and sighs for the Mediterranean. It is this spirit, quite as much as political ambition, which longs for Constantinople. There, if it comes so far, it will pitch its gorgeous pavilion. There, in the silken shade, it will fall asleep, while the South, that seductive Delilah, rocks its slumber, and shears away its strength.

We have sad complaints from our young friends, who have been passing the summer at the watering-places, of the cold and the wet, and the consequent want of that hilarious excitement to which they have been so pleasantly accustomed in former years. Last year, they say, with pretty despair, it was the drought and the hard times; this year it is the cold and rain; next year it will be something else; and they sigh as they say it, and look at the beautiful *peignoir* unworn, and the crisp muslin still folded. The summer days came and went. There were warm days, and lovely days, and a "heated term;" but no long succession of soft weather which recalls the Italian shores of the Mediterranean, and gives that sweet significance to the word *summer*.

That is one of the words which are in themselves fragrant and full of the best associations, like certain names in geography which allure expectation with a subtler beauty than the eye can find, so that the "Sweet Waters," and "The Golden Horn," and "Naples Bay," and "The Rhine," are in themselves poems to the imagination, while they are very apt to be prose to experience and memory. In the same way the word *summer* expresses fullness and bloom; and whoever lays the scene of his story in the South, and its action in the summer, has already excited the imagination, and bespoken the tenderest sympathy of his reader. It is because it is more natural and agreeable

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to the mind to fancy nature sympathetic with youth, and beauty, and love, than opposed to it by contrast. No sooner had the Italian novels found their way into England than they were adopted by the ready English mind, and the earliest romances of chivalry are "beakers full of the warm South."

It is no wonder that the belles murmured upon piazzas, and sighed for a lost summer. For the summers of their spring are not so many; and, although in freshness of feeling the summer be immortal in their hearts, no alchemy can restore the surely-fading bloom to the cheek, nor light the sun of sixteen in the eyes of sixty. Then the triumphs of a belle, as such, are so fleeting. To be a belle is to wear a crown of roses. But, be they never so carefully cherished, the roses of to-morrow are fresher. If the keeper of a hotel at a great watering-place were a philosopher, which he doubtless often is, and kept another journal than that in which money accounts are entered, what histories might there be of the belles who have risen and reigned, and been dethroned as rapidly and ruthlessly as Eastern princesses by their rivals. Yet, if not in the books of the hosts, in the memories of the guests, such records are kept. Time, that steals away our years so silently, is the sad historian who walks with the pensive stroller along piazzas, in shady paths, and upon cliffs, and says, "This was Egypt whom you see; but no Marc Antony nor Cæsar comes with homage in her decadent days. This is Desdemona, of whom no possible Moor, however fiery, could ever be jealous. This is that Helen for whom Troy fell; but scarcely a partner asks her for the dance. That girl in black mourns for her late grandmother, whom you recall as walking upon this piazza in those long-vanished summer nights, the dark-eyed Juliet for whom you sighed."

It is the prescience of such things that makes the fair impatient of a chilly summer. *Dum vivimus, vivamus*, they say; only they put it in a living, and not in a dead language. Yet remember, gentle ladies, that even in the places where you pass the golden hours, the autumn days are not less, though differently, beautiful; and that, as in the year, there is no more lovely and grateful season than when October clothes itself with June, so, in life, there is nothing more beautiful and touching than the Indian summer of the heart.

THE long-felt but suppressed complaints against the Astor Library have recently broken into very vehement expression. It seems to have been forgotten that it was founded for the public good, and that it was in no manner designed to exalt the dignity of its officials. It is easy enough, we know, to complain of public institutions because private selfishness and want of consideration will often forget that what would suit an individual in a single case would be very inconvenient and unsuitable as a rule to all. But there is one thing even easier; and that is, to give occasion of complaint.

It seems to be a great mistake to assume that the people who would frequent a library would, as a rule, abuse the books. Common prudence, of course, suggests that very valuable books should be, by public institutions as they are by private individuals, carefully guarded. To choice collections of engravings, whether bound or not, the public should be admitted under conditions which secure safety and respect for the works of art. But, clearly, every body who wishes to see should be allowed to see, even if it were necessary to provide an attendant for the special purpose of superintending, and that for the very obvious reason that a library upon the foundation of the Astor is for the benefit of all, and does not contemplate the use of scholars and literary men only, but of the general public. The exhibition of the stores of the Library is not confided to the discretion of any attendant. The use of the Institution should be regulated by simple and sensible rules, to which the public and the attendants should strictly conform. There should be an easy and direct appeal to the Board of Directors, and they should not hesitate to scrutinize carefully every case submitted to them. People are not so very captious and querulous that they would be constantly troubled without reason. On the contrary, that part of the public which frequents a library is the most quiet and orderly portion, and least likely to cause vexations of any kind.

We would not too willingly believe all the allegations against the attendants of the Library; but the constancy and uniformity of the complaints leave no doubt of some mismanagement which the Directors will doubtless hasten to correct. One gentleman says that he has used an inferior library, at great expense to himself, rather than submit to such treatment as was provided at the Astor. There seems no reason to suppose that he was a particularly petulant gentleman, especially as there are so many confirmations of the fact of similar treatment. But surely this is not the public benefit designed by the foundation of this Library. It is a public disgrace, which we are all interested to remove.

It is undoubtedly true that, from the opening of the Astor Library, there have been reasonable causes of complaint. The hours during which the Library was open were such as gratified the convenience of the officials and scholars, rather than the necessities of the public. When the majority of citizens must be at their places of business by nine or ten o'clock, a library which was not open until that time was clearly of little use to them. There seems to have been manifested much more respect for the books than for the readers of them; and although a book can not be too carefully treated, it is not to be forgotten by the most enthusiastic bibliophile that books were made for men, and not men for books.

There need be no misunderstanding, and certainly no hard words, about the matter. If the Library was collected and designed for the use of students and authors, that was a perfectly good design, and no man need quarrel with it. In that case, random readers and curious spectators of books were to be civilly dismissed, and the building was to be consecrated to a lofty, if a limited, purpose. But if the Library was collected for the free use of the general public, then its foundation was entirely different, and its hours, attendance, and conveniences should all have had reference to that intention. In that case, what right has a librarian to demand why we wish to see a book? for, granting that rules are necessary to preserve the volumes, it is not necessary that an attendant should know why a book is wished before showing it, because the collection is not submitted to his discretion, but to the desire of the public. Suppose that the reason assigned for wishing to see a book is not satisfactory to the attendant, is the book to be withheld?

We are willing to believe that the stories which have been told about the extreme discourtesy at the

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Library in this respect have been exaggerated. There is no doubt that young people have occasioned annoyance; that *ponies* and translations have been much sought; that an imminent fancy ball may sometimes have occasioned a troublesome call for certain collections of engravings and rare and valuable books of prints. But these are the very cases contemplated in providing the Library. Does a public librarian expect to be as unmolested by such calls as a scholar in his private study? It would really seem as if there had been flinching only at the very times when the worth of the Library, as compared with others, was to be tried.

The character of the direction of the Astor Library, and of the gentleman who superintends it, are sufficient guarantee that there shall not be many nor often-repeated complaints of this kind. Knowing them, the public can not have any reasonable doubt that the promptest and most thorough inquisition will be made of all such circumstances as have recently provoked severe comments in the daily papers.

RACHEL is really coming; and at the same time that the reader glances at this paragraph he will read the accounts of her American début. But she leaves France at the very moment when her supremacy is challenged, and when the fickle *feuilletonistes* are hurrying to a new altar with their incense and garlands. True to her pride, however, Rachel turns, in leaving, throws down her gauntlet, and defies her great rival.

Ristori is indeed her rival, not only as an actress but as a woman. There is no doubt that Rachel has been a terrible despot. Prima Donnas have reigned for a season, or for several seasons; but it has been with an infinite cringing and curtseying, until at last their sway has become a convention or a habit, and their supremacy has been confessed only by the lips and the memory. But Rachel has never faltered in the power of her fascination over her subject Paris. The Parisian did not say, with a sigh, "How splendid she was!" but, "How great she is!" She was a scornful queen. Conscious of her power, proud of it, she yet would not unbend to her minions nor smile upon her worshipers. Paris tingled with tales of her Oriental orgies. There was no story too wild to be told of her, nor too incredible to be believed. Semiramis, in Babylon, buried in her hanging gardens; Cleopatra voluptuously rocked upon the Nile; Messalina and Catherine—what were they but the forerunners of Rachel? The very contrasts of her life give point to this reputation of luxury. The poor ballad-girl of the Boulevards rising at once to a frenzied popularity among the wittiest and most elegant of people—restoring more than the traditional splendors of the stage to an audience before which, alone, the theatre survived—stern, and jealous, and exacting, in her sway, the story was like those that are told in the cafés of Cairo, and seem to require the felicitous climate of the East fully to be believed.

But after this long and unquestioned reign—a reign during which there has been no sign of treason, and a reign as despotic as that of a satrap—suddenly the whole state revolts, and runs to lay itself at the beautiful feet of one who comes smiling out of the South. Out of the South comes no fair weather for Rachel. The rival queen has womanly gifts and graces of which Rachel has shown no trace. Simple, and ardent, and generous, the new-comer bewitches all hearts as well as moves all minds; and in Paris, the theatre of sudden revolutions, a new revolution is wrought in a day. Ristori is not only, if we may believe the poets, the most admirable of actresses, but the most adorable of women. When did Rachel ever show generosity of any kind? Ristori is generosity itself. When was Rachel considerate of her fellow-actors? Ristori is the loveliest form of humanity. When was Rachel known to aid a tottering cause? Ristori offers the support of her genius even to the trembling fame of her rival. When was Rachel womanly, simple, pure? Ristori is all the cardinal virtues rolled into one. Her genius is only rivaled by her goodness, and each is greater than the other! All the *feuilletonistes* hurry over with fluttering speed. Jules Janin, Theophile Gautier, Fiorentini, and the rest, lose not a moment in transferring their allegiance. Schlesinger, even, the sculptor, of whom no such homage was demanded, says, with inexpressible enthusiasm, "I will break the statue of Tragedy I had made, for Ristori has taught me that it was only the image of Melodrama."

Alas! it was a statue of Rachel.

But Nature is not so very lavish of her fine things as to have two such actresses at once. The secret of the sudden popularity of Ristori is to be sought, not so much in her superior genius as an artist, as in her nobler character as a woman. Whether it is her sweeter nature or her more adroit address, Ristori has learned to do just the things the not doing which has been always felt as the chief defect in the character of Rachel. With even more self-reliance than the great Jewess, she has perceived that a permanent popularity is founded in personal regard. If you can excite enthusiasm about the woman, you may predicate the success of the artist. We have seen all that in Jenny Lind. For, great as she was, in the opinion of this Easy Chair, as an artist—incomparably superior, in the scope and force of her power, to any other Prima Donna, except Malibran, that we have ever had—it is not to be denied that her wonderful popularity was due much more to the reputation of the charitable woman than to the excellence of the singer or the genius of the artist. We by no means wish to quarrel with this fact. That character should be as popular as genius is a very agreeable thing. When they combine, when slander is reduced to nothing more dreadful than a smile at awkwardness, and expends its venom upon what is entirely external and accidental, we may be very sure that there is some superior excellence.

Ristori has this fortune. It is in vain that Rachel struggles against it. For it must be forever in vain that genius only, disputes with goodness allied to genius. Rachel will be acknowledged by history, it is very likely, as a greater actress than Ristori. The long line of her triumphs will be luminous in the theatrical traditions of Paris. Men will recall with wonder the fascination of her power in *Marie* and *Thisbe;* and women will remember with a shudder how they shrank and fainted before the spell of *Phedre* and *Adrienne*. Rachel need have no fear for the past, and therefore none for the future. The *feuilletonistes*, led by General Jules Janin, may mutiny in a body. The whole press of Paris may hurl contempt at the queen whom a rival approaches. The eager audience may hurry to the feet of the Italian, and turn their backs upon the scornful idol of the past. But Marathon is still grand in history, although Waterloo has become historical. Homer is still sublime, though Milton

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has sung. The old fames are eternal, where they were founded in real power, and upon that fact the future of Rachel is planted.

Dear old Paris! city which a war of the *coulisses* can still convulse, and where men argue as warmly of a Prima Donna as of a principle; where a game of billiards is an event, and a *bon-mot* makes a reputation. Dear old Paris! where cooks are deified and dinners divine; where people put sugar into water and grace into every thing; where oaths are meaningless and veracity unknown. Dear old Paris! which, like a belle at a watering-place, smiles at herself in her own glass, and believes that she rules the world. What do not the Boulevards—the *flaneurs*, or loafers—the *jeunesse dorée*, or gilded youth, owe to Ristori? Perhaps this ecstatic homage is not to the good woman, nor to the great artist, but to the destroyer of a fashion, the introducer of a novelty, the emancipator from a thralldom. She has given Paris a sensation—let her be deified!

But it is still a curious speculation how Rachel will succeed with us; and we are anxious to place upon record our views, that we may see how far the result disproves them. If she had engaged to act for a dozen nights each in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the leading Southern and Western cities, there is no doubt that curiosity and fashion would have sufficed to fill the houses and secure a success. A rapid tour would have been an ovation, if the public could only be persuaded that it was really to be rapid. But the morals of theatrical management are so uncertain that *yes* does not necessarily mean yes, nor *last* last. If she undertakes a long season of French plays, poorly supported as she must be, then, when the edge of curiosity is turned, the audience must be composed of those who understand the language in which she speaks. Now a foreign language is always a luxury in a country, and can not be supported nor enjoyed by the mass of the people of that country; and when the support of a theatre devolves upon a class in this country, we have already seen the result in our eternal Opera failures.

If, therefore, Rachel takes the theatrical field with the French language, for a regular season, in the same way that Ellen Tree would take it with the English language, she must expect failure or a very uncertain success. We shall all go to hear her, of course. Our young friend Toddle, who, still a youth, has roamed at large in French novels and has been heard murmuring French behind the scenes at the Academy—who is, in fact, so full of French that it bubbles up in all his conversation—he, of course, will go every night. It will be his duty as a man who has thoroughly mastered the French tongue; and if we watch him closely enough we shall be able to tell when to smile, when to weep, and when to applaud. His face and head will keep time. His varying expressions will show us and the French language, how vain it is for that tongue to try to escape, even in its delicatest shades of meaning, from his appreciation. Toddle, and his family at large, will be valuable neighbors at Rachel's representations.

But the old Easy Chairs like us, who have a very hit-and-miss acquaintance with that airy language—what are we to do? The stern grace, the pathetic majesty, the dreary woe of superb queens of a colorless antiquity—we shall see all that with tears, with wonder, and with awe. But we shall not require a long season of such spectacles, grand as they are. It will be all the more torturing to know that, while we are admiring the severity of sculpture, and can see no more, our neighbor Toddle is enjoying the variety of painting and the pathos of music. And do not we old Easy Chairs, deficient in the French tongue, represent the great majority of people who are to make up the audience of Rachel?

If her reign in each city is long, it will not be very triumphant; if it is short, and known to be so, she will advance victorious until she reaches the South. In New Orleans, doubtless, she will find the laurels growing luxuriantly which were scanty at the North. In New Orleans they speak French better even than Toddle, and there, if not sooner, Rachel will doubtless feel that ecstasy of success which Ristori is tasting in Paris.

Our old friend Gunnybags asked us the other day to go out with him to his country seat, and pass a few days.

Why did we not go?

Because we knew that Gunnybags did not understand hospitality in its truest sense. In the summer and in the country every man wants quiet and repose. He wants to go and come at his own sweet will. He wants to be silent, or talking, or silly, or sleepy, without giving an account of himself. He wants to be at perfect liberty to do any thing. He wants to have people kept at a distance, and not brought into the house under the specious plea of entertaining him. He does not want to be obliged to eat dinners of state, to talk sense with grave men and nonsense with pretty women. He wants to do precisely as he pleases.

That is hospitality—to let a man alone. The most of us are not so used to having a purveyor of our pleasures that we can not amuse ourselves without premeditation. The most of us are obliged to get our fun as we can, and be grateful when we have enjoyed ourselves. But suddenly to find yourself waited upon; to have horses and chariots at your order; to have the seat of honor and a throng of admiring guests and friends; to have your pleasures consulted, and boating, riding, driving, fishing, gunning, sketching, singing—all the delightful diversion of a summer day, hanging upon your will, is something so astounding and unusual that the day seems sultry and suffocating. It may be hospitality, and courtesy, and politeness, and generosity—but it is not comfort. Take great care, O Gunnybags! that your guest does not long for his cot in an attic, even when ingulfed in all the sumptuousness of your state chamber.

It is not strange that Gunnybags does not understand this, for he has had no experience of life. He has been constantly selling heavy this and heavy that at the best prices, until he has amassed a great fortune, has built a fine country seat, has filled his stables, stocked his cellars, and then, grasping an armful of friends, rushes off on a warm day, or during a "heated term" to enjoy himself. Unfortunately his guests learn that making money does not teach how to spend money. The owners of fine places—great stockholders, men of dividends, and of a Midas sleight-of-hand which turns every thing they touch into gold—do, beyond question, have a distinct advantage over those of us who can not boast of such powers and possessions. But it is equally true that a man who has no fortune often shames him who has, by a superior sense and knowledge, which implies how he would make

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it appear if he had the control. When Alcibiades went to pass Sunday with Gunnybags, the latter would have had a most dismal time if Alcibiades had not devoted himself to concealing how much more he knew, and felt, and saw, and thought than his amiable host. What real interest had Alcibiades in the dreary platitudes about old wine and fine horses which amused Gunnybags? How could the guest fail to perceive that the host had never really seen the landscape from his window, simply because, although he had the eyes to embrace the form, he had not the mind to feel the beauty of the scene? What effort there was on one side, and what ennui on the other!

Now, if Gunnybags had understood hospitality as well as he understands the value of certain articles of commerce, he would have said to Alcibiades, "Here is your room; and this, while you stay here, is your home; I shall not annoy you with attempts to amuse. What you want, you will ask for. Be, literally, at home."

That, again, is hospitality—to make a man feel at home. Life gets on better without fussing. The moment you look at them, children become self-conscious, and lose interest in what they are doing. A man is perplexed with your incessant and intolerant kindness, as, when he is used to homespun clothes, he is awkward in court garments. And in the summer, too, think how hard it is! When all our efforts tend to keeping cool, to have somebody fanning a flame in our very faces! When you are bent upon a simple diet, to be accosted at every turn by *paté de foie gras!* To have people say pertinaciously, "Why, you don't eat; you don't drink!" It is as bad as when they heap your plate in the country with piles of unutterable pie, and cake, and sausage; and when outraged nature rebels, the rustic hospitality says, with an injured air, "I'm afraid you don't like your victuals!"

Like them? Dearest madame, kind Mamn Thompson, they are loathsome; they are detestable; but they are nectar and ambrosia compared with your manners. You don't treat your pigs as you treat your guests; for you spread their table, and leave it to their own desires whether to devour or not. Do, for Heaven's sake, let us alone! When you have an Easy Chair to visit you, remember that you make it uneasy the moment you begin to trouble yourself about shaking up the cushion. Let them lie—let it look as it will—be sure that, if it has not ease and comfort in itself, you can not put them into it.

The secret of hospitality is not in doing, but in not doing. It is giving the guest a sphere to do as he pleases, not in prescribing a plan of enjoyment and occupation. How well they manage these things in England! But old Gunnybags hates the English, and hopes they will be whipped in the Crimea!

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Blessed be telegraphs, and mails, and newspapers! For that we, forsaking the city, as all the world has done beside us, find still our old long-ranging spectacles present to our eye, with which we range widely, and bring home to our mountain neighborhood (where we idle) the men and things which move on the other side of ocean.

We see little Lord John, vexed and peevish, mincing his steps through Whitehall and Downing Street, or striving vainly to talk down, under the groined roof of the Commons, the storm that his diplomacy has raised. We see Bulwer Lytton, now grown proud of his new name in politics, and courting the practical habit of the man of business, waxing thinner and sharper in his aspect, growing closer and closer in his dealings with all publishing craft, and cultivating his old ideal of British spirit and British supremacy, in most contumacious onslaught upon Russian policy and all Russian demands. We see Aberdeen, the forgotten, retired now to his Scotch estates, and furbishing even in age his firelocks, for a chance shot—after the 12th of August shall have come in—at the grouse that rustle over the moors.

And the thought and the mention of the Scotch laird seem to carry us Scotland-ward, and we cheat ourselves pleasantly of the heat that is steaming around us (albeit mountains are our neighbors) with the memory and the fancies of Bruar water, and the shady walks through the forests of Athol. We seem to saunter among daisies, or under wide-limbed larches in the wood-glades that skirt Dunkeld. The half-finished Athol palace rises, with its mournful story, at our elbow; the deer glance at us, and hie away among the depths of yew shades. The paths invite us over long stretches of rising land, the trees ever beside us for companions, the grass velvety to our foot-touch, the sound of brooklets coming through the leaves, the sight of distant hills lifting on us through forest vistas, and rustic arbors offering us repose.

Again we seem transported to an English landscape—less wild, but yet wild as the wildest of Derbyshire. The river Dove frets in a valley at our feet. Cool clouds chase other clouds above us. Cool winds make a musical murmur in yew trees. Over stiles, and through by-paths, we come upon the great London and Manchester road—once a highway of metropolitan travel, but now quiet and lonely. The turf is creeping inch by inch over the Macadamized coach-track, and has already made green two-thirds of the wide space which lies between the stone fences of Derbyshire. The milestones of iron and the finger-posts, once showily painted, are now coated with a yellow rust. Even the little toll-bar has an antiquated and deserted look, and the gate hangs slouchingly, half open and half shut.

A drover or two, going with their herds to the Derby Fair, are the only passers-by—except, perhaps, some stout farmer in a dog-cart, with a sample bag of his barley. With such company nodding us a good morning, we come presently, after a long reach of plantation larches, upon one of the old coach inns. Besides destroying the race of portly and independent coachmen with their attachés of grooms, porters, and hangers-on, the swift locomotion of the present day has been the ruin of many fine old inns, which may be frequently seen along what are now the by-ways of travel in England. Their closed doors, and empty and noiseless courts, tell drearily of their desertion.

We have such an one now in our mind upon a hill of Derbyshire, overlooking the valley Dove. It stands alone; only a clustered hamlet or two in the valley below bear it company. Its gray-stone outbuildings, sweeping around the paved court, form a quadrangle open upon the road. The doors are all of them closed, and the stone pebbles, with which the court is paved, have each their little circlet of tell-tale turf. The inn itself is a square stone mansion, standing just far enough from the

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roadside to allow a coach and four to be driven up in dashing style before the door.

There is no Boniface upon the porch; not even a dog seems stirring about the premises. The great black sign still hanging between the windows, is so rusty and weather-beaten that we can not at all make out its burden; and the ivy which clambers up in rich style from either side the porch, is shaking its uncropt branches over it.

There is, indeed, a printed notice immediately above the door of the occupant's license to sell beer and other liquors; but it seems altogether of modern origin, and little becoming the dignity of the inn in its palmier days.

A mile or two farther along the road, and a half hour after (for we seem to journey on foot), we come upon another great range of buildings—very silent now, but belonging once to another noisy and bustling claimant of travelers' patronage. It has even more pretensions to grandeur, now unfortunately exposing it the more to expressions of pity and regret. Without doubt these two have been one day great rivals; and all the diplomacy of ostlers and the coquetry of chamber-maids have been exerted to decoy the better share of traffic.

We love to revive, in such fanciful shapes as we can, the bustle which once attended the arrival, two or three times in the day, of the great London coach, with its crowded top-load of travelers. We picture to ourselves the maid peering through the half-opened window at the smart young fellow who sits beside the guard; the happy, careless look of the landlord as he runs his eye inquiringly over the coach, or tips a wink to some old stager who dismounts for a sip of his brandy and water. We see the admiring gaze of the stable-boy, as he stands with his head slightly inclined and his hands deeply thrust into the pockets of his long waistcoat—very tight-fitting and very nobby.

But, alas! these things live nowadays only in the saddened memories of the parties, or in the dreamy fancies of such imaginative travelers as ourselves.

The coach is put, long ago, on some ignoble route in a suburban neighborhood; the groom has found a place in some city stables, or with "Pickford's Van," or, still worse, he acquires a doubtful livelihood by picking up a few half-pence as coach porter about some town inn. The coachman—the old man with bundled neck and mottled face—has long ago given way to apoplectic seizure; or, if still upon the box, he growls at the dull hacks which are allowed him, and mutters curses on the rail.

But let us return to our deserted inn, and see what sort of hospitality can still be found there. The smoke is rolling lazily from only a single one of the many chimney tops, and the great door of the front vestibule is fastened. We find, perhaps, another and more modest entrance, which is unclosed. Half way down the great bare hall we are met by a stout, middle-aged woman (how unlike the pretty maids we dream of!), who beckons us forward, and, with scarce a word of welcome, shows us into a large parlor, where—even in June—a coal fire is slumbering fitfully in the grate. Like old altar fires, it seems an offering to suspended existence.

Yet the house is not an old-fashioned one, as they count old fashions in sober England. It may have been built not far from 1820, when coaching was at its highest promise; indeed, were it thoroughly old, its decay of traffic would in some measure be associated with its age, and so bereave it of that peculiar regard which belongs to it as the monument of an extinct system.

The high walls, ornamented cornice, generous casements, and heavy silken bell-pulls; above all, the rich blue and gilt china we see upon the buffet bespeak the luxuries of the present age. Two or three heavy mahogany tables stand about the room; the chairs seem older than the house, and are sadly loosened in the joints; and we notice that an old easy chair in the corner heaves and relaxes under our pressure, like a disturbed and rheumatic old man, vainly seeking by a thousand shifts of position to drive away annoyance.

A series of hunting pictures, in faded gilt frames, hang about the room, besides one or two sporting portraits suspended over the mantle. It seems altogether one of those rooms which, with a roistering company at one or two of the tables, and a chat of a pair of gossips beside the grate, would be one of the most cheerful rooms in the world; but which, alone—the great hall silent—all still above and around, save an occasional footfall of the solitary maid in the chambers, in the harsh wind shaking the casements—is fearfully dismal.

A superannuated old gray-hound perhaps stalks in with the waiter, and stretches himself upon the rag at our feet. It has very likely been his bed in happier days; he takes with most grateful look the crumbs we throw toward him; and, from his gaunt appearance, we fancy that he has been shared with in the sufferings of other proprietors of the establishment. Even his temporary gleam of prosperity is looked upon with jealousy, and poor "Oscar" is ordered out. He looks appealingly toward us and wags his tail. Poor fellow! we can not help him! A cruel thrust of the poker drives him out, with a loud complaining howl that echoes dismally through the deserted chambers.

The clouds gather without as we sit beside the June fire in the old Derbyshire inn, and presently we hear the patter of the rain-drops on the window panes. Our stay to dine is lengthened into a night. An old newspaper and the County Directory supply us with passing fancies. Our bed we find closely hung with heavy red curtains, and the chamber has a smell of mustiness. But the sheets are clean, and the water pitchers full. We wake at eight to a tidy breakfast of broiled ham and egg. As we look out upon the sky, a shepherd in his gray frock, who is now servitor in place of groom, is driving a scanty flock of a dozen ewes from the great stable court.

We go to the hall door unattended at leaving, and the driving currents in the great building almost slam it against us. Two or three times we turn back to look at the empty windows and deserted courts of the famous London and Manchester inn; at length a plantation of firs and pines sighing in the wind shut it wholly from our sight.

In these days of Ocean Houses, and of United States Hotels, will not such a bit of picturing of the old-time inns prove relishable?

And what if we change the view now with the magic lens that our journals supply to an Alpine hillside, where so many September loiterers are now shaping their courses?

Under a heavy night-rain we fancy ourselves approaching the dirty Swiss town of Semi-Branchier, lying upon the road between Martigny and the Great St. Bernard. The Alpine valley is narrowed more and more by the peaks which close in

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fast, and is darkened by the rain-clouds and the night. By some last glimpse of daylight we consult our chart under the shelter of a cow-herd's roof, and finding no nearer stopping-place, push boldly on for Semi-Branchier. The glacier stream which races down the valley shows white flecks of foam, and from time to time a snow-covered peak rises before us, like a sheeted giant. Anon the path disappears wholly in the face of the mountain, and we grope our way through a cavern; a league more of rocky way brings us to the door of a miserable inn, where we kindle in the chimney a great fire of fir-boughs; and there, drying ourselves and supping on a haunch of kid, we beguile the hours till midnight.

A testimonial picture of a Virgin, who is passing down girls and boys to a pair of hopeful and grateful parents, adorns our chamber; and by the new morning's light we observe that we have slept the night out composedly over a grave-yard, where the bones of villagers are scattered about promiscuously upon the turf. High above the grave-yard rises a tufted hill with the remnant of a castle on its shoulder, and with only a solitary turret crowning its ruin.

The road is pretty (if one has been there to see) from Semi-Branchier to Orsieres, as we journey toward the Grand St. Bernard. The river Drance foams a thousand feet below us on the right, and new-fallen snow (even in this month of September) begins to show itself upon the hillsides. Hamlet after hamlet we leave behind us as we toil on toward the last miserable town of St. Pierre. The fine walnut trees we saw about Martigny, and soon the stinted apple-orchards of Orsieres have wholly disappeared. There is nothing now but a few patches of late-ripening oats and scattered copses of firs. The snow we saw in the morning upon the hill-tops is now under our feet, and only a waste of snow before us. The sun sinks behind the hills, and we only catch sight of his shining on the mountain-tops lying eastward. The *chalets* for summer herdsmen are already deserted, and only one little wayside inn for foot-travelers shows any appearance of life. The towns and trees, with every glimpse of valley-ground, have passed out of sight. A strange silence prevails. The last snatches of sunshine vanish from the hills, and the moon topples over the mountains. The stars come out one by one in a clear, cold sky. The snow crumples under our feet, and the little pools of water, melted at noon, shoot out ranges of crystals. There are no trees—no shrubs; the lichens are covered with snow, which increases as we ascend to the depth of two feet or more, in which a path has been broken sufficient only for a single traveler. In the growing darkness we can only distinguish this path by feeling with our feet. Occasionally the sound of some falling torrents, too rapid for even the Alpine ices to imprison, warns us to greater care. The cold becomes excessive, and the fatigues of our snow-walk intense, when on a sudden we see the great bulk of the Hospice looming over a shoulder of the mountain, and the moonlight blazing on its eastern windows like a fire.

But even now a mile of weary walking lies between us and the grateful shelter, and the snow has increased to the depth of several feet before we fairly round the mule-house, and find ourselves before the entrance porch. A domestic whistling in the hall shows us through a heavily arched stone corridor, and turning the key in an oaken door, ushers us into the strangers' room; the walls are wainscoted with fir-wood, and a generous flame is leaping on the hearth, and flashing upon the heavy beams which traverse the ceiling. Engravings hang here and there upon the walls, and a corner cabinet is full of tokens of the low-country civilization.

A quaint, quiet man of the monkhood seats himself by us, and discourses to us easily and familiarly—as an entertainer might do on the heights of the Catskills—about the topics of the day. He asks after news from the Crimea, and shows us a London paper of later date than has yet fallen under our eye. He too, like all the world beside, has his opinions about the campaign and the generalship of Raglan and of Canrobert.

Still farther, he discourses of homeopathy, and cites some late German work, fresh from the presses of Leipsic, upon the philosophy of health.

The supper-table is spread for us seven thousand feet above sea-level; and, with the *Times* of the same week, we dispatch as pretty a couplet of eggs as our dairyman of Morrisania could find in his barns. We venture upon a pipe, the good monk joining us, and whiffing in pleasant companionship, we tie together with our talk the St. Bernard heights and our Easy Chair upon the Hudson.

We tramp along stone floors and under stone vaults to our dormitory; and there, under a January supply of blankets, we watch the moonlight playing on our window, and forget that September is scarcely begun.

At five the bell of the monastery wakes us from a pleasant dream that we are in the Mountain House above the Catskills. The morning chant of the monks echoing through the corridors rouses us thoroughly, and in place of the glorious Hudson valley stretching under our window, we see only the gaunt Hospice of St. Louis, the dead-house, and wild wastes of mountains covered with snow.

In place, too, of the hot rolls and the beef-steaks they serve at the Mountain House at home, we breakfast upon parched bread, steeped in coffee; a bit of salt fish gives it a relish, and the keen air (3° below 0) quickens our appetite. After this no bowling alley, and no drive in the woods, but a tramp through the morning's snow (two feet are fresh fallen) to a sight of the hero-dogs, and then the dead-house!

It is not a place for a delicate Cape May visitor to be present in. The time of avalanches is not so far gone by; but they will show you there ghastly wrecks of the storms that come among the mountains. On this very September day (the first of the month, if you please) they will show us there the faded, shriveled figure of a woman, and a mother, who clasps her babe, even as they found her clasping the babe when they uncovered her among the drifts nine years ago. The pinched, frozen flesh still clings to the skeleton, and the shreds of clothing flutter in the winds that drive through the open door.

With such sights to vary our summer journey, and an adieu to the gathered monks, we go down from the storm region of the Hospice to the scattered *chalets*, where the snow has turned to bleak, chilling rain; then by degrees, as our knapsack grows heavy with long marching, the wet grows warm; the fir-trees give place to the spreading walnuts; and hemp patches, with kids wearing tinkling bells, give place to yellow maize, and dun cows with docile eyes. The cold glacier stream, now grown to a fierce, white river, alone tells its story of the Arctic land you have left; and the distant snow-peaks you traveled over in the morning

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are mellowed in the after-day light to rosy heights, growing golden in the sunset.

If we skip over the mountains now to Florence? The Austrian soldiers still linger there, although Radetzky has ordered an increase of forces throughout his Italian cities of Lombardy. The long war has quickened the war-feeling even in the dreamy Italians. Knots of men talk at evening in the Boboli gardens, of the Crimea and Alexander. The long heats have driven most pleasure-seekers to the hills by Fiesole or to Lucca. The Arno is fallen away so much with the August drought that half its bed is dry. The mosquitoes make havoc with the lodging-houses along the Quay, and the "Hôtel de New York" shows an array of closed blinds and lounging servitors.

Yet always upon the open places—mostly in these market days of autumn—a crowd is gathered.

If we look from our window (a window on the Square of the Grand Duke), we see in the shadow of the houses a great array of people and of wagons—stanch, sleek horses, and broad-bonneted girls—samples of grain and bales of rags. At a corner, where the shadow is heaviest and longest (under the bronze statue of Duke Ferdinand), a quack is declaiming from his carriage, and expounding the merits of his new system of dentistry.

He has before him a skull, and within reach a package of his teeth, warranted to adapt themselves to any configuration of jaw. He is a droll as well as professor, and roars of laughter come up to our ears from time to time, as he varies instruction with a joke. From time to time some country lout, more venturesome than the rest, will yield to the persuasions of the mountebank, and mount beside the professor. All is wonderment and earnestness with the throng, while the operator seats his patient, brings his head beneath his arm, releases him for a moment to explain the difficulties of the case, brandishes his instrument in melodramatic style, pounces upon his victim, and an instant after exposes, with an air of triumph, an enormous three-fanged molar. The crowd applaud his dexterity; the professor acknowledges the applause, and wiping his forehead, he lifts again daintily between his thumb and finger a set of his extraordinary, self-acting, elastic mouth-plates, and pursues, in melodious Tuscan, his old discourse.

As the sun creeps into the protecting shadow of the bronze Ferdinand, he withdraws more closely under shelter of the Ducal palace. The trim sentinel, who paces there between the statues of Daniel and of Hercules, gives him an occasional glance; or, as he catches sight of an approaching outrider in the ducal livery, he gives warning to the Captain of the Guard. The Captain of the Guard at once summons his little company, and arrays them in line; arms are presented; the drummer taps a salute; the carriage of the Grand Duke (not so showy as half we may see on the Bloomingdale Road in October) passes; the officer signals with his sword; arms are grounded, and the platoon retire to their lounges in the guard-chamber of the palace.

From the Café Doney—nearly deserted by all save natives in the broiling month of September—it is but a stone's throw to the gorgeous Campanile, which is a monument to Giotto. No wonder Ruskin goes mad about it! The proportions are so grand; the walls so sheer and sharp, and yet so varied by window and color, with such natural harmony in both that it seems like a marble tree that grew there. One can eat an ice of *Tutti Frutti* under its shadow, when the sun is three hours over the horizon, without leaving the door of the *café*.

Here there is the prince of domes to wander under in the hot September; that of Rome is higher, but has not such breadth. The air is cool beneath—as Florentines count coolness—in mid-summer. In fourteen days from the foot of Canal Street one can say his prayers there.

Last month we ran out a fancy of living on the borders of Lake Leman. Suppose, now, with the same imaginative humor, we should make the reckoning of a Florentine home. Not in the city, of course; for in August the streets are furnaces, and the Arno is pestilential. Let us rent us a snug villa an easy drive away. The roads are good—the very best of Macadam; the horses are sturdy, and easily kept; and by inquiring, we find we can purchase a cosy pair of ponies for less than we would pay for a three-minute trotter in New York.

The villa itself is surrounded by sundry acres of olives and vines. These last clamber in heavy, clustering tendrils upon an arbor at the door; and between the leaves and the purple bunches we can see the roof of Santa Croce and the quaint tower of the *Gran Duca*, and the Pitti gardens on the hill beyond the river. Behind us, we look on blue Fiesole, so clear under the luminous sky of Tuscany, that with our opera-glass we can make out the white buildings of the monastery, and seem to hear the murmuring voices of the monks.

Our villa garden is wondrously fertile. We have melons of every size and flavor; we have the fruits of the tropics, with such oranges (almost) as they bring from the Havana. We have ten rooms to our villa, besides the billiard-hall (with slated floor) in the basement; we have the sound of water-drops always in our ear from a crystal jet that is fed from the hills above us. Copses of evergreen shrubs make a thicket which is proof against the hottest of July suns. In cool or in wet, we have a never-ending resource in those two wonderful galleries of the Pitti and the Medici. We have historic food whichever way we look or we go; we have the richest library treasures (out of Rome) in Italy; we have lighter quarter-day accounts than they would give us in a seventeen-feet front of Twenty-seventh Street; we have a British chapel that is cool and comfortable; we have neighbors of every nation; we have a park drive rivaling that by the Serpentine; we can loiter in the Ducal gardens as if they were our own. Every year the Duke gives us (in common with the rest of the population) a fête; every year we have more figs than we can consume; every year we look on Galileo's Tower rising among the orchards, and on Giotto's Campanile; every day we drink good wine of our own making; every day we look (if we choose) on Dante, and the builder of the Cathedral, sitting in their marble chairs, gazing on the marble wonder of the Duomo. In fourteen days from the foot of Canal Street we could say our prayers there.

It cools us, in these August days (in which we write), to shape these fancies of other-side things, and to relieve the tedium of our summer (albeit the tree-leaves are fanning us) with this pleasant imaginative vagabondage through all the haunts of our summer travelers. The world is a wide one, to be sure; but between the mails and the journals, it is every day becoming blended into a tower, from whose belfry (of print) we can look over the scattered countries, and make them parishes to our eye.

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Editor's Drawer.

NOTWITHSTANDING we are in the second month of the no-liquor dispensation, there is something in the following poem in praise of a very gentle wine, that commends it (the poem, not the wine) to our taste. A traveled friend sent a bottle of Champagne to another friend on the third day of July last! It was of the vintage of 1848, and bore the distinctive name of "SAINT PERAY." The label contains the inscription which we copy, to show the sentiment of the country where the wine is made. For *saint worship*, it is equal to any thing we have seen. The label is embellished with a colored picture of a ghostly father holding his prayer-book in one hand and a pitcher in the other, while he sings,

"When to any saint I pray,
It shall be to Saint Péray.
He alone, of all the brood,
Ever did me any good:
Many I have tried that are
Humbugs in the calendar.

"'Twas in Provence, near Vaucluse,
Hard by the Rhone, I found a saint
Gifted with a wondrous juice,
Potent for the worst complaint.
'Twas at Avignon that first—
In the witching time of thirst—
To my brain the knowledge came
Of this blessed Catholic's name:
Forty miles of dust that day
Made me welcome Saint Péray.

"Though till then I had not heard
Aught about him, ere a third
Of a litre passed my lips,
All saints else were in eclipse.
For his gentle spirit glided
With such magic into mine,
That methought such bliss as I did,
Poet never drew from wine.

"Rest he gave me, and refection—
Chastened hopes, calm retrospection—
Softened images of sorrow,
Bright forebodings for the morrow—
Charity for what is past—
Faith in something good at last."

THE *Okalona News*, a very Western paper, describes a plan of "swearing a fence round a graveyard," that has some features of novelty and utility worthy of commendation. The editor very *gravely* remarks:

"Our suggestion is that there be organized in this place an Okalona Cursing Association, for the purpose of raising funds for some useful object. The power of profanity which runs to waste in the streets is enormous. Let every member of the Association, whenever he utters an oath, be obliged to give a paling, and whenever he curses let him contribute a *rail* to make a fence around the grave-yard. We are well aware that the Bible forbids to render "railing for railing," but we are sure it has no application to such cases as the present. We do not know the amount of work requisite to inclose our cemetery, but it is amply within the means of the proposed Association. There were sixty-one votes polled at the late election; some few of the voters of our village do not swear, but there are usually a number of accomplished swearers in town not yet entitled to a vote, and many of our boys can hold a hand with any of their seniors. All things considered, we think the income of the Association might be estimated at half a dozen palings a day from fifty regular contributors, which would pale fifty yards a day. A few court-days would supply all the rails, and the Sunday cursing could be set apart as a fund for posts. The little boys might find the nails; and after the paling was completed the villagers who affect such phrases as 'Darn my skin,' 'By the Great Mogul,' etc., could whitewash it."

The editor of *Okalona News* will please to accept our respects, and if he gets off any thing else as good as that, let him send it to the Drawer.

"GIVING fits" we have often heard of. We remember a quack doctor who was called in to attend a case of fever which baffled his skill, and when the patient became impatient, complaining of the doctor's want of success, the quack replied, "Well, I give up, I can't break up this fever; but I'll give you something to throw you into fits, and *I'm death on fits!*"

But did you ever see a fit?

A man in passing along up Water Street, saw a placard announcing the exhibition of a remarkably-talkative parrot. He turned in, after paying his shilling, and stood before the bird, who was dumb as an owl. The stranger finding all attempts to draw the parrot into conversation quite in vain, called out to the owner:

"I thought you said that this 'ere animal could talk?"

"So she can, when she sees fit."

"Well then, I wish you would send for Fit amazin' quick, for I am in a hurry!"

"IF you have never had in your inexhaustible, and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired Drawer," writes a too flattering correspondent, "the following lines of the Vermont

'Poet, Attorney, Editor, and Man,'

John G. Saxe, please to accept them, and print them also, provided always you think, as I do, that they deserve a place among the best of good things:"

PRIDE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—
A thing for laughter, sneers and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the further end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine
That plagued some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose,
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

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THE instances of confusion of mind mentioned in the Drawer of last month, induce a down-east correspondent to send us the following, which rather excels any that were recorded before:

"Last Sunday morning, in giving out the notices, the pastor of the Congregational church having observed that there were some signs of rain, and not having time to consult with any of the brethren about the weather, was at a loss to know what to say of the next service, which was to be held in the evening. At length he decided, and announced as follows: 'If it rains *this evening* the service will be held at four o'clock *this afternoon*.'"

And here is another of the same sort:

"It is very sickly here," said one of the Emerald Isle to another, as they met the other day.

"Yes," responded his companion; "a great many have died this year who never died before."

JOSEPH BRADFORD was the traveling companion of Mr. Wesley, for whom he would have sacrificed health, and even life, but to whom his will would never bend, except in meekness.

"Joseph," said Mr. Wesley, one day, "take these letters to the post."

B. "I will take them after preaching, Sir."

W. "Take them now, Joseph."

B. "I wish to hear you preach, Sir; and there will be sufficient time for the post after service."

W. "I insist upon your going now, Joseph."

B. "I will not go at present."

W. "You won't?"

B. "No, Sir."

W. "Then you and I must part."

B. "Very good, Sir."

The good man slept over it. Both were early risers. At four o'clock the next morning the refractory helper was accosted with—

"Joseph, have you considered what I said—that we must part?"

B. "Yes, Sir."

W. "And must we part?"

B. "Please yourself, Sir."

W. "Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?"

B. "No, Sir."

W. "You won't?"

B. "No, Sir."

W. "Then I will ask *yours*, Joseph."

Poor Joseph was instantly melted; smitten as by the rod of Moses, when forth gushed the tears like the water from the rock. He had a tender soul; and it was soon observed when the appeal was made to the heart instead of the head.

"FOR so have I known a luxuriant vine to swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spread itself into leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine-press, and a faint return to his heart who longed to be refreshed with a full vintage; but the Lord of the vineyard had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant and make it bleed; it grew temperate in its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy branches, and made account of that loss of blood by the return of fruit."

Let us see how Southey has versified what he calls "Jeremy Taylor's unimprovable language." The wanderer is sitting in the sun at the door of an aged dervise who had offered him a shelter for the night, and thus endeavors to console him in his afflictions:

"Repine not, oh my son! the old man replied,
That Heaven hath chastened thee. Behold this vine!
I found it a wild tree, whose wanton strength
Had swollen into irregular twigs
And bold excrescences,
And spent itself in leaves and little rings;
So, in the flourish of its wantonness,
Wasting the sap and strength
That should have given forth fruit.
But when I pruned the plant,
Then it grew temperate in its vain expense
Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou seest,
Into these full, clear clusters, to repay
The hand that wisely wounded it.
Repine not, oh my son!
In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicts
Its painful remedies."

OLD Mr. Russell was fairly caught in his own trap. He was better known as Major Ben Russell, and being met by his old friend Busby, he was familiarly saluted with a hearty shake of the hand and,

"How do you do, old Ben Russell?"

"Come, now," said Major Ben, "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it; you are as old as I am this minute."

"Upon my word," says Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years."

"Not at all, friend Busby; and, if you please, we will determine that question very soon—just tell me what is the *first* thing you can recollect?"

"Well, the very first thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people say '*There goes old Ben Russell!*'"

WASHINGTON IRVING, in his Life of Washington, speaking of the expedition of General Wolfe against Quebec, says that Wolfe was seeking to wipe out the fancied disgrace incurred at the Falls of Montmorency. It was in this mood he is said to have composed and sung at his evening mess that little campaigning song still linked with his name:

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die."

Even when embarked in his midnight enterprise, the presentiment of death seems to have cast its shadow over him. A midshipman who was present used to relate that, as Wolfe sat among his officers, and the boats glided down silently in the current, he recited, in low and touching tones, Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," then just published. One stanza may especially have accorded with his melancholy mood:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

"Now, gentlemen," said he, when he had finished, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

OUR Magazine office is on Franklin Square, an "irregular square"—as much like a triangle as any other mathematical figure—and the window by which we sit as we dip into the Drawer looks out on what was the Old Mansion House, kept years ago by jolly old Simon Bacchus. He might have been called Simon Magus, for he was always ready to make merchandise of the *spirit;* but his was the spirit of wine, and not the spirit divine. Yet it

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was always said of him that, for creature-comforts, no house could excel his. Some of the worthy old-fashioned people who made his place their home while stopping in the city, were fond of something stronger than water. Among these was Mr. Willis, a Quaker, who lived at Flushing, and was in at Fulton Market every day or two. Calling at the Mansion House, and looking around carefully in the bar-room to be sure that none of his acquaintance were there, he said to the ever-ready landlord, "Simon, has thee any good cider to-day?"

"Yes, indeed, friend Willis," replied the host, "the best in the city, as you shall know by trying it."

"Hum, hum," mused the old Quaker, and bending over the bar toward Bacchus, the god of his idolatry, "Well, if thy cider is very good, I guess I will take a little drop of thy brandy-and-water."

Will there be no end to the stories they tell of the humorous Irishmen, who seem to have the knack of making fun whether they mean it or not? Here is our District Attorney, John M'Keon, whilom Member of Congress, who then and there, in the midst of a speech, was suddenly called to order by one of the members for being personal in his remarks.

"I am not personal, Mr. Speaker," exclaimed M'Keon, "I had no reference to the sensitive gentleman in what I said; but, Sir, this is not the first time that an arrow shot *at a venture* has hit the very mark *that was intended!*"

In the old country they are so familiar with the sight and the use of jack-asses that it is quite impossible for such a blunder to be made as is told of a couple of Irishmen, who, in crossing a field, came upon one who was braying at the top of his lungs. They stood in mute astonishment at the unearthly, hideous sound, till one of them found his tongue and said to the other: "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, but he's got a wonderful cowld!"

"I say, Pat, why don't you sue that Railroad Corporation for the injuries you have received. Both of your legs broken all to smash; sue them for *damages*."

"Sue them for *damages*, eh, boy? I have *damages* enough already; I'll sue them for *repairs!*"

Here is one more:

"I say, Pat, isn't one man as good as another?"

"Of course he is, and a *grate dale better!*"

The merchant sipped at the red, red wine,
Till his nose was ruby getting,
He hiccoughed and said it was superfine,
While his ravenous maw was wetting;
He lolled him back, and he sang a song,
His wits they were growing brighter,
Though money was tight, he doubled the wrong,
For he was a good bit tighter!

A Yankee conveying an English gentleman round Boston took him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said:

"This is the spot where Warren fell!"

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it 'urt 'im much?"

The native looked at him with the expression of fourteen 4th of Julys in his countenance.

"Hurt him!" he exclaimed, "he was killed, Sir!"

"Ah! 'e was, eh?" said the stranger, still eying the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer. "Well, I should think 'e whould 'ave been 'urt, to fall so far."

"We remember the Scotchman's definition of *metaphysics* as follows: "When the hearer dinna ken what the speaker means, and the speaker dinna ken what he means himsel', that is metaphysics;" and the reply of the other who was asked if he understood the sermon: "Understand! and do you think it's the likes of me that would be understanding such a wonderful man as he?"

But the following description of a great sermon is new to us, and perhaps to most of our readers:

"A reverend gentleman, who had the great oratorical talent of communicating nothing, and making a mighty fuss while he was about it, delivered one of his magniloquent sermons in Glasgow, to the infinite delight of the masses, who thought him a second 'son of thunder.' On the way home from the kirk one of the thunderstruck hearers was heard to pronounce the following eulogy on the sermon and the preacher:

"'Man, John, wasna yon preachin'! yea preachin'! yon's something for a body to come awa' wi'—the way that he smashed down his text into so mony heads and particulars, just a' to flinders. Nine heads and twenty particulars in ilka head—and sic mouthfu's o' grand words! un' every ane o' them fu' o' meaning if we but kent them. We hae ill improved our opportunities; man, if we could just mind [remember] ony thing he said, it would do us guid.'"

This preacher, so graphically described by Sandy, belonged to the same school with the Western *divine* who, on being asked at what college he was educated, replied:

"I am thankful that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning."

"A similar event," said a worthy clergyman at the same table, "happened *in Balaam's time*, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

The war in the East brings us some amusement in the midst of its horrors. A young lady in England writes to her sweetheart in the army, and says: "I send you a complete photographic apparatus, and would be so much pleased if you would send me in return a view of a nice little battle. I would like to have it taken in the moment of victory."

A young English officer, whose duties detain him in Constantinople, writes to his cousin in London, that the commonly received opinion "there's no place like home," is all poetry, and has no truth in it. "Constantinople," he writes, "is *the* place. Here, for the paltry sum of £500 sterling a year, a man of moderate desires may live like a prince, have a comfortable house, the best of wine, the most glorious tobacco, three beautiful wives, and *no going to church!*"

There was a dry old fellow out in Jefferson County, in this State, who called one day on the member of Congress elect. The family were at breakfast, and the old man was not in a decent trim to be invited to sit by; but he was hungry, and determined to get an invitation.

"What's the news?" inquired the Congressman.

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"Nothing much, but one of my neighbors gave his child such a queer name."

"Ah! and what name was that?"

"Why, Come and Eat."

The name was so peculiar that it was repeated.

"*Come and Eat?*"

"Yes, thank you," said the old man, "I don't care if I do," and drew up to the table.

LADY HOLLAND'S Life of her Father, Sydney Smith, just published by the Harpers, overflows with the good things said, and said to be said, by the clerical wit; but it has nothing better in it than the following:

"Lady Cubebs had a great passion for the garden and the hot-house, and when she got hold of a celebrity like the Reverend Sydney, was sure to dilate upon her favorite subject. Her geraniums, her auriculas, her dahlias, her carnations, acacias, her lillia regia, her ranunculus, her marygolds, her peonies, her rhododendron procumbens. Mossy pompone and rose pubescens, were discussed with all the flow of hot-house rhetoric. 'My Lady,' asked the reverend wit, 'did you ever have a psoriasis septennis?' 'Oh yes—a most b-e-a-utiful one. *I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury*, dear man! and it came out *so* in the spring!'"

The psoriasis septennis is the medical name for the seven years' *itch*.

WE have just met with two or three instances of inconsolable grief, or of remarkable self-control, that deserve to be registered for future use. Mr. Green sued a lady for breach of promise. Her friends offered to settle it for two hundred dollars:

"What!" cried Mr. Green, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a shattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart! Two hundred dollars for all this! Never! never! never! *Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain!*"

The other case is that of a young widow, whose husband has just been suddenly cut down by the hand of death. Her dearest female friend called on her to condole with her on the occasion, and was astonished at her composure. "You must excuse me," said the young widow, "for not weeping, but *crying always makes my nose bleed!*"

NAPOLEON'S hat once fell off at a review, when a young lieutenant stepped forward and picked it up, and returned it to him.

"Thank you, Captain," said the Emperor.

"In what regiment, Sire?" retorted the lieutenant, as quickly as possible.

Napoleon smiled and passed on, and forthwith had the lucky youth promoted.

To play upon Scripture is neither proper nor witty, and the following, sent to us by a Virginia friend, is to be excused only for its having happened to be a veritable hit, and made by a Quaker, too.

"During the last political canvass in Virginia, at the time of Mr. Wise's visit to Charleston, Jefferson county, quite a large crowd was attracted to see and hear him. Among them were two of our country people, a Yankee and a Quaker, the former of whom was given to asking questions, and the other was more of a wag than Quakers are wont to be. As they were walking up street, they passed by two of our well-known citizens, both of whom are remarkable for their extensive learning and sound judgment, and with them was a stranger of somewhat distinguished appearance. The Yankee wondered aloud,

"'Who can that be with Mr. L. and Mr. S.?'

"'That is Mr. Wise,' promptly replied the Quaker.

"'How on earth do you know him, when I heard you say a little while ago you had never seen him,' said the Yankee.

"'Easily enough,' the Quaker answered. 'Are we not told that he who walketh with wise men *shall* be *wise?*'"

THE same county is distinguished for its fine poultry, especially its Shanghais, and, as every where else, every country boy of lean and lanky figure who comes into town is immediately greeted with the cry of, "Oh, you Shanghai!" from the boys. Upon one occasion, a certain youth whose name is *Chiner*, came from the mountains to Charleston, and being about six feet in his boots, and as thick as an ordinary rail, he was, of course, a capital subject for our boys to poke fun at. All sorts of rigs were run on him, which he stood like a man, till being provoked beyond forbearance by one of the youngsters who had called him *Shanghai*, he pitched into him, knocked him down, and while he kept on pommeling him, he cried out,

"Well, take that; if I am a *Shanghai*, you are a *Cotchin Chiner*."

A YOUNG lady was so much opposed to being kissed that she said she regarded it a *capital* offense. A young physician attempted to commit it, but she told him, decidedly, she never liked to have a doctor's *bill* stuck in *her* face.

THE man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain, is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse—after which he will make a plume for the cap of General Intelligence. One of his children had the very bad habit of telling stories; his father said he must be *broken* of it, but the boy suggested that he had *better* be *mended*.

"THEY tell me," said Neal Dow to one of his neighbors, "that you are fond of a glass of wine."

"They are greatly mistaken—they should have said a bottle."

A CAPITAL story is told of a spirited young lady on her way to the church to be married. At the door her intended husband paused, and said very unexpectedly, "My dear girl, there are three things of which I ought to have spoken to you before, and if you do not like them, it is not too late to retire even now from our engagement. To tell you the whole truth, I must insist, first, to sleep alone, secondly, to eat alone, and thirdly, to find fault when there is no occasion."

"Is that all?" she said. "I agree at once. If you sleep alone, I shall not; if you eat alone, I shall eat first; and as to your finding fault, I shall take care that you never want occasion."

The conditions being thus adjusted, they entered the church, the ceremony was performed, and at the latest accounts both parties were doing very well, the husband having fairly given in to the high spirit and good-humor of his wife.

BE ever gentle to the children God has given

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you. Watch them constantly, reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the language of Scripture, "be not bitter against them." Never *scold* them. Scolding never did any body good. It hurts the child; it hurts the parent; it is evil and only evil, every where and always. I once heard a kind father say, "I never *beat* my boys. I talk to them seriously and tearfully, but I do not like to beat them. The world will beat them badly enough by-and-by." Yes, there is not one child in the circle around your table, healthy and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may waste them, a cold world will frown on them, but amidst all let memory carry them back to a home where a law of kindness reigned; where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned more in sorrow than in anger.

It is not often that we come across more natural punning than will be found in the following extract from a "*Comical Report of a Fish Convention.*" It is to be understood that all the marine monsters, big fish, and "small fry" of the great deep are assembled in conclave—the Whale "in the chair:"

"He opened the Convention by stating that he did not wish to make a speech; he would take up as little room, and be no longer than possible.

"(Here the Shark whispered to the Sword-Fish that it was not possible for the Whale to be much longer, as he was over eighty feet now. In *his* opinion, he only wanted a chance to spout: in fact, he considered him a regular old blower.)

"The Whale continued, and contended that he had been grossly insulted by man—he might say, lampooned; not that he would pun upon the use made of his fat, as he did not wish to make light of such a matter. He had been harpooned, at least. Men were sarcastic toward him, and their shafts were sharp and pointed. Some of his fellow-whales had been very much cut up, and exceedingly tried. He had lately learned that a substitute for oil had been invented, which might lessen the persecution of whales—but he feared it was all gas. The Whale alluded to a harpoon which had lately hit him; it had made a great impression on him, and, he feared, had affected him deeply.

"Here his feelings overpowered him, and he sat down (on the Shark) amidst a general blubber.

"The Shark rose with some difficulty, and remarked that the tale of the Whale had moved him; in fact, it was very striking. His own situation was far from pleasant. He was by profession a lawyer, and, he flattered himself, one of the deep kind. But business was bad, and he had been obliged to take in a few pupils. He had lately presented a fine opening for a young man who fell overboard, but was soon afterward obliged to reject his suit as indigestible. Unless he had more cases, he should leave the law and open as a dentist.

"The Sea-Serpent did not wish to intrude upon the Convention: he did not know whether he properly belonged to the fish-tribe or not. All he asked was, not to be classed with the Eel, whom he considered to be a very slippery character. (Here the Eel was observed to wriggle violently.) Lately, he was passing a certain species of the Eel, when, just happening to touch him, he had been so shocked that he hardly recovered.

"The Eel hastily arose, and said that he was shocked—he might say electrified—at these remarks. It was evident to him that the Serpent must get himself into a coil. As for his being a 'slippery character,' he thanked Neptune he didn't belong to such a scaly set as the Serpent.

"The Whale called the Eel to order, and the Eel called the Whale an 'old swell-head,' and was then summarily put out of the Convention.

"The Turtle said he was suffering from a slight indisposition. He was walking on shore, he said, a short time since, when he met a party of jolly young sailors. The result was, that he was laid flat on his back, and was unable to move for some time, and since then he had not felt so lively as usual. There was *one* thing to which he would call the attention of the Convention; he prided himself upon the purity of his political principles. He was the Alderman's best friend. The Shark had lately insulted him by calling him a 'regular old Hard Shell.'

"Here the Shark interrupted him by asking, 'Is not that your *case*?'

"The Turtle replied, that he 'should say nothing more at present, but should have something to lay before the next meeting.'

"'Yes,' replied the Shark, contemptuously; 'a few eggs probably.'

"The Porpoise undertook to speak, but was speedily silenced. The expression of the Convention was, that he was 'a blower.'

"The 'Small Fry' were next called upon—Oysters, Lobsters, and others. The Oyster opened *his* case, which was a hard one. He was always in trouble—a perpetual stew or broil. His half-brother, Clam, was a disgrace to the family; always in liquor, and generally considered a 'squirt.' Some of his family were indolent, and spent most of their time in 'beds.' There had been some rakes among them, who had created great disturbance.

"There was one of his neighbors, he said—'He would not call any names, for he scorned scandal'—who was very surly and crabbed. He was a one-sided individual, and nobody approved of his motions.

"The Crab protested against this abuse, and said that the rest took advantage of him because he was 'soft.' He respectfully retired backward.

"The Codfish, who had been visiting a 'school;' the Shad, much net-tled at what he had heard; the aristocratic Salmon, who got into a row with a York State Trout, who called him a Northern Fish with Southern principles; and the Flying-Fish, who flew into a tremendous passion—all took part in the proceedings of the Convention.

"But so it was, at last, as the erudite Dogberry has it, that 'the whole dissembly disappeared' in good order, notwithstanding an attempt at disturbance made by a 'jolly old Sole' and 'a lot of Suckers.'"

A pleasant spot for a nervous man is a certain "place" in Texas, which is thus described by an amateur of natural scenery and natural products:

"The small brown wolf is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of his large black brother. But Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous to 'shake a stick at.' The bite of the former can be cured by drinking raw whisky to absolute repletion, but for the latter there is no cure.

"The tarantula is a pleasant institution to get

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into a quarrel with. He is a spider, with a body about the size of a hen's egg, and legs five or six inches long, and covered with long, coarse black hair. He lies in the cattle-tracks; and if you see him, move out of his path, as his bite is absolutely certain death, and he never gets out of the way for any one.

"Then there is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each leg armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he walks over you at night, you will have cause to remember him for many months to come, as the wound is of a particularly poisonous nature, and is very difficult to heal.

"The stinging lizzard is a lesser evil—the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red-hot iron to the person. But one is too happy to escape with life to consider these lesser evils any annoyance. But the insects, flying, creeping, jumping, buzzing, stinging—*they* are every where. Ask for a cup of water, and the rejoinder in our camp is, 'Will you have it *with* a bug, or without?'"

Wouldn't that be a charming place to hold a select picnic?

THE superscriptions upon letters going through the mails of our common and revered "Uncle Samuel" are often very curious. Here, for example, is one in poetry:

"Swift as the dove your course pursue;
Let nought your speed restrain,
Until you reach Miss Lucy Drew,
In Newfield, State of Maine."

And lately in the post-office of that most beautiful of western cities, Cleveland, Ohio, was found a letter with the following plainly-written address:

"To the big-faced Butcher, with a big wart on his nose—Cleveland, Ohio."

The clerks in the post-office all knew the man, but they were afraid to *deliver* the letter!

"Do you think I shall have justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel, a shrewd Kentucky lawyer, of the best class in that "eloquent State."

"I am a little afraid that you *won't*," replied the other; "I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging!"

A KIND friend, liberal of suppositious wealth, once said to us:

"If I had a *billion* of money I'd give you a half-a-dozen millions, and set you up handsomely in the world!"

Generous creature! but we wonder if he knew what a billion really is, and how long it would take him merely to *count* the same? As he is still alive and well, let him read the following, and marvel greatly thereat:

"A billion is a million times a million. Can you count it? Stop a bit. Perhaps you can count 160 or 170 in a minute; nay, suppose you can count even 200 in a minute; then in one hour you could count 12,000, if you were not interrupted. Well, 12,000 an hour would be 288,000 a day; and a year, or 365 days, would produce 105,120,000!

"But this wouldn't allow you a single moment for sleep, nor for any other business whatsoever! Well, now suppose that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to count, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usual supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For, to count a billion, he would require 8512 years, 34 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes, according to the above reckoning. But suppose we were to allow the poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping, he would need 19,024 years, 68 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes, to count a billion!"

Just remember this, when some generous friend hands you over a present of a billion, and asks you to "look it over, and see if the amount is correct!"

"I WELL remember," said a friend and old acquaintance to us the other day—a friend, by-the-way, who was born and brought up in the country, and whose city life has not won him from the remembrances of boyish days—"I well remember what an excitement was created when a big bass-viol was introduced into the choir on Sunday morning at our meeting-house. The deacons denounced it, the parson preached against it, and the eminently pious looked upon it as little short of sacrilege to introduce a big fiddle among the singers, with a full-grown man sawing away upon its entrails, and extorting profane music from its tortured bowels!

"But how different it is now," continued our friend, laying down the newspaper which he had been reading; "I see here that in Boston they *praise God by steam* in one of their churches! The bellows of the organ in Tremont Temple are worked by steam! So the Yankees are going to be relieved of the work of praising God! They haven't even to turn a crank to grind out their praise, but invoke the aid of steam-power."

There is a stroke of satire in this which will not be lost upon some of our readers.

"IT is a little curious how things are reversed in this world of ours. If one is poor, and lives in a cottage, the song is, 'I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls;' while lovers who sing of love in a cottage, invariably do so in a parlor of a mansion much larger than any thing that comes under that denomination; a parlor generally extremely well furnished, and the song is always accompanied by the very best piano that can be procured."

"WOODMAN, spare that tree!" sings our bold poet-Brigadier, General George P. Morris. Something of his veneration for old trees was manifested by the great Irish Grattan. He loved them, and used to say, "Never cut down a tree for fashion's sake. The tree has its roots in the earth, while fashion has not." A favorite old tree stood near his house in the country. A friend of his, thinking it obstructed the view, recommended him to cut it down.

"Why so?—what for?" asked Grattan.

"Because it stands in the way of the house."

"You mistake," returned Grattan; "it is the house that stands in the way of the tree, and if either must come down, let it be the *house!*"

APROPOS of Grattan: His last words to the Surgeon-General who saw him in London just before his death, are very striking, patriotic, and beautiful:

"I am perfectly resigned. I am surrounded by my family. I have served my country. I have reliance upon God—and I am not afraid of the Devil!"

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We happened on one occasion, and not long since, to be standing in the counting-room of a mercantile friend down town, when there entered a very tall and quite an imposing-looking personage, bearing in his right hand what appeared to be a string of ill-assorted beads, or a rough rosary. Handing it to the proprietor, he said,

"Do me the favor, Sir, to look at those, and tell me, if you please, Sir, what they seem to you to be."

Our friend took the "rosary," examined it attentively, and returned it with the remark,

"By the mass, I can not tell what manner of thing it is!"

"Those, Sir," said the man with dignity, "those are *corns*, Sir—CORNS, Sir, which I have extracted from the feet of eminent New York citizens, within the last two weeks, without pain, with great dispatch, and small expense. Sir, may I survey *your* corns? Have you pedal impediments of that nature? They are the curse, the very bane, Sir, of hot weather."

Such grandiloquence of expression, such stateliness of manner, we never saw before. Being informed that his services were not needed, he bowed himself out, in a style befitting the highest court in Europe. We are sorry to see from the following, that this gentleman has a formidable rival among us:

MONS. ———

Chiropodist, from Lyon France

Has the honor to inform the public that by a new and perculiar mode he extracs corns bunions & without the least pain by the rubbing of an ointment of his invention the operation is preformed in a few minutes without fear of a return he extracs the roots and gives them your hands persons wishing to be operated at their own home are prayed to send their adress

NOTA—he is bearer of several thousand certificates from the principals courts of europe

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ASIDE from its excellent moral, is not the following very musical and beautiful?

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost—the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To Memory's after-hour.

So with our words: or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot:
They have their influence on the mind,
Pass on—but perish not.
So with our deeds: for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will,
To make them rife with good!

WELL worthy of being preserved and perpetuated in the Drawer is the following authentic account of an incident that occurred in a certain town of a neighboring State which shall be nameless, for the reason that it is not in any of the best odor now, and we would not add to its somewhat unenviable reputation:

"On the cars a day or two since, coming to B——, was a stalwart man, going to New York to buy goods. He was not what might be called a "stingy" or "close" man, but he *was* a man who, when there was a cent *due* him, that swindling might deprive him of, would sacrifice fifty dollars to save the copper.

"He had started in the morning without any breakfast; and when E—— hove in sight, he gathered himself up for a general skirmish for any and all kinds of provisions. He had a carpet bag with him, and going into the dining-room at E——, he deposited his carpet-bag on *one* chair, while he took another at its side.

"He was lost for about ten minutes; perfectly oblivious to every thing, save that he had a blessed consciousness of something very rapidly and agreeably replenishing his "inward man."

"About this time the landlord came round, and stopping by the gentleman's chair, ejaculated—

"'Dollar, Sir.'

"'A *dollar!*" responded the eater—a DOLLAR!" I thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one? Isn't that so?"

"'That's true,' answered Meanness, 'but I count your carpet-bag one, since it occupies a seat.'

"Now the table was far from being crowded, and the gentleman expostulated; but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth, paid over, and the receiver passed on.

"Our victim deliberately rose, and opening his carpet-bag to the full extent of its wide mouth, addressed it as follows:

"'Carpet-bag, it seems you are an individual—a human individual, since you eat—at least I've *paid* for your eating, and now you *must* eat!"

"Upon this he seized every thing eatable, that was *carriable*, within his reach; nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, and "crust-pies," and amidst the roars of the by-standers, the delight of his brother-passengers, and the discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went out and took his seat in the cars! He said he had secured provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least five dollars' worth in the bag, upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit.

"So much for meanness!"

STRANGERS from the country, and citizens too, for that matter, who have attempted to cross Broadway in the neighborhood of the Astor House or the American Museum, will appreciate the wit of "The Broadway Quadrilles," as performed by Barnum's Brass Band:

FIRST: The two leading couples try to cross and back—stand on pavement and wait—ladies' chain, half promenade—stages right and left.

SECOND: Leading gentlemen advance and retire twice: all set at corners and wait for turn.

THIRD: The leading lady and opposite gentleman advance and retire twice; top and bottom couple try again, and return to place *wrathy*. The figure repeated by the sides.

FOURTH: Four stages and four wagons advance and stop: carmen do the same: couples turn and come in collision. Billingsgate right and left: M. P's promenade and turn the corner: general muss, and back to places.

FIFTH: The leading couple waltz round and inside the gutter: four ladies advance and scream: four gentlemen do the same and swear: grand

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chain: all promenade to places, and turn savage: grand *chassé* to the other side, without returning to places: pleasant smiles, "over the left," and promenade for *finale* with dirty boots.

VERY touching, and much to be lamented and commiserated by all unmarried spinsters, is "The Bachelor's Lament," which ensues:

"Oh, the spring hath less of brightness—every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness—every year;
Nor do summer blossoms quicken,
Nor does autumn fruitage stricken,
As it did. The seasons sicken—every year.

"It is growing colder, colder—every year,
And I feel that I am older—every year;
And my limbs are less elastic,
And my fancy not so plastic;
Yes, my habits grow monastic—every year.

"'Tis becoming bleak and bleaker—every year,
And my hopes are waxing weaker—every year;
Care I now for merry dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing—every year.

"Oh, the days that I have squandered—every year,
And the friendship rudely sundered—every year;
Oh, the ties that might have twined me,
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me—every year.

"Sad and sad to look before us—every year,
With a heavier shadow o'er us—every year;
To behold each blossom faded,
And to know we might have saved it,
An immortal garland braided—every year.

"Many a spectral beckoning finger—every year,
Chides me that so long I linger—every year;
Every early comrade sleeping
In the church-yard, whither, weeping,
I alone unwept am creeping—every year."

HON. EDWARD EVERETT, some time ago, on the occasion, if we remember rightly, of a dinner given in Boston to Mr. Baring, argued, in his usual felicitous style, that the poor man was often as rich as the richest—that there could really be no antagonism between capital and labor:

"The owner of capital," he said, "in England or America, really reaps the smallest advantages which flow from its possession—he being but a kind of book-keeper, or head-clerk, to the business community. He may be as rich as Crœsus, but he can neither eat, drink, nor wear more than *one man's portion*.

"I remember hearing a jest about Mr. Astor's property, which contained, I think, a great deal of meaning—a latent practical philosophy. Some one was asked whether he would be willing to take all of Mr. Astor's wealth—eight or ten millions of money—merely for his board and clothing.

"'No!' was the indignant answer; 'do you think I am a fool?'

"'Well,' rejoins the other, 'that's all Mr. Astor *himself* gets for taking care of it. He's "found," and that is all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, and the estates which he counts by the hundreds, and is obliged to take care of, are for the accommodation of others.'

"'But, then, he has the income, the result of all this mighty property, five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum.'

"'Yes; but he can do nothing with his income but build more warehouses and ships, or loan money on them, by mortgages, for the convenience of others. I tell you he's "found," and you can't make any thing else out of it.'"

A KEEN hit, and somewhat Sydney Smith-ish, was the reply of the celebrated Dr. Parr to a voluble and pompous young man, who said in his presence:

"Well, Sir, you may talk as you please about 'internal evidence,' and all that, but *I* make it a point to *believe* nothing which I can not *understand*."

"Then, young man," replied Parr, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know!"

SOMETHING has been said—indeed *more* than "something" has been *often* said—of late, in relation to the extreme of Paris fashion followed by our American ladies in the matter of "low-necked dresses." The following is in point:

"A wag seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress, remarked, in a very audible voice:

"'She really *outstrips* the whole party!'"

HAPPY is he who has his quiver full of daughters, but happier far is he, if each one in the quiver meets her proper bow.

WHAT an awful satire is that of Pope's about the fashionable woman on her death-bed, begging her attendant to make her look becoming even in her coffin?

"Come, Betty, give this cheek a little red,
One wouldn't be a fright when one is dead."

Very unlike this idea is the annexed from a volume of poems which is creating a great sensation in Paris. It is entitled "Enamels and Cameos," and the subjoined is one of the "Cameos." Of course it lacks the ease and polish of style of the original, but nothing less could be expected of a translation:

"Oh! when in death my heart shall break,
And rest from all its woes,
Put then some rouge upon my cheek,
And pencil o'er my brows;
For I would in my last repose,
As when his vows he paid,
Retain upon my cheek the rose,
And on my brow the shade.

"Let no pale winding sheet enshrine
My form when I am dead,
But let my robe of muslin fine
Adorn my limbs instead.
That robe, it was my dress preferred,
I wore it on the day
When I attracted his regard,
And gave my heart away.

"And let my laced pillow there
Upon my narrow bed,
Decked only with my floating hair,
Support my dreamless head.
That pillow, in our nightly rest,
Hath both our heads sustained,
And counted every kiss he pressed
On lips still unprofaned.

"And place between my fingers slight,
As held by me in prayer,
The rosary of opals bright,
Our bishop bade me wear.
I still would clasp its cross divine,
When in my lonely grave,
For sweetest lips have told on mine
Each *Puter* and each *Ave*."

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Mr. Slim's Experience at Sea.



Mr. Slim is behind time, and has to take a boat in order to reach the vessel.



The tide is strong, and the wind ahead. Mr. Slim thinks it dangerous.



He reaches the ship, but finds some difficulty in getting on board.



A hundred miles out at sea. Squally. He thinks he will go to his state-room.



Curious motion of the ship. He finds a difficulty in unlocking the door.



He succeeds at last, and enters his state-room in a hasty manner.



Mr. Slim in his state-room.—Position Number One.

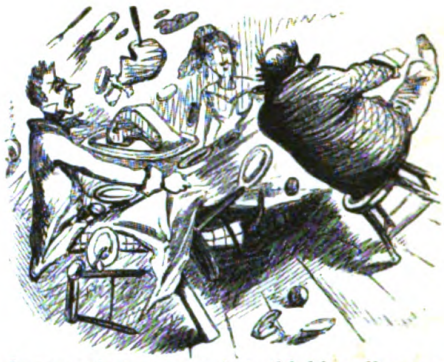


Mr. Slim in his state-room.—Position Number Two.

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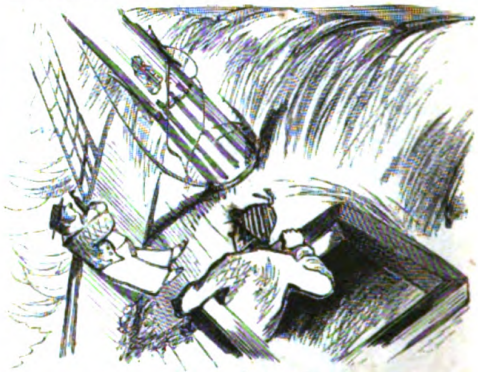
Mr. Slim in his state-room. — Position Number Three.



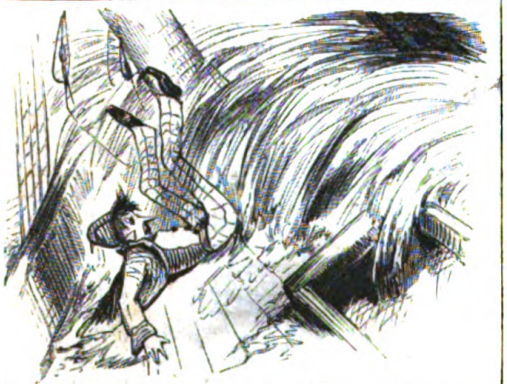
Feels somewhat uneasy, but, thinking dinner will do him good, takes his seat at the table.



Appearance of Mr. Slim after having attempted dinner. Feels decidedly worse.



Feeling a little better, he proceeds on deck. Curious aspect of things in general.



Walks forward to speak to Officer. Big wave comes on board. Effect upon Mr. Slim.



Comes near Officer, but is prevented from accosting him at once.



Odd feeling comes over him. Thinks he will go back to his state-room.



Mr. Slim in his state-room again. Wonders if he is going to be sea-sick.

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Fashions for September.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Equestrian Costume.

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WE devote our illustrations for the present month to the special service of our equestrian readers—may their name be Legion. The RIDING HABIT is of "lady's cloth" of invisible green, cut close to the figure, with long and ample skirts. The hem is loaded with small pellets, or with rolls of sheet-lead. This secures the falling of the drapery in graceful folds, as well as obviates the inconvenience of the displacement of the skirt by the action of the atmosphere, while riding rapidly. The habit is closed half way, but the lappets can be closed entirely over the chemisette, at the pleasure of the wearer. If the garment is designed to be worn in this manner, the lace which borders the lappets will be omitted. The sleeves are rather long and somewhat full. The cuffs, turned back, *à la Mousquetaire*, are laced across the slashings, to correspond with the cording upon the *basquine*. The cuffs are also kept in place by being looped upon several fancy buttons. They are furthermore ornamented with braid, as also are the lappets. This ornamentation is continued from the *basquine* upon the under side of the lappets so that when the habit is closed the appearance of the breast may still correspond with the remainder of the garment.

The RIDING HAT, although it presents little which is positively new, is exceedingly graceful and appropriate. We commend it to special favor as admirably adapted, both in appearance and use, for the purpose for which it is designed. Our illustration is drawn from a specimen made of black silk plush. It is adorned with a graceful drooping ostrich plume—an ornament which, as it is ever beautiful, must always continue to hold its place amidst all the mutations of fashion. The band is broad, and the simple knot by which it is secured, is to be preferred to any elaborate rosette. The rosettes also which are so frequently disposed so as to cover the ears, have also been dispensed with, and with manifest advantage, since they afford so many lodging places for the dust. The strings may be suffered to float at pleasure, since the hat is secured in its place upon the head by an elastic band.



FIGURE 2.—RIDING HAT AND GLOVES

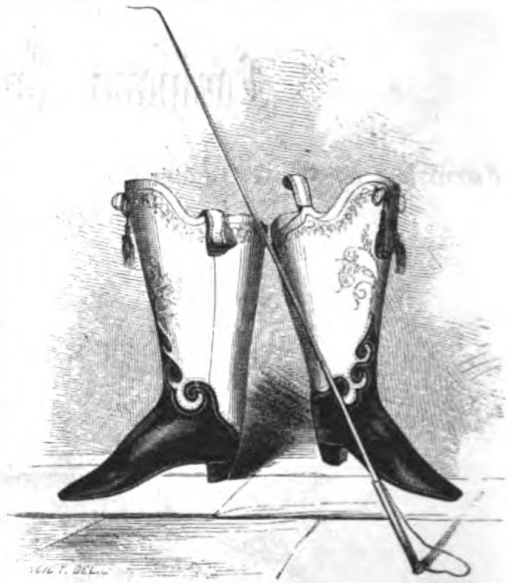


FIGURE 3.—RIDING BOOTS.

The RIDING BOOTS are an article the obvious utility and convenience of which has secured for them no small favor of late. They are adapted not merely for equestrian exercises, but for walking, where damp ground or dewy grass or foliage may be occasionally encountered. Those who have once adopted them for such purposes, will not easily be induced to abandon their use. They are made of glazed French calf-skin, with morocco tops, and admit of being very prettily ornamented with scrolls and stitching.

It can not fail to strike the careful observer that in the general styles of the fashions at present in vogue, far more regard has been paid to the dictates of good taste than at any former period. Contrast the flowing curls or waving bandeaux in which the hair is now worn, with the outrageous "top-knot," which, according to the old story, the punning divine, with a pardonable liberty (if any liberty can ever be pardonably taken with the words of Holy Writ), ordered to come down. The forehead displays its natural shape, instead of being hidden by the *outre* coiffure of the days of George the Third. The throat is not encompassed with the starched and whaleboned spines of the Elizabethan ruff. The waist is in its natural position, instead of being tucked up under the arms, in the mode of one country, or dropping almost half way down to the heels after the fashion of another. In place of the outrageous leg-of-mutton sleeves of a few years ago, that portion of the dress either hangs in graceful folds, or fits so as to expose something of the shape and proportion of the arm. Each portion of the female form divine has fair justice done it. It is either shrouded in massy graceful folds of drapery, or has a chance of revealing itself for what it is. The *artistes* who have the fashioning of our attire seem at last to have discovered the truth, that the beautiful in costume is to be found only in flowing drapery, or in those succinct forms which reveal some portion of the figure, or in a happy combination of these two elements. In fashion, as in so many other things, the world "does move, after all." And long may it be before we return to the stiff, formal, ungraceful and unnatural modes of former generations.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXV.—OCTOBER, 1855.—Vol. XI.



BY E. G. SQUIER.

"EL CASTILLO," or the ruins of the old fort of San Juan, is the first place, in the actual occupation of Nicaragua, which the traveler encounters on the river San Juan. Here, for the first time, he is saluted by the nautical flag of blue white and blue, with a central oval inclosing a triangle and three volcanoes—the latter eminently typical, as H—— suggested, of the political state of the country. Here, too, he will have his gravity put to the test by a squad of hopeless tatterdemalions, armed with little muskets, who figure in the bulletins of the country as "valientes," and who are supposed to be the garrison of "El Castillo." I say supposed to be, since if they do not occupy the old fort they certainly do occupy a couple of modern shanties on the hill, close beneath its walls. And, moreover, a sentinel paces in front of the gateway of the works, on which there is not a single gun, and which can be entered only by a rickety bridge of rotten poles laid across the fosse. His responsibility, therefore, is heavy, especially when any one is looking on, at which times his musket is carried with a stiff affectation of the military air quite irresistible. But while the degenerate and amalgamated sons of the Conquistadors excite only mingled pity and contempt, the traveler can not resist a feeling of admiration for those iron adventurers who raised here, in the midst of a vast tropical wilderness, before the Puritan landed at Plymouth, or New York was founded, those massive fortifications which, even in their ruins, seem to bid defiance to the destroyer, Time!

The hill occupied by the fort is steep, and stands in an angle of the river, which, at its feet, is interrupted by difficult rapids. It thus commands the stream, both up and down, for a long distance. The view from its summit is exceedingly fine, taking in miles on miles of emerald forest, relieved by broad, silvery reaches of water. But excepting the small village which the Transit Company has brought into existence at the base of the hill, there is not a sign of civilization—not a single white cottage, not a single green field, but only the silent, interminable wilderness.

We reached the Castillo at night, after a

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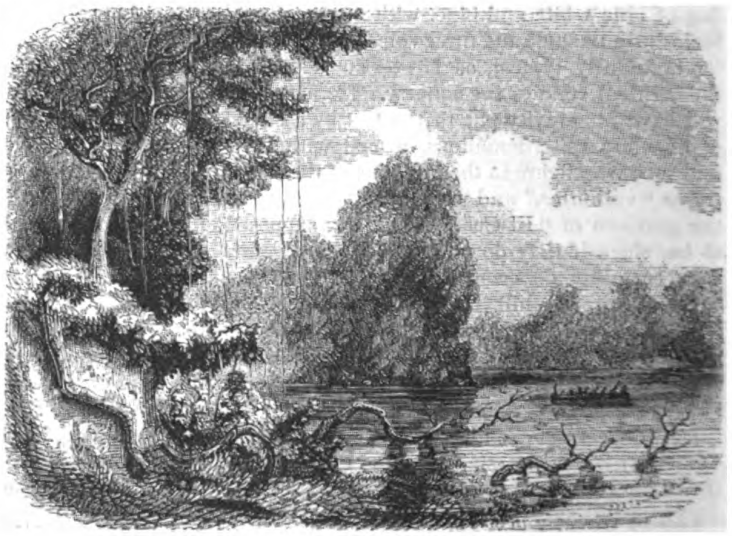
passage of four days from San Juan del Norte, and were received with great cordiality by Mr. Ruggles, the agent of the Transit Company at that point. He gave us beds in his establishment, in which we extended our limbs in happy consciousness that there was "scope and verge enough." H—— nevertheless protested that his experience in bestowing himself on a box three feet by two for the previous four days, had given him an almost irresistible tendency to shut himself up like a clasp-knife. And Captain M——, not to be behindhand, formally complained of the unsubstantial nature of his pillow, as compared with the pickle-jar and pair of boots which had done service in that capacity on board of our boat.

Rain fell during the night; but, as usual, the morning was clear, and we rose early to aid in tracking our boat past the "Raudal del Castillo." These rapids almost deserve the name of falls, and are only ascended with great difficulty. The steamers of the Transit Company do not attempt to pass them, but land their passengers below, who pass on foot and re-embark in other vessels a few hundred yards higher up. A rude wooden railway is built from the lower to the upper landing, for carrying baggage and freight. A short time previous to our visit, one of the steamers plying above the rapids was carried over the fall, and a considerable number of passengers drowned. The affair was assiduously hushed up, lest its publicity should injure the credit of the route.

At the period of my first visit, a single hut, built on the "platforma," or ancient water-battery of the fortress, in which were stationed a few soldiers to aid the boatmen in effecting the ascent of the rapids, was the only evidence of human occupation. A year later, when I passed down the river, homeward bound, even that solitary hut had been deserted; its roof had fallen in, it was surrounded by rank weeds, and a lean wolf darted from its open doorway when I approached. Less than three years had elapsed, and now a brisk village of several hundred inhabitants had sprung up at the base of the old fortress; a row of neat cottages, and several large, barn-like structures, facetiously labeled "Hotels," occupied the site of the solitary hut, and lined the previously deserted and desolate shore.

We breakfasted together at the "Crescent Hotel," where we had ham and eggs at California prices, or rather more than twenty times their value, and at nine o'clock were again cramped together in our boat, and on our way up the river. About noon we reached the last rapids which are encountered in ascending, called the "Rapides del Toro." The river here spreads itself out over a broad ledge of rocks, among the detached masses of which the water whirls and eddies in deep, dark pools, rendering navigation both difficult and dangerous. During the dry season, these rapids are impassable for the river steamers, and passengers are obliged to make a third *portage* on foot. We left our men to force the boat up against the strong current, and entered the narrow path which leads through the woods past the rapids. About midway, already surrounded by dank vegetation, we found the ruins of a small thatched hut, and evidences that its former occupant had there undertaken to effect a clearing. A few paces distant from it, two rough crosses, rotting above an oblong hollow in the ground, in which the water of the rains was guttered, green and festering, told too plainly the fate of those who had built it. A few months more, and nothing would remain to attest that they had lived; but perhaps even those lone slumberers have left behind them, on the banks of the bright Hudson or of the turbid Mississippi, hearts that bleed and eyes that weep bitter tears when affection recalls the memory of the loved and lost. Our gay and almost reckless party lifted their hats reverently as they passed in silence the sunken graves in the forest.

Above the "Rapides del Toro," the river, although still having a strong current, is broad and deep, and almost deserves the name of an estuary of Lake Nicaragua. The banks also begin to subside, and the trunks of fallen trees, still clinging by their roots to the shore, line the edge of the stream. Above them trail long, cable-like *lianes*, or vines, pendant from the loftiest branches of the trees, and often supporting, in their turn, clusters of parasitic plants blushing with gay flowers. As the traveler advances, he observes that the banks become still lower, and that the forest trees, diminishing in size, are interspersed with feathery palms, which



VIEW ON SAN JUAN RIVER.

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FORT SAN CARLOS.

gradually usurp the shores with their graceful plumes, to the exclusion of other vegetable forms. They constitute a dense covering to the earth, from which they exclude every ray of the sun, and it lies sodden and lifeless beneath their shade. The streams which wind beneath them are dark and sluggish—fit haunts for alligators and unclean monsters such as made horrible the Saurian period, with those huge, misshapen forms which the geologists have pictured to us from casts in rocky strata, within whose stony leaves we can never be too thankful to Heaven that they are securely packed away! The names of these streams correctly indicate the character of the surrounding country. There is the "Rio Palo del Arco," arched with trees, "Poco Sol," Little Sun, and "Rio Mosquito," suggestive of sleepless nights and objurgations bordering on the blasphemous.

The second morning from El Castillo brought us within sight of the drooping flag-staff and thatched huts of Fort San Carlos, which is situated on the left bank of the river, at the point where it debouches from the lake. The old fortress is overgrown with a heavy forest, which entirely conceals it from view. It occupies a commanding position, on a bluff point or headland, that seems to have been planted there to mark the precise spot where the lake terminates and the river begins. Under the crown, it was carefully kept in repair and strongly garrisoned. But its draw-bridge is now broken down, large trees are growing in its ditch, vines clamber over its walls, cluster around dismounted guns, and twine their delicate tendrils through the iron gratings of its deserted cells.

An old friend of mine, Don Patricio Rivas, was "Commandante" at San Carlos, in place of the fat and funny colonel who had done me the honor of parading his scanty garrison in glorification of my previous visit. Don Patricio invited us to the matutinal cup of coffee, and pressed us to remain to breakfast, but we were eager to proceed, and inconsiderately declined. Forgetting my former experiences in the country, I really deluded myself that we might get off in the course of three or four hours, since we had nothing in the world to do but to put up a temporary mast. But no Nicaraguan boat's crew was ever known to get away from San Carlos under a day, for each one has there some coffee-colored inamorata, to whom he invariably brings some article of tribute from the port. We had left the boat with strict injunctions to the men to get it ready for our immediate departure, which they unhesitatingly promised to do. But when we returned, not only had nothing been done to that purpose, but the men themselves were hopelessly scattered throughout the village. We waited for them to return, but in vain, and finally started out, in evil temper, determined to attach their black bodies wherever they were to be found. We succeeded in discovering the *patron* and one of the men, and took them to the boat, whence they soon effected an escape, under the plea of looking up their companions! But hours passed, and the sun grew high and hot; we saw the Commandante's breakfast go smoking and savory from his kitchen to his house, and afterward, with melancholy interest, witnessed the empty plates carried from the house to the kitchen; and yet the obdurate boatmen came not. The sun ascended higher, and the wind, which had blown fairly on our course, died away. It was high noon, and still we wait-

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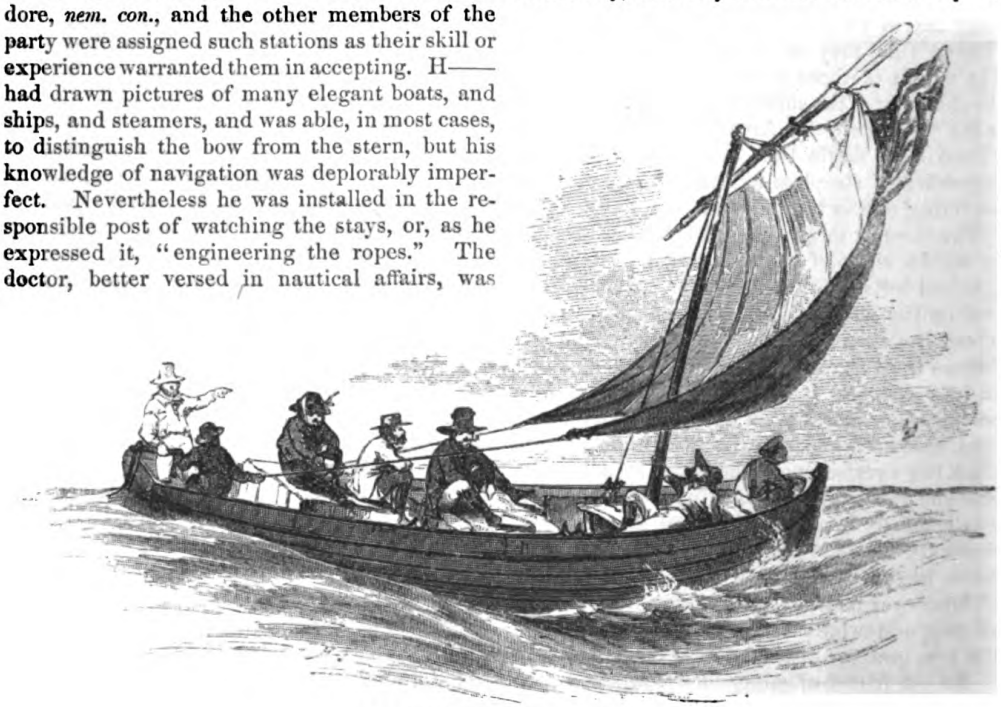
ed on the shore. I could endure it no longer, and entered a formal complaint to Don Patricio, who had already retired to his hammock to enjoy his *siesta*. He shrugged his shoulders, and said it had always been so with the sailors, but nevertheless sent the sergeant of the guard to hunt up the stragglers.

Meantime I had purchased a mast for our boat at ten times its value, and we had fitted it in its place, to obviate any delay which it might otherwise occasion. And then we waited again! Finally, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, after a corrosion of temper which the reader can poorly comprehend, our men were got together. But instead of taking their places, they sat apart, under the shade of a tree, and held a long consultation. The result of their deliberations was, that they had heard the government was enlisting (*i. e.* impressing) troops in Granada, and that, therefore, they could not possibly go on. It was clear that they imagined we could not proceed without them, and had resorted to this pretense to extract additional pay. They had seen just enough of Americans to comprehend their impatience of delay, and to endeavor to practice upon it in our case. But we were not in a temper to be trifled with, and resolved that, as the wind was fair, we could manage the boat ourselves. So we bundled out a few articles which they possessed, and consigning them with unctuous vehemence to the *Demonio*, as *hombres sin verguenza*, "men without shame," hoisted sail and started, to their great astonishment.

As soon as our boat got out from under the lee of the shore, she caught the strong breeze in her sails, and darted away like a courser on her track. Lieutenant J—— was elected commodore, *nem. con.*, and the other members of the party were assigned such stations as their skill or experience warranted them in accepting. H—— had drawn pictures of many elegant boats, and ships, and steamers, and was able, in most cases, to distinguish the bow from the stern, but his knowledge of navigation was deplorably imperfect. Nevertheless he was installed in the responsible post of watching the stays, or, as he expressed it, "engineering the ropes." The doctor, better versed in nautical affairs, was placed at the halyards; while ponderous Captain M—— was commissioned to "trim ship," by shifting his bulk from one side to the other, as occasion required.

We went off bravely from Fort San Carlos, and fired our guns derisively in the faces of our mutinous crew. Every moment the wind freshened, and our boat seemed to grow buoyant and instinct with life. But our mast was frail, and bent under the strain. By-and-by there was a suspicious crackling, as if it were about to break, followed rapidly by the order, "Let go the halyards!" H—— had already forgotten the difference between stays and halyards, and in his eagerness to "engineer the ropes," made a spasmodic pull at the fastenings, letting down the sail "on the run." In an instant it was blown overboard, causing the boat to broach to with a jerk which tumbled men, oars, and boxes in a heap, and half filled the boat with water. For a little while our condition was perilous, but at the cost of a general wetting, we finally got in our sail. As we were now shut out of sight of the fort by a friendly promontory, we considerately made a reef or two in the canvas, and proceeded on our way with more safety if less speed.

The afternoon was one of surpassing beauty, and the surrounding scenery harmonized, in all respects, with the skies which bent overhead—here gorgeous with crimson and gold, and there, melting away in delicate pearly hues, just flecked with clouds so downy and light, that they seemed to dissolve in air before the eyes of the gazer. The shores of Italy, and the lakes which are lapped among the snow-crowned Alps, and which gleam at their feet, on the borders of Lombardy, certainly combine almost every ele-



THE "COLUMBUS" ON THE LAKE.

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ment of the grand and beautiful. The azure of their waters can not be surpassed, and the rugged rocks that frown around them leave little for the imagination to supply in forms of severity and grandeur. But the lakes of Nicaragua superadd new and striking features. Here rise lofty volcanoes, the irregular cones emulating the Pyramids in symmetry of outline. Around their bases cluster dense forests of dark green, as if carved in emerald. Above these, blended with matchless delicacy, is the lighter green of the mountain grasses, while the umber-colored summits, where the arid scoria refuses to nourish life, are plumed with light wreaths of clouds through which the sunlight struggles in a hundred opalescent hues. The islands, too, which gem the waters, are luxuriant with tropical trees. The palm lifts its kingly stem high above the forests, and traces its airy form against the sky, while broad-based plants and vines, in heavy masses, drape over the rocks, or depend from the trees above the water, which darkens, and seems to slumber in their cool shadows. And although there are here no castles perched on high cliffs, or clinging to the faces of precipices, nor yet the white walls of villas nestling on the shore, yet the voyager discerns oceanward vistas, openings among the trees, terminating with views of huts of picturesque and primitive forms, set round with plantains and papayas, clustering with their golden fruit. Canoes of graceful outline are drawn up on the shaded shore, and dark figures of men, of a strange and decadent race, watch the stranger with curious interest, as he glides noiselessly by. Such are some of the varied elements of the grand, the beautiful, and the picturesque, which give to the Nicaraguan lakes their indisputable pre-eminence over those hallowed by recollections, and immortalized by songs, which claim the homage of Nature's worshipers in the old world.

We sailed gayly past the clustering islets of La Boqueta, and the little village of San Miguelito, situated on the northern shore of the lake. Herds of cattle lingered lazily on the beach in front, and the village girls filled their water-jars under the shadows of the trees, while bright-winged macaws and noisy parrots glanced among the branches, and made the shore vocal with their querulous cries

It was long after dark when we doubled the high point of black volcanic rocks which shuts in the *playa* of "El Pedernal," and cast anchor for the night under its lee. We had made, in nautical phrase, a "splendid run," and had accomplished nearly one-third of the entire distance from the fort to Granada, the city of our destination. We had now passed the region of eternal rain. It was the dry season around the lakes, and the stars shone down with a clear and almost unnatural lustre from a serene and cloudless sky. New constellations wheeled over head, and the Southern Cross jeweled the bosom of the night; while the familiar Polar Star, revolving low in the horizon, was hardly visible above the tree-tops. The tiny waves toyed and tinkled beneath the bow of our boat, while the swell of the open lake heaved with a dull, monotonous sound, against the dark and rugged rocks which protected our little harbor. I lay for hours in a half-slumberous, dreamy state, conscious only of those impressions which go out from Nature herself, and mould and fashion the whole flow of thought in sympathy with her own harmonious beauty. But finally slumber came, quiet and dreamless, and silence reigned supreme until the gray dawn roused the wakeful captain, whose shout of "*Show a leg!*" startled every recumbent form bolt upright, and frightened sleep from every eyelid.

When the sun rose, lighting up the high volcanic peaks of Ometepec and Madeira with its rays, we were in mid-lake, steering boldly for the blue cone of the volcano of Mombacho, which towers over the city of Granada. The sailors on the lake seldom venture across it in their rude *bongos*, but coast along its northern shore, sometimes stretching past the little bays, but oftener conforming to the curves of the land. One reason for this caution is to be found in the turbulence of the lake. Swept by the strong northeast trade-winds, its waves emulate those of the ocean, and roll in majestically on its southern shores. During certain seasons of the year, sudden thunder-gusts, which appear as if by enchantment on the horizon, rush over its surface with impetuous force, often whelming the frail boats which they encounter in their track beneath the seething waters. Fortunately for us the weather was serene and the wind fair, and we sped on our way with exhilarating speed. By noon, the outlines of the high island of Zapatero became clearly defined, and the clusters of islets, called "*Los Corales*," which stud the lake at the base of the volcano of Mombacho, began to rise, like points of emerald, above the waters.

Zapatero, "The Shoemaker," had to me a special interest. Three years before I had spent a week in exploring the ancient ruins which are crumbling beneath its gigantic forests—a week of surpassing interest and excitement; for every hour brought with it some new discovery, and every foot of ground bore some quaint witness of a people that had passed away. I felt half-inclined to turn the course of our boat toward its shores, and to resume the investigations which I had then been obliged to suspend in deference to official duties. Zapatero anciently bore the name of *Chomitl-Tenamitl;* and its distant neighbor, with its two lofty peaks, had the characteristic Mexican designation of *Ometepec*, Two Mountains. With the islands of Solenterami, and the narrow isthmus which intervenes between the lake and the Pacific, they constituted the seat of a people speaking a common language, and having common modes of life and forms of government and religion, with those who dwelt on the plateau of Mexico, and made up the empire of Montezuma. But whether a colony from the latter, or their progenitors, who shall undertake, in the

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PLAYA OF GRANADA.

maze of conflicting traditions and the absence of authentic records, to decide?

By the middle of the afternoon we were skirting the fairy-like group of "Los Corales." It comprises, literally, hundreds of islets of volcanic origin, elevated in the form of cones to the height of from twenty to one hundred feet. They are composed of immense rocks of lava, black and blistered by the fire; but their summits are covered with verdure, and long vines hang trailing over their rugged sides to the very edge of the water. Some of them, upon which there is a sufficient accumulation of soil, are crowned with the picturesque thatched huts of Indians, shadowed over by tall palms and surrounded with plantain-trees. But most are left to the dominion of nature, and are the favorite retreats of myriads of parrots and flocks of water-fowl.

Suddenly, doubling the islet of Cuba, the outlier of Los Corales, the *Playa* of Granada, opened before us. There stood the ancient fort as of old, and the beach swarmed, as it had done when I last saw it, with its varied groups of boatmen, *lavadoras*, and loungers. There were the same graceful canoes drawn up on the shore, and the same cumbrous *bongos*, wherein the commerce of Granada had been carried on from the time of the Conquest. But contrasting strangely with all, the only new or novel object in the picture was one of the steamers of the Transit Company, with its plume of escaping steam, and its starry flag streaming in the wind—portentous pioneer in that career of enterprise which must soon give a new life, a new spirit, and a new people to these glorious lands of the sun.

We ran our boat under the lee of the old fort and leaped ashore, having made the voyage from San Carlos—a distance of more than one hundred miles—in the unprecedentedly short space of eighteen hours' sailing time. I had hardly landed before I was nearly caught from my feet in the Herculean embrace of Antonio Paladan, my ancient *patron*, who took this elephantine way of evincing his joy at meeting me again. He had been with me in my visit to Zapatero, and had afterward taken me to San Juan, in his pet bongo "*La Granadina*." Poor Antonio! He was subsequently wantonly assassinated by a brutal captain of one of the Transit steamers, a Portuguese refugee, who only escaped punishment through the interference of an over-zealous American embassador. I can have no selfish motive in vindicating the memory of the poor *patron;* but it is only a just tribute to humble merit to say, that there never was an honester and truer heart than that which beat beneath the swarthy breast of Antonio Paladan, the murdered and already forgotten *patron* of Lake Nicaragua.

Granada occupies the site of the aboriginal town of Saltaba or Jaltava. Its position is admirably chosen, on a little bay or *playa* which bends its graceful crescent in the land, so as to afford a comparative shelter from the northeast winds. The beach is broad and sandy, fringed with low but umbrageous trees, beneath which a number of paths and broad cart-roads lead up to the city, completely hidden from view by the intervening verdure. All the water for the use of the town is brought from the lake, and hither the women come trooping, morning and evening, with their red water-jars poised upon their

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heads, in long and picturesque processions, chattering gayly, and with always an impudent smile and quick repartee for the audacious stranger. Here the *lavadoras*—which is smooth Spanish for our rough English designation *washerwomen*—toil early and late in their indispensable vocation; and here, too, resort the bathers for their daily purification—a process which is conducted in happy disregard of our severer conventionalism. And thus, with the swarthy groups of half-naked boatmen, and the gayly-caparisoned horses which their owners glory in, spurring over the smooth sands when the declining sun throws them in the shadow of the trees, the *playa* of Granada presents a scene of gayety and life which, for its hearty *abandon* and picturesque effect, can not be surpassed in any part of the world.

Leaving the shore, the traveler ascends a gentle slope, by a series of artificial terraces, to the level of the city. First he encounters straggling huts, some built of canes and covered with thatch, and others plastered with mud, whitewashed, and roofed with tiles. A clump of fruit-trees, generally *jocotes*, or wild plums, overshadows each, and within doors may be seen women spinning cotton with a little foot-wheel, or engaged in grinding corn for *tortillas*. On almost every house are one or two parrots screaming at each other, or at some awkward macaw waddling along the crest of the roof, while all around, pigs, dogs, chickens, and naked children mingle on terms of perfect equality.

Beyond these huts commences the city proper. The buildings are mostly of sun-dried bricks, or adobes, raised on foundations of cut stone, and surmounted by projecting roofs of tiles. The windows are, for the most part, balconied, and protected on the outside by ornamented iron gratings, and on the inside by gayly-colored shutters. They are all low, seldom exceeding one story in height, and built around quadrangular areas, entered by heavy, ornamented *zaguans*, or archways, through which are caught glimpses of orange-trees and beds of flowers with which female taste ornaments the court-yards. The foot-walks are elevated one or two feet above the street, and are barely wide enough to admit one person to pass at a time. The streets toward the centre of the town, or *plaza*, are paved as in our own cities, with this difference, that instead of a convex, they present a concave surface, and form the gutter in the centre of the street.

Granada, like all other Spanish towns, has an appearance of meanness to one accustomed to European architecture. But he soon comes to comprehend the perfect adaptation of the buildings to the conditions of the country, where security from earthquakes and protection from heats and rains are the prime requisites to be consulted in their erection. As the windows are never glazed, and the apartments seldom ceiled, they are always well ventilated, while the thick adobe walls successfully resist the heating rays of the sun.

Granada was founded by Hernandez de Cordova in 1552, and is, consequently, one of the oldest cities of the continent. The country around it, in the language of the pious Las Casas, "was one of the best peopled in all America," and was rich in agricultural products, among which the *cacao*, or chocolate-nut, had the most value, and soon came to constitute an important article of export. In later times, the facilities which it possessed for communication with both the Atlantic and Pacific made it the centre of a large commerce. It carried on a direct trade with Guatemala, Honduras, and San Salvador, as also with Peru, Panama, Carthagena, and Spain. The old English friar Gage tells us that, at the time of his visit in the year 1665, "there entered the city in a single day not less than eighteen hundred mules from San Salvador and Honduras alone, laden with indigo, cochineal, and hides. And in two days thereafter," he adds, "came in nine hundred more mules, one-third of which were laden with silver, which was the king's tribute."

Fillibusters were as abundant in those days as now—less noisy, but more daring; and often, observes the quaint old chronicler, "did make the merchants to tremble and to sweat with a cold sweat." They did not content themselves with cruising around the mouth of "El Desagadero," or river San Juan, and capturing the vessels which were sent from Granada, but had the audacity, in 1686, to land and capture the city itself. That rare old rascal De Lussan, who was of the party, has left us an unctuous account of the adventure, which "upon our side," he says, "cost but four killed and eight wounded, which was, in truth, very cheap!" But the pirates got but little booty; for the inhabitants had embarked their treasures and retired to the islands of the lake, whither the pirates, having no boats, were unable to follow them. So they "set fire to the houses out of mere spite and revenge," and retired. De Lussan describes the town at that time as large and spacious, with "stately churches and houses well built enough, besides several religious establishments both for men and women."

Granada, although its trade has greatly fallen off from the opening of other ports in the various Central American states, has nevertheless continued to be the principal commercial town in Nicaragua. Up to the time of our visit it had suffered far less from violence than its rival Leon, the political capital of the province under the crown, and of the state under the Republic. And while the last-named city had been several times nearly ruined by protracted sieges, during one of which not less than eighteen hundred houses were burned in a single night, Granada had escaped without any serious blow to its prosperity. But in a fatal hour some of its leading citizens became ambitious of political and military power and distinction, and succeeded in placing one of their number, Don Fruto Chamorro, a man of narrow intellect, but great pertinacity of purpose and obstinacy of

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character, in the chair of Director of the State. The means by which this was effected were somewhat equivocal, and probably would not bear close scrutiny. They occasioned great discontent among the people, which was increased by the reactionary policy of the new Director. One of his first acts was the abrogation of the Constitution of the State and the substitution of another, which conferred little less than dictatorial powers upon the Executive. For opposing this in the constituent Assembly, and upon the pretext that they were conspiring for his overthrow, Chamorro suddenly banished most of the leaders of the Liberal party from the State, and arbitrarily imprisoned the remainder.

These acts precipitated, if indeed they did not bring about, the precise result which they were intended to prevent. In the spring of 1854, a few months after their expulsion, the persecuted Liberals suddenly returned to the State, and were received with enthusiasm by the people, who at once rose in arms against the new Dictator. He was defeated at every point, and finally compelled to shut himself up in Granada, where, supported by the merchants and the sailors of the lake, he maintained a siege from May, 1854, until the month of March of the present year, when the besieging forces retired. But before he could avail himself of his improved position he sickened and died; and although his partisans are still in arms, it is supposed that they can not long sustain themselves against the undoubted public opinion of the State. Be that as it may, it is certain that the siege has left a great part of Granada in ruins, and inflicted a blow upon its prosperity from which it will be unable to recover for many years.

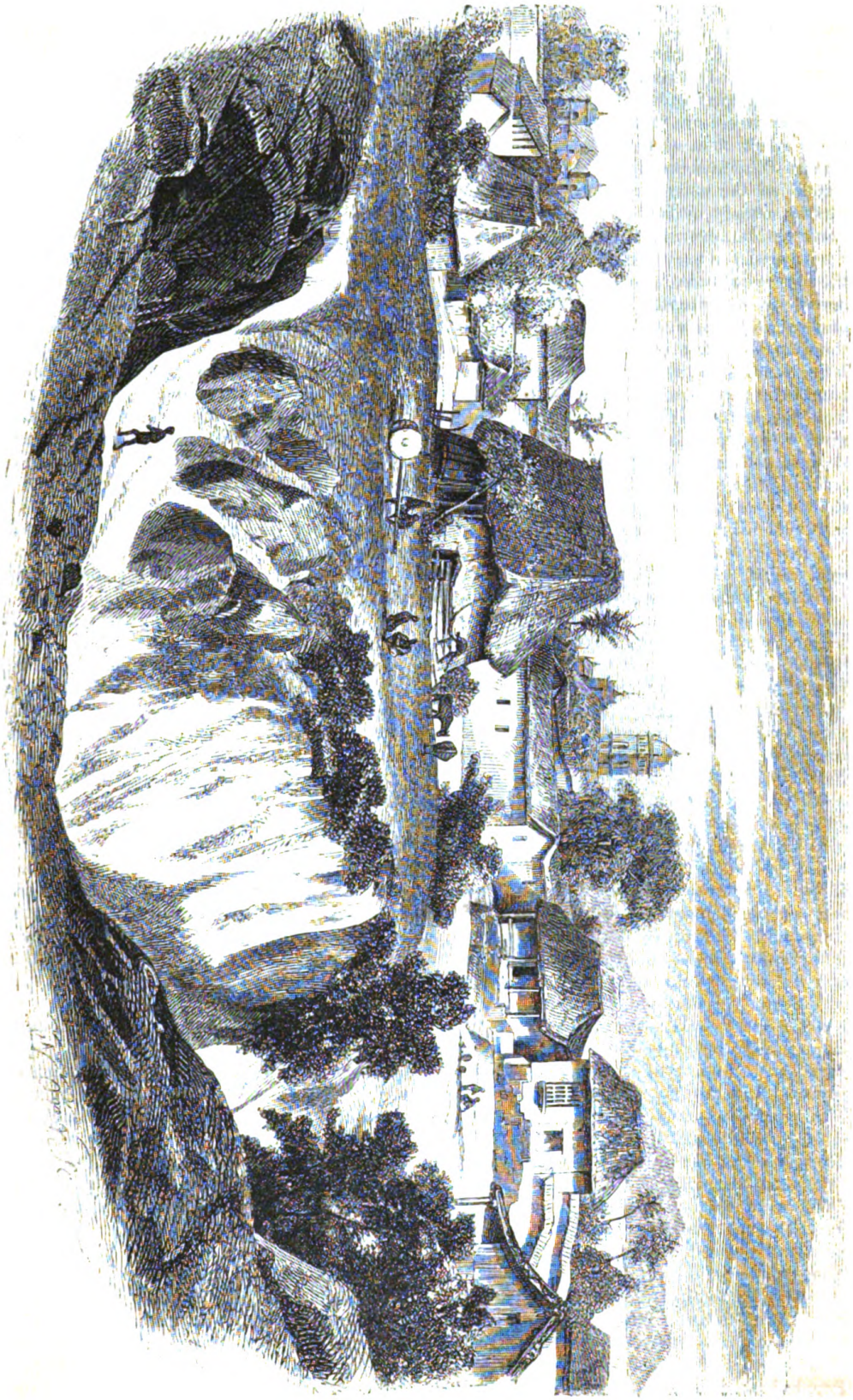
The population of Granada is estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000 souls, including the suburb and separate municipality of Jalteva. It has seven churches, an hospital, and nominally a university. It had anciently two or three convents, but these were all suppressed at the time of the revolution in 1823, nor has any attempt since been made to revive them. The edifices which they occupied have either fallen into ruins, or been dedicated to other purposes.

I have said that the position of Granada is well chosen. Upon the south, at the distance of a few miles, rises the volcano of Mombacho, with its ragged crater, while on the west, undulating plains and low ridges of land intervene between the town and the Pacific ocean. Toward the north are only broad, alluvial, and densely wooded plains, possessing a soil rich and well adapted to the cultivation of rice, sugar, cotton, and cacao. But from no point of the surrounding country can the traveler obtain a satisfactory view of the city. Its low houses are so overshadowed by the trees which grow in the court-yards, and hem in the city on every side, that little can be seen except long lines of monotonous, red-tiled roofs, and the towers of the churches. The accompanying view, taken from the west, conveys a very good idea of the suburbs, where the houses are straggling and comparatively mean. It has been selected, chiefly for the purpose of showing a deep ravine, which seems to be a chasm rent originally by an earthquake, and subsequently deepened by the action of water. It extends around the city on three sides, and constitutes a natural defense of no insignificant importance. It is from sixty to one hundred feet deep, with absolutely precipitous sides, and can only be passed at two or three points, where lateral inclined planes have been artificially cut from the top to the bottom on one side, and the bottom to the top on the other. This singular feature had probably something to do in determining the site of the ancient Indian town.

The great lake of Nicaragua was called *Cocíboeca* by the aborigines. It is undoubtedly the most remarkable natural feature of the country, and, apart from its beauty, has been invested with singular interest from the supposed facilities which it holds out for the opening of a ship-canal between the two great oceans. Modern investigations have dispelled many of the illusions which have existed in reference to that project, and shown that the difficulties in the way of its realization have hitherto been but very imperfectly comprehended. They have shown that the river San Juan can never be made navigable for ships, and that the great difficulty in the way of the proposed work is not, as had been previously supposed, between the lake and the Pacific, but between the Atlantic and the lake—a distance of 128 miles, for 100 miles of which it would be necessary to dig a canal, through a country unhealthy and in the highest degree unfavorable to the prosecution of this work. It has also been found that, while such a canal would greatly facilitate the commerce of the United States, by shortening the passage of ships to the western coasts of America, to the Sandwich Islands, and the East Indies, yet that, so far as Europe is concerned, the aggregate saving over the route by way of Cape Good Hope would be inconsiderable, and in no degree equal in value to the tolls which the canal would require, in order to keep it open and in repair. The voyage from England to Canton would be 200 miles longer by way of the proposed canal than it now is by way of Cape Good Hope; to Calcutta it would be 3900 miles longer, and to Singapore 2300 miles! Under such a state of facts, it is folly to suppose that the enterprise will ever receive the commercial or political support of the powers of Europe, who are already too much embarrassed by American maritime competition, to lend their aid in reversing the favorable physical superiority which they now possess over the United States in the trade with the East.

Lake Nicaragua has a length of not far from one hundred and twenty miles, and is about forty-five or fifty miles in average width. It is deep, except toward its northern shore, where

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GRANADA DE NICARAGUA—FROM THE WEST

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there are extensive shallows, and is supplied by numerous streams, chiefly from the high district of Chontales. An *estero* or estuary, called the "*Estero de Panaloza*," and a small stream, Rio Zipitapa, connect it with the superior lake of Managua. It abounds in fish, and is infested also with a species of sharks, called "*tigrones*" by the natives, from their ferocity. They sometimes attack men with fatal results. There is a kind of ebb and flow in the waters of the lake, which led the early explorers to think that it was an estuary or bay of the sea. The phenomenon, however, is of easy explanation: As I have said, the prevailing wind in Nicaragua is the northeast trade, which here sweeps entirely across the continent. It is strongest at noon and evening, when it drives the waters, piling them up, as it were, on the western shore of the lake; it subsides toward morning, when the equilibrium is restored, and an ebb follows. The regularity with which this wind blows gives a corresponding regularity to the ebb and flow of the lake. Sometimes when it blows continuously, and with greater force than usual, the low lands on the western shores are flooded; but this is of rare occurrence.

Granada, during our brief stay, was in deep excitement. It had been the scene of an occurrence familiar enough at home, but novel and unprecedented here—viz., a forgery! Subsequently to the opening of the Transit, it had become customary for the merchants to make remittances to their correspondents abroad, in bills drawn by the agents of the Transit Company, thus saving the risk and trouble of remitting coin. Some practiced hand, possibly from New York or San Francisco, a modest gentleman, plainly dressed in black and wearing glasses, one day introduced himself to a leading merchant, and presented a draft for $10,000, which he wished to dispose of for gold and silver. His necessities were urgent, and he was not indisposed to consent to a trifling "shave." The unsophisticated *commerciante*, nothing loth to be looked upon as a banker, and furthermore not indifferent to making "a nice thing," felt flattered, and straightway, from his own means and those of his friends, raised the requisite amount—a strange collection of vagabond silver, Spanish rials, English sixpences, French francs, and Yankee dimes. The paper was duly endorsed over, and the silver given in return. That night a cart was heard to creak its way down to the playa, where its freight was quickly transferred to a "low, dark, and suspicious schooner," which long before daybreak was out of sight of Granada. A few days elapsed before the truth came out. The people could comprehend a robbery or burglary, the forcing of a window or the shooting of a traveler, but this quiet and genteel way of effecting the same object, was a refinement of civilization which dumbfounded all Granada. People looked anxious, and talked in whispers at the corners, and even the eyes of the water-carriers grew big with astonishment. Men forgot their prayers, and madly neglected their siestas. The sentinels at the corners of the Plaza forgot to challenge the passer-by, and the officers of the garrison sat on the steps of the cuartel, with their cigars unlighted! They all seemed to be laboring under a vague notion that they had been "done for," or were dreaming, but were not at all clear which.

After a few days the stupor began to lift; some one suggested that the perpetrators should be pursued, whereupon every body said, "*Como no?*"—("Why not?") and straightway saddled their horses. But then somebody else asked in what direction they should go? which inquiry put every thing back again, and they unsaddled their horses. But finally, after the "operators" had had ample time to get well off, pursuit was really commenced. It resulted in the capture of an English physician resident in the country, who had actually amputated a leg without killing the patient, and who therefore was regarded as too shrewd and sharp to be honest. He was kept in prison for several months, but as no evidence could be procured to convict him, he was finally discharged. And thus ended Granada's first lesson in the art and mystery of modern financiering!

"*Fue cosa muy estraña.*"—("It was a very strange affair.")

"And so it was, *amigo*; but you should live in New York!"

The volcano of Mombacho, sometimes written in the old maps *Bombacho*, has a broad base and ragged summit. It measures about 4500 feet, or little less than one mile, in vertical height. Very few of the natives have ever ascended it, although nearly every one has some story to tell of the marvelous lake which exists at its summit, and of the wonderful things which the traveler encounters in reaching it. I had great difficulty in persuading an ancient *marinero*, who had gone up, several years before, with the Chevalier Friedrichthal, and spent several days with him at the top, to act as my guide. The face of the volcano toward Granada is inaccessible, and we found it was necessary to go to the Indian town of Diriomo, situated at the southwestern base of the mountain, and take our departure thence.

We accordingly made our arrangements over night, and early on the following morning, while it was yet dark, mounted our mules and started for Diriomo. We passed under the walls of the *Campo Santo*, white and spectral in the uncertain light, and struck at once into a narrrow path in the forest. We could barely distinguish the white mule of our guide, who led the way, and had to trust to the sagacity of our animals to follow the road. At intervals the scraping of the drooping branches over the glazed hat of our guide, and his sharp "*Cuidado!*"—("Take care!") warned us to bend to our saddle-bows, to avoid being dragged from our seats. "Stoop and go safe, is a motto of sound application in riding by night through a tropical forest. After an hour or more of this precari-

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ous traveling, day began to break, and shortly afterward we emerged from the woods into a comparatively rough and broken country. The slopes of the volcano are cut in deep ravines, which furrow its sides, and radiate from its base. These ravines are filled with trees, bushes, and vines, while the ridges between them are bare, supporting only long coarse grass, now crisp and yellow from the protracted heats. And as we rode on, we were one moment immersed in dark thickets, only to emerge the next on the narrow savannas of the ridges, whence we could catch glimpses of the lake, just reflecting the ruddy light which streamed above the hills of Chontales. The morning breeze breathed cool and grateful on our foreheads, and filled our lungs with an exhilarating freshness.

An hour more, and we had reached the base of the high, conical hills of scoria, bare of trees, but covered with grass, which form so striking features in the scenery back of Granada. They are of exceeding regularity of shape, and seem to have been formed of ashes and scoria, ejected from the volcano when in a state of eruption, and carried here by the wind. They are, in fact, the *ash-heaps* of the volcanoes, and as they are found in greater or less numbers near every volcano in the country, they form infallible indications of the direction of the prevailing winds.

Around these cones we found patches of cleared lands, now overgrown with rank weeds, which had been anciently estates of maize and indigo. Beyond these, the road enters a thick forest, and winds over a high ridge of volcanic rocks and lava, which extends off in the direction of the volcano of Masaya. Midway to the summit, sparkling like a diamond beneath the rocks, is a copious spring of cool water, bearing a musical Indian name which I have forgotten, where we stopped to fill our canteens and rest our mules. It is a lovely spot, arched over with trees, which the nourishing waters keep clothed in perennial green. It has been from time immemorial a favorite resort of the Indians, and the rocks around it have been worn smooth by the tread of their myriad feet.

At the summit of the hill we came upon a figure, carved in stone, planted firmly in the ground, by the side of the path. It is of the same character with the idols which I had discovered during my first visit to Nicaragua in the islands of the lake, but is now used—so said our guide—to mark the boundary between the lands of the Indians of Diriomo and Jalteva. Throughout all Central America the traveler encounters piles of stones raised by the sides of the paths, for a similar purpose. With the Indians, as between Laban and Jacob, they certify to the covenant "that I will not pass over this heap to thee, and thou shalt not pass over this heap and this pillar unto me, for harm."

After ascending the ridge the ground became undulating, and we came frequently upon patches of plantains, canes, and maize, which looked fresh and luxuriant, as compared with vegetation elsewhere. This is due to the volcano, which intervenes in the direction of the trade-winds, and which intercepts the clouds that they bear on their wings, and precipitates them in showers under its lee. And thus, while the country at large is suffering from drought, this favored spot is cherished by the grateful rain, and retains its verdure and its beauty.

It was scarcely nine o'clock when we reached the large but straggling village of Diriomo. But we did not stop there. Turning abruptly to the left, we rode rapidly through a broad and well-beaten path, to the cacao hacienda of the family of Bermudez. It is a retired and lovely spot, commanding a fine view of the southern declivity of Mombacho. A little lake in the foreground, and clumps of trees, interspersed with patches of dark lava, and occasional fields of reddish scoria, filled up the middle space of a picture of novel and surpassing beauty, in which the volcano rose grandly in the distance.



VOLCANO OF MOMBACHO, FROM THE SOUTH.

Leaving the mules in charge of the *mozos* of the hacienda, we lost no time in prosecuting our expedition. Our path for two hours wound through a very broken country. At times we struggled over beds of *crinkling* lava, already hot under the blaze of the sun, and then plunged in thickets of dwarfed trees, to emerge, perhaps, upon an arid slope of cinders and scoria, supporting only the dry spikes of the *maguey* or agave, and clusters of the spiny cactus.

Finally, we began the ascent of the mountain proper. Upon this side the walls of the crater are broken down, exposing a fearfully-rugged orifice, in the form of an inverted c-

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walled up with black and forbidding rocks, which seemed to frown angrily upon our approach. The summit now looked twice as high as it had done before, and we strained our eyes in vain to discover the semblance of a path among the jagged masses of lava and volcanic stones piled in wild disorder on every hand. Two of our party, appalled by the difficulties which presented themselves, decided to forego the pleasure of witnessing a sunrise from the summit, and the prospect of broken necks or shattered limbs in reaching it, for a quiet night in a comfortable hammock at the hacienda. So we drained their canteens for them, under the shadow of a large rock, and separated.

From this point our ascent was simply a fatiguing scramble. Now clinging to rough angular rocks, anon grasping at the roots and branches of gnarled and scraggy trees, or painfully struggling over steep slopes of ashes and volcanic sand, which yielded beneath the feet, we toiled slowly up the mountain, the summit of which seemed to lift itself higher and higher in the air, while the clouds rushed past it with dizzy velocity. The sun, too, shone down upon the arid declivities with fervent heat, and the radiations from the blistered rocks fairly seared our eyes and blinded our sight. At the end of two hours we had gone up so far as scarcely to be able to distinguish our friends below us, and yet, as we gazed upward, it was impossible to discover that we had made any perceptible progress in our ascent.

Still we kept on, and on, tearing our hands and bruising our limbs, in our eagerness to reach the summit before the setting of the sun. At three o'clock we were brought to a stand-still by the sudden fainting of Señor Z——, a young gentleman of Granada, who had volunteered to accompany us. Fortunately I saw him stagger, and was able to catch him in my arms before he had lost all consciousness. A moment later he would have fallen among the rocks, and inevitably have been killed. He soon recovered from the attack, and, after resting a while, attempted to proceed. But his efforts were feeble, and another recurrence of faintness, and indications of a suffusion of the brain, rendering it evident that he could neither go on nor return that afternoon. There was but one alternative left, and that was to encamp where we were for the night. But he would not listen to the proposition, and insisted on being left with the guide until our return. So we led him to a cleft in the rocks, where he was sheltered from the sun, and, supplying him with water and food, bade him farewell, and continued our ascent.

The lead, now that we had lost our guide, devolved upon me. It was a position of some responsibility, for the mountain was here rent in numerous deep rifts or chasms, some of which were hundreds of feet deep, and it was difficult to select a course which should avoid them, and yet conduct us toward the top of the mountain. Besides, we had now reached the region of clouds, which often obscured the summit, and enveloped us in their dark and damp, but refreshing folds. While they were passing we could not move, for a single incautious step might now be fatal.

I had directed my course toward a high angular peak, which, to us, seemed to be the highest part of the mountain. But when, after prodigious toil, we had attained it, I found that it was only one of the broken lips of the crater, and that the true bulk of the mountain lay far to the left, separated from the point on which we stood by a deep cleft, which could only be passed by descending the rocks again for the distance of nearly a thousand feet. This was a severe disappointment in some respects, yet we felt glad that we were not obliged to pass the night there. Before retracing our steps, I crawled cautiously to the very edge of the rock. It overhung the ancient crater, which yawned like a hell beneath. I recoiled with a shudder; but not until I had observed, at the very bottom of the rocky gulf, a little lake of water, which gleamed brightly in its rough setting.

After regaining the body of the volcano, we came upon a comparatively smooth slope, supporting a few bushes and a little hardy grove; and, just before sunset, after passing several small craters or ancient vents, succeeded in attaining the summit of the mountain.

I had abstained from looking around me while ascending, anxious to witness the glorious prospect, which, I knew, must open upon my vision there, in all of its vastness and beauty. Worn, weary, bruised and bleeding, yet that one sublime view compensated for all! Language can faintly picture it. The great Pacific, all golden under the setting sun, spread away boundlessly in the west; and Lake Nicaragua, its glowing waters studded with islands, lay motionless at our feet. Beyond it rose the umber-tinted hills of Chontales, and still beyond these, rank on rank, the high, blue ranges of the silver-veined Cordilleras of Honduras! I turned to the southward, and there, piercing the clear air with their lofty cones, towered the graceful peaks of Ometepec and Madeira. And yet beyond these, rose the volcano of Orosi, with its dark banner of smoke trailing away, league on league, along the horizon, and tracing an ebon belt across the gigantic bulk of cloud-crowned Cartago, proudly dominating over both great oceans! To the northward the view was equally varied and extensive. There, cradled among hills of eternal green, spread out the large and beautiful Lake of Managua. At its further extremity loomed the high volcano of Momotombo, watching, like some gigantic warder, over the slumbering waters. And more distant still, terminating the dim perspective, were the receding peaks which bristle around the plain of Leon. And, apparently at our feet, although ten miles distant from the base of the mountain, stood the broad, low volcano of Masaya, in the midst of a wide expanse of lava fields, which, rugged and black, strongly con-

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VIEW OF CRATER.

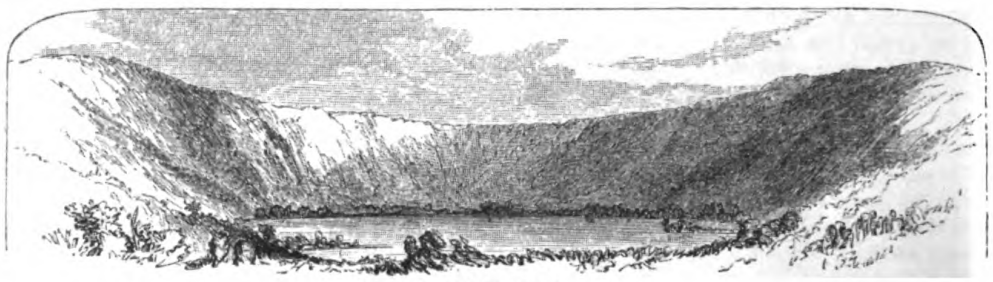
trasted with the adjacent forests and cultivated grounds. The white churches of Granada and of the surrounding villages appeared like points of silver in the slant rays of the sun. Rarely, indeed, has the eye of mortal looked upon a fairer scene!

But as we gazed with unwearying delight the sun declined, and broad purple shadows crept over lake and plain, while every peak and mountain shone with increased brightness, like fairy islands in some enchanted sea. Soon the shadows began to invade their slopes, mounting higher and higher, and wrapping them, one by one, in their cool embrace. At last, only the topmost crests of Ometepec and Madeira were left, and around them the sun's rays dallied, as a lover dwells upon the lips of his mistress, in fond and lingering adieus.

The glow and the glory passed; and the stately night in her glittering robe came on, in calm and majestic beauty. And then, face to face with the stars, we wrapped our blankets around us, and lay down upon the bare earth. The silence was profound, and almost painful, and deepened rather than disturbed by the subdued and distant, but distinct pulsations of the great Pacific. Suddenly we heard the bells of Granada chiming the passing hour. The sound was almost startling from its apparent nearness, yet softened and harmonized in the rarified atmosphere, so as to resemble the swelling notes of the Æolian harp when struck by a sudden breeze.

The early part of the night was deliciously cool, but toward morning we were all awakened by a cold mist, which settled upon the top

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CRATER LAKE.

of the mountain, covering the rocks with big drops of moisture, and which was not dispelled until long after the sun had risen above the horizon.* We thus lost the principal object of our visit, but consoled ourselves with the reflection that our imaginations could picture nothing more glorious than the sunset of the preceding evening, It was past ten o'clock before we were able to extend our vision beyond the little circle within which we stood, or advance toward the eastern declivity of the mountain, where an abrupt depression, and the cries of birds, seemed to indicate that we should find the lake of which we had heard so much. We were not disappointed, for we came suddenly upon the edge of one of the subordinate ancient craters, or lava rents of the volcano. It was not so deep as the others we had seen, and its gently converging sides were covered evenly with grass. It was, to borrow a homely comparison, a beautiful saucer-shaped depression, something more than a quarter of a mile broad, and about two hundred feet deep. At the bottom slumbered a small lake, fringed round with trees and bushes, loaded with vines, which drooped over the water in luxuriant masses. Among the trees were a few *coyol* palms, dwarfed, but otherwise flourishing. But most remarkable of all, growing between some loose rocks, and partly shadowed over by other trees, were several tree-ferns—the first we had seen in Nicaragua. I never met with them elsewhere in Central America, except in the great *barranca* of Guaramal in San Salvador. Their tender leaves seemed translucent in the rays of the sun, and as ethereal and delicate as the tracery of the frost on our Northern window-panes. Among the trees, and occasionally glancing out and in, were hundreds of noisy paraquets. As we advanced, a troop of Indian conies, a species of hare common to the tropics, suddenly lifted themselves on their hind legs above the grass, looked at us in evident amazement for an instant, and then scampered off for the covert. I fired at them fruitlessly with my revolver. The effect of the discharge was marvelous. A cloud of paraquets rose above the trees, and darted in wild confusion around the ancient crater. A couple of ravens, which we had not seen before, also rose and circled over the pool, uttering their harsh, discordant croaks, and a number of toucans fluttered heavily from one tree top to another. In fact, all that there was of life in that secluded spot seemed to have been frightened into wild activity. We were ourselves a little startled by the sudden rustle of wings.

But soon the tumult subsided, and the frightened birds again entered their leafy coverts, whence they watched us in silence. We endeavored to penetrate the thicket around the little lake, but it was so matted together with vines, and the soil withal was so marshy, that we gave up the attempt, and contented ourselves with making a cup of grateful coffee beneath the shadow of an overhanging tree. By barometrical measurement I found this mountain lake to be 4420 feet above the level of the sea.

About noon, after taking a final survey from the summit of Mombacho, we commenced our descent. This was more rapid and less fatiguing than our ascent, but more dangerous. We were far more alarmed in getting down some of the rocky and almost perpendicular declivities than we had been in surmounting them. Once or twice, indeed, we could scarcely persuade ourselves that we were returning by the same path we had ascended. Nevertheless, without any greater mishap than the usual one attendant on such adventures, of breaking our barometer, at two o'clock we reached the place where we had left our exhausted companion. To our surprise and momentary alarm he was gone. But after a little search we found a scrap of paper beneath a little pile of stones, informing us that his night's rest had restored him, and that he had availed himself of the freshness of the morning to return. Thankful that we were not to be embarrassed by a sick man, we continued our descent, and at sunset were seated to a cup of fragrant chocolate beneath the hospitable corridor of Bermudez.

We passed the evening in recounting the wonders of the mountain to a bevy of attentive Señoritas, who opened wide their big lustrous eyes, and ejaculated *mira!* at every pause in the narrative. All but the dreamy Dolores, who fabricated *cigaritos* with her tapered fingers, and spoke not at all, except through glances, so earnest, that the speaker faltered in his recital, and forgot his story when they met his gaze! As thou valuest thy peace of mind, oh, stranger! beware of the dreamy Dolores!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* At dawn the thermometer marked 65° Fahrenheit, while at Granada, at the same hour, it stood at 79°, a difference of 14°.

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YOUNG GRIZZLIES AT PLAY.

BEARS AND BEAR-HUNTING.

THE Bear is the largest and most formidable animal of our continent. His appearance is familiar with every one, he being a sort of pet in civilized society, and an object of attention to all well-disposed persons. "Cuffy"—for such is his *soubriquet* among hunters—is a comical animal, and most of his actions, if viewed from a point of safety, are well calculated to cause a smile and awaken interest. From his peculiar formation, he walks upright with ease, and his fore-legs, which are very long, he uses as arms. He carries his food to his mouth with his paws, and his most effective mode of destruction is an angry embrace. The black bear obtains his full size between the age of seven and eight years, and has been killed weighing six hundred pounds.

The grizzly bear is pre-eminently the monarch of the American forests, and the largest beast of prey in the world. He is entirely without a rival in mere physical strength, and obtains the enormous weight of twelve hundred pounds. The most reliable authorities mention specimens nine feet in length, with a hind foot eleven and three quarter inches long and seven inches wide, exclusive of the gigantic talons, which exhibit a naked surface larger than the fingers of the human hand. This monster seldom attacks the hunter, unless challenged to fight. All animals become his prey; the heavy buffalo he crushes up in his arms, and bears away as a prize. The wolf-packs, which are the terror of the great prairies, flee from his presence, and a hundred of them will leave their bloody repast, that the grizzly may appease his appetite from their spoils.

The young cub of the familiar black bear is exceedingly attractive; a couple of these mischievous creatures confined together form a source of inexhaustible amusement. Some years since we were for days confined to a Western steamer, and it was rarely that the cubs, which were among the "deck passengers," did not have an admiring audience witnessing their playful antics, wrestlings, and superb "ground and lofty tumblings." In a wild state, if in distress, they can sometimes be heard giving utterance to the most pitiful cries. In one of the frequent overflows that inundate portions of Louisiana, a community was once alarmed with the fearful wailings, as was supposed, of children suffering in "the swamp." Torches were obtained, and a careful search commenced, and after innumerable adventures, "by flood," of the humanely-disposed, two little cubs were discovered, buried up in the hollow of a tree, and locked in each other's arms—real abandoned "babes of the wood." The old mother had either been drowned or shot, and her sooty orphans, finally overcoming their instinctive fears, poured forth their sorrows upon the evening air.

The Eastern nations, from the earliest times, seem to have had an exaggerated idea of the character and habits of Bruin. Daniel the prophet compared the Persian monarchy to the bear, as indicative of its brutality and rapaciousness. Upon ancient sculptures there is found, we believe, no representation of the bear, although almost every other animal can be discovered among the still bright pictures of the tombs of ancient Egypt, and even among the recently-explored remains of Nineveh; yet the Old Testament represents that "two she-bears" destroyed the children who scoffed at the age and infirmities of the prophet. Of all beasts, the she-bear with her young is the most savage, and in the pursuit of food most utterly indifferent to danger. Popular stories, which have that immortal existence for which no one can account, represent the bear as not only fond of

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human beings as food, but as selecting, with malicious satisfaction, the persons of young girls remarkable for their beauty and innocence. The truth is, that Bruin has no really bad qualities, except what are the result of circumstances not of his choosing; no very elevated characteristics, for he is commonplace in his ambition. No inhabitant of the wood, undisturbed, would lead a more respectable life than the bear; it is therefore unjust to reproach him with qualities that he does not possess, and it is calculated to profane zoology, if you ascribe to him virtues to which he never aspired.

Among "the mound builders" who inhabited this continent, and passed away long before the progenitors of the present race of Indians took possession of their places, there existed a high veneration for the bear; and as they entertained the singular custom of erecting tumuli in the form of animals and birds, there still exist, in Wisconsin and other places of the "Great West," mounds in the shape of the bear, measuring, in some cases, sixty feet in length. It is possible that these ancients, as is the case with our present Indians, used these designations to distinguish particular tribes and families, and that the shape of their "totem" was selected to form their burying-places, and the mounds referred to were those in which reposed members of the nation of the "Great Bear."

The bear is universal throughout almost the whole of our continent, and is found not only among the eternal snows of the North, but as far south as the swamps of Florida. Cold countries, however, are most genial to its existence, and mountain fastnesses for its safety. Among our aboriginal inhabitants, particularly those residing in the vicinity of the Great Lakes, the bear was held in great veneration. Believing, as they did, that all animals as well as men had spirits, they gave to Bruin a sort of homogeneous sympathy, and when preparing to hunt him, purified themselves by fastings and incantations. They also received their warriors who had been upon a successful hunt with almost as much ceremony as if they had just returned in triumph from an enemy's country, and appeared to be never satisfied with making propitiatory sacrifices to the manes of the dead. The title of "the Great Bear" was one of exceeding honor, and the form of the animal, more frequently than any other, occurs in their rude sculptures and hieroglyphical paintings. Directly after the conquest of Canada by the British, an Englishman, who endeavored to establish a fur trade among the Indians, relates the following illustrative incident:

He states that, while himself living a savage life, on one occasion he observed, on the trunk of an enormous pine-tree, the marks made by a very large bear. This information was communicated to the Indian family in which he lived, and the proposition made to cut the tree down and kill the bear. After two days' hard work with rude axes the tree was brought to the ground; from an opening at the top a bear of extraordinary size leaped out upon the snow and was shot.

The moment the bear was dead the Indians commenced stroking the body with their hands, and kissing it, and begging a thousand pardons for taking its life, and putting the fault upon the Englishman and his gun. After the animal was cut up and taken to the lodge, its head was adorned with trinkets, such as silver arm-beads, and wristlets, and bits of wampum, and laid upon a scaffold set up for its reception; while near the nose was placed, as a propitiatory sacrifice, a large quantity of tobacco.

The succeeding morning preparations were made for a great feast; pipes were lit, and smoke was blown into the nostrils of the bear, to appease its anger. At length, the feast being ready, one of the chiefs commenced a speech, as if he were speaking of his own relations and departed companions, but pleaded the necessity of killing as an unavoidable misfortune. The speech being ended, every one partook of the flesh, and even the head was finally taken down from the scaffold and consigned to the kettle.

The home of the grizzly bear is generally confined to the wilds of the Rocky Mountains and the lone wastes of California, yet there can not be a doubt that a solitary specimen has occasionally reached the Atlantic coast. A tradition existed among the New York Indians that some three hundred years ago, a huge monster, which they termed the "Naked Bear," most horrible to behold, and possessed of *naked claws*, as large as a man's finger, established himself somewhere among the head-waters of the Hudson, and occasionally falling upon an unprotected town, would destroy with impunity women and children. The hunters who pursued this monster invariably fell victims to their temerity, unless there was a river or lake at hand, when they could escape by swimming. So long as game was plentiful the scourge was comparatively harmless, but as soon as that failed him, he made war upon the people; and the "warriors" finally met and consulted for his destruction. After a severe battle, in which a number of persons were sacrificed, he was slain; his head was cut off, and carried in great pomp through the principal villages, and many warriors of the neighboring tribes came to view the trophy and admire the conquerors. The claws being naked, and as large as an Indian's finger, show that this traditionary creature was undoubtedly a grizzly bear, which having wandered from its native haunts, had, to the terror of the surrounding country, settled in the peaceful vicinity where it created so much havoc, and by its destruction there, caused so much glory to be shed over the now-forgotten tribe of Mahicanna Indians.

In the first settling of the New England States, bears were quite numerous, and they still exist in great abundance in the northern parts of Maine; but we hear very little said of them in the chronicles of the times. It would seem that the sturdy old Puritans found no leisure for the

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THE BEAR AT BAY.

amusements of the chase, and having their attention so exclusively occupied by a more savage foe, the Indian, they must have slaughtered the bear without deeming the exploit worthy of any particular mention. It is somewhat curious that the most interesting anecdote we have left us, resulted from the fact that the economic attempt was made to break the animal to useful domestic purposes—an idea that would never have occurred except to a worthy and natural progenitor of the thrifty Yankee.

It seems that one Zebulon Stanhope, a farmer residing near New London, trained a couple of bears to plow and do other labors of the field and road. On one occasion he started "to town" with a sleigh-load of wheat, but some of the harness breaking, the farmer set about repairing the damage, when one of the bears seized him by the leg and sorely wounded it. The bears then simultaneously ran off, leaving the farmer to reach his house alone, which he did with difficulty after four hours' labor. Two or three days were spent in useless search, and bears and sled were given up as lost; when, upon the third day at noon, a noise was heard in the road, and, to the astonishment of the Stanhopes, they beheld the two bears drawing the sled into the barn, and instead of the wheat, four large bears and three cubs. The door was suddenly closed, and the strangers were shot with a long gun thrust through the crevices of the building.

The country bordering on the Ohio, about the Guyandotte and Big Sandy, at the commencement of the present century was more remarkable than any other locality for all kinds of game, and was really the paradise of bears. At these points were seen, by the early voyagers, the first indications of the approach of a Southern clime. The tall reed displayed itself, gradually growing more dense until it became matted into extensive "brakes" that almost rivaled their congeners of the alluvium of the Mississippi. Some of the streams that here poured their waters into the Ohio, started from amidst the wildest scenery of the Cumberland Mountains, winding among gorges and ravines that fill the spectator with awe, and yet are blessed with the richest of vegetation. It was in these then inaccessible solitudes that Bruin flourished, increased, and grew fat; but after Wayne conquered the Indians of the West, and Kentucky ceased to be struggled for by its original inhabitants, the early pioneers, who retained a taste for adventure, turned their deadly rifles upon the game in the forests, and thus kept alive the excitement, that had become a second nature by

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their long experience upon the "bloody path." The demands of commerce also encouraged the pursuit; for Napoleon borrowed from the shaggy covering of the bear the wherewithal to give additional ferocity to the grizzly front of war, and the trophies of the skill of the American hunter were in time wrought into the towering caps that waved along the lines of the "Old Guard," and were afterward scattered over the fields of Jena, Austerlitz, and Waterloo.

To the early settlers of Ohio and Kentucky the bear was a source of constant mischief. They existed in great numbers, and very soon learning that the vicinity of the farm-house afforded them their most prized article of animal food, they became notorious for their pig-stealing propensities. If one was "caught in the act," and had to abandon its prey, the carcass was used for a bait to catch the marauder; and as the thief always returned within a given space of time, the indignant farmer, with the aid of his rifle, had his revenge. The bear, in seizing a hog, grasps it in his arms and bears it off, running swiftly on his hind legs. They have been pursued, while thus embarrassed with their load, by men who were swift runners, yet were not overtaken. It was sometimes necessary to make up what was called "drives," to free sections of the country from wild animals. This was done by the citizens living far and near assembling, fully armed, on some given day, and proceeding to the designated rendezvous; a large circle was made by the hunters, including some miles in diameter. Gradually, with great noise, they approached a given centre—of course driving the game before them. In this way, the bear, deer, wild turkey, and "other varmints," were brought within gun-shot; and sometimes, if the drive was successful, the destruction was immense. Generally, the bears that escaped with whole skins got such a "scar" that they decamped the neighborhood, and the settlements were left in peace. In large tracts of country, where a quarter of a century ago these "drives" were essential for the safety of the inhabitants, the deer, the turkey, and the bear are now known only in tradition.

Bears, being most abundant in cold climates, were originally very numerous in the northern nations of Europe, and consequently formed very prominent objects of sport. The people of Poland were remarkably fond of bear-hunting. It was their custom to take in nets those they wished to preserve for "baiting." Once hampered, the hunters rode about him and pinioned the animal to the ground by securing each paw with large wooden forks, and thus kept the animal until he was securely bound with cords, and rolled into a strong chest. Upon a named day, the bear, furious with hunger, was turned loose and slain in the excitement of the chase. The Germans, a century since, were very fond of bear-baiting; and the English indulged in it in more recent times. A play-bill is still preserved in German, which, after giving the details of ten different expected contests—including bull, tiger, and boar-fights—concludes, apparently as a climax, as follows: "And lastly, a furious and hungry bear, which has had no food for eight days, will attack a wild bull and eat him alive on the spot; and if he is unable to complete the task, a wolf will be in readiness to help him."

The Kings of Spain, in their days of dawning chivalry, made the bear-hunt an affair of great state, and pursued the animal with selected hounds and fleet horses; yet they managed the etiquette of killing so critically, that days would sometimes elapse before the hunt could have a true courtly termination. The Swiss were always famous bear-hunters; and when the animal was plenty among the fastnesses of the Alps no sport could have been more manly than their capture from among the ravines and precipices of the snow-capped mountains. We have seen, somewhere, a fine picture representing the successful bear-hunter mounted upon the shoulders of his fellow-citizens, and, as a conquering hero, carried into the town of Berne. In Norway, Denmark, and Finland the bear still roams in primitive independence. In those countries he is hunted and killed by many of the gentry, with a sentiment of sublimity attached to the encounter that gives the incidents a thrilling interest—for the sturdy Northmen, disdaining all advantage, meet the enemy in single combat, and fight and kill with no other weapon than the sword or spear. Those persons, on the contrary, who destroy the bear for profit, have a novel kind of trap, which they bait with honey. A large tree is selected, containing a suitable limb, which limb is trimmed from all kindred branches, and, with great labor, is then bent down to the main trunk and secured in a prepared notch. On this powerful spring is hung, by chains, a wooden shelf, on which is placed a quantity of the coveted product of the bees' labor. The bear soon scents the rich treasure, climbs into the trap, and by his weight loosens the spring; the limb returns back to its natural position, leaving Bruin suspended mid-air, to be disposed of according to the caprices of his captors.

Siberia, however, seems more than any other country to be infested with the bear; and if the stories told of their numbers and their gregarious habits be true, they assume a formidable character nowhere else exhibited. Illustrative of our proposition is the story related of some Siberian peasants, who, while in the forests, got possession of two very young cubs and took them home. Three days elapsed, and the rough strangers had already begun to be familiarized with their hosts, when, on the night of the fourth day, dreadful howlings were heard in the village. The colonists, more curious than alarmed, went out to see what was the matter; but their consternation was extreme when they beheld the cottage which contained the cubs surrounded with bears, standing on their hind legs and howling dreadfully. The villagers ran for fire-arms and hatchets, and a fierce combat ensued. The beasts rushed on the men, and, although

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several were killed by the first discharge, they furiously continued their attack, and could only be routed when the cabin was set on fire; the flames created alarm, and the living bears retired. Eight animals lay lifeless on the ground —five men were killed and thirty wounded.

California has always been remarkable for its ursine population. Its great central valley was called by the Indians, from immemorial times, "the home of the bear." In the Rocky Mountains are to be found the largest specimens of "the grizzlies," and they extend their habitations throughout all mountainous regions that reach to the Pacific. The native population of California, as is the case with all semi-civilized Mexicans, are excellent horsemen, and throw the lasso with the precision of the rifle-ball; these people occasionally, when possessed of unusual courage and industry, attack the forest monarch and make him bite the dust. But it was not until the Americans took possession of the "golden land" that hunting "the grizzly" was made a mere pastime, and pursued for the amusement it might afford.

The California manner of hunting is to pursue the bear, or retreat, according to circumstances, until he comes at bay; and when he rises upon his hind legs, in the attitude of defense, one of the hunters throws a lasso over his neck. The animal turns upon the assailer, when another hunter throws a lasso so as to catch the bear by a hind leg; the horsemen then ride in opposite directions, and the bear is held at mercy. After tormenting the poor brute, and, on the part of the hunters, by their dangerous sport, defying death in a hundred ways, the lasso is wound around a tree, the bear brought close to the trunk, and either killed or kept until somewhat reconciled to imprisonment, and then taken into San Francisco or some neighboring town and kept for the purpose of the brutal exhibition of bull and bear-fighting—a sport harmonious with many of the wild spirits of that modern Ophir, and encouraged by the Mexican population, who have inherited a fondness for such shows from the most cherished remembrances of their "father-land."

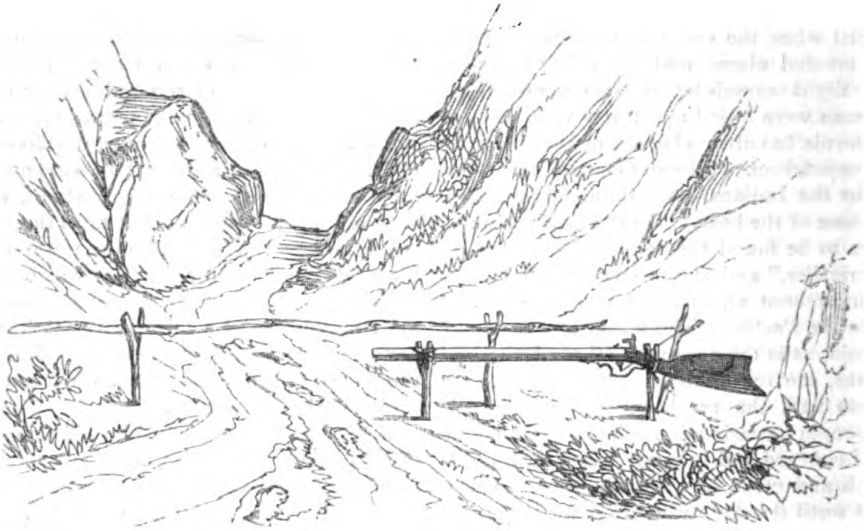
The more the habits of any wild animal are known, the greater is our admiration called forth; for we see traits of character developed and intellectuality exhibited that are ever hidden from the superficial observer. No one can sit down and listen to a hunter without being interested. The trees and stones to him have language, and the living things are sublime in their sagacity and varied powers in providing for themselves. The bear is no exception to the rule; he was made in wisdom, and he constantly, yet silently, declares the glory of the handiwork of his Creator.

The female, in providing herself with a retreat, seeks for one on the top of some tall tree, that she may the better be able to defend her young from the attacks of enemies. The male, on the contrary, having no paternal solicitude, makes his bed beneath some gigantic root or in a protecting cave. The bear is unsocial, and seems to be most contented when buried deepest in the cane-brakes, or among the wrecks of forest-trees blown down by the wind. The power they possess of remaining for months in a semi-torpid state is most remarkable, and peculiar to them over all other warm-blooded animals. Therefore, as might be supposed, they are fond of sleep, shun the daylight, and are seldom known to move about until the sun goes down, unless the faithful dog rouse them in their bed; and even then they will grunt, like the sluggard, for a little more sleep, and a little more slumber, and a little more folding of the paws to rest; and they continue to do this until the fierce and impatient bark gives too fearful indications of proximity.

Bruin does not confine himself to one kind of food; he with judicious care selects not only from the varied products of the vegetable kingdom, but has a fine idea of meats. In the South, he will fatten upon the leaves of young cane, upon the pecan, and sweet acorn. He is industrious every where in his pursuit of fruit, and his vegetable luxuries are persimmons and green corn. The decayed log has treasures for him as well as for the woodpecker and wild turkey; and for he will tear it in pieces, and daintily pick up the grub-worm and wood-beetle, or any other insect inhabitant that may come in his way. Of meats, he prefers young pig; but "roasters" not always being in season, he contents himself with full-grown porkers. The fondness of the animal for hogs proves one of the greatest evils to the farmer who is just opening a home in the wilderness; and if the bear could only overcome the desire to gratify his swinish propensities, he would much longer escape the avenging rifle. The bear also has a sweet tooth; and if rich and civilized, would expend large sums for confectionery. As it is, he confines himself to robbing the industrious bees; for once let him get track of wild honey, and he seldom deserts the treasure until he has appropriated it to his own use. Reckless, from his protecting hair, of the fury of the enraged insects he is robbing, he will thrust his huge paws into the hollow of the tree and pull them out, reeking in sweets, and then lick them off with a philosophical indifference wonderful to behold. But if one of the victims of his thefts happens to plant a sting effectively in a tender place, he will roll down from his perch and take to his heels, the very impersonation of terror; but learning nothing from experience, will never abandon the treasure until the robbery is complete.

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of the bear is his love of order. In going to and from his retreat to drink, he always pursues the same path, places his feet in the same prints; and, if the season be dry, you can mark the course by a double row of parallel toe-marks in the ground; for the bear, like the pacing horse, moves one side at a time. Again, the animal will enter a piece of woods, cross a stream, or invade a cornfield, always at the same places,

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SPRING-GUN.

and continue so to do, until interfered with by the hunter, or driven off to seek more favorable places for food.

This love of order in the bear is taken advantage of by the skillful backwoodsman to kill him with the spring-gun. We never knew but one hunter who was certain to be successful in this kind of sport; and, to use his own language, "he knew *bar* better than he did his dictionary." To set the spring-gun requires a most intimate knowledge of the animal's mental operations as well as of the physiognomy of the face of nature. We have known the size, the sex, and where the animal would be shot, perfectly delineated even before the instrument of death was poised in its place. In preparing the spring, the hunter notices where the bear climbs a fence to enter a cornfield. The path being known, a careful examination is made of the footprints; the exact height of the animal is thus ascertained. Two forked sticks are now prepared and driven into the ground, so that they will hold up the rifle at right angles with the path.

How nice must be the adjustment! The ball must penetrate the heart, else the animal will, though wounded, escape beyond the reach of the hunter. The bear, again, will step over certain things in his way and leap over others; now the trigger must be of that exact height that the bear will do neither, but push it aside with his nose. With all these important demands made upon his sagacity, the hunter, in the proper place, lashes the rifle firmly to the rests we have described. Next he drives down other forked sticks that will hold up a piece of grape vine across the path, exactly as far beyond the rifle as it is from the bear's nose to his heart. This being done, a string is tied to the end of the grapevine, drawn around a delicate stick, and fastened to the trigger; the rifle is then cocked, and the whole is so adjusted that the slightest pressure upon the grape vine that crosses the bear's pathway will explode the deadly weapon. It is now sundown, and two or three hours have been consumed in adjusting the preliminaries of "this assassination." At the prescribed hour of night that characterizes the maraudings of Bruin, he pursues his familiar path, when he discovers a slight impediment in his way. Quick to take alarm, he speculates—discovering that nothing more terrible than a grape vine limb that might have fallen from a neighboring tree would intercept his progress, he contemptuously thrusts it aside; the messenger of death penetrates his body behind the fore-shoulder, enters his heart. A few convulsive throes, and this vigorous animal lies lifeless on the ground—the cunning of man being even more than a match for the highest development of the instinct of brutes.

The old he-bears have a habit, in the late spring and early summer months, of biting the bark of certain forest-trees at the highest point they can reach when standing on their hind legs. These "bear signs" are perfectly indicative to the experienced hunter of the size of the bear. By some it has been thought that these indentations are made while the animal was endeavoring to sharpen his teeth; but we suspect that Bruin, in imitation of other romantically-disposed swains, engraves a love-token on the trees, or possibly, being disposed to rivalship, would leave as a challenge his exact dimensions, for the examination of other ambitious heroes inhabiting the range. We can imagine the consternation of some just fledged "cuffy" strutting forth in all the pride and panoply of a well-greased covering of hair and luxuriantly bear-oiled whiskers, discovering on some smooth beech or contiguous sycamore incisor marks some two feet higher than he can reach. What a comical look must the aspiring beau have as he casts his eyes askance and reads the unexpected challenge for a deadly tussle, or a notice to leave the premises in the shortest time possible under the peculiar circumstances.

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We have alluded to the unsociability of the bear; but it should be stated that there are occasionally times when they have their friendly gatherings, and assemble from all the surrounding country to exchange ideas, cultivate short-lived friendships, and have one grand jubilee. The Indians describe these meetings with becoming gravity, and ascribe to them all the intellectual character and importance which they give to their own "talks." The antics of the bear on these occasions are represented as exceedingly amusing; the young cubs are displayed before the visitors with due ceremony, their anxious mothers evidently very proud of their shining coats of black hair and promising strength. They are taken up and dandled with all care, and rocked to and fro, and also, for waywardness, have their ears severely boxed, and are otherwise disciplined into juvenile obedience. On the occasions of the grand dances, an obscure thicket is selected, the grass is beaten down, and protruding roots torn away. The old bears then form a circle, generally sitting upon their haunches, assuming most solemn and critical expressions. The performer meanwhile goes through his pantomime of bowing and prancing, evidently anxious to secure applause; presently a partner volunteers, and an old-fashioned minuet follows. The spectators the while keep time with their paws, and give no mean imitations of "patting Juba;" and warming with the excitement, they will all suddenly spring up and join in a general double-shuffle, the award of superiority being given to the last who, from inclination or positive exhaustion, quits the field. It is from these "backwoods assemblies" that the Indians profess to have learned their most difficult steps and most complicated dances; and to be able to perform like a bear is with them a compliment always desired, but one they seldom have the vanity to believe they truly deserve.

A volume of almost incredible feats might be gathered together, performed, while in captivity, by the poor native of the forest. We have seen them dance in a set with a young lady for a partner, and demean themselves with a decorum that was the envy of many frivolous beaux. There was a gigantic cuffy, belonging to a Spaniard who kept a public house in the vicinity of New Orleans, that contracted so great a habit for whisky and sugar, that he became troublesome unless he had his liquor and *his* spree, and no one could mistake the cause of his conduct when "fuddled;" for he rolled from side to side, whined like a child, leered



BEARS DANCING.

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ridiculously, and smiled foolishly, and was loving and savage by turns. This bear would wrap his huge paw around the tumbler containing "the poison," go through the ceremony of touching glasses "with the gentleman who paid for the treat," and then pour the contents down his capacious throat with a gusto that made old topers "love that hanimal like one of themselves." Bears have been taught to perform parts of considerable intricacy in theatrical displays; among other things, ring bells, affect to pursue an enemy, fall dead when shot at, beat the drum, and go through the manual exercise of the soldier with the musket.

As the bear has a great deal of "order" and "time" in his intellectual organization, as would naturally seem to be the case, he is very fond of music. His partnership with wandering minstrels, however, can not be looked upon as agreeable to his habits or feelings. The bear, under such circumstances, evidently feels himself a prisoner—torn from his native sovereignty, and led as a captive, to be jeered at and insulted by an irresponsible crowd. Occasionally, amidst this forced degradation, they usurp their rights by a *free squeeze* of their tormentors, or a most unexpected shutting down of the jaws upon a temptingly exposed limb. Of all the triumphs of Wilkie's genius, nothing has exceeded the expression of the bear that is arrested along with the wandering Savoyard, and by the pompous beadle led to prison. Here Bruin perceives man's inhumanity to man; he discovers that, while maltreated himself, he is not the only subject of oppression, but that there are hunters in the forest wastes of human society who pursue even those who hold him in bondage, and confine *his* masters in prison, and otherwise degrade them. Wilkie's bear perceives all this; the ray of intelligence which flashes through his eye gives currency to the belief that Æsop's fables are literal, and that there were times when brutes had their reason explainable on their tongues' end; but being too much given to philosophy and deep reflection—for all beasts in fable history are moralists—they were, for wise purposes, sacrificed, to make more apparent the superiority of the human race.

Bears have always been great favorites as pets, and because they have unexpectedly resented the indignities of their position, they have been termed treacherous. It is evident that their good-nature has brought the greater part of their evils upon them. No one trifles with the lion and tiger; they are left in solitary confinement, and viewed from a safe distance. No one has endeavored to make them playfellows, or thought of their dancing to the dulcet strains of bad music; but the bear has possibly thought of compromising, of suiting himself to the unfortunate circumstances of his situation, and because he does this, and occasionally, recalling the delights of his forest home, grows restive or even insane, and momentarily asserts his dignity, abuse is heaped upon him—his character is lost. Better have mercy on the poor brute, and give him no opportunity of being provoked beyond endurance.

Some years since there was a very large, and apparently very harmless bear, kept near the Charity Hospital, New Orleans. Without any assignable cause, it broke its chain and rushed into the street, evidently bent upon destruction. After attempting to break through the windows of a private hospital, in which was lying a patient severely wounded by a pistol-ball, it abandoned its attempt, and rushed into the street, and seizing a little girl that was walking upon the pavement, the bear, at full speed, carried the child screeching along in its mouth, pursued by hundreds of the horror-stricken and enraged inhabitants. The beast was finally killed, and then only were rescued the mangled remains of the child, who had already found immunity from suffering in the merciful embrace of death.

A bear-hunting friend of ours, who has thinned out the "varmints" in the romantic regions of Catahoola, Louisiana, once picked up a young cub that could scarce go alone—it was in such a helpless state of infancy—and carrying it home as one would a young puppy, it was thrown down in the yard, and soon became an object of deep sympathy to the little negroes, who generously divided their corn-bread with their strange little companion. "Billy" thrived under his new regimen, and soon was able to outwrestle and outbox any of his woolly-headed competitors; and these exhibitions became a favorite amusement for visitors, as well as to the juvenile members of the family. Did "Billy" obtrude his presence in the kitchen, he was rapped over the head with some heavy household utensil, and beat a hasty retreat; did he dare to profane the rich carpeted floors or parlors by his enormous feet, he was rudely assailed, and patiently bore the unceremonious notice to "keep his place."

Spring time of the year came, and "Billy," cub as he was, much to the annoyance of the mistress of the household, discovered in the garden the just developing cabbage leaves and pea-vines, and resolutely appropriated them to his personal use. While thus marauding, the negro gardener, a stout man, picked up the limb of a rose-bush that had just been trimmed from its parent stem, and, playfully hitting Billy over the ears, bade him leave to him the proscribed precincts of the garden. The young bear, that was not half grown, and had never before shown the least anger, suddenly became filled with rage, seized the offender by the leg, and, rising upon his hind-quarters, shook the heavy man about as if he had been a bundle of straw, then dropping him, as if conscious of having done wrong, he whiningly crawled toward the house, when a rifle, in the hands of the planter, put an end to his existence. The negro man lingered a short time, but suddenly the crushed bones and mutilated muscles gangrened

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under the influence of a hot climate, and death ensued.

The planters of the South, more than the citizens of any other section of the Union, indulge in the manly excitements of the chase; they are, without exception, excellent horsemen, and have a thorough knowledge of woodcraft. At the proper seasons of the year "hunts" are made up, sometimes the result of the accidental appearance of game in the vicinity, but frequently by arrangement, which last several days. By the peculiar formation of Louisiana, in the neighborhood of the most settled communities are tracts of country in primitive wildness; and with little trouble the ambitious sportsman can leave the allurements and artificialities of enlightened life and plunge into the forests, where every thing is sacred to the silence of Nature and wild repose. To accomplish their wishes more perfectly, some enthusiastic sportsmen provide themselves with jolly little steamers, made for no other purpose than for the transportation of horses, dogs, guns, provisions, and men, into out-of-the-way places, where a camp is formed, and days, and sometimes weeks, are dedicated to following the amusements incidental to such life.

Some years ago the acorn, or "mast" crop, had been more than usually abundant in the lands known as the "Old Reserve," and it was understood that game was abundant, beyond what was known of any former years. Old Captain Wild, a genuine hunter, whose chief glory was to get a number of good fellows about him on a hunt, having his craft, *Fairy Queen*, overhauled, her machinery put in order, and provided with "innumerable stores," issued his commands to the surrounding country that an expedition was "afloat," and that all good and true men so disposed must be at "his landing" at the stated time, armed and equipped according to custom and their several humors. It is needless to say that the call was obeyed with alacrity, and on the "happy morning," a number of "good fellows" proceeded on board the *Fairy Queen*, whose clamorous joyousness exhibited itself but little less rudely than did the accompanying hounds, which, excited to the last degree, sounded forth their sonorous notes of joy in anticipation of their future work.

"Put down them guns carefully," "Don't forget the claret baskets," "Keep the powder dry," "Shove a little wood into the steam bilers," "Tie up them infarnal dogs," "Pound a little tow around the piston-rod," "See that them canvased hams are not left ashore," "*Be careful* of them 'ere demijohns," with a hundred similar orders, were issued in rapid succession by Captain Wild and every body else, as the hunting-boat got under weigh, and, striking out into the rapid current of the Mississippi, moved down stream with astonishing celerity. To say that the boat got along smoothly would not be true, for there were so many captains on board, that even the brainless engine finally got confused with the contrariety of orders, and but for the stern decrees of Captain Wild, might have pursued its way to the surging waters of the Gulf of Mexico and there found a grave; the boat, however, recovered its self-possession, shot into the mouth of a narrow creek, and was soon adding very much to the picturesque aspect of one of those inland lakes that forms so peculiar a feature of the lands bordering on the Gulf.

The coughing, wheezing noise of the coffee-mill engine, as we dashed along, echoed through the Gothic isles of the gigantic cypress; the alligators began to appear in the distance, and, occasionally, one would float along on his easy couch, until a rifle-ball would strike him in his eye, and set him struggling for a moment in sight ere he sank lifeless to the depths below. On we went, each moment getting farther into "the swamp;" the pendant moss grew more and more dense, until it seemed to hang a gray pall over the trees, to serve as hiding-places for the repulsive bittern and the mysterious family of cranes.

After threading for almost a day these singular solitudes, our veteran pilot brought his boat against some high ground, that peered out of the surrounding level like an island in the sea, and announced that we had at last reached our place of destination. The geologist has yet to explain the causes of these singular formations. Where all the country is alluvial, and the surface of the earth rises only to the height of the annual deposit of the flood, there will occasionally spring up these elevated places, as if provided, in times of universal innundation, as resting-places for the foot of man and beast. They are evidently forced upward by some convulsion in the bosom of the earth, and suggest to the imagination that some monster, hidden away in the unknown below, has turned in his bed and left a fold in his great coverlid to mark his uneasy rest. Upon these "dry places" the melancholy cypress gives way to the oak, the beech, and the magnolia; and charming little birds, noiseless and voiceless, flit from limb to limb; Nature, in her economy, only providing the melody of woodland choristers after the habitations of man are built, and the sovereign intelligence of the creation is present, to hear and appreciate them.

In the course of an hour the camp was fairly established. By the aid of sharp hatchets, limbs of "saplings" were soon shaped into poles for the support of a tent, the trunk of a fallen tree served as the back of an extempore fire-place, and the ascending blaze gave a cheerful home-feeling at once to "the settlement." The hounds that had been confined all day to the boat, now gamboled about, and made the welkin ring with their cries of delight, among which would occasionally be heard the sharp snapping yelp that indicated to the hunters the presence of game.

While these preparations were going on, one of the party loaded his piece, and starting on a "still hunt," he coursed along the edge of the island, and was soon lost in deep shadows; and before the arrangements for the night were

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entirely completed, he returned with the saddle of a young deer bestride his shoulders, which was received with due demonstrations of pleasure, and after being suspended from a neighboring limb, was left to furnish the substantial portion of the evening meal; an appetite for which had been so much sharpened by the healthful labors and excitements of the day.

The party of the *Fairy Queen*, by arrangement, were in the morning to meet old Dan Griffin, a hunter by profession, who had lived in the woods until he possessed, from long habit, many of the ways of the Indian. When he came into the neighborhood no one could tell; he was discovered in the vicinity in early times, buried up in the solitudes, and looking as old and singular as a fossil remain. He was exceedingly popular with all who knew him; yet it was difficult to command his company, and it was only when he made exceptions to his general habits that he would consent, as a hunter, to mingle in the crowd while pursuing game. Dan's great horror was a double-barrel fowling-piece. He never could overcome his dislike to these, to him, disagreeable weapons; and it was probably more to avoid them than society that he so persistingly refused to join in the sports of the amateur hunters, who occasionally visited his neighborhood in the solitudes of the "Old Reserve."

To see Dan, of whom I had heard so much, was the chief inducement of my being in the woods at all; and as soon as I could satisfy myself of the proper direction, I set off for his camp, which was, from the peculiarity of the country, easily found. After working my way through the cane, and threading, as best I could, many terrible lagoons, I finally came to a spot of earth somewhat free from undergrowth, and very soon to old Dan's cabin, a place where he spent a portion of almost every year. The old hunter, engaged in the never-ending task of clearing his rifle, was sitting at the door of the rude hovel, which consisted of a few stakes driven into the ground, and covered with palmetto leaves. At his feet reposed two or three veteran dogs, which would have assaulted us on sight, but for the peremptory order they received "to keep quiet, and not mistake a human for a catamount." A few words of explanation only were necessary to establish friendly relations, and accepting the hospitality of the old woodman, I set myself down with as much confidence in the sincerity of my welcome as if the place were my own.

"So your friends have come up to have a hunt," said Dan, after listening to the details of our arrival in his neighborhood, "and they want to see me kill a bar, do they?"

"If it is possible," said I, in reply.

"It ar possible," pursued Dan, "for thar ar varmints in the range, and it is agin natur' that animal reason should circumvent human knowledge."

"But I might hunt a year in this very place, and never see a bear all that while."

"It's not onlikely," said Dan, chuckling, "for you see every one has his fashion. What could I do in a settlement but git lost? yet you can find your way about easy: it's what you larn by practice that does it. I know what's going on in the woods, you know the devilments of a city. I am getting old, though, and houses might not be so annoying. The time was when I felt as if I was forty feet high, without a limb hurt or windshake, was as tough as a cat, and untiring at my work as a sawyer; but this was before the country was ruinated by clearings, blazing trees, and running off the game."

As the old man made this last remark, he put the finishing touches upon "Confessor," as he called his well-worn weapon, and holding it out before him, and gazing upon it for a moment with affectionate interest, he said, "Thar's a rifle as never deceived me, nor done a mean action; it always puts the ball where it is intended, and was never drawd upon any thing except in a fair fight."

"You, like all old hunters, I see, prefer the rifle to the fowling-piece."

"I pertend I do," said Dan, his face filled with disgust. "Who wants a gun as full of shot as a gizzard is of gravel? What does bar care for a peppering that only cuts his skin and don't touch his vitals?"

"And do the bear die so hard," I asked, to call out my honest companion.

"Sartin they do; it's the natur' of wild beasts to live, and a bar in that way is very particular. A ball, sixty to the pound, he generally takes as kindly as a mosquito bite; and at a fair shooting distance, any thing smaller is beneath thar notice. Stick a gun agin a bar's sides and the wad 'il hurt him; but at eighty yards, or maybe a hundred, to stop a bar short in his tracks takes a chunk of lead, and sich aim, too, as would, at twenty paces, bark a dog-wood limb, and not shake down a blossom."

"Such delicate aim," I observed, "will ever be beyond my skill, so the bears will go free for any thing that I can do to stop them."

"Not so sartin of that," said Dan, in a consoling voice. "In old times, when I lived among the mountains, I could ha stuck you in a gorge, and run an 'old he' plump over you, and maybe I can do it at 'a stand' in a cane-break; and ef your double bar'l has any vartue, you can reach the varmint's vitals, though bars, like the Indians, have their notions about dying—one likes to go off by a rifle-ball, and the other with old age."

Noticing the contempt with which Dan looked upon the popular weapon of gentlemen-sportsmen, I suggested that they ought not to be used in the same expedition with "Confessor."

"My rifle can stand such company," returned Dan, with a sentimental expression of which I had thought his face incapable. "Yes, it can stand it. I've heard a red skin brag of killing a sleeping foe, and I lived through that, and 'Confessor' must be as generous to double bar'ls as I was to the ways of the Indians."

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"But," said I, with some pride, remembering the fine shot on the wing, "You needn't use a rifle on a bird, or a snipe, for instance," and I pointed to one fluttering about the margin of a stream near by.

"No, I would not," said Dan, emphatically, "for I never made feathers fly, nor with powder and lead broke a bone that *hadn't marrow in it*. Why, my rifle would blot such a bird perfectly out of existence. I never shot at any thing that isn't game."

"And are not birds game?" I asked, with some surprise.

"Perhaps they are," said Dan, half soliloquizing, "perhaps they are, and may do for settlements; for human natur' is naturally a hunter, and it must come out. Birds and double bar'ls for the towns is the best that can be had, and ar better than nothing. I knew a good bar dog turn rat-catcher by being shut up in a clearing."

Perceiving that Dan's prejudices were unconquerable regarding the use of fowling-pieces, I humored the conversation, and inquired "What he meant by the remark that human nature was a hunter?"

"Just this," said Dan, with emphasis: "eating and drinking in the woods depend on it, and the trees cum afore houses; human natur', therefore, started a hunter, and the wild blood will show itself. War is huntin' as much as shootin' bar or trapping beaver. What's a general with his men but a bad hunter and worse dogs, and agin natur', spilling human blood; but to slay varmints, provided the rifle is fairly drawn, is lawful, because animal strength and quickness ain't equal to it. I'm agin all advantages, and for fair play—no firing from behind trees, nor using rests."

"I must take to the rifle, Dan," said I, raising his heavy weapon with difficulty to my eye; "a little practice might give me some certainty of aim."

"With your young bones, in time you might feel as certain as lightning;" and then, apparently growing interested himself, he related the following reminiscence:

"After the British got through fitin' us in 'the war of '15,' a young red-coat made good friends with the 'Mericans, and staid out on the frontiers, to do what he called 'sportin'.' He had a double-bar'l in his hand from morning to night, and well did he manage it for so unyarthly a weapon. He was always in the woods and along the water-courses, or floating on the lakes. He had more huntin' contraptions than soldier ones. A fishing-net to put his birds in; a canteen for his powder; a snaky-looking thing to hold his shot; coat all pockets; and leggins made to imitate our Indians, though not half so good. Educated right, and I believe he would have been something of a hunter. The first time I saw him shoot he knocked down two wild pigeons on the wing, and as the poor things lay fluttering, he asked me if it wasn't well done? 'As well as robbing their nests of eggs,' said I; at which he rared up and talked about my insulting him. Says I, 'Stranger, thar's no use of getting your hair turned the wrong way 'cause a man calls things by the names he thinks they desarve; and if killing birds ain't as bad as robbing thar nests, then putting a man under water won't drown him.' 'And what do you shoot?' finally said he, getting agreeable. 'Why, varmints,' said I, 'and with a rifle.' The Britisher tuck the weapon in his hand, judged of its weight, looked down the muzzle, aimed it as well as he could, and asked me to show him its vartue. 'Twasn't long afore I had him after game as weighed something when you killed it; so he left off his double-bar'l, his fish net, and did wonders. I couldn't break him of duck-shooting, but I educated him to pick out his bird, and not fire into a flock and take the chances. He said he loved the woods, and I think he was sorry he was a lord, or something of that sort, which kept him from turning Indian."

Dan having concluded with great abruptness, he proposed to go over to the camp of amateur hunters, suggesting that his fare was too rude for my acceptance. As he followed his remark with mounting his bullet-pouch and powder-horn, with other indications of departure, I at once assented, and in a few moments more we were threading the dark forest, which, under Dan's guidance, seemed to possess a tolerably good road.

We arrived at the camp just as its occupants were busily engaged in discussing their evening meal. The venison was steaming up from the living coals with most grateful incense. The arrival of Dan was cordially greeted, and after having accorded him the seat of honor, all resumed the agreeable task of satisfying appetites, made doubly keen by healthful exercise in the bracing open air. The scene presented was picturesque in the highest degree. The hunters reclined at ease in every possible attitude; some so disposed of as to be brought into full blaze of the light, while others sank into deep shadow, and formed most admirable contrasts. On the outside of the circle were the attentive hounds, erect upon their hind quarters, and eying with most petitioning expression every mouthful of food consumed by their masters. Occasionally these faithful servants of the chase would be rewarded with a bone, which would cause a momentary scrambling and growling, and then they would recover their knowing, observing looks. Meanwhile the conversation among the bipeds assumed, of course, a professional turn, and was illustrative of the accidents and incidents of the hunter's life.

Captain Wild, always remarkably attentive to his guests, but for the moment absorbed in tucking away innumerable pieces of broiled venison under his capacious vest, having "loaded up," he chimed in as follows: "Your character of the bear is all very well; he is not only the knowingest animal in the woods, but he has a nice sense of honor, and will forgive an in-

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THE CAMP FIRE.

jury rather than take revenge on the wrong person. Oh, you may doubt the truth of what I say, but it is a fact nevertheless! You all know Moses and Aaron Giggin, twin brothers, who look so much alike that their father never knew them apart except when they were together. One day they were out among the dewberry hills hunting bear, when Aaron chased an 'old he' up what he thought was a *ravine*, but it turned out to be 'a wash,' and instead of opening into the low lands, just closed up with a chunk of a precipice sixty feet high. The bear couldn't climb up the steep bank, so he made a 'back track,' and the 'twin' had to take to his heels to get out of the way. Down 'the wash' the two ran, making excellent time, but the bear had the heels, and was about to give his enemy a hug, when the unfortunate victim hollowed out, 'Oh, Moses, if you have any love for your brother, *put in*, and divide this fight!' Moses heard the call, and, in coming to the rescue, literally rolled down the sides of the embankment; at the same instant the bear came up with every hair on end, and his ears crowded down close to his head. First, he made a feint at Aaron, then a pass at Moses; but getting confused, by not knowing them apart, he concluded he would *not* take the responsibility of *jumping on the wrong man*, and so he let 'em both off; and that," said the Captain, draining off his tumbler of claret and assuming a knowing look, "is what I call proper self-respect, and an evidence of gentlemanly consideration worthy of all praise; and now," concluded the speaker, "let Jim Wicker tell us how his head got so bald."

Jim Wicker was a comical-looking fellow, with a very young face, but by reason of having no hair, he looked very old from his eye-brows all the way round to the back of his neck. He was very sensitive about the defect, and was somewhat celebrated, from a fight he had with a traveling agriculturist, who, upon being asked by Jim, "What would cause his hair to grow

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on his shining poll, was advised to cover over the top of his head with guano, and plant it down in crab grass." But Jim wouldn't quarrel with Captain Wild, for that gentleman was not only the host of the *Fairy Queen*, but also had the key of all "the refreshments" in his possession; so without hesitation he enlightened his auditory after this fashion:

"You see the har always did keep rayther scarce 'bout my scalp, and I was always rubbing in one thing and another to fotch it out, for I was sartin the roots wasn't dead, though thar was little to be seen above the ground. I'd heard of bar's-grease, and bought a gallon in bottles; but I believe it was nothing but hog's-lard and mutton taller; so I thought I would have the genuine article, and I got old Dan to go out and kill something for my especial benefit. Dan told me it was in the spring, and that the bar was in bad health and out of season; but I believed he was trying to quiz me, and wouldn't take no for an answer. A short hunt fotched a critter at bay, and Dan, by a shot in the vitals, 'saved the varmint;' but the bar *was* in a bad condition, for he looked as seedy as an old Canada thistle, and he had hardly ile enough in him to keep his jints from squeaking, but what he did have I got, *and used;* and strangers," said Jim, looking sorrowfully round on the company, "in two days, what little har I had commenced falling off, and in a week I was as bald as a gun-barrel. Dan was right; the varmint was a shedding himself, and had nothing in him but *har shedding ile*, and the consequence is, I can't in the dark tell my head from a dried gourd, if I depend on feelin'."

"Bar meat," said old Dan at the conclusion of Wicker's story, "is best, in course, in the fall; in the spring the varmint is just out of his nap, and the first thing he does is to get clear of his old coat, so he eats yarbs as makes the har all fall off, so that in the fall he comes out as black as a coal, and as shiny as glazed powder. Cotch a bar, then, when he has had a cornfield to hide in, and his spar ribs taste like rostin' ears. Nothin' a bar loves more than green corn, except young pig. I have seen the varmint break off the ears, strip off the husk, and eat the corn as handy as I could do. A bar will sometimes gather up a pile of ears, and carry them to an eating-place, and chew 'em up at his leisure. If he is a little bar, he will break down the stalks to gather them; if he is a tall bar, he tears the ears off without so much trouble. The fact is, bars are knowing animals, and if they could talk would give us many ideas of the wood we don't dream of—" And in his abrupt way, he concluded: "I've seen a bar climbing over a Virginny fence with an armful of rostin' ears, and never tripping a step."

This last remark called forth Uncle Tim, who never allowed any one to "see" more than he did or could, and cordially assenting to all that he heard, with an equivocal expression that would throw a doubt over truth itself, he related an incident that came *under his personal observation*, and was looked at with *his own* eyes. "I think," said he, 'twas two years ago, just after the crop was laid by, that I was out a 'still huntin',' when I got down on 'little Caney,' just back of Bill Shaddick's pre-emption, that I heer'd a terrible scrimmage, and I crept up, and looked over a fallen tree, and what should I see but—but two 'old he's' a-fightin' over a pumpkin and sum rostin' ears? They stood up and came the scientific boxin' rigler, occasionally tucking each other aside of the head, and giving black eyes and bloody noses; then they clenched and had it rough and tumble, worse nor any 'lection fight I ever seed down at Myers's. I tuck sides ov coorse, and gyrated round a-praying that the little fellow would whip. Thar the two had it, round and round, and over and under, when the big fellow went to gouging, and I cried out, 'Turn him over, little un', and get his foot in your mouth.' 'No, you don't,' the fellow sang out."

"Who sang out, Uncle Tim?" inquired Captain Wild, some of the boys at the same time whistling.

"The bar sung out," said Uncle Tim, not the least confused, at the same time assuming a "ferocious look." "The bar," you see, "didn't say the words, but just cocked his ear, when the little un' did get the walloper's fist between his grinders; and sich a fuss! the dirt flew about from the extra licks, and I believe they would ha' disappeared in hole of their own diggin', if I hain't put in my say so, and just tuck the big fellow in the gizzard with old 'Harkaway,' that had a good bullet inside, and four buck-shot chambered as snug as peas in a pod. The bars in the excitement didn't hear the gun, nor *smell me;* the old un' thought he'd got a severe dig in his breadbasket from his antagonist, and fout the harder, but the little un' felt him give up, and got a new hold, and struck the old fellow amazin', then very deliberately tuck up the rost-



BEAR GETTING OVER THE FENCE.

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in' ears in his left arm, and putting the pumpkin on his head, he walked off, clomb over a high fence, and disappeared in the swamp."

"And that is a fact, is it?" asked several listeners, without concealing their incredulity.

"Sartin," said Uncle Tim, helping himself to the contents of a stone jug near by, "sartin it's a fact; I've got the big bar skin at home, under my bed now, and I showed Zack Taylor the very next morning the place whar the bar got over the fence; in coorse it's a fact. *I said it.*"

This last remark called forth such a loud laugh from Uncle Tim's hearers, that old Dan had to interfere by remarking that such noises would scare away all the game in the vicinity, and the hint from such exalted authority immediately restored things to a cheerful silence.

As the night advanced, one by one the members of the party announced their intention to sleep, by wrapping their blankets around them. As the hours wore on, the fire was replenished, showing there was always an eye open in the camp. The occasional cry of an owl only broke the silence, save when they, with almost noiseless wing, flitted near the flame, and roused the dogs by the momentary intrusion. With the earliest dawn the hunters were up, and examining their weapons, soon started for the dense cane-brakes in the vicinity. Old Dan, who had been so quiet the night previous, now roused himself, and by common consent took charge of the hunt. In the course of a few moments his superiority was cordially acknowledged, and his orders were implicitly obeyed.

There being no horses in the crowd, it was impossible for any one to take an active part in "the drive," and Old Dan pronounced it unnecessary, as there were signs enough on the trees and ground to satisfy his experienced eye that game was plenty. After crossing one or two lagoons, the hunters came to a "window," and among the matted limbs of trees and cane the dogs halted, and every one became excited at the prospect of rousing the bear.

No one can watch the intelligent companion of man without interest, and more particularly when warmed by the chase into the development of all his powers. The pack was composed of old and young—some full of experience, others all impudence and impetuosity. Those just past puppyhood, and out for their first season, scampered up and down the hollows and breaks, yelping at every shrub and stump, indiscriminately "opening" upon the scent of a rabbit, cat, or any other inferior animal that might have passed along the previous night. The older ones went about their work with all the decorum of serious business—impatient, yet, while uncertain, expressing themselves with subdued growls. A practiced eye might select the master-spirit—some grave old fellow, with a wrinkled neck and scarred skin, evidences of many a hard fight. Often, indeed, would you hear the suppressed and sharp bark from the subordinates; but all were unheeded until "Leader" would announce the trail found. The hunters, all expectation, watched with constantly-increasing anxiety these preliminaries; and at the same time, in spite of Old Dan's cautions, would urge the dogs on, by calling their names, and addressing them as if they were intelligent beings. An old dog, named Wolf, in whose mongrel form could be traced the mixed breed of the common deer-hound and coarse mastiff, curiously blending in his face the long nose, so powerful in scent, and the low, broad forehead and underhung jaw of the mere brute, forming the real bear dog, was evidently the favorite with Dan and the crowd generally.

"Wolf isn't as fast as Leader to get into a fight," said Uncle Tim; "but once it's coming off, he does his business beautiful." At this instant a sleek hound, named Spring, a lithe creature, that was nosing daintily the fallen leaves, opened with full cry, and started off, all the young dogs at his heels. Leader and Wolf, however, disregarded the signal, and Old Dan kicked back some of the dogs, exclaiming: "Wait, you young varmints, until your betters give the signal! If you should suddenly come on a warm bear trail, it would take your har off!" Suddenly and simultaneously Leader and Wolf opened, and, side by side, disappeared in the dark "break."

Old Dan watched the demonstration for a moment, and throwing "Confessor" across his shoulder, was about to follow, but before he had time to take more than a step or two, Wolf came back, snuffing the air; then lowering his head for a moment, he gave forth a prolonged cry, and with a heavy lope, took an entirely different route from the rest of the dogs.

The manœuvre was a singular one; the hunters saw that something was wrong, but Old Dan was in ecstasies; he fairly sprang into the air, as he gave a whoop of encouragement to Wolf, who, he said, had "the trail" and "the lead." The pack, already confused, and hearing the voice of Dan, now came plunging past, as they retraced their steps. The hunters, with eyes flashing, followed on; the cane cracked and bent beneath their tread, while the sounds of the trusty dogs grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and gradually fell upon the ear like the cadences of a mellow horn saluting the now uprising sun.

Dan, perfectly understanding the country and the habits of the animal pursued, stated where the dogs would probably come upon his den, and struck off into an Indian lope, followed by the crowd of hunters as best they could. In a short time they were all brought to a halt by a swift-running stream, in the centre of which was a thickly-wooded island. The dogs had already reached it, and could be seen running up and down in wild confusion, but gradually they narrowed their circle, and Dan pronounced the bear roused, but still in his bed. It was a moment of intense interest, for if the animal had once come to bay, there was no telling the fate of some of the dogs before their masters could

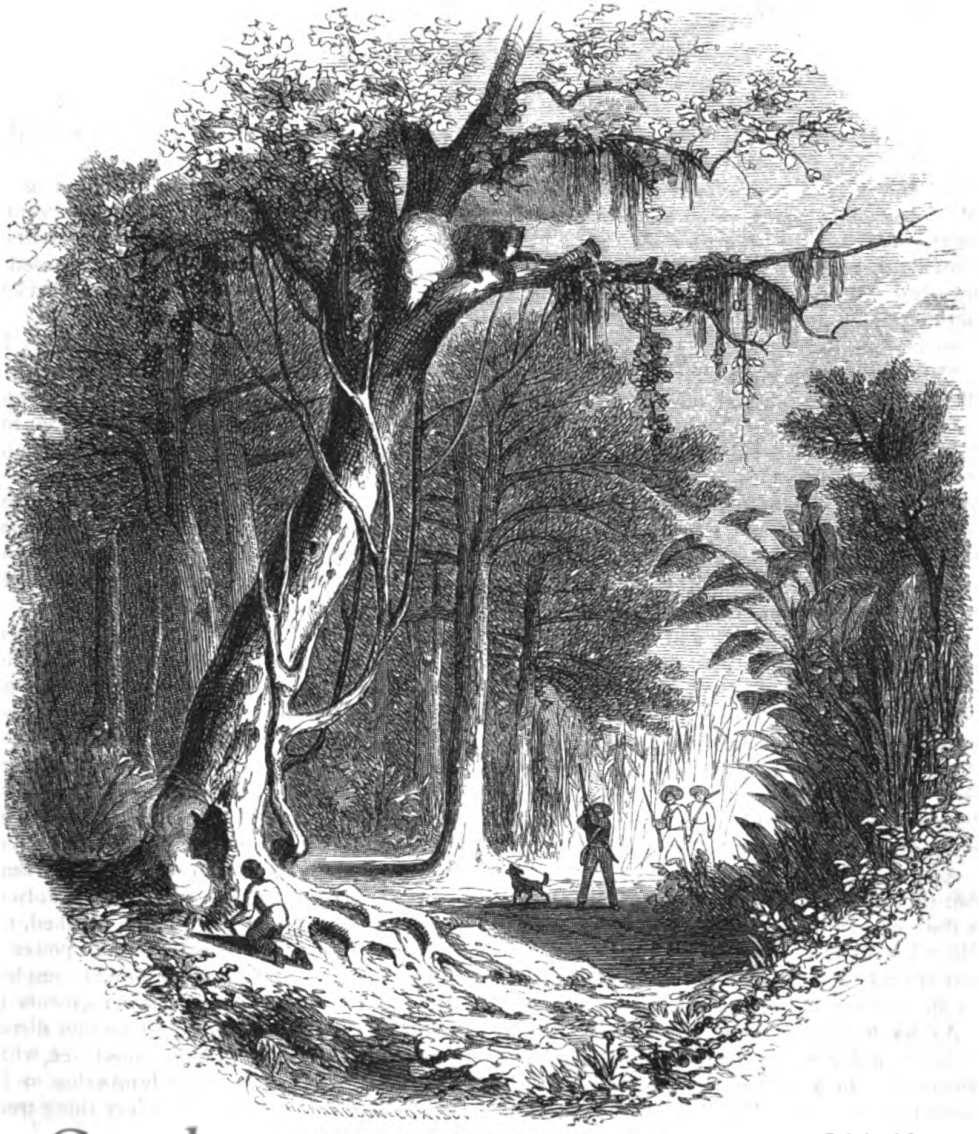
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reach them; but all were relieved by the sight of a bear rushing out from the matted vines and fallen trees, and jumping into the water, for he had already scented the hunters, and took an opposite direction, the dogs in full cry at his heels.

By the peculiarity of the ground the animal only circled round, and consequently, in spite of all his exertions, was never far from his pursuers. After giving indications that satisfied the hunters that he had frequently come at bay, he finally, as if in despair, ran up the trunk of an immense tree, and disappeared within.

The dogs yelled and scratched at the foot of the retreat until perfectly exhausted, and when the hunters came up they lay around the opening they had partially made among the roots, panting and blowing, yet ready at any moment to "pitch in." The possibility of the bear "treeing" had not been provided for, and there was not in the crowd an ax, and the one in the *Fairy Queen* was too dull and light to be of much practical benefit. A consultation of war was held, and it was agreed to build a fire, and smoke the enemy out of his hiding-place. To carry out this plan more perfectly, one of the hunters made a reconnoissance of the upper limbs of the tree, and satisfied himself of the possibility of dropping flaming pieces of wood down the trunk. The moment there were brands sufficiently ignited to answer the purpose, a grape vine was used for a rope, to draw them into the tree, and when precipitated, they could be heard rattling downward. In the mean while, the opening below was enlarged until it reached "the hollow," and the bear, to the joy of all, was heard to growl.

The dogs now alternately took turns in trying to get at Bruin, and succeeded in getting their bodies half out of sight. Wolf, ever the readiest in the contest, was first to reach the bear, which he seized by the jaw. A terrible struggle ensued. The opening was fortunately too small to enable the bear to use his claws, and, exert-



SHOOTING AT THE BEAR FROM THE TREE.

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FIGHT OF DOGS AND BEAR.

ing all his strength, he tore himself loose, breaking off Wolf's "holding tooth" by the force. The hunters here endeavored to interfere, but Wolf dashed in again, when the bear, waiting for the attack, wiped his paw across the brave dog's skull, broke it in as if it were paper, and dragging the body to him, lay down upon it, and by his immense weight pressed out the last lingering breath.

This catastrophe was perfectly understood by all present; tears fairly started in Uncle Tim's eyes, as he cried out, "I'll give my saddle horse for a sharp ax to get this infarnal tree down!" One or two pointed their guns into the hole, with the intention of firing inside at random, but Old Dan interfered: "It's no use," said he, with characteristic coolness; "it's no use wasting your shot and your meat at the same time; smoke the varmint out on some tarms, and let's have his carcass in sight;" and with this advice, he commenced for the first time earnestly the work of expulsion. Gathering up the fire scattered about, and ordering dried leaves to be brought, Old Dan concentrated them at the root of the tree, and fanning them into a flame with his hat, very soon gratified his assistants with the evidence of smoke lazily curling out of what might be termed the huge forest chimney.

At last the dried rotten wood of the interior shot into a blaze, and the bear came rushing out at the top, his jaws covered with foam, his eyes blinded with the smoke, and his once glossy coat singed and ruined; nothing could exceed his appearance of terror and impotent anger.

As he hesitated upon one of the brawny limbs, in order to arrange his confused ideas, preparatory to a desperate leap, Old Dan (by common consent not interfered with) raised his rifle and fired. The bear sprang upward, struck upon the branches, rolled over, made a fruitless grasp with his claws, and fell into a crotch just beneath, and, to the surprise of all, could be discovered among the openings in the intervening foliage quietly disposed, in a crouching attitude, his head close to the bark, where he seemed to calmly survey his enemies, who were barking and shouting below.

"Now," said Dan, as if disgusted with his want of success, "blaze away with your double bar'ls." Before the old man could finish making the suggestion, several shots were fired, and were continued as rapidly as the parties could load, but the bear was still immovable.

"Why dont you fotch him down?" said Dan, wiping out the interior of his piece with some tow. "Give it to him in his face and hams; they ain't mortal parts, but he can't stan' peppering all day."

Bang—bang—bang went the fowling-pieces. Captain Wild, who had been perfectly furious ever since the death of his favorite, now stepped out, determined to give the finishing shot, when he turned suddenly to Old Dan, and said, "Why that bear hasn't got as much life as a tree knot."

"In course," said Dan; "didn't Confessor knock it out of him; but no matter, you've got plenty of powder, so make a sieve of the hide." A general laugh ensued, in which the old hunter joined, for he had, according to his notions, disgraced the weapon he so much disliked, and vindicated the superior precision and power of his favorite rifle, and his triumph was complete.

It was the work of but a few moments for one of the party to climb the tree and dispossess the bear's body from its resting-place, which being accomplished, it came lumbering to the earth with a force that made every thing tremble. The dogs, which had been awaiting the re-

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sult, now sprang upon the bear, and tore it for a moment to their heart's content; but soon finding that there was no resistance, skulked away from it with evident mortification.

A shovel and an ax by this time had arrived from the *Fairy Queen*, and by the judicious use of both the body of poor Wolf was reached, and being hauled upon the green turf, was decently disposed of, preparatory to an honorable burial. Uncle Tim insisted upon digging the grave, and after the body of the once faithful animal was hidden away in its last resting-place, he leaned over his spade, and addressing the dogs, which were induced to gather round him, supposing he was hunting for game, Uncle Tim said:

"Wolf was born nobody knows whar, and was, as a puppy, glad to live in the quarters. He never had a far chance as a pup, but he fout himself into notice as soon as he got big. His mother was a true hound, and you could a' made a silk purse of *her* ears, if you can't of a sow's; but Wolf's tuck too much after his daddy, and the bull in him made him over-fond of a fight. 'Twas no use his sticking his head into the bar's mouth; he had no chance. I've known Wolf, gentlemen"—and Uncle Tim addressed his human auditors with almost as much feeling as he did the dogs—"I've known Wolf, gentlemen, to whip off a hull pack from a dead bar, and sit by it alone until the hunters came up. Ef there is any truth in Indian stories, Wolf will have a good master and plenty of game in the happy hunting grounds."

"Thar *is* truth in them," said Old Dan, with reverence—and the last tribute paid to a once faithful companion of man was at an end.

THE ARAUCANIANS.*

IN the year 1849 an expedition was sent out by the United States Government for the purpose of making astronomical and scientific observations in Chili. For three years the members of this expedition were so busily engaged in their calculations that they had little opportunity of becoming acquainted with that southern country. In fact, they were scarcely able, during all the time, to set foot outside of the capital. When their duties drew to a close, Lieutenant Smith, one of their number, asked and obtained permission to make a tour into the interior, with the special purpose of paying a visit to the unconquered Araucanians, perhaps the only tribe of Indians upon our continent who have made any permanently successful opposition to the encroachments of their European invaders.

In January, 1853, our traveler, accompanied by a single attendant, left the City of Concepcion, and set out on his tour, in spite of the kindly warnings of his Chilian friends, who drew fearful pictures of the hardship and perils of a journey to the country of these indomitable savages.

Their first night at Gualqui, gave no very favorable omens of the comfort to be expected on the journey. The *posada* was a cane-built hut, thatched with straw and plastered with mud. It contained two rooms, of which the outer served as a general shop for the sale of the few articles which the tastes of the inhabitants demanded, and their means allowed them to purchase. The inner room, which was devoted to the accommodation of travelers, was a dark hole, of which the door served as well the purpose of a window. The floor was of the solid earth. In one corner was a frame covered with a bull's hide, which was supposed to represent a bed, and this was the sole article of furniture. This poverty of sleeping accommodation may partly be explained by the fact that in this balmy climate travelers usually prefer the Indian mode of sleeping in the open air, wrapped up in their ponchos.

A candle was brought from the shop outside, but a candlestick was a refinement in luxury quite beyond the comprehension of the Chilena who did the honors of the hostlery. But necessity is the mother of invention, and the good dame soon contrived to remedy the deficiency. Giving the candle a gentle inclination to one side, she suffered a torrent of melted tallow to run down; when a smart *dab* of the softened surface against the rough wall, fixed it securely in its place.

It seems to be a general law, all over the world, that the accommodations of an inn shall be in an inverse ratio to the magnificence of the promises of the publican. The sounding flourish of mine host of Gualqui, "Any thing you like, Señores," in reply to a question as to what could be furnished for supper, when closely scrutinized, dwindled down to chicken broth and jerked beef. In answer to a modest query as to the possibility of adding eggs to the bill of fare, it was stated that in this particular locality the articles in question "rode on horseback." This, which upon the surface appeared to be the announcement of a new fact in natural history, was merely a poetical way of announcing that at Gualqui eggs were scarce and dear.

Supper was followed by a dish of *maté*, the South American tea. The venerable dame brought into the room a pan of lighted charcoal, which she kept a-glow by briskly fanning it with a fold of her under, and perhaps only garment. The tea apparatus consisted of a box with two compartments—one containing sugar, and the other holding powdered maté, a gourd, and a tin tube with a perforated bulb. A lump of burnt sugar was put into the gourd, followed by a handful of maté; boiling water having been poured over them, the tube was introduced. After giving a preparatory suck, to make sure that the hydraulic apparatus was in working order, the dame passed the dish to her principal guest, who was expected, after having himself imbibed, to pass it to his comrades.

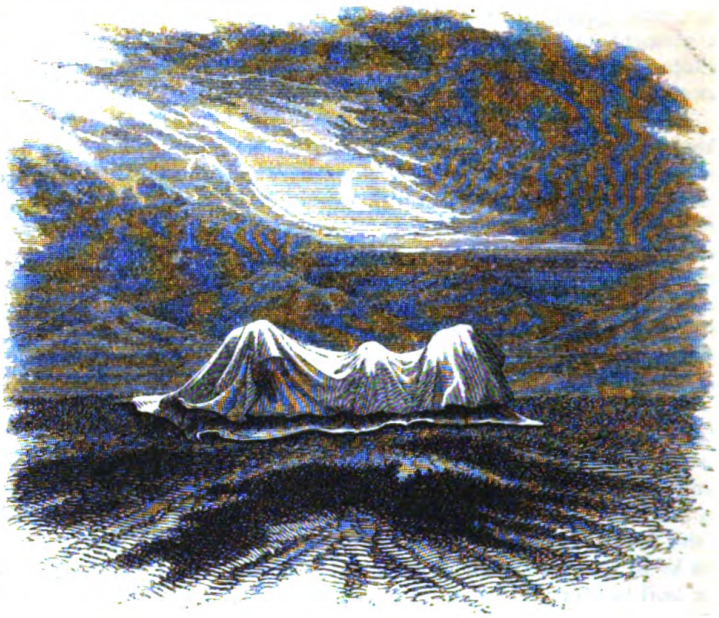
Traveling in Chili is much embarrassed by the

* *The Araucanians; or, Notes of a Tour among the Indian Tribes of Southern Chili.* By EDMOND REUEL SMITH, of the U. S. N. Astronomical Expedition in Chili. Harper and Brothers.

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peculiarity of the streams to be crossed. Sweeping straight down from the lofty ranges of the Andes, their velocity in the rainy season is so great that to maintain bridges is an affair of no small difficulty. Permanent bridges, in fact, are quite unknown, except in the immediate vicinity of the capital. But a sort of suspension bridge is common. These *puentes de cimbra*, or "shaking bridges," are rudely enough constructed. A narrow place in the stream is selected, and two stout poles are set up on either bank. Two cables made of hide are stretched across from the foot of these posts; these serve as string-pieces. Over the tops of the posts two other cables are extended, the ends of which are firmly secured to the ground at some distance. These are the chains of the suspension bridge, and the upper and lower cables are connected together by ropes of hide. The floor of the bridge consists of canes and brushwood laid transversely across the lower cables.

It is no easy matter to induce a mule to intrust his precious person to one of these frail structures. An infinite number of persuasive arguments, consisting of kicks and poundings, tuggings at the ears, and scientific twistings of the tail, are necessary to overcome the hesitation of the animal. At length the mule, reversing the philosophy of Hamlet, concluding it to be better for him to



INDIAN MODE OF SLEEPING.

—— fly to ills he knows not of
Than bear with those he has—

cautiously sets foot upon the crazy structure, which sways and trembles beneath him, and if he escapes breaking through the frail flooring, he finds himself, to his astonishment and delight, upon the opposite side of the torrent.

The vehicles encountered upon the road are rude and clumsy. The wheels are solid sections cut off from a tree of the proper size. A couple of saplings, resting upon the axles, protrude behind, and form the foundation of the body; brought together in front they constitute the tongue. The yoke is a rough piece of timber lashed to the horns of the oxen. The bearings are rough, and as they are never greased, the creaking of the machine announces its approach long before it is visible in the distance.



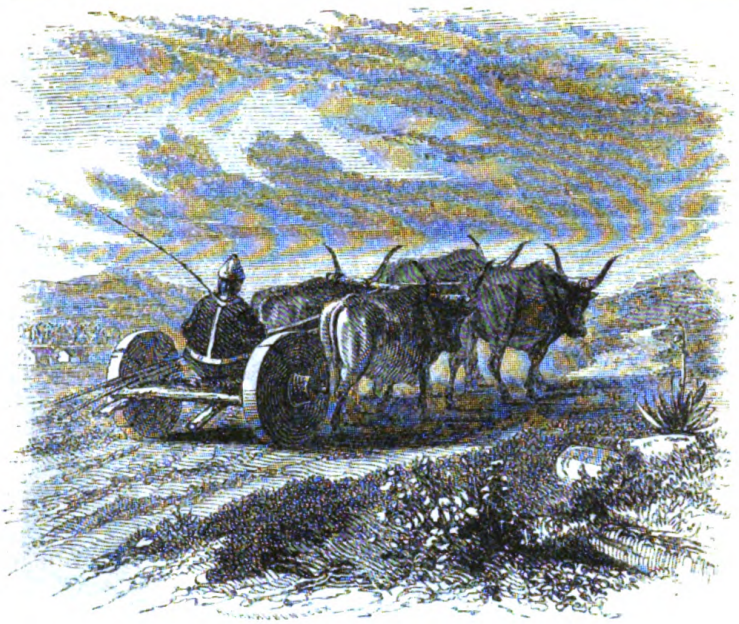
HANGING BRIDGE.

Advancing farther into the country, the absence of inns compelled our traveler to throw himself upon the hospitality of the inhabitants. Sometimes he became the guest of the magistrate, at others he enjoyed the hospitality of the worthy village Padre. The kindness of the good Chilenos was uniformly worthy of all praise. He thus obtained many glimpses of the modes of life and habits of the people.

It is the usual custom in Chili to name a child after the saint upon whose day it first makes its advent into the world, and as a male child is just as apt to

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be born upon the day of a female saint, and *vice-versa*, the name of a person affords no indication of sex. Bearded Marias and Theresas, and coquettish Josephs and Pauls abound. As they reckon the day of their patron saint as their birth-day, and as many of the saints' days are movable in the calendar, it often requires some little calculation for a Chileno to know the exact day of his birth.



CHILIAN CART.

One day he passed a house in which some kind of a ceremony was going on. He was informed that they were "watching an angel of God." The dwelling was full of people, who were drinking and singing around a kind of altar, upon which was seated what he supposed to be an image. Its face was painted in red and white; the body tricked out with gaudy finery, and adorned with a pair of gauze wings. Close inspection showed that it was the corpse of a child. They were celebrating a Chilian wake. Sometimes the ceremony is kept up, with music, dancing, and drinking, until the body becomes too offensive for endurance.

The Chilian national dance is the *zamacúca*. It is amorous, but by no means necessarily voluptuous in its character. It keeps a firm hold upon the inhabitants of the country, though the genteel portion of the residents of the towns affect to consider it "low," and substitute for it dances of European origin. Yet even they are not able wholly to conquer their hereditary fondness for it; and though they commence their balls with the more fashionable polkas and waltzes, these are during the evening superseded by the national *zamacúca*. On one occasion the village Cura, unable to resist its fascinations, and the entreaties of his parishioners, after a little coy delay, tucked up his cassock, and danced away as heartily as the liveliest of his flock.



THE ZAMACUCA.

At the border town of Antuco they fell in with a party of Indians. They were a wild-looking, noisy crew, but withal good-humored and kindly enough. They were Pehuenches from the other side of the mountains, and had come here for the purpose of having a drunken frolic. They would sit for hours together in a circle, passing the jug of liquor from mouth to mouth, while one of them kept up a monotonous harangue, to which the others listened with grunts of approval.

After many pleasant loiterings by the way, they at length reached the confines of the territory of the renowned Araucanians.—Their history and the narrative of their long and successful struggle against the Spaniards has been told in sounding verse

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PEHUENCHE INDIANS.

by Ercilla, the warrior bard, who composed the poem almost literally sword in hand, writing at night an account of what adventures the day had brought forth. His "Araucania" is beyond doubt the noblest narrative poem—in default of a better, the Spaniards even style it an epic—that has been written in the Castilian tongue.

The proud empire of the Montezumas was speedily conquered by a handful of adventurers; the kingdom of the Peruvian Incas fell at a blow; while the Araucanians maintained for two centuries a fierce contest with the best forces of Spain. Often worsted they were never subdued, and at length, in 1724, they compelled the haughty Spaniards to sue for peace and enter into a treaty by which the independence of Araucania was acknowledged; and it maintains its independence to this day.

Since Ercilla wrote, three centuries ago, little has been known to the world in general of the character and condition of the Araucanians. The worthy Abbé Molina published a history of them toward the close of the last century; but he did little more than transmute Ercilla's sounding verse into very plain prose. A score of years ago, Dr. Pöppig, a scientific German, visited the Araucanians, and published an account of his travels in two ponderous German quartos; but few out of his own country ever read his work. Mr. Smith, therefore, is perhaps the first to give in our language any information respecting the Araucanians, drawn from personal knowledge.

The Araucanians are suspicious of the whites, and allow only traders to visit their country. Upon approaching their boundaries, our author put himself under the guidance of one Don Pantaleon Sanchez—or, as his name was abbreviated, Don Panta—a Chilian worthy who had often made trading excursions among the Indians, and was ready to set forth again.

In order that he might be sure of an unobstructed passage, it was deemed necessary by Don Panta that our author should manage to secure the friendship of Mañin, the principal chief of the Araucanians, and for this purpose he concocted a story to account for the visit.

It seems that, many years ago, during the war of independence, a Spaniard named Vega had fought on the side of the Indians, and had become a great favorite with Mañin. In course of time Vega returned to Concepcion, took to himself a wife, and reared up a family. Though thirty years had elapsed, the old Indian cherished a friendly recollection of his pale-faced comrade, and whenever Chilian traders entered his dominions, never failed to make minute inquiries as to his welfare. As the two old men could never hope to meet in person, Mañin was extremely anxious to receive a visit from the son of his ancient friend.

Sanchez thereupon determined that our Yankee Lieutenant Smith should make his entry into the Araucanian country in the character of Don Eduardo de la Vega, the son of Mañin's old comrade; and for fear that his foreign aspect might betray him, it was to be given out that he had just returned from England, whither he had been sent when a child to receive an education.

Our Lieutenant stoutly objected to this nice scheme, and preferred to appear in his true character. But Don Panta assured him that this

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was out of the question. The Indians could never be made to understand why a man should visit their country from curiosity. Unless he appeared as a trader, or in some other plausible character, they would be convinced that he was a spy, and would turn him back without hesitation. The Vega scheme was the only practicable one, and if he would not consent to that, Don Panta would have nothing to do with the affair. As for the Lieutenant's scruples about deceiving the confiding Mañin, they were summarily disposed of by the Don. The Indians, he said, were themselves arrant liars, and would have no just grounds of complaint at being paid off in their own coin.

The Lieutenant was forced to yield. He laid in a stock of articles for presents to the friends he was about to meet. They were not very valuable. A half dozen yards of red and blue flannel, a half gross of gay cotton handkerchiefs, a few pounds of glass beads, a quantity of indigo, some dozens of harmonicons and Jews'-harps, comprised the whole stock intended for general distribution. Besides these there were a pair of old epaulets, which had already seen service in the Chilian wars. These were set apart to grace the illustrious shoulders of the great Mañin himself.

Don Panta, who was bent on profit, scraped together a quantity of articles for trade of considerably more intrinsic value. There were massive silver spurs, of the solid workmanship prized by the Indians, and a good supply of hard dollars in case they should be disinclined to barter. They have learned caution in their dealings with the traders, and it is no easy matter to pass off light or counterfeit money upon them. Not satisfied with tasting and smelling of the coin, a wary old chief will be provided with a pair of balances, with which to weigh each dollar, using one which he knows to be of full weight as the standard. Keen traders as they are, they sometimes outwit themselves in their eagerness to make a good bargain. On one occasion six dollars was demanded of Don Panta for a poncho worth but a dollar. The Don made no objection to the price; but when he came to make payment he quietly measured out six spoonfuls of indigo, at a dollar each. As the value of the article was but about seventy-five cents, the trader certainly had the best of the transaction.

All preliminaries being arranged, the party set out, and soon found themselves in the territory of the renowned Araucanians. The petty chiefs are very strict in exacting a present as payment for the privilege of passing through their dominions. This is, however, far from exorbitant. A sixpenny Jews'-harp or a flaming cotton handkerchief was found to be amply sufficient. An English traveler, a while ago, determined to resist what he deemed an unjust requisition, and attempted to pass on without compliance. The chief persisted in his demand, and gave a blast upon his horn. Answering notes rung from all sides; the Indians poured down like the Gaels at the summons of Rhoderick Dhu; there was a rush of horsemen and a brandishing of lances from every direction. The traveler handled his pistols, and the Indians couched their spears. The guide, in terror, besought him to give something, even though it were only a handkerchief. The sturdy Briton was struck with the folly of risking life for such



TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.

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a trifle, and in the munificence of his heart presented the chief with a jack-knife. Peace was at once made. The Caçique, overwhelmed by such unexpected liberality, swore eternal friendship to his benefactor, and insisted upon sending a guard of honor to conduct him several miles upon his way.

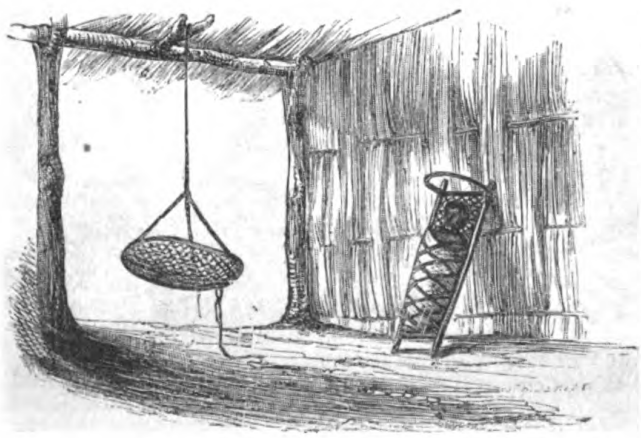
One night our travelers drew rein before the hut of a chief, a particular friend of Don Panta, who rejoiced in the appellation of Chancay-Hueno, or "The Island of Heaven." His house was a rather good specimen of the abode of an Araucanian gentleman of the better class. It was built of cane, and was some thirty by fifteen feet in dimensions. A hole in the thatched roof served the double purpose of chimney and window. In two corners stood wide hide-covered bedsteads, above which hung the finery of the household — heavy silver spurs, and feminine apparel in considerable profusion. Close by were two long lances, ready for use, though their rusted heads betokened that they had seen no recent service. The floor was littered up with domestic utensils, and from the rafters overhead depended ears of maize, joints of meat, strips of dried pumpkin, strings of red pepper, and other esculents.



WOMAN OF ARAUCANIA.

Unlike the majority of his countrymen, whose domestic arrangements savor strongly of the tastes of the disciples of Joe Smith, "The Island" had but a single wife. Next morning she came out in all her finery to do honor to her guests. She seemed especially to pride herself upon the new coat of paint upon her face. Red and black are the *mode* in Araucania. The red is laid on in a broad belt across the face from ear to ear, the lower edge, upon the cheek and down the tip of the nose, being delicately shaded and scolloped with black. The dress consists of a couple of blankets, one of which is wrapped around the body, leaving the arms quite as bare as those of a belle at a fashionable party. The other blanket is thrown over the shoulders, and secured in front with a pin, whose silver head might serve for a dinner-plate. Heavy anklets, bracelets, and ear-rings, are the principal articles of jewelry. The head-dresses present a considerable variety. "A very *recherché*" one, to imitate the phraseology of our "Fashionable Editor," is composed of beads, wrought in fanciful patterns, falling low over the forehead, finished behind by strings of brass thimbles, forming a sort of fringe.

A bright-eyed, bullet-headed youngster, who was playing about, was a namesake of Don Panta. His sister bore the name, at once musical and poetical, of Elyapé—"The Oak that buds in the Spring." Our traveler tried hard to ingratiate himself with her, but she had unluckily seen him take off his hat, which she had evidently supposed to be an integral part of his person, and was affected in much the same way that a European child would have been at seeing a man coolly unscrewing his head. She made up her mind that there was something uncanny about the stranger, and kept at a wary distance. Besides, there was a papoose, who passed the greater part of the day strapped up in a frame so tightly that his black eyes seemed the only movable thing about him. In spite of his close confinement he seemed to enjoy himself hugely, and never took it into his head to make any outcry. He was certainly a model-baby.



PAPOOSE AND CRADLE.

At length our traveler approached the great Mañin. The royal residence was much like the house of "The Island," except that it was much larger. In front of it was an immense shed, which

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served as a council-hall. Along one side was a divan of rough planks, spread with sheepskins, and covered with ponchos. The back was composed of a huge log, running its whole length. Upon this seat of honor reclined the mighty Mañin-Hueno—"The Grass of Heaven;" or, as the Chilians call him, *Mañin-Bueno*—"Mañin the Good." He had long passed the allotted threescore years and ten of human life. Indeed, if accounts are reliable, his years approached a hundred. He might, however, have passed very well for a man of sixty, for his long hair, once as black as jet, was but slightly sprinkled with gray, and his form was still erect. His massive chin betokened a strong and commanding will, and he spoke in the grave and measured tones of one who felt that his will was law. His dress hardly befitted his rank. His shirt appeared to have been worn for months without having been washed. This, a ragged miltary vest, a poncho tied about the waist, and a gaudy handkerchief upon his head, comprised his whole costume. In fact, though powerful, he was a poor chief. A sort of Indian Cincinnatus, depending for subsistence mainly upon the volantary offerings of his subjects.

"I bring you the son of your old friend Vega," said Don Panta, pointing to the *soi-disant* Don Eduardo.

"Vega!" exclaimed the Araucanian, pressing the hand of the stranger to his heart with an affectionate warmth that gave the pretender some compunctions of conscience, which were not a little augmented by the fear that, if detected, he might pay dearly for the deception.

By-and-by the baggage was opened, and it was soon discovered that the presents were about to be distributed. The whole family of the chief made their appearance near the shed, though none entered until specially summoned by name. The old chief evidently kept his household in good subjection. His eight wives were first called, and each received an ounce of indigo, a string of beads, and a dozen brass thimbles. One, who claimed a double portion on account of being a Christian, had the claim allowed. She had been captured from the whites when a child. Next came the children, some twenty in number, two or three of them infants at the breast. To each of them was given a Jew's harp, a string of beads, and a cotton handkerchief. But the crowning part of the ceremony was the presentation of the epaulets, accompanied by a courtly harangue. The chief tried in vain to maintain his equanimity upon the reception of this gift, so far beyond his expectations. But Nature would have its way. He sorely regretted that he had not a coat worthy of being worn with them.

The heart of the chief was won, and he at once proposed to adopt the son of his old friend as one of his own children, giving to him the name of *Namcu-Lauquen*—"The Eaglet of the Sea." As the adopted son of their great chief, he had now full opportunity of going where he pleased in the Araucanian country without exciting suspicion.

In honor of his visitor Mañin now assumed his garments of state. The change from his ordinary attire consisted simply in discarding his shirt, and assuming in its place a tattered military coat, profusely embroidered with gold. It had a high-standing collar, and according to the conception of the artist who fabricated it, should have been buttoned to the throat; but the chief studied comfort, and wore it open in front, displaying his naked breast and abdomen.

According to Araucanian ideas it is always necessary to make a present in return for one received. So when the Lieutenant was about to set out on a tour of observation, the wives of Mañin flocked around, each with something to contribute to the comfort of the journey. One brought boiled eggs, another a fowl, another toasted wheat. They presented them, naming, at the same time, the gift in return for which they were offered:

"To my son you gave a handkerchief; he sends you these eggs." "To my daughter you gave beads; accept this wheat in her name;" and so on.

This toasted wheat, pounded into flour, and mixed with water, is the standing article of diet among the Araucanians; and our traveler found it nowise unpalatable. Their favorite beverage is *mudai;* this also is not unpleasant to the taste—at least until after one has seen its preparation. The Lieutenant had partaken of it many a time with much gusto, asking no questions as to its composition. But he was doomed to be enlightened.

One day one of the women of the household brought out a dish of meal, slightly moistened, and a small earthen jug. One after another all the females present, from the youngest children to the toothless old crones, approached, and each taking a handful of meal, stuffed it into her mouth. In a few minutes all were chewing away, with their cheeks distended to their utmost capacity. Soon they came up to the jug, one by one, and having deposited therein the contents of their mouths, replaced them by another handful of meal. This operation was kept up for some time.

The curiosity of our traveler was aroused.

"What is that?" he inquired of one of the operators, pointing to the jug.

"Mudai," was the reply; and noticing the astonishment of her interrogator, she added: "Good! good!"

It was even so, as further inquiries confirmed. The pleasant compound whose preparation he had been watching, was an essential ingredient in the mudai which he had been drinking for a month with so much delectation. A quantity of wheat is boiled over a fire, and to it a jugful of the masticated and salivated flour is added to induce rapid fermentation. As soon as this sets in the mudai is considered fit for use. It is hardly necessary to

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add that our author's estimate of the potability of mudai was considerably changed after this.

In their intercourse with each other and with strangers, the Araucanians outdo even the Spaniards in formal courtesy. Before the doors of their huts a cross-bar is placed, and etiquette demands that the visitor shall pause ceremoniously before it, until he receives a formal invitation to enter. The master of the house no sooner perceives the approach of the visitor than he advances and bids him a hundred welcomes. Entering the hut, they seat themselves, and a grave and formal colloquy ensues.



MAKING MUDIA.

If the guest is a stranger, the host remarks, "I don't know you, brother;" whereupon the guest announces his name and residence, and enters into a minute inquiry as to the general health of his respected host, that of his wives, his children, the state of the crop, and the condition of his flocks and herds, the news of the neighborhood, and such like matters.

If the responses are favorable he expresses his gratification, and moralizes upon the inestimable advantages of good health and good fellowship among neighbors. But if the answers are unfavorable he is equally profuse in his condolence, and exhausts his stock of philosophy in consoling his host.

When the guest has finished it is the host's turn, and a similar scene ensues, the interlocutors changing parts. All this interchange of greetings is carried on in a sing-song tone, as though the parties were repeating their parts by rote. It is very like the formal "compliments of the season" at a New Year's reception, only it lasts for a quarter of an hour or more, instead of but for a few moments: when the duties of politeness are thus fairly discharged, conversation is commenced in a natural manner.

Their courtships are conducted in a rather peremptory fashion. When a young Araucanian makes up his mind to change his condition, he lays the matter before his friends, who make up a contribution to furnish him with an outfit. Some moonlight night the whole party proceed to the residence of the father of the intended bride. Half a dozen of them enter, and explain the object of their coming; set forth the merits of the aspirant, and ask the paternal consent. This is rarely refused. Meanwhile the lover seeks out the sleeping place of the girl, in order to press his suit. She considers it her duty to scream out, and all the females in the hut rush to protect her, armed with such weapons as come to hand, and a battle-royal ensues—the fair combatants striking without mercy. He who gets off without some serious proof of their prowess is a lucky man. The bride especially is held bound, in honor, to make a sturdy resistance to her wooer. But he finally succeeds in dragging her away, and placing her upon his horse, he dashes off to the woods. In a day or two the "happy couple" return from this hasty wedding-trip, and are henceforth recognized as man and wife.

In a few days the friends call upon the bridegroom, bringing presents according to their ability or generosity. These are formally handed over to the bride's father, by whom they are considered as the price for the article he has lost. The mother of the bride must, however, appear dissatisfied, and manifest her indignation by turning the cold shoulder upon her son-in-law. The longer she persists in refusing to address him the better. Sometimes she persists for years in declining to speak to him face to face, though she will converse with him with her back turned, or when a fence or partition intervenes. The Araucanian mothers are not certainly liable to the charge of match-making sometimes brought against their civilized sisters.

If the wife becomes dissatisfied with her position, the husband may allow her to choose a mate more to her liking; but in such a case the second husband must pay to his predecessor the price which the lady cost. A widow becomes her own mistress, unless the husband have left grown-up sons by another wife, in which case she is considered a part of his estate, and is looked upon as their common concubine.

It is no easy matter to say what is the religion of the Araucanians. Ercilla, notwithstanding the many heroic qualities which he ascribes to them, dismisses the matter by saying that they

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are a people "without God or religion, but subject to the devil." Still they have many superstitions. They offer sacrifices, and pour out libations, but apparently with a confused idea as to the objects of these ceremonies. They believe in a future state, though they trouble themselves little with speculations about it. When interrogated, their reply is, "*Chuno péchy nai*" —"Who knows?" which, like the Spanish "*Quien sabe?*" expresses not merely ignorance, but perfect indifference.



INDIAN GRAVE.

Their dead are interred in a sitting posture. By the side of the corpse are placed his saddle and arms; though not unfrequently, if these are valuable, they are replaced by cheap substitutes. Provisions for the long journey, and money to pay his ferriage into the Silent Land, are added, and the friends wish him a pleasant transit. His favorite horse is slain, a grand feast made of the flesh, and the skin is hung, like an awning, over the grave, at the head of which the long lance of the deceased is planted, with its pennon waving in the breeze. His spirit is still supposed to hover over his former abode, and to guard his native land. When the storm-clouds sweep along the distant Cordilleras, the Araucanians believe them to be the spirits of their departed friends doing fierce battle against invisible foes, and encourage them with shouts of approval.

Like many other savages, the Araucanians are inveterate gamblers. Their favorite game is a species of dice played with beans, marked on one side. A poncho is placed upon the ground, upon which they squat themselves. The beans are shaken in the hand, and flung down, the parties playing alternately. The spots



MAPUCHES GAMBLING.

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turned up are counted, and the player who first gets a hundred is the winner. Upon the cast they stake every thing; and the gravest questions of policy are not unfrequently decided by a throw of these inartificial dice. The warning to abstain from *beans*, given by Pythagoras to his disciples, would have had a special significance in Araucania.

The form of government of the "Republic of Araucania" has probably undergone little change since the days of Pizarro. The chiefs are little more than the heads of families, and the obligations of their clansmen to them are far from onerous. They are judges and arbiters in all disputes, and there is no appeal from their authority. But they claim no tribute, except what is voluntarily given, and demand no service. The land of each clan belongs to the whole body, occupation alone giving any special right in it to any individual. The chief only can give any person not belonging to the clan any claim upon it. The old jealousy of the whites, the result of years of conflict, still remains. They are as little willing as ever to resign their independence; and it has been long considered an offense worthy of death for any one to dispose of lands to their pale-faced enemies, of whose very presence they are apprehensive. From the same motive they refuse permission to missionaries to settle among them, knowing that if the whites gain a footing upon any pretense, pretexts for depriving them of their lands will not be wanting.

From the various chiefs, who are all of equal rank, one is selected in each division of the nation, who is called the Toqui, or Head. These Toquis form the Council who in time of peace constitute the supreme government. This Council is presided over by one of its own members, who is styled the Grand Toqui, whose general business is to watch over the affairs of the commonwealth, and provide for special emergencies. For more than a score of years this post has been held by Mañin, who by his wisdom has acquired almost unlimited authority.

In time of war the functions of this regular Council cease, its place being taken by a Council of War, presided over by a War Toqui, with unlimited authority. As soon as the war is concluded the functions of this Dictator cease, and the Council of Peace resumes its authority.

It is certainly not a little remarkable to find so complicated a system of government existing among a people so rude as the Araucanians; a system too, which, though indigenous with them, bears in many points a striking analogy to those republican forms which have been slowly elaborated by civilized races.

Though accurate investigation has stripped away much of the romance which has clung around the story of the "indomitable Araucanians," enough yet remains to render their existence and institutions in many respects one of the most singular phenomena; and to give rise to curious speculations as to their future prospects. Chili now begins to feel the awakening influence of the Anglo-American race. The indolence of the descendants of its Spanish conquerors must soon be replaced by the bustling energy of a more strenuous race. Will the Araucanians be able to maintain their existence in face of these new influences? or are they, like all the other red races of this continent, doomed to speedy extinction? A few years will bring an answer to these questions.

A TRIP ON THE PANAMA RAILROAD.*

"WOULD you like to go to Panama?" was the question propounded to one of our esteemed contributors. The track of the Panama Railroad had been completed from ocean to ocean, and the Company that had for five years been so lavishly casting its dollars upon the fever-haunted Isthmus, in the confident hope of finding them again, with increase, after many days, had resolved to give a grand celebration, with wining and dining and speechifying, in honor of the event.

It was January, and the thermometer stood at zero in New York, and mortal man could not be expected to resist the temptation to visit the tropics free of expense. So our friend returned an answer of acceptance to the formal note inviting him to assist in commemorating the important event, and instituted a search into the receptacles which contained last year's summer wardrobe, in preparation for the trip.

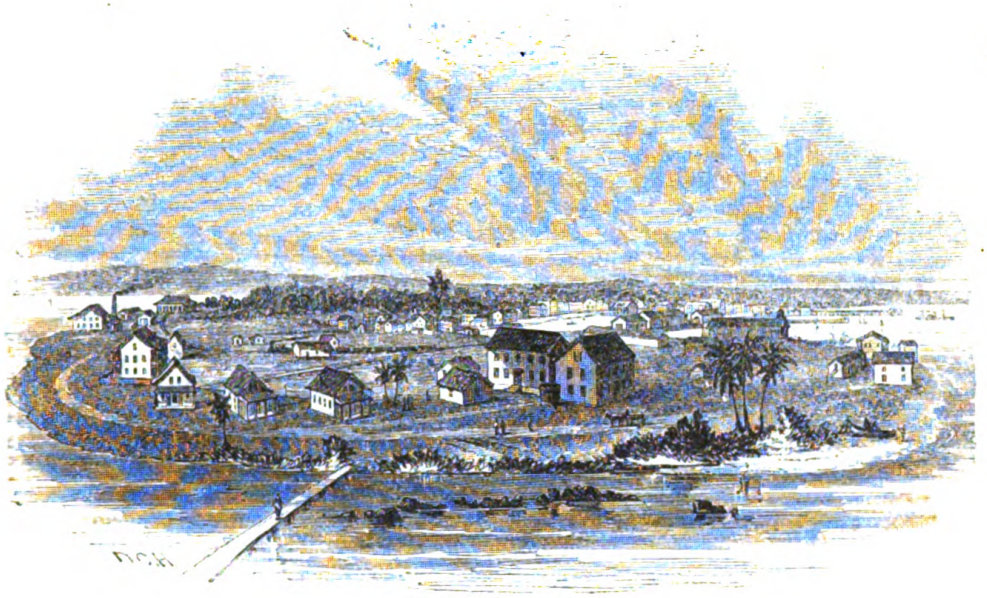
On the 5th of February the good steamer *George Law* left the wharf at New York, bearing, in addition to its usual miscellaneous crowd of Californian emigrants, the company of invited guests, and the United States Minister to Granada. A "Notice" to passengers, conspicuously posted up, intimating that no deadly weapons were to be worn on board, and no fire-arms discharged, and that it was out of order for any person to make his appearance at the dinner-table with his coat off, might have been a little startling to the nerves of a timorous or fastidious person; while the ostentatious display of "life-preservers" hinted at the possibility of drowning too plainly to be altogether agreeable to one who was not insured against that mode of leaving the world, by a premonition that he was reserved for a certain other fashion of exit.

Nobody, however, was shot, stabbed, or drowned, and the brave vessel, passing within sight of the green hills of Cuba and Hayti, and the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, dashed with never-resting wheels among the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and at length, on the eleventh day, lay motionless as a captured whale, at the dock at Aspinwall, the Atlantic terminus of the Panama Railway.

If the map proudly displayed by the enthusiastic draughtsman of the Company is to be accepted as prophetic, Aspinwall is destined to be a wonderful city. Broad avenues—A, B, C,

* *Panama in* 1855. An Account of the Panama Railroad; of the Cities of Panama and Aspinwall; with Sketches of Life and Character on the Isthmus. By ROBERT TOMES. Harper and Brothers.

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CITY OF ASPINWALL.

and so on far down the alphabet—are intersected by streets, to designate which whole squadrons of Roman numerals are pressed into service. Magnificent docks give proof that the interests of commerce are to be duly cared for; while the noble Boulevard surrounding the city, as the "ocean stream" girdled the shield of Achilles, and a spacious "Central Park," show that devotion to the "Almighty Dollar," the tutelar genius of America, was not the sole passion in the hearts of the projectors.

It must be confessed that the real Aspinwall hardly corresponds with the ideal existing in the mind of the enthusiastic artist, as our friend the Doctor—for we may as well give him his official title—discovered when he set out on a tour of exploration.

"A hundred or so," he says, "are about the whole number of houses in Aspinwall. Upon the beach at the northern end of the island are a few scattered buildings, gay with white paint and green blinds, chiefly occupied by the officials of the Panama Railroad, while to the right of these are the works and dépôt of the company with machine shops and reservoirs. The shore at the north curves round, leading easterly to an uncleared portion of the island, where a narrow rim of white beach separates the sea from the impenetrable jungle. As we turn westerly and follow the shore, taking the Mess House as the point of departure, we come upon a building of corrugated iron in progress of erection, intended for the residence of the British Consul, if he will ever have the courage to live in what is only a great target for all the artillery of heaven. The lightning during the rainy season keeps it in a continual blaze of illumination, and I mourned, in common with Colonel Totten, whose house is next door, over several prostrate cocoa-nut palms, which had been struck down in consequence of their fatal propinquity to the iron-house. As we proceed we pass three wooden, peaked-roofed cottages, with green blinds and verandas, inhabited by employés of the Company; hurry past some ugly whitewashed buildings, which the pale-faced sailor and the melancholy convalescent negro, sitting smoking their pipes on the steps, remind us are hospitals, and soon passing by some outlying huts with half naked negresses and pot-bellied children sunning themselves in front, we make our way into the thicker part of the settlement over marshy pools corrupt with decaying matter, black rotten roots of trees, and all kinds of putrefying offal, which resist even the street-cleaning capacities of those famous black scavengers, the turkey-buzzards, which gather in flocks about it. We now get upon the railroad track, which leads us into the main street. A meagre row of houses facing the water, made up of the railroad office, a store or two, some half dozen lodging and drinking establishments, and the 'Lone Star,' bounds the so-called street on one side, and the railroad track, upon its embankment of a few feet above the level of the shore, bounds the other.

"There is another and only one other street, which you reach by crossing a wooden bridge, that a sober man can only safely traverse by dint of deliberate care in the day-time, and a drunken man never, and which stretches over a large sheet of water that ebbs and flows in the very centre of the so-called city. This second street begins at the coral beach at the northern end of the island, and runs southward until it terminates in a swamp. At the two extremities houses bound it on both sides; in the middle there is a narrow pathway over an insecure foot-bridge, with some tumble-down pine buildings on one side only, with their foundations soaking

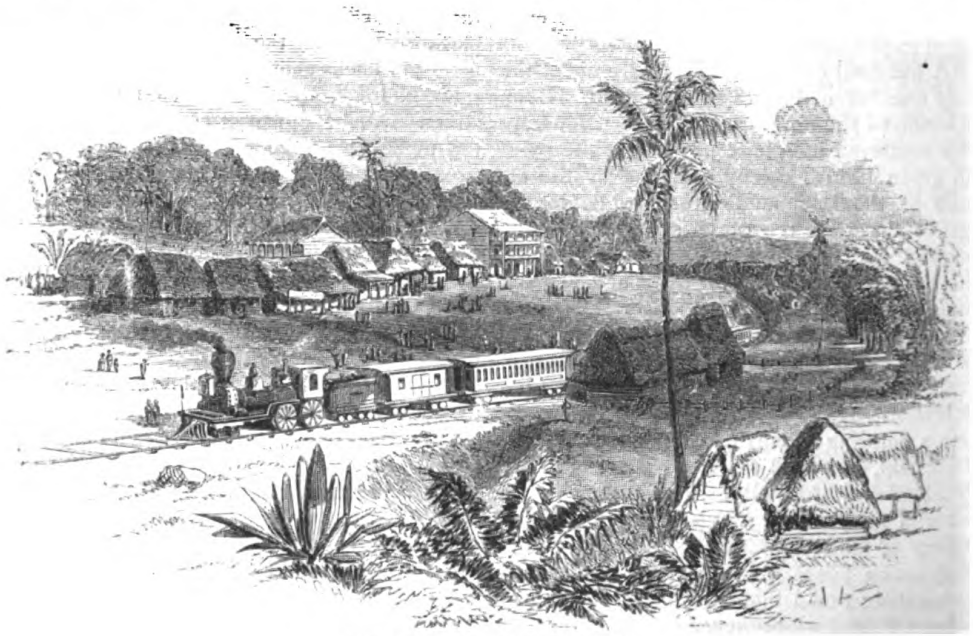
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in the swamp, their back windows inhaling the malaria from the manzanilla jungle in the rear, and their front ones opening upon the dirty water, which we have already described, that fills up the central part of the city. The hotels—great, straggling, wooden houses—gape here with their wide open doors, and catch California travelers, who are sent away with a fever as a memento of the place, and shops, groggeries, billiard-rooms, and drinking saloons thrust out their flaring signs to entice the passer-by. All the houses in Aspinwall are wooden, with the exception of the stuccoed Railroad office, the British Consul's precarious corrugated iron dwelling, and a brick building in the course of erection under the slow hands of some Jamaica negro masons. The more pretentious of the wooden buildings were sent out from Maine or Georgia bodily.

"The inhabitants of Aspinwall—some eight hundred in number—are of every variety of race and shade in color. The railroad officials, steamboat agents, foreign consuls, and a score of Yankee traders, hotel-keepers, billiard markers, and bar-tenders, comprise all the whites, who are the exclusive few. The better class of shop-keepers are mulattoes from Jamaica, St. Domingo, and the other West Indian Islands, while the dispensers of cheap grog, and hucksters of fruit and small wares are chiefly negroes. The main body of the population is made up of laborers, grinning coal-black negroes from Jamaica, yellow natives of mixed African and Indian blood, and sad, sedate, turbaned Hindoos, the poor exiled Coolies from the Ganges."

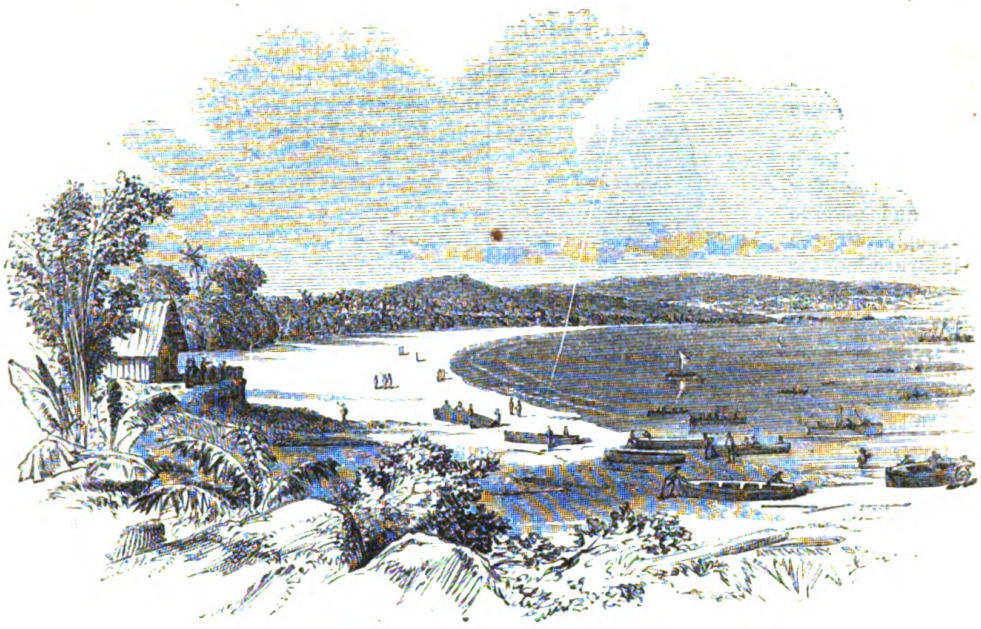
Notwithstanding the profuse hospitality of his hosts, with Champagne cocktails and choice Havanas *ad libitum*, the Doctor could not find it in his heart to be grieved at the announcement that the grand expedition across the Isthmus was about to be made. In addition to its own habitual fever, Aspinwall was in a fever of excitement in anticipation of the great event. Speeches and counter-speeches were to be delivered, and duly reported for the New York Press. Those who expected to be "most unexpectedly called upon to fill a gap," showed a praiseworthy diligence in preparing the materials, and in rehearsing their speeches to each other, so as to provide against any possibility of failure. The appointed hour at length came, and the train left the dépôt, amidst a general waving of the star-spangled banner from the shipping, and a display of miniature copies of the same from the hotels and drinking saloons; while from the balcony of the "Lone Star" a single white female waved her white handkerchief in adieu. The negroes were especially delighted. A party of them had taken possession of a rusty old cannon, which they kept firing off with uproarious glee that was soon turned to wailing, when one of them was mortally wounded by a premature discharge. The poor Coolies alone were apparently unmoved amidst the general excitement. They gazed with Eastern apathy upon the scene. What mattered it to them that another link was completed in the chain that binds together the Occident and the Orient?

"For seven miles the road passes through a deep marsh, in which the engineers, during the original survey, struggled breast-high, day after day, and yet, in spite of such toilsome and perilous labor, fixed their steady eyes straight forward, went on step by step, and accomplished their purpose. These seven miles are firm now as a stone pavement. Piles upon piles have been driven deep down into the spongy soil, and the foundation covered thick with a persistent earth, brought from Monkey Hill, which



THE SUMMIT, PANAMA RAILROAD.

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PACIFIC TERMINUS OF PANAMA RAILROAD.

overhangs the railroad track two miles from Aspinwall.

"On we go, dry shod, over the marsh, through the forest, which shuts out with its great walls of verdure on either side, the hot sun, and darkens the road with a perpetual shade. The luxuriance of the vegetation is beyond the powers of description. Now we pass impenetrable thickets of mangroves, rising out of deep marshes, and sending from each branch down into the earth, and from each root into the air, offshoots which gather together into a matted growth, where the observer seeks in vain to unravel the mysterious involution of trunk, root, branch, and foliage. Now we come upon gigantic *espaves* and *coratos*, with girths of thirty feet, and statures of a hundred and thirty feet, out of a single trunk of which, without a plank or a seam, the natives build great vessels of twelve tons burden.

"Again we cross a stream, rippling between banks of verdant growth, where the graceful bamboo waves over the water its feathery top, and the groves of the vegetable ivory palm, intermingled with the wild fig-tree, spread their shade, and rustling gently in the breeze, whisper a slight murmur of solitude in the ear, and suggest a passing dream of repose."

At Gatun, seven miles from Aspinwall, the first halt was made. We who remained at home read in the papers gorgeous accounts of the triumphal arch flung over the road, and the irrepressible burst of enthusiasm which greeted the passing train. Our author's recollections of the scene hardly come up to the florid description of the enthusiastic reporter. He remembers having seen one white man, two negroes, and a Coolie mounted on the top of a clay bank in front of a ruinous hut, shouting with all their might, and firing a salute from an old blunderbuss.

Passing Bujio Soldado, where stands a picturesque cottage which was formerly the favorite residence of the lamented John L. Stephens, while upon the Isthmus, the train reached Baracoas, where the road crosses the Chagres river by a bridge 600 feet in length. It is built of pine, brought from Georgia. Its massive timbers seemed as though they might endure for ages; but such is the destructive character of the climate that in a twelvemonth they must be replaced. To the west looms up the Cierro Gigante, the loftiest summit upon the Isthmus, whence Balboa saw at one glance the bright waters of the two oceans. Another short stage brought the train to the spot which had been selected for the site of a monument to Stephens, Aspinwall, and Chauncey, the original projectors of the Panama Road. The train stopped, and two sturdy negroes panted up the gentle acclivity, bearing the corner-stone of the proposed monument, and our Minister to Granada delivered a speech, of which copies were duly forwarded to the papers at home; where we hope it was read with more attention than seems to have been accorded to it by hungry listeners.

Another seven miles brought the train to the summit of the line, 250 feet above the level of the Pacific. Here has been the heaviest work upon the line. A "deep cutting," 1300 feet long, and 24 feet deep, has been dug through a soft soil, which every rain washes down upon the road, requiring a numerous force of laborers to keep the track clear. A rapid descent of 70 feet to the mile conquers the descent upon the Pacific side. Then a few miles of level track, and the train reaches Panama, stopping on the very verge of the shore of the broad Pacific. The transit from ocean to ocean has occupied just four and a half hours, including the time lost in listening to speeches.

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Panama was very quiet just then. The Californians, going and returning, had all left for their several destinations, and the visitors had abundance of leisure to wander about the town and see the few sights, and observe the people. There is the spruce-looking Padre, in long silk surplice, lined with pink satin. A cocked hat, fringed and tasseled, covers his reverend head; and his lower members are encased in silken hose, and polished shoes with golden buckles. His golden-headed cane, the jaunty air with which he puffs his cigar, and the gallantry with which he accosts the females of his flock, show that he is no anchorite.

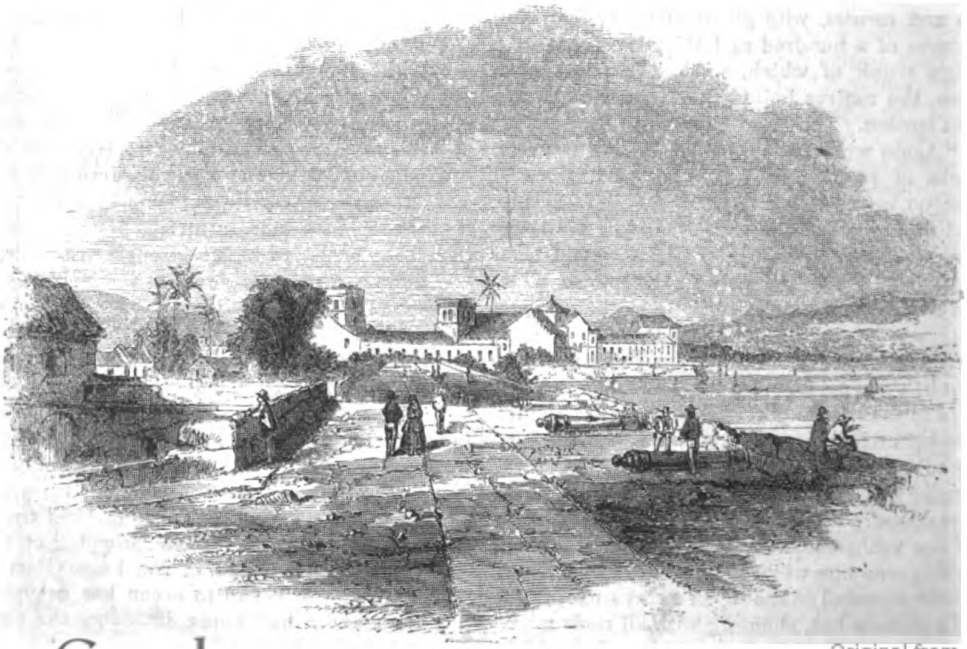




Then came a slouchy negro woman, with long black hair streaming down her back. Her garments are any thing but superfluous, and, in accordance with the custom of the Isthmus, the flounces are at the top, instead of the bottom of the skirt. She carries a child astride upon her hip, which looks as though it was fashioned for that special purpose. She, too, is smoking the perpetual cigar. Next may come a mother and child gayly tricked out in loose calico dresses, of the most flaming colors and startling patterns. Broad-brimmed, bright-ribboned Panama hats cover their heads; and satin slippers are stuck upon the tips of their toes. The child is a perfect fac-simile of the mother in all but size. From hat to slipper they are dressed alike. One fancies that he is looking at the mother through a spy-glass reversed. They evidently belong to the upper class, and are fully aware of the magnificence of their appearance, as they pace along in conscious pride through the streets. Another characteristic denizen of Panama presents himself in the person of the water-carrier, mounted on his mule. He is just returning from outside the walls, where he has filled his kegs from the orange-shaded spring, and is now returning to supply his customers, whose water-jars stand under the balcony, covered with cool moisture. Into the bung-holes he has inserted a tuft of green leaves, by way of cork; so that, at first sight, one might suppose his water-kegs had spontaneously germinated, and were about to grow up, and perhaps produce a crop of diminutive vessels in their own image and likeness. A shackled mule is cropping the grass in the deserted Plaza; a group of naked black children are playing on the church steps; and a file of galley-slaves are marching through the streets. Inside the churches, devotees are prostrate before tawdry images of the saints; and frowzy padres are







THE RAMPART OF PANAMA.

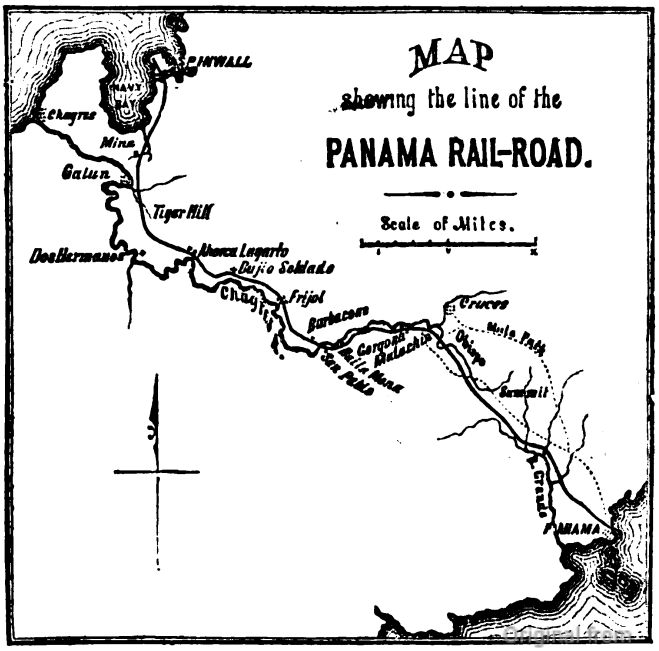
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snuffing the candles and peering into the contribution boxes. To remind you of home you look into a drinking saloon, where the sallow bar-keeper is concocting a sherry-cobbler for a fever-stricken Yankee; a brace of dark-haired natives are making wonderful strokes at the billiard table; and a group of Spaniards and Frenchmen are playing dominoes and sipping absinthe. This appears to be about the sum-total of life in Panama.

The rampart speaks of the days when the memory of Morgan was fresh in men's minds. Its solid foundations, laid two centuries ago, still breast the long waves of the Pacific. But the wall is in ruins; the loopholes are rent and jagged; the beautiful guns lie dismounted. A few barefooted mulatto soldiers, clad in loose linen jackets and trowsers, with red woolen caps on their heads, smoke their cigars, and strive to keep up the appearance of a military post. But it is all a sham. The descendants of the Castilian conquerors, here as every where else, are a worn-out and effete race. People and town alike have fallen into decay. The government is too feeble to exercise the ordinary duties of police, and has been obliged to give into the hands of foreigners the duty of preserving order on the Isthmus. The right of punishment, even to life and death, without appeal, has been granted to the Railroad Company. What the government is unable to accomplish, is performed by a guard of forty men, headed by Ran Runnels, famed as a Texas Ranger, who have cleared the Isthmus of robbers, and keep the thousands of unruly laborers in awe.

Two centuries ago Panama was the centre of the trade between Europe and Western America. It was a gorgeous city, whose merchants were princes. Their warehouses were filled with gold, silver, spices, and precious stuffs; and their dwellings were adorned with all that wealth could procure. But the discovery of the passage round Cape Horn turned the trade into a new channel. With the decline of the Spanish power the last gleam of prosperity departed; and since the Isthmus has been divided into feeble states, the decay has gone on with accelerated speed. For a short time the California emigration infused a spark of life into the stagnant city. But it was a spasmodic activity. The two thousand foreigners who were there congregated in 1850, have fallen to a few hundreds; and the native population was never fairly aroused from their death-like lethargy. The majority of the natives are a mongrel race, in whose veins White, Indian, and Negro blood is mingled in every conceivable proportion. Yet these are every way superior to the few who boast an unmixed Castilian descent. It is fearfully probable that no race of whites can escape deterioration upon the Isthmus. The indomitable energy which braves every hardship, and overcomes every visible obstacle, yields to the fatal influence of the climate; and each generation sinks lower than the one that preceded it. Yet the prize of the commerce between the East and the West is too great to be abandoned without a desperate struggle. It is hardly to be thought of that this narrow Isthmus should be suffered to add ten thousand miles to the voyage between New York and San Francisco.

With the commerce between California and the East for a prize, it would at first sight seem to be no extraordinary achievement to construct a railway of less than fifty miles in length, where there were no broad rivers to cross, no rocky ridges to excavate, and no deep valleys to fill up. But the Panama route presented obstacles more formidable than these visible and tangible ones. The materials for the construction and equipment of the road were all to be brought from a distance. Not only were the tools and iron work to be conveyed from the United States and from England, but, although the country abounded in forests, the very wood upon which the rails were to rest, and of which the bridges were to be constructed, was the product of Maine and Georgia, and the food for the laborers must be sought in the markets of the Atlantic cities. The tropical climate, which stimulates the powers of nature, whether of production or destruction, to an activity unknown in temperate regions, wrought in both directions with unresting activity against the enterprise. Thick jungles had to be pierced, which reproduced themselves almost as rapidly as they were cut down. The way once cleared, if left to itself, would be overgrown again in a



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twelvemonth. The destruction of dead material is as rapid as the growth of the living. A month does the work of a year. The most solid timber, exposed to the action of the climate and the insects, decays in a twelvemonth. Bridges, stations, tanks, houses must be built of stone or iron to be permanent.

But worse than all these is the pestilential climate, with which no race of men and no strength of constitution can contend; and against which no measure of precaution and no process of acclimation is a safeguard. No man could hope to escape the terrible "Panama fever" for more than a few weeks, or months at most. If the patient survived the violence of the first attack, the poison remained in the system, and he could hope for no perfect recovery so long as he remained on the Isthmus. And those who had apparently recovered by seeking a more healthy climate, succumbed at once on their return. "I never met," says our author, speaking as a medical man, "with a wholesome-looking person among all those engaged upon the railroad. There was not one whose constitution had not been sapped by disease."

The laborers upon the road were sought from every country, and there was a marked difference in the rapidity with which different races yielded to the miasma. The African resisted it longest; next came the Coolie; then the European races; and last of all the poor Chinaman, who succumbed at once. A ship-load of eight hundred of these poor Celestials landed at Panama. Of these thirty-two were prostrated almost at the moment of landing; in four or five days eighty more lay by their side; and in as many weeks there was hardly one who was fit for labor. They gave themselves up to despair, and sought for death at once, rather than await its rapid and inevitable approach. Hundreds destroyed themselves. Some persuaded their companions to kill them. Some seated themselves on the beach at low-water, and lighting their pipes, grimly waited for the rising tide to engulf them. Some strangled themselves, in default of a better means, with their own cherished pig-tails. Some impaled themselves upon sharpened stakes or the implements of their labor. In a space of time incredibly short, six hundred of the eight were dead, and the miserable remnant, hardly alive, and wholly unfit for labor, were shipped to Jamaica, where they linger out a life if possible more wretched than that of their countrymen whom a heartless cupidity brought to our own city, and then, failing in its object, abandoned here.

Hardly less terrible was the fate of a ship-load of Irish laborers, fresh from their green island. So rapidly did they give way to the fearful poison pervading the atmosphere, that not one of them was ever able to perform a full day's labor; and the miserable survivors, shipped to New York, died almost to a man of the fever contracted during their brief stay upon the Isthmus.

Nature seemed determined that the "door of the seas" should not be opened. Yet in spite of the obstacles which she interposed, and in spite even of the unexpected cost of the work, the enterprise went steadily on, until in five years from the time when ground was first broken, the first locomotive traversed the whole space from ocean to ocean. It is a wonderful triumph of man's indomitable will over the hostile powers of nature, visible and invisible. But the victory has been won at a fearful cost of life and health. Whether—leaving these out of view, and looking at the matter in a merely pecuniary point of view—the enterprise is a success or a failure, is still a question. Wall Street counts up the millions already expended in the construction of the road, and the other millions required to keep it in operation, and shaking its head, asks dubiously, "Will it pay?"

We, certainly, most devoutly hope that it may.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

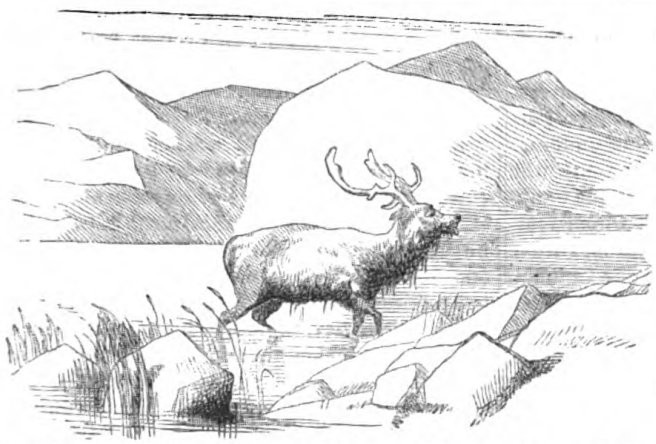
IN WHICH CLIVE BEGINS THE WORLD.

WE are ending our history, and yet poor Clive is but beginning the world. He has to earn the bread which he eats henceforth; and, as I saw his labors, his trials, and his disappointments, I could not but compare his calling with my own.

The drawbacks and penalties attendant upon our profession are taken into full account, as we well know, by literary men and their friends. Our poverty, hardships, and disappointments are set forth with great emphasis, and often with too great truth by those who speak of us; but there are advantages belonging to our trade which are passed over, I think, by some of those who exercise it and describe it, and for which, in striking the balance of our accounts, we are not always duly thankful. We have no patron, so to speak—we sit in ante-chambers no more, waiting the present of a few guineas from my lord, in return for a fulsome dedication. We sell our wares to the book purveyor, between whom and us there is no greater obligation than between him and his paper-maker or printer. In the great towns in our country, immense stores of books are provided for us, with librarians to class them, kind attendants to wait upon us, and comfortable appliances for study. We require scarce any capital wherewith to exercise our trade. What other so called learned profession is equally fortunate? A doctor, for example, after carefully and expensively educating himself, must invest in house and furniture, horses, carriage, and men-servants, before the public patient will think of calling him in. I am told that such gentlemen have to coax and wheedle dowagers, to humor hypochondriacs, to practice a score of little

* Concluded from the September Number.

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subsidiary arts in order to make that of healing profitable. How many, many hundreds of pounds has a barrister to sink upon his stock in trade before his returns are available? There are the costly charges of university education—the costly chambers in the Inn of court—the clerk and his maintenance—the inevitable travels on circuit—certain expenses all to be defrayed before the possible client makes his appearance, and the chance of fame or competency arrives. The prizes are great, to be sure, in the law, but what a prodigious sum the lottery-ticket costs! If a man of letters can not win, neither does he risk so much. Let us speak of our trade as we find it, and not be too eager in calling out for public compassion.

The artists, for the most part, do not cry out their woes as loudly as some gentlemen of the literary fraternity, and yet I think the life of many of them is harder; their chances even more precarious, and the conditions of their profession less independent and agreeable than ours. I have watched —— Smee, Esq., R.A., flattering and fawning, and at the same time boasting and swaggering, poor fellow! in order to secure a sitter. I have listened to a Manchester magnate talking about fine arts before one of J. J.'s pictures, assuming the airs of a painter, and laying down the most absurd laws respecting the art. I have seen poor Tomkins bowing a rich amateur through a private view, and noted the eager smiles on Tomkins's face at the amateur's slightest joke, the sickly twinkle of hope in his eyes as Amateur stopped before his own picture. I have been ushered by Chipstone's black servant through hall after hall peopled with plaster gods and heroes, into Chipstone's own magnificent studio, where he sat longing vainly for an order, and justly dreading his landlord's call for the rent. And, seeing how severely these gentlemen were taxed in their profession, I have been grateful for my own more fortunate one, which necessitates cringing to no patron; which calls for no keeping up of appearances; and which requires no stock in trade save the workman's industry, his best ability, and a dozen sheets of paper.

Having to turn with all his might to his new profession, Clive Newcome, one of the proudest men alive, chose to revolt and to be restive at almost every stage of his training. He had a natural genius for his art, and had acquired in his desultory way a very considerable skill. His drawing was better than his painting (an opinion which, were my friend present, he of course would utterly contradict); his designs and sketches were far superior to his finished compositions. His friends presuming to judge of this artist's qualifications, ventured to counsel him accordingly, and were thanked for their pains in the usual manner. We had in the first place to bully and browbeat Clive most fiercely, before he would take fitting lodgings for the execution of those designs which we had in view for him. "Why should I take expensive lodgings?" says Clive, slapping his fist on the table; "I am a pauper, and can scarcely afford to live in a garret. Why should you pay me for drawing your portrait and Laura's and the children? What the deuce does Warrington want with the effigy of his grim old mug? You don't want them a bit—you only want to give me money. It would be much more honest of me to take the money at once and own that I am a beggar; and I tell you what, Pen, the only money which I feel I come honestly by, is that which is paid me by a little print-seller in Long Acre, who buys my drawings, one with another, at fourteen shillings apiece, and out of whom I can earn pretty nearly two hundred a year. I am doing Mail Coaches for him, Sir, and charges of Cavalry; the public like the Mail Coaches best—on a dark paper—the horses and milestones picked out white—yellow dust—cobalt distance, and the guard and coachman of course in vermilion. That's what a gentleman can get his bread by—Portraits, pooh! it's disguised beggary. Crackthorp, and a half-dozen men of his regiment came, like good fellows as they are, and sent me five pounds apiece for their heads, but I tell you I am ashamed to take the money." Such used to be the tenor of Clive Newcome's conversation as he strode up and down our room after dinner, pulling his mustache and dashing his long yellow hair off his gaunt face.

When Clive was inducted into the new lodgings at which his friends counseled him to hang up his ensign, the dear old Colonel accompanied his son, parting with a sincere regret from our little ones at home, to whom he became greatly endeared during his visit to us, and who always hailed him when he came to see us with smiles and caresses and sweet infantile welcome. On that day when he went away, Laura went up and kissed him with tears in her eyes. "You know how long I have been wanting to do it," this lady said to her husband. Indeed I can not describe the behavior of the old man during his stay with us, his gentle gratitude, his sweet

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simplicity and kindness, his thoughtful courtesy. There was not a servant in our little household but was eager to wait upon him. Laura's maid was as tender hearted at his departure as her mistress. He was ailing for a short time, when our cook performed prodigies of puddings and jellies to suit his palate. The youth who held the offices of butler and valet in our establishment—a lazy and greedy youth whom Martha scolded in vain—would jump up and leave his supper to carry a message to our Colonel. My heart is full as I remember the kind words which he said to me at parting, and as I think that we were the means of giving a little comfort to that stricken and gentle soul.

While the Colonel and his son staid with us, letters of course passed between Clive and his family at Boulogne, but my wife remarked that the receipt of those letters appeared to give our friend but little pleasure. They were read in a minute, and he would toss them over to his father, or thrust them into his pocket with a gloomy face. "Dont you see," groans out Clive to me one evening, "that Rosa scarcely writes the letters, or if she does, that her mother is standing over her? That woman is the Nemesis of our life, Pen? How can I pay her off? Great God! how can I pay her off?" And so having spoken, his head fell between his hands, and as I watched him I saw a ghastly domestic picture before me of helpless pain, humiliating discord, stupid tyranny.

What, I say again, are the so-called great ills of life compared to these small ones?

The Colonel accompanied Clive to the lodgings which we had found for the young artist, in a quarter not far removed from the old house in Fitzroy Square, where some happy years of his youth had been spent. When sitters came to Clive—as at first they did in some numbers, many of his early friends being anxious to do him a service—the old gentleman was extraordinarily cheered and comforted. We could see by his face that affairs were going on well at the studio. He showed us the rooms which Rosey and the boy were to occupy. He prattled to our children and their mother, who was never tired of hearing him, about his grandson. He filled up the future nursery with a hundred little knicknacks of his own contriving, and with wonderful cheap bargains, which he bought in his walks about Tottenham Court Road. He pasted a most elaborate book of prints and sketches for Boy. It was astonishing what notice Boy already took of pictures. He would have all the genius of his father. Would he had had a better grandfather than the foolish old man, who had ruined all belonging to him!

However much they like each other, men in the London world see their friends but seldom. The place is so vast that even next door is distant; the calls of business, society, pleasure, so multifarious that mere friendship can get or give but an occasional shake of the hand in the hurried moments of passage. Men must live their lives; and are per force selfish, but not unfriendly. At a great need you know where to look for your friend, and he that he is secure of you. So I went very little to Howland Street, where Clive now lived; very seldom to Lamb Court, where my dear old friend Warrington still sate in his old chambers, though our meetings were none the less cordial when they occurred, and our trust in one another always the same. Some folks say the world is heartless: he who says so either prates commonplaces (the most likely and charitable suggestion), or is heartless himself, or is most singular and unfortunate in having made no friends. Many such a reasonable mortal can not have: our nature, I think, not sufficing for that sort of polygamy. How many persons would you have to deplore your death; or whose death would you wish to deplore? Could our hearts let in such a harem of dear friendships, the mere changes and recurrences of grief and mourning would be intolerable, and tax our lives beyond their value. In a word, we carry our own burden in the world; push and struggle along on our own affairs; are pinched by our own shoes—though Heaven forbid we should not stop and forget ourselves sometimes, when a friend cries out in his distress, or we can help a poor stricken wanderer in his way. As for good women—these, my worthy reader, are different from us—the nature of these is to love, and to do kind offices, and devise untiring charities: so, I would have you to know, that, though Mr. Pendennis was *parcus sui cultor et infrequens*, Mrs. Laura found plenty of time to go from Westminster to Bloomsbury; and to pay visits to her Colonel and her Clive, both of whom she had got to love with all her heart again, now misfortune was on them; and both of whom returned her kindness with an affection blessing the bestower and the receiver; and making the husband proud and thankful whose wife had earned such a noble regard. What is the dearest praise of all to a man? his own—or that you should love those whom he loves? I see Laura Pendennis ever constant and tender and pure; ever ministering in her sacred office of kindness—bestowing love and followed by blessings—which would I have, think you; that priceless crown hymeneal, or the glory of a Tenth Edition?

Clive and his father had found not only a model friend in the lady above mentioned, but a perfect prize landlady in their happy lodgings. In her house, besides those apartments which Mr. Newcome had originally engaged, were rooms just sufficient to accommodate his wife, child, and servant, when they should come to him, with a very snug little upper chamber for the Colonel, close by Boy's nursery, where he liked best to be. "And if there is not room for the Campaigner, as you call her," says Mrs. Laura, with a shrug of her shoulders, "why I am very sorry, but Clive must try and bear her absence as well as possible. After all, my dear Pen, you know he is married to Rosa and not to her mamma; and so, and so I think it will

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be quite best that they shall have their *ménage* as before."

The cheapness of the lodgings which the prize landlady let, the quantity of neat new furniture which she put in, the consultations which she had with my wife regarding these supplies, were quite singular to me. "Have you pawned your diamonds, you reckless little person, in order to supply all this upholstery?" "No, Sir, I have not pawned my diamonds," Mrs. Laura answers; and I was left to think (if I thought on the matter at all) that the landlady's own benevolence had provided these good things for Clive. For the wife of Laura's husband was per force poor, and she asked me for no more money at this time than at any other.

At first, in spite of his grumbling, Clive's affairs looked so prosperous, and so many sitters came to him from among his old friends, that I was half inclined to believe with the Colonel and my wife, that he was a prodigious genius, and that his good fortune would go on increasing. Laura was for having Rosey return to her husband. Every wife ought to be with her husband. J. J. shook his head about the prosperity. "Let us see whether the Academy will have his pictures this year, and what a place they will give him," said Ridley. To do him justice, Clive thought far more humbly of his compositions than Ridley did. Not a little touching was it to us, who had known the young men in former days, to see them in their changed positions. It was Ridley, whose genius and industry had put him in the rank of a patron—Ridley, the good industrious apprentice, who had won the prize of his art—and not one of his many admirers saluted his talent and success with such a hearty recognition as Clive, whose generous soul knew no envy, and who always fired and kindled at the success of his friends.

When Mr. Clive used to go over to Boulogne from time to time to pay his dutiful visits to his wife, the Colonel did not accompany his son, but, during the latter's absence, would dine with Mrs. Pendennis.

Though the preparations were complete in Howland Street, and Clive dutifully went over to Boulogne, Mrs. Pendennis remarked that he seemed still to hesitate about bringing his wife to London.

Upon this Mr. Pendennis observed that some gentlemen were not particularly anxious about the society of their wives, and that this pair were perhaps better apart. Upon which Mrs. Pendennis, drubbing on the ground with a little foot, said, "Nonsense, for shame, Arthur! How can you speak so flippantly? Did he not swear before Heaven to love and cherish her, never to leave her, Sir? Is not his *duty* his *duty*, Sir (a most emphatic stamp of the foot)? Is she not his for better or for worse?"

"Including the Campaigner, my dear?" says Mr. P.

"Don't laugh, Sir! She *must* come to him. There is no room in Howland Street for Mrs. Mackenzie."

"You artful, scheming creature! We have some spare rooms. Suppose we ask Mrs. Mackenzie to come and live with us, my dear; and we could then have the benefit of the garrison anecdotes and mess jocularities of your favorite, Captain Goby."

"I could never bear the horrid man!" cried Mrs. Pendennis. And how can I tell why she disliked him?

Every thing being now ready for the reception of Clive's little family, we counseled our friend to go over to Boulogne, and bring back his wife and child, and then to make some final stipulation with the Campaigner. He saw, as well as we, that the presence and tyranny of that fatal woman destroyed his father's health and spirits—that the old man knew no peace or comfort in her neighborhood, and was actually hastening to his grave under that dreadful and unremitting persecution. Mrs. Mackenzie made Clive scarcely less wretched than his father—she governed his household—took away his weak wife's allegiance and affection from him—and caused the wretchedness of every single person round about her. They ought to live apart. If she was too poor to subsist upon her widow's pension, which, in truth, was but a very small pittance, let Clive give up to her say the half of his wife's income of £100 a year. His prospects and present means of earning money were such that he might afford to do without that portion of his income: at any rate, he and his father would be cheaply ransomed at that price, from their imprisonment to this intolerable person. "Go, Clive," said his counselors, "and bring back your wife and child, and let us all be happy together." For, you see, those advisers opined that if we had written over to Mrs. Clive Newcome—"Come"—she would have come with the Campaigner in her suit.

Vowing that he would behave like a man of courage—and we know that Clive had shown himself to be such in two or three previous battles—Clive crossed the water to bring back his little Rosey. Our good Colonel agreed to dine at our house during the days of his son's absence. I have said how beloved he was by young and old there—and he was kind enough to say afterward, that no woman had made him so happy as Laura. We did not tell him—I know not from what reticence—that we had advised Clive to offer a bribe of £50 a year to Mrs. Mackenzie, until about a fortnight after Clive's absence, and a week after his return, when news came that poor old Mrs. Mason was dead at Newcome, whereupon we informed the Colonel that he had another pensioner now in the Campaigner.

Colonel Newcome was thankful that his dear old friend had gone out of the world in comfort and without pain. She had made a will long since, leaving all her goods and chattels to Thomas Newcome; but having no money to give, the Colonel handed over these to the old lady's faithful attendant, Keziah.

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Although many of the Colonel's old friends had parted from him or quarreled with him in consequence of the ill success of the B. B. C., there were two old ladies who yet remained faithful to him—Miss Cann namely, and honest little Miss Honeyman of Brighton, who, when she heard of the return to London of her nephew and brother-in-law, made a railway journey to the Metropolis (being the first time she ever engaged in that kind of traveling), rustled into Clive's apartments in Howland Street in her neatest silks, and looking not a day older than on that when we last beheld her; and after briskly scolding the young man for permitting his father to enter into money affairs—of which the poor dear Colonel was as ignorant as a baby—she gave them both to understand that she had a little sum at her bankers at their disposal—and besought the Colonel to remember that her house was his, and that she should be proud and happy to receive him as soon and as often and for as long a time as he would honor her with his company. "Is not my house full of your presents?" cried the stout little old lady—"have I not reason to be grateful to all the Newcomes—yes, to all the Newcomes?—for Miss Ethel and her family have come to me every year for months, and I don't quarrel with them, and I won't, although you do, Sir. Is not this shawl—are not these jewels that I wear," she continued, pointing to those well-known ornaments, "my dear Colonel's gift? Did you not relieve my brother Charles in this country, and procure for him his place in India? Yes, my dear friend—and though you have been imprudent in money matters, my obligations toward you, and my gratitude, and my affection are always the same." Thus Miss Honeyman spoke, with somewhat of a quivering voice at the end of her little oration, but with exceeding state and dignity—for she believed that her investment of two hundred pounds in that unlucky B. B. C., which failed for half a million, was a sum of considerable importance, and gave her a right to express her opinion to the Managers.

Clive came back from Boulogne in a week, as we have said; but he came back without his wife, much to our alarm, and looked so exceedingly fierce and glum when we demanded the reason of his return without his family, that we saw wars and battles had taken place, and thought that in this last continental campaign the Campaigner had been too much for her friend.

The Colonel, to whom Clive communicated, though with us the poor lad held his tongue, told my wife what had happened: not all the battles; which no doubt raged at breakfast, dinner, supper, during the week of Clive's visit to Boulogne—but the upshot of these engagements. Rosey, not unwilling in her first private talk with her husband to come to England with him and the boy, showed herself irresolute on the second day at breakfast, when the fire was opened on both sides—cried at dinner when fierce assaults took place, in which Clive had the advantage—slept soundly, but besought him to be very firm, and met the enemy at breakfast with a quaking heart—cried all that day, during which, pretty well without cease, the engagement lasted—and when Clive might have conquered and brought her off; but the weather was windy and the sea was rough, and he was pronounced a brute to venture on it with a wife in Rosey's situation.

Behind that "situation" the widow shielded herself. She clung to her adored child, and from that bulwark discharged abuse and satire at Clive and his father. He could not rout her out of her position. Having had the advantage on the first two or three days, on the four last he was beaten, and lost ground in each action. Rosey found that in her situation she could not part from her darling mamma. The Campaigner for her part averred that she might be reduced to beggary—that she might be robbed of her last farthing, and swindled and cheated—that she might see her daughter's fortune flung away by unprincipled adventurers, and her blessed child left without even the comforts of life—but desert her in such a situation, she never would—no, never! Was not dear Rosa's health already impaired by the various shocks which she had undergone? Did she not require every comfort, every attendance? Monster! ask the doctor! She would stay with her darling child in spite of insult, and rudeness, and vulgarity. (Rosa's father was a king's officer, not a company's officer, thank God!) She would stay as long at least as Rosa's situation continued, at Boulogne, if not in London, but with her child. They might refuse to send her money, having robbed her of all her own, but she would pawn her gown off her back for her child. Whimpers from Rosey—cries of "Mamma, mamma, compose yourself"—convulsive sobs—clenched knuckles—flashing eyes—embraces rapidly clutched—laughs—stamps—snorts—from the disheveled Campaigner—grinding teeth—livid fury and repeated breakages of the third commandment by Clive—I can fancy the whole scene. He returned to London without his wife, and when she came she brought Mrs. Mackenzie with her.

CHAPTER LXXV.

FOUNDER'S DAY AT GREY FRIARS.

Rosey came, bringing discord and wretchedness with her to her husband, and the sentence of death or exile to his dear old father, all of which we foresaw—all of which Clive's friends would have longed to prevent—all of which were inevitable under the circumstances. Clive's domestic affairs were often talked over by our little set. Warrington and F. B. knew of his unhappiness. We three had strongly opined that the women being together at Boulogne, should stay there and live there, Clive sending them over pecuniary aid as his means permitted. "They must hate each other pretty well by this time," growls George Warrington. "Why on earth should they not part?" "What a wo-

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man that Mrs. Mackenzie is!" cries F. B. "What an infernal tartar and catamaran! She who was so uncommonly smiling and soft spoken, and such a fine woman, by jingo! What puzzles all women are!" F. B. sighed, and drowned further reflection in beer.

On the other side, and most strongly advocating Rosa's return to Clive, was Mrs. Laura Pendennis; with certain arguments for which she had chapter and verse, and against which we of the separatist party had no appeal. "Did he marry her only for the days of her prosperity?" asked Laura. "Is it right, is it manly, that he should leave her now she is unhappy—poor little creature! no woman had ever more need of protection; and who should be her natural guardian save her husband? Surely, Arthur, you forget—have you forgotten them yourself, Sir?—the solemn vows which Clive made at the altar. Is he not bound to his wife to keep only unto her so long as they both shall live, to love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in sickness and health?"

"To keep her, yes; but not to keep the Campaigner," cries Mr. Pendennis. "It is a moral bigamy, Laura, which you advocate, you wicked, immoral young woman!"

But Laura, though she smiled at this notion, would not be put off from her first proposition. Turning to Clive, who was with us, talking over his doleful family circumstances, she took his hand and pleaded the cause of right and religion with sweet, artless fervor. She agreed with us that it was a hard lot for Clive to bear. So much the nobler the task, and the fulfillment of duty in enduring it. A few months, too, would put an end to his trials. When his child was born Mrs. Mackenzie would take her departure. It would even be Clive's duty to separate from her then, as it now was to humor his wife in her delicate condition, and to soothe the poor soul who had had a great deal of ill health, of misfortune, and of domestic calamity to wear and shatter her. Clive acquiesced with a groan, but with a touching and generous resignation as we both thought. "She is right, Pen," he said; "I think your wife is always right. I will try, Laura, and bear my part, God help me! I will do my duty and strive my best to soothe and gratify my poor dear little woman. They will be making caps and things, and will not interrupt me in my studio. Of nights I can go to Clipstone Street and work at the Life. There's nothing like the Life, Pen. So you see I shan't be much at home except at meal times, when by nature I shall have my mouth full, and no opportunity of quarreling with poor Mrs. Mac." So he went home, followed and cheered by the love and pity of my dear wife, and determined stoutly to bear this heavy yoke which fate had put on him.

To do Mrs. Mackenzie justice, that lady backed up with all her might the statement which my wife had put forward, with a view of soothing poor Clive, viz., that the residence of his mother-in-law in his house was only to be temporary. "Temporary!" cries Mrs. Mac (who was kind enough to make a call on Mrs. Pendennis, and treat that lady to a piece of her mind). "Do you suppose, madam, that it could be otherwise? Do you suppose that worlds would induce me to stay in a house where I have received such *treatment*; where, after I and my daughter had been robbed of every shilling of our fortune, where we are daily insulted by Colonel Newcome and his son? Do you suppose, ma'am, that I do not know that Clive's friends hate me, and give themselves airs and look down upon my darling child, and try and make differences between my sweet Rosa and me—Rosa who might have been dead, or might have been starving, but that her dear mother came to her rescue? No, I would never stay. I loathe every day that I remain in the house—I would rather beg my bread—I would rather sweep the streets and starve—though, thank God, I have my pension as the widow of an officer in Her Majesty's Service, and I can live upon that—and of *that* Colonel Newcome *can not* rob me; and when my darling love needs a mother's care no longer, I will leave her. I will shake the dust off my feet and leave that house, I will—And Mr. Newcome's friends may then sneer at me and abuse me, and blacken my darling child's heart toward me if they choose. And I thank you, Mrs. Pendennis, for all your *kindness* toward my daughter's family, and for the furniture which you have sent into the house, and for the *trouble* you have taken about our family arrangements. It was for this I took the liberty of calling upon you, and I wish you a very good morning." So speaking, the Campaigner left my wife; and Mrs. Pendennis enacted the pleasing scene with great spirit to her husband afterward, concluding the whole with a splendid courtesy and toss of the head, such as Mrs. Mackenzie performed as her parting salute.

Our dear Colonel had fled before. He had acquiesced humbly with the decree of fate; and lonely, old, and beaten, marched honestly on the path of duty. It was a great blessing, he wrote to us, to him to think that in happier days, and during many years, he had been enabled to

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benefit his kind and excellent relative, Miss Honeyman. He could thankfully receive her hospitality now, and claim the kindness and shelter which this old friend gave him. No one could be more anxious to make him comfortable. The air of Brighton did him the greatest good; he had found some old friends, some old Bengalees there, with whom he enjoyed himself greatly, etc. How much did we, who knew his noble spirit, believe of this story? To us Heaven had awarded health, happiness, competence, loving children, united hearts, and modest prosperity. To yonder good man, whose long life shone with benefactions, and whose career was but kindness and honor, fate decreed poverty, disappointment, separation, a lonely old age. We bowed our heads, humiliated at the contrast of his lot and ours; and prayed Heaven to enable us to bear our present good fortune meekly, and our evil days, if they should come, with such a resignation as this good Christian showed.

I forgot to say that our attempts to better Thomas Newcome's money affairs were quite in vain, the Colonel insisting upon paying over every shilling of his military allowances and retiring pension to the parties from whom he had borrowed money previous to his bankruptcy. "Ah! what a good man that is!" says Mr. Sherrick, with tears in his eyes; "what a noble fellow, Sir! He would die rather than not pay every farthing over. He'd starve, Sir; that he would. The money ain't mine, Sir, or, if it was, do you think I'd take it from the poor old boy? No, Sir; by Jove I honor and reverence him more now he ain't got a shilling in his pocket, than ever I did when we thought he was a-rolling in money."

My wife made one or two efforts at Samaritan visits in Howland Street, but was received by Mrs. Clive with such a faint welcome, and by the Campaigner with so grim a countenance, so many sneers, innuendoes, insults almost, that Laura's charity was beaten back, and she ceased to press good offices thus thanklessly received. If Clive came to visit us, as he very rarely did, after an official question or two regarding the health of his wife and child, no farther mention was made of his family affairs. His painting, he said, was getting on tolerably well; he had work, scantily paid it is true, but work sufficient. He was reserved, uncommunicative, unlike the frank Clive of former times, and oppressed by his circumstances, as it was easy to see. I did not press the confidence which he was unwilling to offer, and thought best to respect his silence. I had a thousand affairs of my own; who has not in London? If you die to-morrow, your dearest friend will feel for you a hearty pang of sorrow, and go to his business as usual. I could divine, but would not care to describe, the life which my poor Clive was now leading; the vulgar misery, the sordid home, the cheerless toil, and lack of friendly companionship which darkened his kind soul. I was glad Clive's father was away. The Colonel wrote to us twice or thrice; could it be three months ago? bless me, how time flies! He was happy, he wrote, with Miss Honeyman, who took the best care of him.

Mention has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Grey Friars school —where the Colonel, and Clive, and I had been brought up—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the Hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time; an old Hall? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it; and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration: after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honor. The boys are already in their seats, with smug, fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterward because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in in the twilight—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder?—the Cister-

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cian lads called these old gentlemen Codds, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children, and troops of by-gone seniors have cried Amen! under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one; one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—

"23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.

"24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

"25. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book toward the swarm of black-coated pensioners; and among them—among them—sate Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there among the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this Alms-House! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honor, should end! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that. How dared I to be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor? Oh, pardon, you noble soul! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you my better, you the honest, and gentle, and good! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear, dear old friend! I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of recognition which no doubt showed themselves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine. "I have found a home, Arthur," said he. "Don't you remember, before I went to India, when we came to see the old Grey Friars, and visited Captain Scarsdale in his room?—a poor brother like me—an old Peninsular man; Scarsdale is gone now, Sir, and is where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest; and I thought then, when I saw him, here would be a place for an old fellow when his career was over, to hang his sword up; to humble his soul, and to wait thankfully for the end, Arthur. My good friend, Lord H., who is a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur, my boy, I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends; blessed be God! my dear kind young friend—my boy's friend; you have always been so, Sir; and I take it uncommonly kind of you, and I thank God for you, Sir. Why, Sir, I am as happy as the day is long." He uttered words to this effect as we walked through the courts of the building toward his room, which, in truth, I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk fire crackling on the hearth; a little tea-table laid out, a Bible and spectacles by the side of it, and over the mantle-piece a drawing of his grandson by Clive.

"You may come and see me here, Sir, whenever you like, and so may your dear wife and little ones, tell Laura, with my love; but you must not stay now. You must go back to your dinner." In vain I pleaded that I had no stomach for it. He gave me a look, which seemed to say he desired to be alone, and I had to respect that order and leave him.

Of course I came to him on the very next day; though not with my wife and children, who were, in truth, absent in the country at Rosebury, where they were to pass the Christmas holidays; and where, this school dinner over, I was to join them. On my second visit to Grey Friars my good friend entered more at length into the reasons why he had assumed the Poor Brother's gown: and I can not say but that I acquiesced in his reasons, and admired that noble humility and contentedness of which he gave me an example.

"That which had caused him most grief and pain," he said, "in the issue of that unfortunate bank, was the thought that poor friends of his had been induced by his representations to invest their little capital in that speculation. Good Miss Honeyman, for instance, meaning no harm, and in all respects a most honest and kindly-disposed old lady, had, nevertheless, alluded more than once to the fact that her money had been thrown away; and these allusions, Sir, made her hospitality somewhat hard to bear," said the Colonel. "At home—at poor Clivey's, I mean—it was even worse," he continued; "Mrs. Mackenzie for months past, by her complaints, and—and her conduct, has made my son and me so miserable, that flight before her, and into any refuge, was the best course. She too does not mean ill, Pen. Do not waste any of your oaths upon that poor woman" (he added, holding up his finger, and smiling sadly). "She thinks I deceived her, though Heaven knows it was myself I deceived. She has great influence over Rosa. Very few persons can resist that violent and headstrong woman, Sir. I could not bear her reproaches, or my poor sick daughter, whom her mother leads almost entirely now, and it was with all this grief on my mind, that, as I was walking one day upon

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Brighton cliff, I met my schoolfellow, my Lord H.—who has ever been a good friend of mine—and who told me how he had just been appointed a governor of Grey Friars. He asked me to dine with him on the next day, and would take no refusal. He knew of my pecuniary misfortunes, of course, and showed himself most noble and liberal in his offers of help. I was very much touched by his goodness, Pen, and made a clean breast of it to his lordship; who at first would not hear of my coming to this place—and offered me out of the purse of an old brother schoolfellow, and an old brother soldier, as much—as much as should last me my time. Wasn't it noble of him, Arthur? God bless him! There are good men in the world, Sir, there are true friends, as I have found, in these later days. Do you know, Sir," here the old man's eyes twinkled, "that Fred Bayham fixed up that bookcase yonder, and brought me my little boy's picture to hang up? Boy and Clive will come and see me soon."

"Do you mean they do not come?" I cried.

"They don't know I am here, Sir," said the Colonel, with a sweet, kind smile. "They think I am visiting his lordship in Scotland. Ah! they are good people! When we had had our talk down stairs over our bottle of claret—where my old commander-in-chief would not hear of my plan—we went up stairs to her ladyship, who saw that her husband was disturbed, and asked the reason. I dare say it was the good claret that made me speak, Sir, for I told her that I and her husband had had a dispute, and that I would take her ladyship for umpire. And then I told her the story over, that I had paid away every rupee to the creditors, and mortgaged my pensions and retiring allowances for the same end, that I was a burden upon Clivey, who had work enough, poor boy, to keep his own family and his wife's mother, whom my imprudence had impoverished—that here was an honorable asylum which my friend could procure for me, and was not that better than to drain his purse? She was very much moved, Sir—she is a very kind lady, though she passed for being very proud and haughty in India—so wrongly are people judged. And Lord H. said, in his rough way, 'that, by Jove, if Tom Newcome took a thing into his obstinate old head no one could drive it out.' And so," said the Colonel, with his sad smile, "I *had* my own way. Lady H. was good enough to come and see me the very next day—and do you know, Pen, she invited me to go and live with them for the rest of my life—made me the most generous, the most delicate offers. But I knew I was right, and held my own. I am too old to work, Arthur; and better here, while I am to stay, than elsewhere. Look! all this furniture came from H. House—and that wardrobe is full of linen, which she sent me. She has been twice to see me, and every officer in this hospital is as courteous to me as if I had my fine house."

I thought of the psalm we had heard on the previous evening, and turned to it in the opened Bible, and pointing to the verse, "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him." Thomas Newcome seeing my occupation, laid a kind, trembling hand on my shoulder; and then, putting on his glasses, with a smile, bent over the volume. And who that saw him then, and knew him and loved him as I did—who would not have humbled his own heart, and breathed his inward prayer, confessing and adoring the Divine Will, which ordains these trials, these triumphs, these humiliations, these blest griefs, this crowning Love?

I had the happiness of bringing Clive and his little boy to Thomas Newcome that evening; and heard the child's cry of recognition and surprise, and the old man calling the boy's name, as I closed the door upon that meeting; and by the night's mail I went down to Newcome, to the friends with whom my own family was already staying.

Of course, my conscience-keeper at Rosebury was anxious to know about the school dinner, and all the speeches made, and the guests assembled there; but she soon ceased to inquire about these when I came to give her the news of the discovery of our dear old friend in the habit of a Poor Brother of Grey Friars. She was very glad to hear that Clive and his little son had been reunited to the Colonel; and appeared to imagine at first that there was some wonderful merit upon my part in bringing the three together.

"Well—no great merit, Pen, as you *will* put it," says the Confessor; "but it was kindly thought, Sir—and I like my husband when he is kind best; and don't wonder at your having made a stupid speech at the dinner, as you say you did, when you had this other subject to think of. That is a beautiful psalm, Pen, and those verses which you were reading when you saw him, especially beautiful."

"But in the presence of eighty old gentlemen, who have all come to decay, and have all had to beg their bread in a manner, don't you think the clergyman might choose some other psalm?" asks Mr. Pendennis.

"They were not forsaken *utterly*, Arthur," says Mrs. Laura, gravely; but rather declines to argue the point raised by me, namely, that the selection of that especial thirty-seventh psalm was not complimentary to those decayed old gentlemen.

"*All* the psalms are good, Sir," she says, "and this one, of course, is included," and thus the discussion closed.

I then fell to a description of Howland Street, and poor Clive, whom I had found there over his work. A dubious maid scanned my appearance rather eagerly when I asked to see him. I found a picture-dealer chaffering with him over a bundle of sketches, and his little boy, already pencil in hand, lying in one corner of the room, the sun playing about his yellow hair. The child looked languid and pale, the father worn and ill. When the dealer at length took

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his bargains away, I gradually broke my errand to Clive, and told him from whence I had just come.

He had thought his father in Scotland with Lord H., and was immensely moved with the news which I brought.

"I haven't written to him for a month. It's not pleasant letters I have to write, Pen, and I can't make them pleasant. Up, Tommykin, and put on your cap." Tommykin jumps up. "Put on your cap, and tell them to take off your pinafore, and tell grandmamma." * *

At that name Tommykin begins to cry.

"Look at that!" says Clive, commencing to speak in the French language, which the child interrupts by calling out in that tongue, "I speak also French, Papa."

"Well, my child! You will like to come out with Papa, and Betsy can dress you." He flings off his own paint-stained shooting-jacket as he talks, and takes a frock-coat out of a carved wardrobe, and a hat from a helmet on the shelf. He is no longer the handsome splendid boy of old times. Can that be Clive, with that haggard face and slouched handkerchief? "I am not the dandy I was, Pen," he says bitterly.

A little voice is heard crying overhead—and giving a kind of gasp, the wretched father stops in some indifferent speech he was trying to make—"I can't help myself," he groans out; "my poor wife is so ill, she can't attend to the child. Mrs. Mackenzie manages the house for me—and—here! Tommy, Tommy! Papa's coming!" Tommy has been crying again, and flinging open the studio door, Clive calls out, and dashes up stairs.

I hear scuffling, stamping, loud voices, poor Tommy's scared little pipe—Clive's fierce objurgations, and the Campaigner's voice barking out—"Do, Sir, do! with my child suffering in the next room. Behave like a brute to me, do. He shall not go out. He shall not have the hat"—"He shall"—"Ah—ah!" A scream is heard. It is Clive tearing a child's hat out of the Campaigner's hands, with which, and a flushed face, he presently rushes down stairs, bearing little Tommy on his shoulder.

"You see what I am come to, Pen," he says, with a heart-broken voice, trying, with hands all of a tremble, to tie the hat on the boy's head. He laughs bitterly at the ill success of his endeavors. "Oh, you silly Papa!" laughs Tommy, too..

The door is flung open, and the red-faced Campaigner appears. Her face is mottled with wrath, her bandeaux of hair are disarranged upon her forehead, the ornaments of her cap, cheap, and dirty, and numerous, only give her a wilder appearance. She is in a large and dingy wrapper, very different from the lady who had presented herself a few months back to my wife—how different from the smiling Mrs. Mackenzie of old days!

"He shall *not* go out of a winter day, Sir," she breaks out. "I have his mother's orders, whom you are *killing*, Mr. Pendennis!" She starts, perceiving me for the first time, and her breast heaves, and she prepares for combat, and looks at me over her shoulder.

"You and his father are the best judges upon this point, ma'am," says Mr. Pendennis, with a bow.

"The child is delicate, Sir," cries Mrs. Mackenzie; "and this winter—"

"Enough of this," says Clive with a stamp, and passes through her guard with Tommy, and we descend the stairs, and at length are in the free street. Was it not best not to describe at full length this portion of poor Clive's history?

CHAPTER LXXVI.

CHRISTMAS AT ROSEBURY.

We have known our friend Florac under two aristocratic names, and might now salute him by a third, to which he was entitled, although neither he nor his wife ever chose to assume it. His father was lately dead, and M. Paul de Florac might sign himself Duc d'Ivry if he chose, but he was indifferent as to the matter, and his wife's friends indignant at the idea that their kinswoman, after having been a Princess, should descend to the rank of a mere Duchess. So Prince and Princess these good folks remained, being exceptions to that order, inasmuch as their friends could certainly put their trust in them.

On his father's death Florac went to Paris, to settle the affairs of the paternal succession; and, having been some time absent in his native country, returned to Rosebury for the winter, to resume that sport of which he was a distinguished amateur. He hunted in black during the ensuing season; and, indeed, henceforth laid aside his splendid attire and his *allures* as a young man. His waist expanded, or was no longer confined by the cestus which had given it a shape. When he laid aside his black, his whiskers, too, went into a sort of half-mourning, and appeared in gray. "I make myself old, my friend," he said pathetically; "I have no more neither twenty years nor forty." He went to Rosebury Church no more; but, with great order and sobriety, drove every Sunday to the neighboring Catholic Chapel at C—— castle. We had an ecclesiastic or two to dine with us at Rosebury, one of whom I am inclined to think was Florac's Director.

A reason, perhaps, for Paul's altered demeanor, was the presence of his mother at Rosebury. No politeness or respect could be greater than Paul's toward the Countess. Had she been a sovereign princess, Madame de Florac could not have been treated with more profound courtesy than she now received from her son. I think the humble-minded lady could have dispensed with some of his attentions; but Paul was a personage who demonstrated all his sentiments, and performed his various parts in life with the greatest vigor. As a man of pleasure, for instance, what more active roué than he? As a *jeune homme*, who could be younger, and for a longer time? As a country gentleman, or an

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homme d'affaires, he insisted upon dressing each character with the most rigid accuracy, and an exactitude that reminded one somewhat of Bouffé, or Ferville, at the play. I wonder whether, when he is quite old, he will think proper to wear a pig-tail, like his old father? At any rate, that was a good part which the kind fellow was now acting, of reverence toward his widowed mother, and affectionate respect for her declining days. He not only felt these amiable sentiments, but he imparted them to his friends freely, as his wont was. He used to weep freely—quite unrestrained by the presence of the domestics, as English sentiment would be—and when Madame de Florac quitted the room after dinner, would squeeze my hand, and tell me, with streaming eyes, that his mother was an angel. "Her life has been but a long trial, my friend," he would say. "Shall not I, who have caused her to shed so many tears, endeavor to dry some?" Of course, all the friends who liked him best encouraged him in an intention so pious.

The reader has already been made acquainted with this lady by letters of hers, which came into my possession some time after the events which I am at present narrating: my wife, through our kind friend, Colonel Newcome, had also had the honor of an introduction to Madame de Florac at Paris; and, on coming to Rosebury for the Christmas holidays, I found Laura and the children greatly in favor with the good Countess. She treated her son's wife with a perfect though distant courtesy. She was thankful to Madame de Moncontour for the latter's great goodness to her son. Familiar with but very few persons, she could scarcely be intimate with her homely daughter-in-law. Madame de Moncontour stood in the greatest awe of her; and, to do that good lady justice, admired and reverenced Paul's mother with all her simple heart. In truth, I think almost every one had a certain awe of Madame de Florac, except children, who came to her trustingly, and, as it were, by instinct. The habitual melancholy of her eyes vanished as they lighted upon young faces and infantile smiles. A sweet love beamed out of her countenance: an angelic smile shone over her face as she bent toward them and caressed them. Her demeanor, then, nay, her looks and ways at other times—a certain gracious sadness, a sympathy with all grief, and pity for all pain; a gentle heart, yearning toward all children; and, for her own especially, feeling a love that was almost an anguish; in the affairs of the common world only a dignified acquiescence, as if her place was not in it, and her thoughts were in her Home elsewhere—these qualities, which we had seen exemplified in another life, Laura and her husband watched in Madame de Florac, and we loved her because she was like our mother. I see in such women the good and pure, the patient and faithful, the tried and meek, the followers of Him whose earthly life was divinely sad and tender.

But good as she was to us and to all, Ethel Newcome was the French lady's greatest favorite. A bond of extreme tenderness and affection united these two. The elder friend made constant visits to the younger at Newcome; and when Miss Newcome, as she frequently did, came to Rosebury, we used to see that they preferred to be alone; divining and respecting the sympathy which brought those two faithful hearts together. I can imagine now the two tall forms slowly pacing the garden walks, or turning, as they lighted on the young ones in their play. What was their talk? I never asked it. Perhaps Ethel never said what was in her heart, though, to be sure, the other knew it. Though the grief of those they love is untold, women hear it; as they soothe it with unspoken consolations. To see the elder lady embrace her friend as they parted, was something holy—a sort of saint-like salutation.

Consulting the person from whom I had no secrets, we had thought best at first not to mention to our friends the place and position in which we had found our dear Colonel; at least to wait for a fitting opportunity on which we might break the news to those who held him in such affection. I told how Clive was hard at work, and hoped the best for him. Good-natured Madame de Moncontour was easily satisfied with my replies to her questions concerning our friend. Ethel only asked if he and her uncle were well, and once or twice made inquiries respecting Rosa and her child. And now it was that my wife told me, what I need no longer keep secret, of Ethel's extreme anxiety to serve her distressed relatives, and how she, Laura, had already acted as Miss Newcome's almoner in furnishing and hiring those apartments which Ethel believed were occupied by Clive and his father, and wife and child. And my wife farther informed me, with what deep grief Ethel had heard of her uncle's misfortune, and how, but that she feared to offend his pride, she longed to give him assistance. She had even ventured to offer to send him pecuniary help; but the Colonel (who never mentioned the circumstance to me or any other of his friends), in a kind but very cold letter, had declined to be beholden to his niece for help.

So I may have remained some days at Rosebury, and the real position of the two Newcomes was unknown to our friends there. Christmas Eve was come, and, according to a long-standing promise, Ethel Newcome and her two children had arrived from the Park, which dreary mansion, since his double defeat, Sir Barnes scarcely ever visited. Christmas was come, and Rosebury Hall was decorated with holly. Florac did his best to welcome his friends, and strove to make the meeting gay, though in truth it was rather melancholy. The children, however, were happy: they had pleasure enough in the school festival, in the distribution of cloaks and blankets to the poor, and in Madame de Moncontour's gardens, delightful and beautiful though winter was there.

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It was only a family meeting, Madame de Florac's widowhood not permitting her presence in large companies. Paul sate at his table between his mother and Mrs. Pendennis; Mr. Pendennis opposite to him, with Ethel and Madame de Moncontour on each side. The four children were placed between these personages, on whom Madame de Florac looked with her tender glances, and to whose little wants the kindest of hosts ministered with uncommon good-nature and affection. He was very soft-hearted about children. "Pourquoi n'en avons-nous pas, Jeanne? He! pourquoi n'en avons-nous pas?" he said, addressing his wife by her Christian name. The poor little lady looked kindly at her husband, and then gave a sigh, and turned and heaped cake upon the plate of the child next to her. No mamma or aunt Ethel could interpose. It was a very light wholesome cake. Brown made it on purpose for the children, "the little darlings!" cries the Princess.

The children were very happy at being allowed to sit up so late to dinner, at all the kindly amusements of the day, at the holly and misletoe clustering round the lamps—the misletoe, under which the gallant Florac, skilled in all British usages, vowed he would have his privilege. But the misletoe was clustered round the lamp, the lamp was over the centre of the great round table—the innocent gratification which he proposed to himself was denied to M. Paul.

In the greatest excitement and good-humor, our host at the dessert made us *des speech*. He carried a toast to the charming Ethel, another to the charming Mistress Laura, another to his good fren', his brave fren', his 'appy fren', Pendennis—'appy as possessor of such a wife, 'appy as writer of works destined to the immortality, etc., etc. The little children round about clapped their happy little hands, and laughed and crowed in chorus. And now the nursery and its guardians were about to retreat, when Florac said he had yet a speech, yet a toast—and he bade the butler pour wine into every one's glass—yet a toast—and he carried it to the health of our dear friends, of Clive and his father—the good, the brave Colonel! "We who are happy," says he, "shall we not think of those who are good? We who love each other, shall we not remember those whom we all love?" He spoke with very great tenderness and feeling. "Ma bonne mère, thou too shalt drink this toast!" he said, taking his mother's hand and kissing it. She returned his caress gently, and tasted the wine with her pale lips. Ethel's head bent in silence over her glass; and, as for Laura, need I say what happened to her? When the ladies went away my heart was opened to my friend Florac, and I told him where and how I had left my dear Clive's father.

The Frenchman's emotion on hearing this tale was such that I have loved him ever since. Clive in want! Why had he not sent to his friend? Grands Dieux! Clive, who had helped him in his greatest distress! Clive's father, *ce preux chevalier, ce parfait gentlehomme!* In a hundred rapid exclamations Florac exhibited his sympathy, asking of Fate why such men as he and I were sitting surrounded by splendors—before golden vases—crowned with flowers—with valets to kiss our feet—(these were merely figures of speech in which Paul expressed his prosperity)—while our friend the Colonel, so much better than we, spent his last days in poverty, and alone.

I liked Florac none the less, I own, because that one of the conditions of the Colonel's present life, which appeared the hardest to most people, affected Florac but little. To be a Pensioner of an Ancient Institution? Why not? Might not any officer retire without shame to the Invalides at the close of his campaigns, and had not Fortune conquered our old friend, and age and disaster overcome him? It never once entered Thomas Newcome's head, nor Clive's, nor Florac's, nor his mother's, that the Colonel demeaned himself at all by accepting that bounty; and I recollect Warrington sharing our sentiment, and trolling out those noble lines of the old poet:

"His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen.
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

"His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms."

* * * * * *

These, I say, respected our friend, whatever was the coat he wore; whereas, among the Colonel's own kinsfolk, dire was the dismay, and indignation even, which they expressed, when they came to hear of this, what they were pleased to call degradation to their family. Clive's dear mother-in-law made outcries over the good old man as over a pauper, and inquired of Heaven what she had done that her blessed child should have a mendicant for a father? and Mrs. Hobson, in subsequent confidential communication with the writer of these memoirs, improved the occasion religiously, as her wont was; referred the matter to Heaven, too, and thought fit to assume that the celestial powers had decreed this *humiliation*, this *dreadful trial* for the Newcome family, as a warning to them all that they should not be too much puffed up with prosperity, nor set their affections too much upon things of this earth. Had they not already received *one* chastisement in Barnes's punishment, and Lady Clara's awful falling away? They had taught *her* a lesson, which the Colonel's *lamentable errors* had *confirmed*—the vanity of trusting in all earthly grandeurs! Thus it was this worthy woman plumed herself, as it were, on her relative's misfortunes; and was pleased to think the latter were designed for the special warning and advantage of her private family. But Mrs. Hobson's philosophy is only mentioned by the way. Our story, which is drawing to its close,

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has to busy itself with other members of the house of The Newcomes.

My talk with Florac lasted for some time; at its close, when we went to join the ladies in the drawing-room, we found Ethel cloaked and shawled, and prepared for her departure with her young ones, who were already asleep. The little festival was over, and had ended in melancholy—even in weeping. Our hostess sate in her accustomed seat by her lamp and her work-table; but, neglecting her needle, she was having perpetual recourse to her pocket-handkerchief, and uttering ejaculations of pity between the intervals of her gushes of tears. Madame de Florac was in her usual place, her head cast downward, and her hands folded. My wife was at her side, a grave commiseration showing itself in Laura's countenance, while I read a yet deeper sadness in Ethel's pale face. Miss Newcome's carriage had been announced; the attendants had already carried the young ones asleep to the vehicle; and she was in the act of taking leave. We looked round at this disturbed party, guessing very likely what the subject of their talk had been, to which, however, Miss Ethel did not allude; but, announcing that she had intended to depart without disturbing the two gentlemen, she bade us farewell and good-night. "I wish I could say merry Christmas," she added, gravely; "but none of us, I fear, can hope for that." It was evident that Laura had told the last chapter of the Colonel's story.

Madame de Florac rose up and embraced Miss Newcome; and, that farewell over, she sank back on the sofa exhausted, and with such an expression of affliction in her countenance, that my wife ran eagerly toward her. "It is nothing, my dear," she said, giving a cold hand to the younger lady, and sate silent for a few moments, during which we heard Florac's voice without, crying Adieu! and the wheels of Miss Newcome's carriage as it drove away.

Our host entered a moment afterward; and remarking, as Laura had done, his mother's pallor and look of anguish, went up and spoke to her with the utmost tenderness and anxiety.

She gave her hand to her son, and a faint blush rose up out of the past, as it were, and trembled upon her wan cheek. "He was the first friend I ever had in the world, Paul," she said; "the first and the best. He shall not want, shall he, my son?"

No signs of that emotion in which her daughter-in-law had been indulging were as yet visible in Madame de Florac's eyes; but, as she spoke, holding her son's hand in hers, the tears at length overflowed; and, with a sob, her head fell forward. The impetuous Frenchman flung himself on his knees before his mother, uttered a hundred words of love and respect for her, and with tears and sobs of his own called God to witness that their friend should never want. And so this mother and son embraced each other, and clung together in a sacred union of love; before which, we, who had been admitted as spectators of that scene, stood hushed and respectful.

That night Laura told me how, when the ladies left us, their talk had been entirely about the Colonel and Clive. Madame de Florac had spoken especially, and much more freely than was her wont. She had told many reminiscences of Thomas Newcome and his early days; how her father taught him mathematics when they were quite poor, and living in their dear little cottage at Blackheath; how handsome he was then, with bright eyes, and long black hair flowing over his shoulders; how military glory was his boyish passion, and he was forever talking of India, and the famous deeds of Clive and Lawrence. His favorite book was a history of India—the history of Orme. "He read it, and I read it also, my daughter," the French lady said, turning to Ethel; "ah! I may say so after so many years."

Ethel remembered the book as belonging to her grandmother, and now in the library at Newcome. Doubtless the same sympathy which caused me to speak about Thomas Newcome that evening, impelled my wife likewise. She told her friends, as I had told Florac, all the Colonel's story; and it was while these good women were under the impression of the melancholy history, that Florac and his guest found them.

Retired to our rooms, Laura and I talked on the same subject until the clock tolled Christmas, and the neighboring church bells rang out a jubilation. And, looking out into the quiet night, where the stars were keenly shining, we committed ourselves to rest with humbled hearts; praying, for all those we loved, a blessing of peace and good-will.



CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE SHORTEST AND HAPPIEST IN THE WHOLE HISTORY.

On the ensuing Christmas morning I chanced to rise betimes, and entering my dressing-room, opened the windows, and looked out on the soft landscape, over which mists were still lying; while the serene sky above, and the lawns and leafless woods in the foreground near, were still pink with sunrise. The gray had not even

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left the west yet, and I could see a star or two twinkling there, to vanish with that twilight.

As I looked out, I saw the not very distant lodge-gate open after a brief parley, and a lady on horseback, followed by a servant, rode rapidly up to the house.

This early visitor was no other than Miss Ethel Newcome. The young lady espied me immediately. "Come down; come down to me this moment, Mr. Pendennis," she cried out. I hastened down to her, supposing rightly, that news of importance had brought her to Rosebury so early.

The news was of importance indeed. "Look here!" she said, "read this;" and she took a paper from the pocket of her habit. "When I went home last night, after Madame de Florac had been talking to us about Orme's India, I took the volumes from the bookcase and found this paper. It is in my grandmother's—Mrs. Newcome's—handwriting; I know it quite well; it is dated on the very day of her death. She had been writing and reading in her study on that very night; I have often heard papa speak of the circumstance. Look and read. You are a lawyer, Mr. Pendennis; tell me about this paper."

I seized it eagerly, and cast my eyes over it; but having read it, my countenance fell.

"My dear Miss Newcome, it is not worth a penny," I was obliged to own.

"Yes it is, Sir, to honest people!" she cried out. "My brother and uncle will respect it as Mrs. Newcome's dying wish. They *must* respect it."

The paper in question was a letter in ink that had grown yellow from time, and was addressed by the late Mrs. Newcome, to "my dear Mr. Luce."

"That was her solicitor, my solicitor still," interposes Miss Ethel.

"The Hermitage, *March* 14, 182–.

"My dear Mr. Luce" (the defunct lady wrote)—"My late husband's grandson has been staying with me lately, and is a most pleasing, handsome, and engaging little boy. He bears a strong likeness to his grandfather, I think; and though he has no claims upon *me*, and I know is sufficiently provided for by his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome, C.B., of the East



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India Company's Service, I am sure my late dear husband will be pleased that I should leave his grandson, Clive Newcome, a token of *peace and good-will;* and I can do so with the more readiness, as it has pleased Heaven greatly to increase my means since my husband was called away hence.

"I desire to bequeath a sum equal to that which Mr. Newcome willed to my eldest son, Brian Newcome, Esq., to Mr. Newcome's grandson, Clive Newcome; and furthermore, that a token of my esteem and affection, a ring, or a piece of plate, of the value of £100, be given to Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Newcome, my stepson, whose excellent conduct *for many years*, and whose repeated acts of gallantry in the *service of his sovereign*, have long obliterated the just feelings of displeasure with which I could not but view his early *disobedience and misbehavior*, before he quitted England against my will, and entered the military service.

"I beg you to prepare immediately a codicil to my will, providing for the above bequests; and desire that the amount of these legacies should be taken from the property bequeathed to my eldest son. You will be so good as to prepare the necessary document, and bring it with you when you come on Saturday, to

"Yours very truly,

"SOPHIA ALETHEA NEWCOME.

"*Tuesday night.*"

I gave back the paper with a sigh to the finder. "It is but a wish of Mrs. Newcome, my dear Miss Ethel," I said. "Pardon me, if I say, I think I know your elder brother too well to suppose that he will fulfill it."

"He *will* fulfill it, Sir, I am sure he will," Miss Newcome said, in a haughty manner. "He would do as much without being asked, I am certain he would, did he know the depth of my dear uncle's misfortune. Barnes is in London now, and—"

"And you will write to him? I know what the answer will be."

"I will go to him this very day, Mr. Pendennis! I will go to my dear, dear uncle. I can not bear to think of him in that place," cried the young lady, the tears starting into her honest eyes. "It was the will of Heaven. Oh, God be thanked for it! Had we found my grandmamma's letter earlier, Barnes would have paid the legacy immediately, and the money would have gone in that dreadful bankruptcy. I will go to Barnes to-day. Will you come with me? Won't you come to your old friends? We may be at his—at Clive's house this evening; and oh, praise be to God! there need be no more want in his family."

"My dear friend, I will go with you round the world, on such an errand," I said, kissing her hand. How beautiful she looked! the generous color rose in her face, her voice thrilled with happiness. The music of Christmas church bells leaped up at this moment with joyful gratulations; the face of the old house, before which we stood talking, shone out in the morning sun.

"You will come? thank you! I must run and tell Madame de Florac," cried the happy young lady, and we entered the house together.

"How came you to be kissing Ethel's hand, Sir; and what is the meaning of this early visit?" asks Mrs. Laura, as soon as I had returned to my own apartments.

"Martha, get me a carpet bag! I am going to London in an hour," cries Mr. Pendennis. If I had kissed Ethel's hand just now, delighted at the news which she brought to me, was not one a thousand times dearer to me as happy as her friend? I know who prayed with a thankful heart that day as we sped, in the almost solitary train, toward London.



CHAPTER LXXVIII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR GOES ON A PLEASANT ERRAND.

BEFORE I parted with Miss Newcome at the station, she made me promise to see her on the morrow at an early hour at her brother's house; and having bidden her farewell, and repaired to my own solitary residence, which presented but a dreary aspect on that festive day, I thought I would pay Howland Street a visit; and, if invited, eat my Christmas dinner with Clive.

I found my friend at home, and at work still, in spite of the day. He had promised a pair of pictures to a dealer for the morrow. "He pays me pretty well, and I want all the money he will give me, Pen," the painter said, rubbing on at his canvas. "I am pretty easy in my mind since I have become acquainted with a virtuous dealer. I sell myself to him, body and soul, for some half-dozen pounds a week. I know I can

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get my money, and he is regularly supplied with his pictures. But for Rosey's illness we might carry on well enough."

Rosey's illness? I was sorry to hear of that: and poor Clive, entering into particulars, told me how he had spent upon doctors rather more than a fourth of his year's earnings. "There is a solemn fellow, to whom the women have taken a fancy, who lives but a few doors off in Gower Street; and who, for his last sixteen visits, has taken sixteen pounds sixteen shillings out of my pocket with the most admirable gravity, and as if guineas grew there. He talks the fashions to my mother-in-law. My poor wife hangs on every word he says. Look! There is his carriage coming up now! and there is his fee, confound him!" says Clive, casting a rueful look toward a little packet lying upon the mantle-piece, by the side of that skinned figure in plaster of Paris which we have seen in most studios.

I looked out of window, and saw a certain Fashionable Doctor tripping out of his chariot; that Ladies' Delight, who has subsequently migrated from Bloomsbury to Belgravia; and who has his polite foot now in a thousand nurseries and boudoirs. What Confessors were in old times, Quackenboss and his like are in our Protestant country. What secrets they know! into what mystic chambers do they not enter! I suppose the Campaigner made a special toilet to receive her fashionable friend, for that lady, attired in considerable splendor, and with the precious jewel on her head which I remembered at Boulogne, came in to the studio, two minutes after the Doctor's visit was announced, and made him a low courtesy. I can not describe the overpowering civilities of that woman.

Clive was very gracious and humble to her. He adopted a lively air in addressing her—"Must work, you know, Christmas-day and all—for the owner of the pictures will call for them in the morning. Bring me a good report about Rosey, Mrs. Mackenzie, please—and if you will have the kindness to look by the *écorché*, there, you will see that little packet which I have left for you." Mrs. Mack, advancing, took the money. I thought that plaster of Paris figure was not the only *écorché* in the room.

"I want you to stay to dinner. You must stay, Pen, please," cried Clive; "and be civil to her, will you? My dear old father is coming to dine here. They fancy that he has lodgings at the other end of the town, and that his brothers do something for him. Not a word about Grey Friars. It might agitate Rosa, you know. Ah! isn't he noble, the dear old boy! and isn't it fine to see him in that place?" Clive worked on as he talked, using up the last remnant of the light of Christmas-day, and was cleaning his pallet and brushes when Mrs. Mackenzie returned to us.

Darling Rosey was very delicate, but Doctor Quackenboss was going to give her the very same medicine which had done the charming young Duchess of Clackmannanshire so much good, and he was not in the least disquiet.

On this I cut into the conversation with anecdotes concerning the family of the Duchess of Clackmannanshire, remembering early days, when it used to be my sport to entertain the Campaigner with anecdotes of the aristocracy, about whose proceedings she still maintained a laudable curiosity. Indeed, one of the few books escaped out of the wreck of Tyburn Gardens was a Peerage, now a well-worn volume, much read by Rosa and her mother.

The anecdotes were very politely received—perhaps it was the season which made Mrs. Mack and her son-in-law on more than ordinarily good terms. When, turning to the Campaigner, Clive said he wished that she could persuade me to stay to dinner, she acquiesced graciously and at once in that proposal, and vowed that her daughter would be delighted if I could condescend to eat their *humble* fare. "It is not such a dinner as you *have* seen at her house, with six side-dishes, two flanks, that splendid epergne, and the silver dishes top and bottom; but such as my Rosa *has* she offers with a willing *heart*," cries the Campaigner.

"And Tom may sit to dinner, mayn't he, grandmamma?" asks Clive, in a humble voice.

"Oh, if you wish it, Sir."

"His grandfather will like to sit by him," said Clive. "I will go out and meet him; he comes through Guilford Street and Russell Square," says Clive. "Will you walk, Pen?"

"Oh, pray don't let *us* detain you," says Mrs. Mackenzie, with a toss of her head: and when she retreated, Clive whispered that she would not want me; for she looked to the roasting of the beef, and the making of the pudding, and the mince-pie.

"I thought she might have a finger in it," I said; and we set forth to meet the dear old father, who presently came, walking very slowly, along the line by which we expected him. His stick trembled as it fell on the pavement: so did his voice, as he called out Clive's name: so did his hand, as he stretched it to me. His body was bent, and feeble. Twenty years had not weakened him so much as the last score of months. I walked by the side of my two friends as they went onward, linked lovingly together. How I longed for the morrow, and hoped they might be united once more! Thomas Newcome's voice, once so grave, went up to a treble, and became almost childish, as he asked after Boy. His white hair hung over his collar. I could see it by the gas under which we walked—and Clive's great back and arm, as his father leaned on it, and his brave face turned toward the old man. Oh, Barnes Newcome, Barnes Newcome! Be an honest man for once, and help your kinsfolk! thought I.

The Christmas meal went off in a friendly manner enough. The Campaigner's eyes were every where: it was evident that the little maid who served the dinner, and had cooked a portion of it under their keen supervision, cowered under them, as well as other folks. Mrs. Mack did not make more than ten allusions to former

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splendors during the entertainment, or half as many apologies to me for sitting down to a table very different from that to which I was *accustomed*. Good, faithful F. Bayham was the only other guest. He complimented the mince-pies, so that Mrs. Mackenzie owned she had made them. The Colonel was very silent, but he tried to feed Boy, and was only once or twice sternly corrected by the Campaigner. Boy, in the best little words he could muster, asked why grandpapa wore a black cloak? Clive nudged my foot under the table. The secret of the Poor Brothership was very nearly out. The Colonel blushed, and with great presence of mind said he wore a cloak to keep him warm in winter.

Rosey did not say much. She had grown lean and languid: the light of her eyes had gone out: all her pretty freshness had faded. She ate scarce any thing, though her mother pressed her eagerly, and whispered loudly that a woman in her situation ought to strengthen herself. Poor Rosey was always in a situation.

When the cloth was withdrawn, the Colonel, bending his head, said "Thank God for what we have received" so reverently, and with an accent so touching, that Fred Bayham's big eyes, as he turned toward the old man, filled up with tears. When his mother and grandmother rose to go away, poor little Boy cried to stay longer, and the Colonel would have meekly interposed, but the domineering Campaigner cried "Nonsense, let him go to bed!" and flounced him out of the room: and nobody appealed against that sentence. Then we three remained, and strove to talk as cheerfully as we might, speaking now of old times, and presently of new. Without the slightest affectation, Thomas Newcome told us that his life was comfortable, and that he was happy in it. He wished that many others of the old gentlemen, he said, were as contented as himself, but some of them grumbled sadly, he owned, and quarreled with their bread and butter. He, for his part, had every thing he could desire; all the officers of the Establishment were most kind to him; an excellent physician came to him when wanted; a most attentive woman waited on him. "And if I wear a black gown," said he, "is not that uniform as good as another; and if we have to go to church every day, at which some of the Poor Brothers grumble, I think an old fellow can't do better; and I can say my prayers with a thankful heart, Clivey my boy, and should be quite happy but for my—for my past imprudence, God forgive me! Think of Bayham here coming to our chapel to-day! he often comes—that was very right, Sir—very right."

Clive, filling a glass of wine, looked at F. B. with eyes that said God bless you! F. B. gulped down another bumper. "It is almost a merry Christmas," said I; "and oh, I hope it will be a happy New Year!"

Shortly after nine o'clock the Colonel rose to depart, saying he must be "in barracks" by ten; and Clive and F. B. went a part of the way with him. I would have followed them, but Clive whispered me to stay, and talk to Mrs. Mack, for Heaven's sake, and that he would be back ere long. So I went and took tea with the two ladies; and as we drank it, Mrs. Mackenzie took occasion to tell me she did not know what amount of income the Colonel had from his *wealthy brother*, but that *they* never received any benefit from it; and again she computed to me all the sums, principal and interest, which ought at that moment to belong to her darling Rosey. Rosey now and again made a feeble remark. She did not seem pleased or sorry when her husband came in; and presently, dropping me a little courtesy, went to bed under charge of the Campaigner. So Bayham and I and Clive retired to the studio, where smoking was allowed, and where we brought that Christmas-day to an end.

At the appointed time on the next forenoon I called upon Miss Newcome at her brother's house. Sir Barnes Newcome was quitting his own door as I entered it, and he eyed me with such a severe countenance, as made me augur but ill of the business upon which I came. The expression of Ethel's face was scarcely more cheering: she was standing at the window, sternly looking at Sir Barnes, who yet lingered at his own threshold, having some altercation with his cab-boy ere he mounted his vehicle to drive into the City.

Miss Newcome was very pale when she advanced and gave me her hand. I looked with some alarm into her face, and inquired what news?

"It is as you expected, Mr. Pendennis," she said—"not as I did. My brother is averse to making restitution. He just now parted from me in some anger. But it does not matter; the restitution must be made, if not by Barnes, by one of our family—must it not?"

"God bless you for a noble creature, my dear, dear Miss Newcome!" was all I could say.

"For doing what is right? Ought I not to do it? I am the eldest of our family after Barnes: I am the richest after him. Our father left all his younger children the very sum of money which Mrs. Newcome here devises to Clive; and you know, besides, I have all my grandmother's, Lady Kew's, property. Why I don't think I could sleep if this act of justice were not done. Will you come with me to my lawyer's? He and my brother Barnes are trustees of my property; and I have been thinking, dear Mr. Pendennis—and you are very good to be so kind, and to express so kind an opinion of me, and you and Laura have always, always been the best friends to me—(she says this, taking one of my hands and placing her other hand over it)—I have been thinking, you know, that this transfer had better be made through Mr. Luce, you understand, and as coming from the *family*, and then I need not appear in it at all, you see; and—and my dear good uncle's pride need not be wounded." She fairly gave way to tears as she spoke; and for me, I longed to kiss the hem of her robe, or any thing else

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she would let me embrace, I was so happy, and so touched by the simple demeanor and affection of the noble young lady.

"Dear Ethel," I said, "did I not say I would go to the end of the world with you—and won't I go to Lincoln's Inn?"

A cab was straightway sent for, and in another half hour we were in the presence of the courtly little old Mr. Luce, in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

He knew the late Mrs. Newcome's handwriting at once. He remembered having seen the little boy at the Hermitage, had talked with Mr. Newcome regarding his son in India, and had even encouraged Mrs. Newcome in her idea of leaving some token of good-will to the latter. "I was to have dined with your grandmamma on the Saturday, with my poor wife. Why, bless my soul! I remember the circumstance perfectly well, my dear young lady. There can't be a doubt about the letter, but, of course, the bequest is no bequest at all, and Colonel Newcome has behaved so ill to your brother that I suppose Sir Barnes will not go out of his way to benefit the Colonel.

"What would you do, Mr. Luce?" asks the young lady.

"Hm! And pray why should I tell you what I should do under the circumstances?" replied the little lawyer. "Upon my word, Miss Newcome, I think I should leave matters as they stand. Sir Barnes and I, you are aware, are not the very best of friends—as your father's, your grandmother's old friend and adviser, and your own too, my dear young lady, I and Sir Barnes Newcome remain on civil terms. But neither is over much pleased with the other, to say the truth; and, at any rate, I can not be accused—nor can any one else that I know of—of being a very warm partisan of your brother's. But candidly, were his case mine—had I a relation who had called me unpleasant names, and threatened me I don't know with what, with sword and pistol—who had put me to five or six thousand pounds' expense in contesting an election which I had lost—I should give him, I think, no more than the law obliged me to give him; and that, my dear Miss Newcome, is not one farthing."

"I am very glad you say so," said Miss Newcome, rather to my astonishment.

"Of course, my dear young lady; and so you need not be alarmed at showing your brother this document. Is not that the point about which you came to consult me? You wished that I should prepare him for the awful disclosure, did you not? You know, perhaps, that he does not like to part with his money, and thought the appearance of this note to me might agitate him? It has been a long time coming to its address, but nothing can be done, don't you see? and be sure Sir Barnes Newcome will not be the least agitated when I tell him its contents."

"I mean, I am very glad you think my brother is not called upon to obey Mrs. Newcome's wishes, because I need not think so hardly of him as I was disposed to do," Miss Newcome said. "I showed him the paper this morning, and he repelled it with scorn; and not kind words passed between us, Mr. Luce, and unkind thoughts remained in my mind. But if he, you think, is justified, it is I who have been in the wrong for saying that he was self—for upbraiding him, as I own I did."

"You called him selfish! You had words with him! Such things have happened before, my dear Miss Newcome, in the best regulated families."

"But if he is not wrong, Sir, holding his opinions, surely I should be wrong, Sir, with mine, not to do as my conscience tells me; and having found this paper only yesterday at Newcome, in the library there, in one of my grandmother's books, I consulted with this gentleman, the husband of my dearest friend, Mrs. Pendennis—the most intimate friend of my uncle and cousin Clive; and I wish, and I desire, and insist, that my share of what my poor father left us girls should be given to my cousin, Mr. Clive Newcome, in accordance with my grandmother's dying wishes."

"My dear, you gave away your portion to your brothers and sisters ever so long ago!" cried the lawyer.

"I desire, Sir, that six thousand pounds may be given to my cousin," Miss Newcome said, blushing deeply. "My dear uncle, the best man in the world, whom I love with all my heart, Sir, is in the most dreadful poverty. Do you know where he is, Sir? My dear, kind, generous uncle!" and kindling as she spoke, and with eyes beaming a bright kindness, and flushing cheeks, and a voice that thrilled to the heart of those two who heard her, Miss Newcome went on to tell of her uncle's and cousin's misfortunes, and of her wish, under God, to relieve them. I see before me now the figure of the noble girl as she speaks; the pleased little old lawyer, bobbing his white head, looking up at her with his twinkling eyes—patting his knees, patting his snuff-box—as he sits before his tapes and his deeds, surrounded by a great background of tin boxes.

"And I understand you want this money paid as coming from the family, and not from Miss Newcome?" says Mr. Luce.

"Coming from the family—exactly"—answers Miss Newcome.

Mr. Luce rose up from his old chair—his worn-out old horse-hair chair—where he had sat for half a century, and listened to many a speaker, very different from this one. "Mr. Pendennis," he said, "I envy you your journey along with this young lady. I envy you the good news you are going to carry to your friends—and, Miss Newcome, as I am an old—old gentleman who have known your family these sixty years, and saw your father in his long-clothes, may I tell you how heartily and sincerely I—I love and respect you, my dear? When should you wish Mr. Clive Newcome to have his legacy?"

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"I think I should like Mr. Pendennis to have it this instant, Mr. Luce, please," said the young lady—and her vail dropped over her face as she bent her head bown, and clasped her hands together for a moment as if she was praying.

Mr. Luce laughed at her impetuosity; but said that if she was bent upon having the money, it was at her instant service; and, before we left the room, Mr. Luce prepared a letter, addressed to Clive Newcome, Esquire, in which he stated, that among the books of the late Mrs. Newcome a paper had only just been found, of which a copy was inclosed, and that the family of the late Sir Brian Newcome, desirous to do honor to the wishes of the late Mrs. Newcome, had placed the sum of £6000 at the bank of Messrs. H. W——, at the disposal of Mr. Clive Newcome, of whom Mr. Luce had the honor to sign himself the most obedient servant, etc. And, the letter approved and copied, Mr. Luce said Mr. Pendennis might be the postman thereof, if Miss Newcome so willed it; and, with this document in my pocket; I quitted the lawyer's chambers, with my good and beautiful young companion.

Our cab had been waiting several hours in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and I asked Miss Ethel whither I now should conduct her?

"Where is Grey Friars?" she said. "Mayn't I go to see my uncle?"

CHAPTER LXXIX.

IN WHICH OLD FRIENDS COME TOGETHER.

We made the descent of Snowhill, we passed by the miry pens of Smithfield; we travel through the street of St. John, and presently reach the ancient gateway, in Cistercian Square, where lies the old Hospital of Grey Friars. I passed through the gate, my fair young companion on my arm, and made my way to the rooms occupied by Brother Newcome.

As we traversed the court the Poor Brothers were coming from dinner. A couple of score, or more, of old gentlemen in black gowns, issued from the door of their refectory, and separated over the court, betaking themselves to their chambers. Ethel's arm trembled under mine as she looked at one and another, expecting to behold her dear uncle's familiar features. But he was not among the brethren. We went to his chamber, of which the door was open: a female attendant was arranging the room; she told us Colonel Newcome was out for the day, and thus our journey had been made in vain.

Ethel went round the apartment and surveyed its simple decorations; she looked at the pictures of Clive and his boy; the two sabres crossed over the mantle-piece, the Bible laid on the table, by the old latticed window. She walked slowly up to the humble bed, and sat down on a chair near it. No doubt her heart prayed for him who slept there; she turned round where his black Pensioner's cloak was hanging on the wall, and lifted up the homely garment, and kissed it. The servant looked on admiring, I should think, her melancholy and her gracious beauty. I whispered to the woman that the young lady was the Colonel's niece. "He has a son who comes here, and is very handsome, too," said the attendant.

The two women spoke together for a while. "Oh, miss!" cried the elder and humbler, evidently astonished at some gratuity which Miss Newcome bestowed upon her, "I didn't want this to be good to him. Every body here loves him for himself; and I would sit up for him for weeks—that I would."

My companion took a pencil from her bag, and wrote "Ethel" on a piece of paper, and laid the paper on the Bible. Darkness had again fallen by this time; feeble lights were twinkling in the chamber-windows of the Poor Brethren, as we issued into the courts—feeble lights illumining a dim, gray, melancholy, old scene. Many a career, once bright, was flickering out here in the darkness; many a night was closing in. We went away silently from that quiet place; and in another minute were in the flare and din and tumult of London.

"The Colonel is most likely gone to Clive's," I said. Would not Miss Newcome follow him thither? We consulted whether she should go. She took heart, and said yes. "Drive, cabman, to Howland Street!" The horse was, no doubt, tired, for the journey seemed extraordinarily long: I think neither of us spoke a word on the way.

I ran up stairs to prepare our friends for the visit. Clive, his wife, his father, and his mother-in-law, were seated by a dim light in Mrs. Clive's sitting-room. Rosey on the sofa, as usual; the little boy on his grandfather's knees.

I hardly made a bow to the ladies, so eager was I to communicate with Colonel Newcome. "I have just been to your quarters, at Grey Friars, Sir," said I. "That is—"

"You have been to the Hospital, Sir! You need not be ashamed to mention it, as Colonel Newcome is not ashamed *to go there*," cried out the Campaigner. "Pray speak in your own language, Clive, unless there is something *not fit* for ladies to hear." Clive was growling out to me in German that there had just been a terrible scene, his father having, a quarter of an hour previously, let slip the secret about Grey Friars.

"Say at once, Clive!" the Campaigner cried, rising in her might, and extending a great strong arm over her helpless child, "that Colonel Newcome owns that he has gone to live as a pauper in an hospital! He who has squandered his own money. He who has squandered my money. He who has squandered the money of that darling, helpless child. Compose yourself, Rosey, my love!—has completed the disgrace of the family, by his present mean and unworthy—yes, I say *mean*, and *unworthy*, and *degraded* conduct. Oh, my child, my blessed child! to think that your husband's father should have come to a *workhouse!*" While this maternal agony bursts over her, Rosa, on the sofa, bleats and whimpers among the faded chintz cushions.

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I took Clive's hand, which was cast up to his head, striking his forehead with mad, impotent rage, while this fiend of a woman lashed his good father. The veins of his great fist were swollen, his whole body was throbbing and trembling with the helpless pain under which he writhed. "Colonel Newcome's friends, ma'am," I said, "think very differently from you; and that he is a better judge than you, or any one else, of his own honor. We all, who loved him in his prosperity, love and respect him more than ever for the manner in which he bears his misfortune. Do you suppose that his noble friend, the Earl of H——, would have counseled him to a step unworthy of a gentleman; that the Prince de Moncontour would applaud his conduct as he does, if he did not think it admirable?" I can hardly say with what scorn I used this argument, or what depth of contempt I felt for the woman whom I knew it would influence. "And at this minute," I added, "I have come from visiting the Grey Friars with one of the Colonel's relatives, whose love and respect for him is boundless; who longs to be reconciled to him, and who is waiting below, eager to shake his hand, and embrace Clive's wife."

"Who is that?" says the Colonel, looking gently up, as he pats Boy's head.

"Who is it, Pen?" says Clive. I said in a low voice, "Ethel;" and starting up and crying "Ethel! Ethel!" he ran from the room.

Little Mrs. Rosa started up too on her sofa, clutching hold of the table-cover with her lean hand, and the two red spots on her cheeks burning more fiercely than ever. I could see what passion was beating in that poor little heart. Heaven help us! what a resting-place had friends and parents prepared for it!

"Miss Newcome, is it? My darling Rosa, get on your shawl!" cried the Campaigner, a grim smile lighting her face.

"It is Ethel; Ethel is my niece. I used to love her when she was quite a little girl," says the Colonel, patting Boy on the head; "and she is a very good, beautiful little child—a very good child." The torture had been too much for that kind old heart: there were times when Thomas Newcome passed beyond it. What still maddened Clive, excited his father no more; the pain yonder woman inflicted, only felled and stupefied him.

As the door opened, the little white-headed child trotted forward toward the visitor, and Ethel entered on Clive's arm, who was as haggard and pale as death. Little Boy, looking up at the stately lady, still followed beside her, as she approached her uncle, who remained sitting, his head bent to the ground. His thoughts were elsewhere. Indeed he was following the child, and about to caress it again.

"Here is a friend, father!" says Clive, laying a hand on the old man's shoulder. "It is I, Ethel, uncle!" the young lady said, taking his hand, and kneeling down between his knees, she flung her arms round him, and kissed him, and wept on his shoulder. His consciousness had quite returned ere an instant was over. He embraced her with the warmth of his old affection, uttering many brief words of love, kindness, and tenderness, such as men speak when strongly moved.

The little boy had come wondering up to the chair while this embrace took place, and Clive's tall figure bent over the three. Rosa's eyes were not good to look at, as she stared at the group with a ghastly smile. Mrs. Mackenzie surveyed the scene in haughty state from behind the sofa cushions. She tried to take one of Rosa's lean hot hands. The poor child tore it away, leaving her rings behind her; lifted her hand to her face; and cried—cried as if her little heart would break. Ah me! what a story was there; what an outburst of pent-up feeling! what a passion of pain! The ring had fallen to the ground; the little boy crept toward it, and picked it up, and came toward his mother, fixing on her his large wondering eyes. "Mamma crying. Mamma's ring!" he said, holding up the circle of gold. With more feeling than I had ever seen her exhibit, she clasped the boy in her wasted arms. Great Heaven! what passion, jealousy, grief, despair, were tearing and trying all these hearts, that but for fate might have been happy?

Clive went round, and, with the utmost sweetness and tenderness, hanging round his child and wife, soothed her with words of consolation, that in truth I scarce heard, being ashamed almost of being present at this sudden scene. No one, however, took notice of the witnesses; and even Mrs. Mackenzie's voice was silent for the moment. I dare say Clive's words were incoherent; but women have more presence of mind; and now Ethel, with a noble grace which I can not attempt to describe, going up to Rosa, seated herself by her, spoke of her long grief at the differences between her dearest uncle and herself; of her early days, when he had been as a father to her; of her wish, her hope that Rosa should love her as a sister; and of her belief that better days and happiness were in store for them all. And she spoke to the mother about her boy so beautiful and intelligent, and told her how she had brought up her brother's children, and hoped that this one too would call her aunt Ethel. She would not stay now, might she come again? Would Rosa come to her with her little boy? Would he kiss her? He did so with a very good grace; but when Ethel at parting embraced the child's mother, Rosa's face wore a smile ghastly to look at, and the lips that touched Ethel's cheeks were quite white.

"I shall come and see you again to-morrow, uncle, may I not? I saw your room to-day, Sir, and your housekeeper; such a nice old lady, and your black gown. And you shall put it on to-morrow, and walk with me, and show me the beautiful old buildings of the old hospital. And I shall come and make tea for you; the housekeeper says I may. Will you come down with

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me to my carriage? No, Mr. Pendennis must come;" and she quitted the room, beckoning me after her. "You will speak to Clive now, won't you," she said, "and come to me this evening, and tell me all before you go to bed?" I went back, anxious in truth to be the messenger of good tidings to my dear old friends.

Brief as my absence had been, Mrs. Mackenzie had taken advantage of that moment again to outrage Clive and his father, and to announce that Rosa might go to see this Miss Newcome, whom people respected because she was rich, but whom *she* would never visit; no never! An insolent, proud, impertinent thing! Does she take me for a housemaid?" Mrs. Mackenzie had inquired. "Am I dust to be trampled beneath her feet? Am I a dog that she can't throw me a word?" Her arms were stretched out, and she was making this inquiry as to her own canine qualities as I re-entered the room, and remembered that Ethel had never once addressed a single word to Mrs. Mackenzie in the course of her visit.

I affected not to perceive the incident, and presently said that I wanted to speak to Clive in his studio. Knowing that I had brought my friend one or two commissions for drawings, Mrs. Mackenzie was civil to me, and did not object to our colloquies.

"Will you come too, and smoke a pipe, father?" says Clive.

"*Of course*, your father intends to stay to *dinner!*" says the Campaigner, with a scornful toss of her head. Clive groaned out, as we were on the stair, "that he could not bear this much longer; by Heavens he could not!"

"Give the Colonel his pipe, Clive," said I. "Now, Sir, down with you in the sitter's chair, and smoke the sweetest cheroot you ever smoked in your life! My dear, dear old Clive! you need not bear with the Campaigner any longer; you may go to bed without this nightmare to-night if you like; you may have your father back under your roof again."

"My dear Arthur! I must be back at ten, Sir, back at ten, military time; drum beats; no—bell tolls at ten, and gates close;" and he laughed and shook his old head. "Besides, I am to see a young lady, Sir; and she is coming to make tea for me, and I must speak to Mrs. Jones to have all things ready—all things ready;" and again the old man laughed as he spoke.

His son looked at him and then at me with eyes full of sad meaning. "How do you mean, Arthur," Clive said, "that he can come and stay with me, and that that woman can go?"

Then feeling in my pocket for Mr. Luce's letter, I grasped my dear Clive by the hand and bade him prepare for good news. I told him how providentially, two days since, Ethel, in the library at Newcome, looking into Orme's History of India, a book which old Mrs. Newcome had been reading on the night of her death, had discovered a paper, of which the accompanying letter inclosed a copy, and I gave my friend the letter.

He opened it, and read it through. I can not say that I saw any particular expression of wonder in his countenance, for somehow, all the while Clive perused this document, I was looking at the Colonel's sweet, kind face. "It—it is Ethel's doing," said Clive, in a hurried voice. "There was no such letter."

"Upon my honor," I answered, "there was. We came up to London with it last night, a few hours after she had found it. We showed it to Sir Barnes Newcome, who—who could not disown it. We took it to Mr. Luce, who recognized it at once, who was old Mrs. Newcome's man of business, and continues to be the family lawyer, and the family recognizes the legacy and has paid it, and you may draw for it to-morrow, as you see. What a piece of good luck it is that it did not come before the B. B. C. time! That confounded Bundelcund Bank would have swallowed up this, like all the rest."

"Father! father! do you remember Orme's History of India?" cries Clive.

"Orme's history! of course I do; I could repeat whole pages of it when I was a boy," says the old man, and began forthwith. "'The two battalions advanced against each other cannonading, until the French, coming to a hollow way, imagined that the English would not venture to pass it. But Major Lawrence ordered the seapoys and artillery—the seapoys and artillery to halt and defend the convoy against the Morattoes'—Morattoes Orme calls 'em. Ho! ho! I could repeat whole pages, Sir."

"It is the best book that ever was written!" calls out Clive. The Colonel said he had not read it, but he was informed Mr. Mill's was a very learned history; he intended to read it. "Eh! there is plenty of time now," said the good Colonel. "I have all day long at Grey Friars—after chapel, you know. Do you know, Sir, when I was a boy I used what they call to tib out and run down to a public-house in Cistercian Lane—The Red Cow, Sir—and buy rum there? I was a terrible wild boy, Clivey. You wern't so, Sir, thank Heaven. A terrible wild boy, and my poor father flogged me, though I think it was very hard on me. It wasn't the pain, you know it wasn't the pain; but . . . ." Here tears came into his eyes and he dropped his head on his hand, and the cigar from it fell on to the floor, burnt almost out, and scattering white ashes.

Clive looked sadly at me. "He was often so at Boulogne, Arthur," he whispered; "after a scene with that—that woman yonder, his head would go: he never replied to her taunts: he bore her infernal cruelty without an unkind word—oh! I can pay her back, thank God I can pay her! But who shall pay her," he said, trembling in every limb, "for what she has made that good man suffer?"

He turned to his father, who still sate lost in his meditations. "You need never go back to Grey Friars, father!" he cried out.

"Not go back, Clivey? must go back, boy, to say Adsum when my name is called—Newcome!

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Adsum! Hey! that is what we used to say—we used to say!"

"You need not go back, except to pack your things, and return and live with me and Boy," Clive continued, and he told Colonel Newcome rapidly the story of the legacy. The old man seemed hardly to comprehend it. When he did, the news scarcely elated him; when Clive said, "they could now pay Mrs. Mackenzie," the Colonel replied, "Quite right, quite right," and added up the sum, principal and interest, in which they were indebted to her—he knew it well enough, the good old man. "Of course, we shall pay her, Clivey, when we can!" But in spite of what Clive had said, he did not appear to understand the fact that the debt to Mrs. Mackenzie was now actually to be paid.

As we were talking, a knock came to the studio door, and that summons was followed by the entrance of the maid, who said to Clive, "If you please, Sir, Mrs. Mackenzie says, how long are you a-going to keep the dinner waiting?"

"Come, father, come to dinner!" cries Clive, "and, Pen, you will come too, won't you?" he added; "it may be the last time you dine in such pleasant company. Come along," he whispered hurriedly, "I should like you to be there; it will keep her tongue quiet." As we proceeded to the dining-room, I gave the Colonel my arm; and the good man prattled to me something about Mrs. Mackenzie having taken shares in the Bundelcund Banking Company, and about her not being a woman of business, and fancying we had spent her money. "And I have always felt a wish that Clivey should pay her, and he will pay her, I know he will," says the Colonel, "and then we shall lead a quiet life, Arthur; for, between ourselves, some women are the deuce when they are angry, Sir." And again he laughed, as he told me this sly news, and he bowed meekly his gentle old head as we entered the dining-room.

That apartment was occupied by little Boy already seated in his high chair, and by the Campaigner only, who stood at the mantle-piece in a majestic attitude. On parting with her, before we adjourned to Clive's studio, I had made my bow and taken my leave in form, not supposing that I was about to enjoy her hospitality yet once again. My return did not seem to please her. "Does Mr. Pendennis favor us with his company to dinner again, Clive?" she said, turning to her son-in-law. Clive curtly said, "Yes, he had asked Mr. Pendennis to stay."

"You might at least have been *so kind* as to give me notice," says the Campaigner, still majestic, but ironical. "You will have but a poor meal, Mr. Pendennis; and one such as I am not accustomed to give my guests."

"Cold beef! what the deuce does it matter?" says Clive, beginning to carve the joint, which, hot, had served our yesterday's Christmas table.

"It *does* matter, Sir! I am not accustomed to treat my guests in this way. Maria! who has been cutting that beef? Three pounds of that beef have been cut away since one o'clock to-day," and with flashing eyes, and a finger twinkling all over with rings, she pointed toward the guilty joint.

Whether Maria had been dispensing secret charities, or kept company with an occult policeman, partial to roast beef, I do not know; but she looked very much alarmed, and said, Indeed, and indeed, Mum, she had not touched a morsel of it!—not she.

"Confound the beef!" says Clive, carving on.

"She *has* been cutting it!" cries the Campaigner, bringing her fist down with a thump upon the table. "Mr. Pendennis! you saw the beef yesterday; eighteen pounds it weighed, and this is what comes up of it! As if there was not already ruin enough in the house!"

"D——n the beef!" cries out Clive.

"No! no! Thank God for our good dinner! Benedicti Benedicamus, Clivey, my boy," says the Colonel, in a tremulous voice.

"Swear on, Sir! let the child hear your oaths! let my blessed child, who is too ill to sit at table and picks her bit of sweetbread on her sofa—which her poor mother *prepares* for her, Mr. Pendennis—which I cooked it, and gave it to her with *these hands*—let *her* hear your curses and blasphemies, Clive Newcome! They are loud enough."

"Do let us have a quiet life," groans out Clive; and for me, I confess, I kept my eyes steadily down upon my plate, nor dared to lift them, until my portion of cold beef had vanished.

No farther outbreak took place until the appearance of the second course, which consisted, as the ingenious reader may suppose, of the plum-pudding, now in a grilled state, and the remanent mince-pies from yesterday's meal. Maria, I thought, looked particularly guilty, as these delicacies were placed on the table: she set them down hastily, and was for operating an instant retreat.

But the Campaigner shrieked after her, "Who has eaten that pudding? I insist upon knowing who has eaten it. I saw it at two o'clock when I went down to the kitchen and fried a bit for my darling child, and there's pounds of it gone since then! There were five mince-pies! Mr. Pendennis! you saw yourself there were five went away from table yesterday—where's the other two, Maria? You leave the house this night, you thieving, wicked wretch—and I'll thank you to come back to me afterward for a character. Thirteen servants have we had in nine months, Mr. Pendennis, and this girl is the worst of them all, and the greatest liar, and the greatest thief."

At this charge the outraged Maria stood up in arms, and as the phrase is, gave the Campaigner as good as she got. "Go! wouldn't she go? Pay her her wages, and let her go out of that ell upon hearth," was Maria's prayer. "It isn't you, Sir," she said, turning to Clive. "*You* are good enough, and works hard enough to git the guineas which you give out to pay that

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Doctor; and she *don't* pay him—and I see five of them in her purse wrapped up in paper, myself I did, and she abuses you to him—and I heard her, and Jane Black, who was here before, told me she heard her. Go! won't I just go, I dispises your puddens and pies!" and with a laugh of scorn this rude Maria snapped her black fingers in the immediate vicinity of the Campaigner's nose.

"I will pay her her wages, and she shall go this instant!" says Mrs. Mackenzie, taking her purse out.

"Pay me with them suvverings that you have got in it, wrapped up in paper. See if she haven't, Mr. Newcome," the refractory waiting woman cried out, and again she laughed a strident laugh.

Mrs. Mackenzie briskly shut her porte-monnaie, and rose up from table, quivering with indignant virtue. "Go!" she exclaimed, "go and pack your trunks this instant! you quit the house this night, and a policeman shall see to your boxes before you leave it!"

While uttering this sentence against the guilty Maria, the Campaigner had intended, no doubt, to replace her purse in her pocket—a handsome fillagree gimcrack of poor Rosa's, one of the relics of former splendors—but, agitated by Maria's insolence, the trembling hand missed the mark, and the purse fell to the ground.

Maria dashed at the purse in a moment, with a scream of laughter shook its contents upon the table, and, sure enough, five little packets wrapped in paper rolled out upon the cloth, besides bank notes and silver and gold coin. "I'm to go, am I? I'm a thief, am I?" screamed the girl, clapping her hands. "*I* sor 'em yesterday when I was a-lacing of her; and thought of that pore young man working night and day to get the money—me a thief, indeed!—I despise you, and *I* give you warning."

"Do you wish to see me any longer insulted by this woman, Clive? Mr. Pendennis, I am shocked that you should witness such horrible vulgarity," cries the Campaigner, turning to her guest. "Does the wretched creature suppose that I, I who have given *thousands*, I who have denied myself *every thing*, I who have spent my *all* in support of this house; and Colonel Newcome *knows* whether I have given thousands or not, and *who* has spent them, and *who* has been robbed, I say, and—"

"Here! you! Maria! go about your business," shouted out Clive Newcome, starting up; "go and pack your trunks if you like, and pack this woman's trunks too. Mrs. Mackenzie, I can bear you no more; go in peace, and if you wish to see your daughter, she shall come to you; but I will never, so help me God! sleep under the same roof with you; or break the same crust with you; or bear your infernal cruelty; or sit to hear my father insulted; or listen to your wicked pride and folly more. There has not been a day since you thrust your cursed foot into our wretched house, but you have tortured one and all of us. Look here, at the best gentleman, and the kindest heart in all the world, you fiend! and see to what a condition you have brought him! Dearest father! she is going, do you hear? She leaves us, and you will come back to me, won't you? Great God, woman," he gasped out, "do you know what you have made me suffer—what you have done to this good man? Pardon, father, pardon"—and he sank down by his father's side, sobbing with passionate emotion. The old man even now did not seem to comprehend the scene. When he heard that woman's voice in anger, a sort of stupor came over him.

"I am a *fiend*, am I?" cries the lady. "You hear, Mr. Pendennis, this is the language to which I am accustomed; I am a widow, and I trusted my child and my all to that old man; he robbed me and my darling of almost every farthing we had; and what has been my return for such baseness? I have lived in this house and toiled like a *slave;* I have acted as servant to my blessed child; night after night I have sat with her; and month after month, when *her husband* has been away, I have nursed that poor innocent; and the father having robbed me, the son turns me out of doors!"

A sad thing it was to witness, and a painful proof how frequent were these battles, that, as this one raged, the poor little boy sat almost careless, while his bewildered grandfather stroked his golden head. "It is quite clear to me, madam," I said, turning to Mrs. Mackenzie, "that you and your son-in-law are better apart; and I came to tell him to-day of a most fortunate legacy, which has just been left to him, and which will enable him to pay you to-morrow morning every shilling, every shilling which he does NOT owe you."

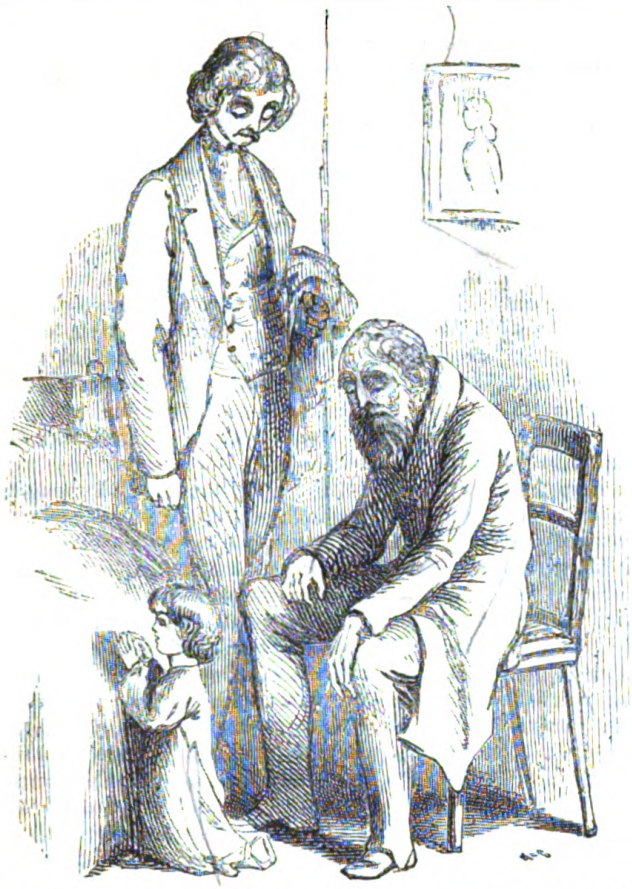
"I will not leave this house until I am paid every shilling of which I have been robbed," hissed out Mrs. Mackenzie; and she sat down folding her arms across her chest.

"I am sorry," groaned out Clive, wiping the sweat off his brow, "I used a harsh word; I will never sleep under the same roof with you. To-morrow I will pay you what you claim; and the best chance I have of forgiving you the evil which you have done me, is that we never should meet again. Will you give me a bed at your house, Arthur? Father, will you come out and walk? Good night, Mrs. Mackenzie; Pendennis will settle with you in the morning. You will not be here, if you please, when I return; and so God forgive you, and farewell."

Mrs. Mackenzie in a tragic manner dashed aside the hand which poor Clive held out to her, and disappeared from the scene of this dismal dinner. Boy presently fell a crying: in spite of all the battle and fury, there was sleep in his eyes.

"Maria is too busy, I suppose, to put him to bed," said Clive, with a sad smile; "shall we do it, father? Come, Tommy, my son!" and he folded his arms round the child, and walked with him to the upper regions. The old man's eyes lighted up; his scared thoughts returned

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to him; he followed his two children up the stairs, and saw his grandson in his little bed; and, as we walked home with him, he told me how sweetly Boy said Our Father, and prayed God bless all those who loved him, as they laid him to rest.

So these three generations had joined in that supplication: the strong man, humbled by trial and grief, whose loyal heart was yet full of love; the child, of the sweet age of those little ones whom the Blessed Speaker of the prayer first bade to come unto Him; and the old man, whose heart was well-nigh as tender and as innocent, and whose day was approaching, when he should be drawn to the bosom of the Eternal Pity.

CHAPTER LXXX.

IN WHICH THE COLONEL SAYS "ADSUM" WHEN HIS NAME IS CALLED.

The vow which Clive had uttered, never to share bread with his mother-in-law, or sleep under the same roof with her, was broken on the very next day. A stronger will than the young man's intervened, and he had to confess the impotence of his wrath before that superior power. In the forenoon of the day following that unlucky dinner, I went with my friend to the banking-house, whither Mr. Luce's letter directed us, and carried away with me the principal sum, in which the Campaigner said Colonel Newcome was indebted to her, with the interest accurately computed and reimbursed. Clive went off with a pocket full of money to the dear old Poor Brother of Grey Friars; and he promised to return with his father, and dine with my wife in Queen Square. I had received a letter from Laura by the morning's post, announcing her return by the express-train from Newcome, and desiring that a spare bedroom should be got ready for a friend who accompanied her.

On reaching Howland Street, Clive's door was opened, rather to my surprise, by the rebellious maid-servant who had received her dismissal on the previous night; and the Doctor's carriage drove up as she was still speaking to me. The polite practitioner sped up stairs to Mrs. Newcome's apartment. Mrs. Mackenzie, in a robe-de-chambre and cap very different from yesterday's, came out eagerly to meet the physician on the landing. Ere they had been a quarter of an hour together, arrived a cab, which discharged an elderly person, with her bandbox and bundles; I had no difficulty in recognizing a professional nurse in the new-comer. She too, disappeared in the sick-room, and left me sitting in the neighboring chamber, the scene of the last night's quarrel.

Hither presently came to me Maria, the maid. She said she had not the heart to go away now she was wanted; that they had passed a sad night, and that no one had been to bed. Master Tommy was below, and the landlady taking care of him: the landlord had gone out for the nurse. Mrs. Clive had been taken bad after Mr. Clive went away the night before. Mrs. Mackenzie had gone to the poor young thing, and there she went on, crying, and screaming, and stamping, as she used to do in her tantrums, which was most cruel of her, and made Mrs. Clive so ill. And presently the young lady began, my informant told me. She came screaming into the sitting-room, her hair over her shoulders, calling out she was deserted, deserted, and would like to die. She was like a mad woman for some time. She had fit after fit of hysterics; and there was her mother, kneeling, and crying, and calling out to her darling child to calm herself; which it was all her own doing, and she had much better have held her own tongue, remarked the resolute Maria. I understood only too well from the girl's account what had happened, and that Clive, if resolved to part with his mother-in-law, should not have left her, even for twelve hours, in possession of his house. The wretched woman, whose Self was always predominant, and who, though she loved her daughter, after her own fashion, never forgot her own vanity or passion, had improved the occasion of Clive's

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absence: worked upon her child's weakness, jealousy, ill health, and driven her, no doubt, into the fever which yonder physician was called to quell.

The Doctor presently enters to write a prescription, followed by Clive's mother-in-law, who had cast Rosa's fine Cashmere shawl over her shoulders, to hide her disarray. "You here still, Mr. Pendennis!" she exclaims. She knew I was there. Had not she changed her dress in order to receive me?"

"I have to speak to you for two minutes on important business, and then I shall go," I replied gravely.

"Oh, Sir! to what a scene you have come! To what a state has Clive's conduct last night driven my darling child!"

As the odious woman spoke so, the Doctor's keen eyes, looking up from the prescription, caught mine. "I declare before Heaven, madam," I said hotly, "I believe you yourself are the cause of your daughter's present illness, as you have been the misery of my friends."

"Is this, Sir," she was breaking out, "is this language to be used to . . . .?"

"Madam, will you be silent?" I said; "I am come to bid you farewell on the part of those whom your temper has driven into infernal torture. I am come to pay you every halfpenny of the sum which my friends do not owe you, but which they restore. Here is the account, and here is the money to settle it. And I take this gentleman to witness, to whom, no doubt, you have imparted what you call your wrongs (the Doctor smiled, and shrugged his shoulders), that now you are paid."

"A widow—a poor, lonely, insulted widow!" cries the Campaigner, with trembling hands, taking possession of the notes.

"And I wish to know," I continued, "when my friend's house will be free to him, and he can return in peace."

Here Rosa's voice was heard from the inner apartment, screaming, "Mamma, mamma!"

"I go to my child, Sir," she said; "if Captain Mackenzie had been alive, you would not have *dared* to insult me so." And, carrying off her money, she left us.

"Can not she be got out of the house?" I said to the Doctor. "My friend will never return until she leaves it. It is my belief she is the cause of her daughter's present illness."

"Not altogether, my dear Sir. Mrs. Newcome was in a very, very delicate state of health. Her mother is a lady of impetuous temper, who expresses herself very strongly—too strongly, I own. In consequence of unpleasant family discussions, which no physician can prevent, Mrs. Newcome has been wrought up to a state of—of agitation. Her fever is, in fact, at present very high. You know her condition. I am apprehensive of ulterior consequences. I have recommended an excellent and experienced nurse to her. Mr. Smith, the medical man at the corner, is a most able practitioner. I shall myself call again in a few hours, and I trust that, after the event which I apprehend, every thing will go well."

"Can not Mrs. Mackenzie leave the house, Sir?" I asked.

"Her daughter cries out for her at every moment. Mrs. Mackenzie is certainly not a judicious nurse, but in Mrs. Newcome's present state I can not take upon myself to separate them. Mr. Newcome may return, and I do think and believe that his presence may tend to impose silence, and restore tranquillity."

I had to go back to Clive with these gloomy tidings. The poor fellow must put up a bed in his studio, and there await the issue of his wife's illness. I saw Thomas Newcome could not sleep under his son's roof that night. That dear meeting, which both so desired, was delayed, who could say for how long?

"The Colonel may come to us," I thought; "our old house is big enough." I guessed who was the friend coming in my wife's company; and pleased myself by thinking that two friends so dear should meet in our home. Bent upon these plans, I repaired to Grey Friars, and to Thomas Newcome's chamber there.

Bayham opened the door when I knocked, and came toward me with a finger on his lip, and a sad, sad countenance. He closed the door gently behind him, and led me into the court. "Clive is with him, and Miss Newcome. He is very ill. He does not know them," said Bayham with a sob. "He calls out for both of them: they are sitting there, and he does not know them."

In a brief narrative, broken by more honest tears, Fred Bayham, as we paced up and down the court, told me what had happened. The old man must have passed a sleepless night, for on going to his chamber in the morning, his attendant found him dressed in his chair, and his bed undisturbed. He must have sat all through the bitter night without a fire; but his hands were burning hot, and he rambled in his talk. He spoke of some one coming to drink tea with him, pointed to the fire, and asked why it was not made; he would not go to bed, though the nurse pressed him. The bell began to ring for morning chapel; he got up and went toward his gown, groping toward it as though he could hardly see, and put it over his shoulders, and would go out, but he would have fallen in the court if the good nurse had not given him her arm; and the physician of the hospital, passing fortunately at this moment, who had always been a great friend of Colonel Newcome's, insisted upon leading him back to his room again, and got him to bed. "When the bell stopped he wanted to rise once more; he fancied he was a boy at school again," said the nurse, "and that he was going in to Dr. Raine, who was schoolmaster here ever so many years ago." So it was, that when happier days seemed to be dawning for the good man, that reprieve came too late. Grief, and years, and humiliation, and care, and cruelty had been too strong for him, and Thomas Newcome was stricken down.

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Bayham's story told, I entered the room, over which the twilight was falling, and saw the figures of Clive and Ethel seated at each end of the bed. The poor old man within it was calling incoherent sentences. I had to call Clive from the present grief before him, with intelligence of further sickness awaiting him at home. Our poor patient did not heed what I said to his son. "You must go home to Rosa," Ethel said. "She will be sure to ask for her husband, and forgiveness is best, dear Clive. I will stay with uncle. I will never leave him. Please God, he will be better in the morning when you come back." So Clive's duty called him to his own sad home; and, the bearer of dismal tidings, I returned to mine. The fires were lit there, and the table spread; and kind hearts were waiting to welcome the friend who never more was to enter my door.

It may be imagined that the intelligence which I brought alarmed and afflicted my wife, and Madame de Florac our guest. Laura immediately went away to Rosa's house to offer her services if needed. The accounts which she brought thence were very bad: Clive came to her for a minute or two, but Mrs. Mackenzie could not see her. Should she not bring the little boy home to her children? Laura asked; and Clive thankfully accepted that offer. The little man slept in our nursery that night, and was at play with our young ones on the morrow —happy and unconscious of the fate impending over his home.

Yet two more days passed, and I had to take two advertisements to the *Times* newspaper on the part of poor Clive. Among the announcement of Births was printed, "On the 28th, in Howland Street, Mrs. Clive Newcome of a son still-born." And a little lower, in the third division of the same column, appeared the words, "On the 29th, in Howland Street, aged 26, Rosa, wife of Clive Newcome, Esq." So, one day, shall the names of all of us be written there; to be deplored by how many? to be remembered how long? to occasion what tears, praises, sympathy, censure—yet for a day or two while the busy world has time to recollect us who have passed beyond it. So this poor little flower had bloomed for its little day, and pined, and withered, and perished. There was only one friend by Clive's side following the humble procession which laid poor Rosa and her child out of sight of a world that had been but unkind to her. Not many tears were there to water her lonely little grave. A grief that was akin to shame and remorse humbled him as he knelt over her. Poor little harmless lady! no more childish triumphs and vanities, no more hidden griefs are you to enjoy or suffer; and earth closes over your simple pleasures and tears! The snow was falling and whitening the coffin as they lowered it into the ground. It was at the same cemetery in which Lady Kew was buried. I dare say the same clergyman read the same service over the two graves, as he will read it for you or any of us to-morrow, and until his own turn comes. Come away from the place, poor Clive! Come sit with your orphan little boy; and bear him on your knee, and hug him to your heart. He seems yours now, and all a father's love may pour out upon him. Until this hour, Fate uncontrollable and homely tyranny had separated him from you.

It was touching to see the eagerness and tenderness with which the great strong man now assumed the guardianship of the child, and endowed him with his entire wealth of affection. The little boy now ran to Clive whenever he came in, and sat for hours prattling to him. He would take the boy out to walk, and from our windows we could see Clive's black figure striding over the snow in St. James's Park, the little man trotting beside him, or perched on his father's shoulder. My wife and I looked at them one morning as they were making their way toward the City. "He has inherited that loving heart from his father," Laura said; "and he is paying over the whole property to his son."

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill. After some days the fever which had attacked him left him; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious; it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and still warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr. Goodenough, came to him: he hoped too; but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sate when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Ethel and Madame de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bed-clothes, or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel." "Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him?" and the little gown-

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boy was brought to him; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours; and hear all about his lessons and his play; and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr. Raine, and his own early school-days. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys! say I—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

So, weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again—a youth all love and hope—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble care-worn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good-will dwelt in it.

Rosa's death had seemed to shock him for a while when the unconscious little boy spoke of it. Before that circumstance, Clive had even forebore to wear mourning, lest the news should agitate his father. The Colonel remained silent and was very much disturbed all that day, but he never appeared to comprehend the fact quite; and, once or twice afterward, asked "Why she did not come to see him? She was prevented, he supposed—she was prevented," he said, with a look of terror; he never once otherwise alluded to that unlucky tyrant of his household, who had made his last years so unhappy.

The circumstance of Clive's legacy he never understood; but more than once spoke of Barnes to Ethel, and sent his compliments to him, and said he should like to shake him by the hand. Barnes Newcome never once offered to touch that honored hand, though his sister bore her uncle's message to him. They came often from Bryanstone Square; Mrs. Hobson even offered to sit with the Colonel, and read to him, and brought him books for his improvement. But her presence disturbed him; he cared not for her books; the two nurses whom he loved faithfully watched him; and my wife and I were admitted to him sometimes, both of whom he honored with regard and recognition. As for F. B., in order to be near his Colonel, did not that good fellow take up his lodging in Cistercian Lane, at the Red Cow? He is one whose errors, let us hope, shall be pardoned, *quia multum amavit*. I am sure he felt ten times more joy at hearing of Clive's legacy than if thousands had been bequeathed to himself. May good health and good fortune speed him!

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sate by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre*, little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend!

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindostanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "Toujours, toujours!" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the latter came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madam de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterward Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for awhile: then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say, hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India;" and then with a heart-rending voice he called out "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell be-

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gan to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

Two years ago, walking with my children in some pleasant fields, near to Berne in Switzerland, I strayed from them into a little wood; and, coming out of it presently, told them how the story had been revealed to me somehow, which for three-and-twenty months the reader has been pleased to follow. As I write the last line with a rather sad heart, Pendennis and Laura, and Ethel and Clive fade away into fable-land. I hardly know whether they are not true: whether they do not live near us somewhere. They were alive, and I heard their voices; but five minutes since was touched by their grief. And have we parted with them here on a sudden, and without so much as a shake of the hand? Is yonder line (——) which I drew with my own pen a barrier between me and Hades as it were, across which I can see those figures retreating and only dimly glimmering? Before taking leave of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, might he not have told us whether Miss Ethel married any body finally? It was provoking that he should retire to the shades without answering that sentimental question.

But though he has disappeared as irrevocably as Eurydice, these minor questions may settle the major one above mentioned. How could Pendennis have got all that information about Ethel's goings on at Baden, and with Lord Kew, unless she had told somebody—her husband, for instance, who, having made Pendennis an early confidant in his amour, gave him the whole story? Clive, Pendennis writes expressly, is traveling abroad with his wife. Who is that wife? By a most monstrous blunder Mr. Pendennis killed Lady Farintosh's mother at one page, and brought her to life again at another; but Rosey, who is so lately consigned to Kensal Green, it is not surely with *her* that Clive is traveling, for then Mrs. Mackenzie would probably be with them to a live certainty, and the tour would be by no means pleasant. How could Pendennis have got all those private letters, etc., but that the Colonel kept them in a teak box, which Clive inherited and made over to his friend? My belief then is, that in fable-land somewhere Ethel and Clive are living most comfortably together: that she is immensely fond of his little boy, and a great deal happier now than they would have been had they married at first, when they took a liking to each other as young people. That picture of J. J.'s of Mrs. Clive Newcome (in the Crystal Palace Exhibition in fable-land), is certainly not in the least like Rosey, who we read was fair; but it represents a tall, handsome, dark lady, who must be Mrs. Ethel.

Again, why did Pendennis introduce J. J. with such a flourish, giving us, as it were, an overture, and no piece to follow it? J. J.'s history, let me confidentially state, has been revealed to me too, and may be told some of these fine summer months, or Christmas evenings, when the kind reader has leisure to hear.

What about Sir Barnes Newcome ultimately? My impression is that he is married again, and it is my fervent hope that his present wife bullies him. Mrs. Mackenzie can not have the face to keep that money which Clive paid over to her beyond her lifetime, and will certainly leave it and her savings to little Tommy. I should not be surprised if Madame de Moncontour left a smart legacy to the Pendennis children; and Lord Kew stood godfather in case—in case Mr. and Mrs. Clive wanted such an article. But have they any children? I, for my part, should like her best without, and entirely devoted to little Tommy. But for you, dear friend, it is as you like. You may settle your fable-land in your own fashion. Any thing you like happens in fable-land. Wicked folks die apropos (for instance, that death of Lady Kew was most artful, for if she had not died, don't you see that Ethel would have married Lord Farintosh the next week?)—annoying folks are got out of the way; the poor are rewarded—the upstarts are set down in fable-land—the frog bursts with wicked rage, the fox is caught in his trap, the lamb is rescued from the wolf, and so forth, just in the nick of time. And the poet of fable-land rewards and punishes absolutely. He splendidly deals out bags of sovereigns, which won't buy any thing; belabors wicked backs with awful blows, which do not hurt: endows heroines with preternatural beauty, and creates heroes, who, if ugly sometimes, yet possess a thousand good qualities, and usually end by being immensely rich; makes the hero and heroine happy at last, and happy ever after. Ah, happy, harmless fable-land, where these things are! Friendly reader! may you and the author meet there on some future day! He hopes so; as he yet keeps a lingering hold of your hand, and bids you farewell with a kind heart.

PARIS, 28*th June*, 1855.

THE DUEL.

THERE was a gay party gathered at supper in the Chrysanthemum Club, which, as every body knows, is in Broadway, nearly opposite the Manhattan Hotel. Some ten or a dozen young men were seated round the long-table, some busily stewing oysters in silver chafing-dishes, others mixing wonderful salads, while more were sipping their Sauterne, and watching the operations of their companions with a sort of hungry interest. One could see that it was going to be a late affair, for at the head of the table sat Otis Renshawe, and wherever he was found there was great laughing, hard drinking,

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and late hours. At present he was encompassed by a congenial set. Chauncey Messinger, Frank Cadelle, and a couple of dashing young English officers, just arrived from Canada, and honorary members of the club, were in themselves quite enough to keep the ball going.

The table looked like work. On the snowy cloth three or four silver chafing-dishes glittered, and one might hear in the pauses of conversation the bubbling of the savory stews within. Each man had at his side four or five glasses of various hues. The green round-bowled one, suggestive of delicate Rhine wines, the huge pink one, with slender stem and fragile lip, and the colorless one, so unsubstantial as to seem almost invisible, either of which might serve for the perfumed Chateaux Margaux, or the sinewy Clos Vougeot; over these towered the transparent spires of the old-fashioned Champagne glasses, tall and delicate as crystal lilies. Champagne coolers, made of dead silver, on whose surface the congealed vapor of the room hung like beads of dew, stood in the centre of the table, while on the mantle-piece reposed three or four bottles of delicate Burgundy, cosily getting their temperature up to the proper pitch.

I belonged to the Chrysanthemum—although a sober medical man—because it was to me a most useful institution. Subject to be called out of doors at a moment's notice, and in any weather, to witness some appalling scene of death or mortal agony, I frequently found myself on my return much exhausted, and in need of some refreshment. The Chrysanthemum supplied this need; when all public places were closed, and even bar-rooms vailed their lights, the life of the Chrysanthemum began; and, as its doors were not closed until three in the morning, and even then the judicious waiters winked at in-comings, there was no place in town suited my purposes better, albeit it had the name of being rather a "fast" concern.

"Hallo! Doctor," cried Otis Renshawe as I entered, having just come from a terrible death-bed; "just in time for a capital stew or a slice of canvas-back. There's some Clos Vougeot warming on the mantle-piece; that's better, I can tell you, for the constitution than any amount of your prescriptions."

"You wouldn't think so, Otis," I answered, "if you were to know all the scrapes I got you out of before you had any teeth. I'm afraid your Burgundy wouldn't have done you much good at that tender age."

"By Jove, I wonder that I can stand the sight of you, Doctor," said Otis, gravely. "If I were to put you to some awful torture, it would only be a fitting reward for all the salts and senna with which you poisoned my youthful happiness."

"Pshaw!" cried Cadelle with a sort of sneer which was habitual to him, "it was all for your good, Otis. If it were not for the good offices of Doctor ——, you never would have had that fine complexion with which you dazzle Miss De Lupa."

Otis's brow slightly contracted, as if the speech somehow grated on his ear; but quickly recovering, he joined heartily in the laugh that was raised at his expense.

"If I have dazzled Miss De Lupa," he answered smilingly, "so much the worse. People seldom look long at any thing that dazzles them; whereas I thought, Frank, that the other night at Mrs. Stuyvesant's ball, her eyes rested for a considerable time, and with evident pleasure, on your finely-formed features. She seemed to enjoy the prospect."

To my utter astonishment, instead of joining in the laugh that rang through the room at this retort—for at two o'clock in the morning men are not critical as to wit—Frank Cadelle grew pale as death, and said, hurriedly, "Otis, you will oblige me by treating Miss De Lupa's name less familiarly."

"Certainly, my dear fellow!" replied Otis, with perfect calmness, though I could see his eye flash for an instant. "I have obliged you more than once, and I shall be very happy to do so again."

There was a dead silence for a moment. The men around the table looked at one another with a puzzled air; then one of the English officers, a Captain Garth, dashed headlong into conversation, and succeeded in breaking the dangerous pause. I saw, better than any one at the table perhaps, that there was an undercurrent in all this. Although old college companions, members of the same club, and apparently excellent friends, there had always been a rivalry between Frank Cadelle and Otis Renshawe. Frank was a handsome fellow enough, but somehow Nature had not destined him to be an intellectual light of the age. At college, Otis Renshawe, who entered at the same time, had beaten him at every thing; not alone at Latin theses and Greek hexameters, but at pistol-shooting, at gymnastics; and as to Otis Renshawe's game of billiards, it was at the same time Frank Cadelle's admiration and despair. As often happens, circumstances chanced so that this rivalry continued into after life. Neither of the young men were rich, and when the beautiful millionaire, Miss Carita De Lupa, who was said to possess caverns in Mexico where the stalactites were silver and the stalagmites gold—when this fair foreigner burst into the charmed circle of New York society, it was not wonderful that Masters Frank and Otis found themselves, very much to their mutual disgust, bowing the knee at the same shrine. For the sake of Miss De Lupa's reputation, as a girl of fashion, it must be said that she oscillated between her two admirers with almost perfect impartiality. If she danced the German with Otis, she was certain to call out Frank when it was her turn; and if Frank accompanied her to the theatre, she gave to Otis, who always contrived to be on the opposite side of the house on these occasions, one of those mysterious, because im-

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perceptible, signals with her fan, which brought him to her side between the acts. It will be easily seen, then, that it did not require much wind to fan into a flame the sparks of rivalry that lay smouldering in the young men's bosoms.

In spite of the artificial hilarity which Captain Garth and his companions had succeeded in promoting subsequent to the dangerous fragment of altercation that took place just after I had entered, I could not help feeling a sensation as of coming misfortune. I can not explain why this should attack me; but, on more than one occasion, disaster has sent me a telegraphic announcement of its inevitable arrival. It may be that my profession is such as to stimulate the perceptions to a high degree of sensitiveness. We physicians are so accustomed to study the minutest shadows of expression, the tones of the voice, the gestures—in short, every movement of the individual from which to form our diagnosis, that our senses become, as it were, preternaturally sharpened. Our lives are passed, so to speak, on the *qui vive*. A glance of the eye, the twitching of a muscle, will often reveal to us that which weeks of study would still leave us unacquainted with. I saw, therefore, in an instant, that a struggle of some nature between these young men was at hand; but I confess I little anticipated the fatal course events were about to take.

To the rest of the company the affair seemed to have entirely blown over. Otis Renshawe and Frank Cadelle clinked their glasses, and each vied with the other in the boisterousness of their hilarity. In spite of the lateness of the hour, I could not tear myself away. The forebodings of which I have just spoken seemed to weigh me down and chain me to my seat. Notwithstanding my fatigue, and the professional necessity for my keeping early hours whenever I was able, I still lingered at the table, sipping my Burgundy, and listening to the gayety of these young men with a feverish, watchful ear.

"What a jolly ball that was at Mrs. Stuyvesant's!" cried Captain Garth, whom our American society was quite fresh. "By Jove! Renshawe, you Americans manage to give most delightful parties. I don't think in all my European experience I ever saw such a number of pretty women."

"I think our American women dress better in a ball-room than even the French," said Cadelle. "And as to the English women, although they are very lovely, they always seemed to me to feel as stiff in their clothes as if they were made of wax, and were afraid to bend lest they may crack."

"Our women have a solid style of dress certainly," answered Garth, laughing good-humoredly at this attack on his countrywomen; "but then they are at least appropriate in their costume. You will never see an English lady walking in Regent Street, by day or night, in what might be a ball-dress if the bonnet and mantilla were off."

"By Jove!" cried Mr. Eames, a young English artillery lieutenant, who was with Garth, "By Jove! I never saw any one who was either prettier or better dressed than Miss De Lupa, the other night, at Mrs. Stuyvesant's. If you are the happy man, Renshawe, I really envy you."

Garth cast a lightning glance at the unfortunate young lieutenant, whose ill-timed speech was at that moment the very *acmé* of stupidity. It was, however, too late. The mischief was done, and the conversation turned once more on Miss De Lupa.

"Renshawe, I believe, flatters himself that he is the man," quickly said Cadelle, in reply to Eames's unlucky speech. "But you know the words of the song,

'Hope told a flattering tale—'"

"Come, Cadelle," answered Renshawe, "some of us have perhaps as much, if not more, to boast of than you. You were always a conceited fellow at college; but rest assured that you will never be any thing to Miss De Lupa beyond a mere acquaintance."

"On my word, Otis, you have a pleasant way of settling matters," cried Cadelle, rather loudly, for by this time the fiery Burgundy had begun to act upon all parties. "May I inquire," he continued, in a sneering tone, "If you are so far in Miss De Lupa's confidence as to be enabled to pronounce so decisively upon the claims of others, or are you simply boasting by implication?"

"I never boast, Cadelle; particularly about such matters as this. Once for all, I say, you have no chance."

"How dare you, Sir! How dare you say so?" shouted Cadelle, livid with fury, and rising from his chair. "What authority have you, Sir, for this vain-glorious assertion? Produce it!"

"I have the authority of Miss De Lupa herself," said Otis, calmly.

"It's a d—d lie!" cried Cadelle. "Otis Renshawe, you lie!"

Renshaw remained perfectly immovable for a few seconds. Every one at table had half risen the instant the insult was given, thinking, no doubt, that the next moment decanters would be flying, and we all now remained gazing in perfect astonishment at Otis, whose countenance expressed no more emotion than if he had been the Memnon sitting in the desert.

"At first I thought," he said at last, in a very quiet and deliberate tone—"at first I thought of flinging this decanter at Mr. Cadelle," and he took up a heavy Madeira decanter as he spoke; but replacing it in a moment, he continued: "I reflected, however, that I might miss him, or that if I hit him I might perhaps incapacitate him from joining in any future arrangements." Here he rose: "I preferred, therefore," he went on, "to inflict a more degrading insult; and, previous to doing so, I beg to make my apologies to the gentlemen present." Having said this, he bowed slightly to all at the table, and walked coolly round to the side of the table where Cadelle was standing up, his hand on a decant-

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er, and his face purple with hate and passion. Renshawe had scarcely got within arm's-length of his rival, when, with the rapidity of lightning, he struck him a fearful blow between the eyes. Cadelle fell half back on the table, and Renshawe folded his arms, and beyond a slight paleness, might have been taken for the most unconcerned spectator.

The blow had scarcely been given when Garth leaped across the table, and flung himself between the foes. Cadelle was foaming at the mouth. "Let me go! let me go, you pack of hounds!" he cried to Garth and one or two others who were restraining him: "I must have his life! Let me at him! I'll kill him, by G—d!"

"Cadelle! Cadelle! for Heaven's sake be calm. This thing must be settled in another way—this is really a terrible affair," cried Garth, and then I saw him cast an indignant glance at Eames, and mutter something very like a curse.

Cadelle suddenly grew calm, and seemed to master his emotions by a great effort. "You are right, Captain Garth," he said; "this matter must be settled in another way. It must be settled instantly, too. Chauncey Messinger, I know you have pistols at your house; will you, meantime, do all that is necessary for me?"

Here some one whispered into his ear that Otis Renshawe was a dead shot. He laughed horribly. "Otis Renshawe!" he cried. Renshawe turned to him with a bitter scowl. "You are a dead shot, they tell me."

"Well, Sir, what of that?" answered Otis, haughtily.

"Why, you see, I am near-sighted—half blind, in fact—and I never could come near you in shooting matters." Every one seemed astonished at the turn things were taking, and Garth muttered, "The d——l! Cadelle is not surely going to turn tail!"

"I am at a loss to comprehend you, Sir," said Renshawe.

"You will comprehend me in a moment," continued Cadelle, with a sort of savage earnestness. "It will never do for us to fight upon unequal terms. Your own d—d foolish vanity brought this affair about, and you must abide by it. We will fight, Sir, across a handkerchief, muzzle to muzzle, and both go down to hell together! Now, Sir, you comprehend me."

There was an instant chorus of negatives to this bloodthirsty proposition. "I, for one," said Captain Garth, "will never sanction murder by my presence." Two or three of the men present left the room indignantly.

"Garth," said Renshawe, taking the Englishman by the arm, "we must gratify this fellow. Stand by me, Garth." Garth seemed to yield a very unwilling assent, and Renshawe continued: "Messinger, you have a pistol-gallery at your house. Let us settle this affair there, and assassinate one another as quickly as possible. Some one send for a couple of carriages. By Jove! Doctor," he said, addressing me, "how lucky that you dropped in to-night. Not that I think there will be much room for your skill though, for we can't miss very well," and he smiled faintly. I don't think I ever saw more perfect coolness exhibited by two men under such awful circumstances than was exhibited by these two young fellows, who were marching, as it were, to certain death.

I had striven several times previously to this to interfere, but my efforts were not of the slightest avail. Every one present seemed to think that there was but one remedy for the insult that had passed; and finding all my conciliatory efforts fruitless, I determined to see the thing out, in the hope of being able to render some assistance. The carriages had now arrived. All those desirous of witnessing this terrible affair got in, and we drove off rapidly to Messinger's house, which was situated in the upper part of —th Avenue. On the way, an idea, which I conceived to be a very happy one, struck me, and as I was next Captain Garth, who was Renshawe's second, I communicated it to him. It was this: That the pistols should be simply loaded with powder only, and that, after the principals had proved their courage, it would perhaps be easier to induce an arrangement. Garth hesitated for a moment, and said he would consult with Messinger, Cadelle's second, which he did as soon as we arrived at our destination, and the result was that, after much hesitation, they agreed to my proposal, and loaded the pistols with powder only.

We all proceeded to the pistol gallery (which was decorated with foils, masks, and gloves, being used also as a fencing and boxing-room) in solemn silence. Cadelle and Renshawe were both very pale, but devoid of the slightest trace of agitation. They had both made up their minds to die. I confess, I watched with the greatest anxiety the result of our scheme. It was agreed that they were to raise their pistols at the word "one," and fire at the word "three." The two principals then took their ground. They stood foot to foot, gazing haughtily into each other's eyes, each with the pistol hanging in his right hand. I thought at the time what my feelings would have been if I, like them, believed the weapons to have been loaded with ball.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked Captain Garth.

"Quite ready," answered Renshawe, calmly. "Give us the word."

"One—two—three!"

A flash, a loud report, and both the men staggered back untouched.

"What the d—l does this mean?" cried Cadelle, savagely. "Those pistols were not loaded."

"Who has dared to mock us in this way?" asked Renshawe, fiercely turning to Garth. Garth explained the well-meant artifice, and a fresh attempt at a reconciliation was made. An indignant curse was all that the mediators received for their pains. Cadelle was raving with passion.

"Here," cried Renshawe, making a dash at

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a pair of the foils suspended on the wall, "here, at least, are weapons that no infernal fool can juggle with." So saying, he wrenched the buttons off, and handing one to Cadelle, told him to stand on guard. Cadelle seized the sword with a look of eager delight, and, before any of us could interfere, the combat began.

I have since seen many horrible fights in the course of my professional career, but I never saw any thing more fearful than the deadly struggle that now commenced. It was nearly dawn. A gray, cold light was stealing in through the windows of the pistol gallery, and blending in a ghastly union with the gas with which it was illumined. Five or six haggard men stood huddled together at one end of the room, while, in the centre, two young and gallant men, stripped to the shirt, were fighting with a silent fury. Both, I believe, were good swordsmen; but all I saw was the two dark, agile figures flitting from place to place, the long, thin swords clashing and gliding one over the other, and the fierce, watchful eyes with which each combatant regarded his foe's movements. I had hardly time to make these observations, when I saw Renshawe make a tremendous spring back, and drop the point of his sword till it touched the floor. Cadelle, seeing him thus exposed, rushed at him with a curse, when, quick as thought, Renshawe sprang forward to meet him. I heard a heavy "thud;" Cadelle staggered back and fell, and, as he fell, I saw Renshawe's sword, which he still held, withdraw itself from his body.

I rushed forward and knelt by Cadelle's side. Just as I reached him, he had clasped his hands convulsively over his chest; he seemed for a moment struggling to speak, then a gush of bright arterial blood welled from his mouth, his whole frame shook with a sudden shudder, and all was over. His heart had been cloven in twain.

Renshawe, still holding the bloody sword, stood looking at the corpse like a man in a dream. Garth and one or two other friends caught him by the arm, and tried to drag him away; but he resisted with all his might, and, bursting into an hysterical fit of tears, attempted to fling himself on the body. I never beheld any thing more frightful than this burst of grief. It was unimaginably wild and despairing. He was, however, borne off and secreted by his friends until he was enabled to escape to Europe. Escape the law he might, but he carried an avenger with him that he could not escape. For a long time he wandered through France and Germany, seeking excitement at the gaming tables; but his frame sank at last beneath his mental misery, and he died, I am convinced, of a broken heart.

The duel was hushed up, and none of the particulars were allowed to reach the ears of the authorities; but, unhappily, Memory is not to be "hushed up." The terrible scene haunted me for many a day after, and, I confess, poisoned many a convivial meeting. I could not forget that it was at the merriest of tables I saw two brave young men cast away their lives merely to satisfy a barbarous worldly etiquette. Since the time I speak of, duels have happily become rarer, but still I regret to say that now and then one finds evidence that the cancer is still lurking in our social blood, and that nothing but the most rigorous measures will wholly exterminate the poison. Look to it, ye gentlemen to whom public peace is intrusted!

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

"NO, no, Philip; don't talk about it; don't dream of it. I marry? I, Jonathan Granby, marry? Can the dust of the dead return to life again? Can the same violet bloom next year that last night's frost destroyed? Can the blue eye open again that is once shut under coffin-lid, and sod, and snow?"

"But the flower does bloom again; and the eye that is shut is not the only—"

"Stop, boy! I tell you there will never be such a flower again—never be another fit to call a flower. Never an eye like that. No, no, no. Throw up the window, Phil; I am suffocating in this hot room. What the devil does John mean by loading the fire in this way? Cold, is it? I am not cold, and you are not as old as I. Not old, eh? why, I am fifty. Young, warm blood! What, in the name of sense, are you talking about? Look at me once now, and say if I look young or warm."

"I see no wrinkles."

"That's claret."

"I see no feebleness."

"That's hock."

"I do see that your eyes and nose are growing red."

"You be hanged! That's no sign of age."

"What is?"

"What is! Why the heart is the measurer of time, and that tells the story. Not by beats, as some one has blunderingly written; nor does 'he whose heart beats quickest live the longest,' by any manner of means. All that is poetry and gammon, let me tell you. But the trials and the joys, the pains and pleasures of the heart, these mark our lives. He who has loved once has lived a little while; he who has loved seven times has lived a long life."

"And you?"

"Fourteen!"

"Mohammed! And who was the violet—the flower never to be equaled?"

"First, last, and only loved. There is but one love after all. Fourteen, did I say? I might have said forty as well. But there was only one that I now look back on with emotion; only one love that shines out of the black blank of my wasted life; only one oasis in all this desert I have traveled over. All the others were but mirage, deceptions, dreams, fancies; all are as nothing in the presence of that memory. But let us have done with badinage, Philip. I tell you sober truth. I was, like many other young men, a devotee to the sex. I followed many a brilliant face, and thought I loved many a wo-

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man. I can recall more than I care now to name to you, to whom I paid homage, which, for the time, was earnest and sincere. But I look back over all these now, and in my memory they are but as the passing sunbeams on a rolling sea between me and my one bright home of love, hope, joy—full, overflowing joy—and then despair. Oh! Philip, Philip Phillips, the surf that breaks on the shores of youth is musical in the ears of age, long storm-tossed, and wishing once more the repose of trustful, unsuspecting love."

My friend, Jonathan Granby, was a man of the world to ordinary acquaintances, and a man of heart and feeling to his intimate friends. No one can need a farther description of him; for that explains, to any knowing reader, precisely what he was. He was my friend; I say it confidently. He was not so much my senior that we could not converse freely and with the confidence of intimate acquaintance, nor was his style of thought and of talk very dissimilar to that which I most liked. He was an accomplished scholar, and in earlier years he had been a very handsome man. He was still of commanding appearance, though it must be confessed that the hock and claret before alluded to, with some additions of port and porter, had given a rotundity to his form and face which had quite displaced the lines of beauty or changed them into plain arcs of circles.

But a nobler man did not exist, nor one more respected among his limited circle of acquaintance. His habits and manners were somewhat of the old sort, and his tastes moulded by his early ideas; but he had the grace to yield to others what was not pleasing, and so he lived in a circle of friends who admired and loved him, enjoying the reputation of a free and very easy bachelor.

He would not very often talk to me of his affections, and it was not until a winter evening after I had known him ten years or more, that I heard him mention them.

The night was bitterly cold, though clear, and we had been listening to the northwester, as it howled over the chimneys and around the corner of the next street, until both of us were melancholy, and in such a mood as a wailing wind is apt to produce. I had suggested to him the idea of taking a wife to his splendid home, which was fitted with every luxury, and convenience, and ornament that old or new taste could devise or suggest, except only this.

His reply was the commencement of this article. After we had talked as I have written, there was a pause of a few minutes, and then he turned to me with a smile in his keen eye, and taking his cigar slowly from his lips, while the smoke curled up around the twisted bronzes of the chandelier under which he sat, he spoke again, and in his most kindly tone.

"I have half a mind to talk to you of old times, Philip. I think you would hardly laugh at me. Heavens! if J——, or S——, or any of them, should hear me say I once loved a woman, I should never hear the last of it. What would they say to know that I am not a bachelor."

"You, Granby!"

"I am not a bachelor."

"You have a wife?"

"I had a wife."

"Where is she?"

"Gone."

"Where?"

"To God, I trust. Yes, I trust that much. It may be so: it must be so. It can not be otherwise. She was too fair, too pure, too much of angel mould to be forever lost. And yet Lucifer fell. The bright star that led the morning song of old creations fell. God help me! I know not where she is, Philip."

"Is she dead?"—I whispered the question.

"Yes, dead long ago, and dust of the earth now."

Another long pause ensued. He rose from his seat and walked across to an old mahogany writing-desk, or book-case, or closet—a curiously-carved piece of furniture—and took from a drawer a small case of ebony. He paused to light a fresh cigar as he turned to me with it in his hand. The smoke of it curled thickly up into his right eye as he handed it to me to open. Perhaps, probably, it was the smoke that caused the tear that filled the eye. Perhaps it was not.

I opened the case, and he sat down with his back to me, and his feet on the fender.

It was a magnificent sight that. Jewels of the rarest and most splendid kind, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and jewels that I did not know the name of. There was the cost of a crown or a kingdom to my astonished eyes in the setting of the picture, but the jewels did not outshine the face that was among them, fairest and proudest of all.

It was the face of a queen—of a Mary of Scots—or more, perhaps, of old King René's daughter, in her girlhood. Beautiful exceedingly, in all the rare beauty of seventeen years of unclouded joy. Yet, as I looked at the face, I saw a something—I can not well explain it—that made me think that face was made for tears and sadness. Joyous as it was, fairly radiant with gladness, I still thought that was but the painter's fiction, and that sorrow would find a fit residence in those glorious eyes. A torrent of dark-brown hair flowed over her shoulders, and her eyes were lifted up just enough to express full delight; but had they been lifted a little farther the face would have been that of the angel that loved his Lord best of all those who fell, and loved Lucifer next, and was tempted to his ruin, now looking up to his lost throne and unforgotten Master.

"I said she was my first love and my last. Listen, and I will tell you all:

"She was the daughter of a clergyman who lived near our home. He was wealthy, and had purchased a splendid place adjoining my father's, which, you remember, came into my possession when I was of age. I met her first

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in one of my walks through my own lands, which were not separated from her father's by any fence or wall. She had strolled through the woods, as was her custom, accompanied only by her dog, a large, broad-chested fox-hound, as like as well could be to your dog John, that you are so proud of. He knew that he had a queen to guard, and so he told me by his bearing when he approached me.

"I was respectful; he was firm. The formality of an introduction had not been complied with, and I must not come near. He knew I was a stranger; and though I bowed and lifted my hat, he was not to be appeased, and I could not pass down the path except I fought the dog. The lady laughed, and I joined the laugh. It was introduction enough for us, but not so thought her more than duenna-careful guardian. We exchanged a look, a smile, a laugh; and then I expressed my regret at not being able to welcome Miss Hanson (as I could not doubt that it must be she) with more of formality to my grounds.

"'You doubtless think I have taken possession with arms and troops,' said she, with a glance at the dog.

"'I could certainly wish that your array was less formidable,' said I; 'but, perhaps, at another time it may be so,' and I turned aside.

"A formal call at her house was my next business, but she was not at home. The next week she was in the wood again, and without her guardian. It was not at the first, the second, nor the third interview that I began to love her. I can not tell when it was. I thought her, at first, too far above human nature to be loved by a man, and at length I found myself worshiping her. I use the old words of lovers. I can find no others. I did do reverence to her. I was a boy before her. She was my whole life, my idol, in every sense of the word. I did not know or care that there was a God above us both—I worshiped but her.

"That picture is not flattering. She was just such a person as you see her there—young, and exquisitely beautiful, and fit to be a queen.

"She thought she loved me. Yes, I know she did. She had not seen the world, had not been in company, had had no attentions from men, had been with her father shut up from childhood, and she doubtless believed that she loved me truly, faithfully.

"I can not tell you all that history of our love, of the long days in the deep forest, under the shadowy oaks and sombre pines; of the evenings on the piazza, hidden from her father's eye by the thick woodbine; of the close clasps of hands, the soft pressure of cheek to cheek, the thrilling touch of her head to my shoulder, the long embraces, the long kisses.

"I asked her once if she had ever dreamed of love before. I did not ask her if she had loved; she had told me often that she never had.

"She answered frankly that she had once thought she loved, but that was a childish affair, long past. It was a boy schoolmate, who had been educated in her father's family before her father was rich, and who had grown up with her. He was but nineteen when she saw him last, and she but fourteen, and she had forgotten him till I asked the question.

"There was no hesitancy, no blushing, no concealment. She told me that he had kissed her often—on her cheek, and forehead, and lips—and she had kissed him perhaps as often. I confess that I winced a little; but her eyes looked down any distrust—those splendid eyes!

"She described George Gray. He was a good, gentle boy, with some life and much gayety, and a keen, quick, active mind. Mischievous at times, but always kind. She seemed to like to talk about him, and I let her talk.

"Weeks—months—a year passed by, and our love grew daily. It was arranged that she was to pass a year with her father's sister, a fashionable lady in the city, before our marriage. Such was her father's peremptory desire, and we yielded.

"I could not see her often while there, and when I did see her it was in a full room, seldom alone, never where I could hold her in my arms, never where I could hear her say 'I love you!' A few stolen kisses, which she feared, more than I, might be seen by some one, were all the tokens of love we exchanged. And yet I never doubted her for an instant. I would rather have doubted the sky, the stars, any of the immutable objects around us, than her love, which I believed had grown to be a mountain

"Let me hasten to the end. We were married—in all the splendor of wealth. Crowds of friends congratulated us, and among the crowd that were at the wedding was George Gray. He was the friend of her aunt, and had been a frequent visitor at her house. In fact, he had lived there for three months before the marriage. I knew this afterward, not then.

"Her aunt was a woman of fashion, a gay, soulless woman, one of the detestable class who live for the enjoyment of to-day, forgetting that there is to-morrow. The effect of this companionship for a year had changed her whole character. I did not perceive it at first, but it was soon made manifest. She loved gay assemblies, and did not care whether I accompanied her. So within six months after our marriage my dream of love was over. We lived separately, not to the world's eye, but in fact. We occupied separate rooms, seldom met in the house or in society, never sat together, never folded each other in our arms as of old, never pressed our lips to each other's cheeks or lips, never looked kindly in each other's eyes. It was all over, all our young glad dreams, all our joyous hopes, all our brilliant fancies. I sat long nights alone in my library when she thought I was reading, but when I was struggling with the agony of my life. Still I trusted her, still I believed her mine and only mine, still she was magnificently beautiful.

"One evening she was to go to a large party. Her carriage was at the door. I met her in the

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entry. How splendidly she looked. I paused in involuntary admiration of her, and she saw it and smiled. I sprang forward and took her hand in mine. She half withdrew it, and then looked at me searchingly. She turned her face away. I raised my lips to hers. She gave me her cheek, and trembled as I kissed it. I saw her, and remembered afterward. The next moment she kissed me once on my lips and was gone.

"I was to go that evening to see a friend ten miles in the country, and, though it was nine o'clock, I started, and drove my horses there within an hour. I was returning at one o'clock, the horses were loitering along. A heavy cloud was in the west, and a storm was at hand, so I gathered up the reins and drove on rapidly. I had not gone thus half a mile when I heard a carriage coming furiously down the road before me, and, as it dashed by, a flash of lightning made every thing as visible as daylight. I saw the hound that was never away from my wife's carriage following this one. It startled me. I knew the dog so well that the fact of his being there was evidence beyond a question that his mistress was there also. Like the flash that had revealed so much, another flash in my soul revealed a thousand-fold more. I turned my horses instantly, and put them to their speed. There were no such animals in the county.

"They flew over the road. The storm was coming, and we were going to meet it. The lightning flashes were more and more frequent, and I saw the other carriage just ahead. I overtook it, and could hear some one shout to the driver of it, and he put on his lash furiously. He used the road adroitly, keeping me constantly behind him. It was a tremendous pace, but I had my horses well in hand, and I knew the road well enough to know that a mile ahead it crossed a broad, desolate common, where I could have a wide track upon which he could not keep ahead of me.

"My mind was in a tempest for the first five minutes of that chase, and then the tempest was over, and all was calm. I was deliberate—determined. The resolution of a lifetime was done in that brief space, and I settled back into my seat and held my reins as coolly and firmly as if I had been driving in a race with a friend.

"As we opened on the common, I could see that the pace was telling on the horses ahead of me, and I watched my chance, and took it. As I flew alongside a pistol-ball went by my head, and I heard a woman scream at the same instant: the next moment I saw them both. It was she.

"I knew it when I saw the dog. I had a stout, strong wagon, and I did not hesitate. The two carriages flew a hundred yards, side by side, and then I locked the wheels together and threw my horses on their haunches. The other carriage went into a hundred pieces, and I wheeled my own around and was away. I did not drive rapidly. I let my horses walk to cool themselves, and I was five minutes in recrossing the common. Before I reached the hill, I heard the long bay of the hound, that most mournful cry that signifies the grief of a dumb animal. It thrilled through me. The storm was at hand. Again the wail of the dog went over me. I paused. Was she not my wife? Was she not young, beautiful, tempted? Could I let her lie out in the tempest on the ground, on the lonesome common? Had she not lain in my arms, on my breast, on my heart of hearts?

"I turned the horses into a thicket and went back on foot. I left the road and took to the common, until I approached the scene of the disaster. Flash after flash of lightning revealed to me the state of affairs there.

"The driver lay in the road, motionless and apparently senseless. George Gray lay near him as motionless. She was sitting in the middle of the track among the fragments of the carriage, her head bowed on her hands, her face concealed, and I could see that she shuddered constantly.

"Then came the tempest, as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened, but she did not move. She was soaked with the rain. Her gay laces hung around her dripping and draggled, but she did not move. The thunder was constant and terrible, but she did not seem to hear it. I thought only of her—not of myself—though I, too, was standing unsheltered in the storm. It was a pitiful sight to look at her, the child of luxury and ease—the petted, fondled, beloved one—sitting in the mud and mire, exposed to the pitiless rain, heedless of tempest or thunder, with all that wreck around her.

"I advanced to lift her from her place. She did not heed my touch. She did not start, nor give any evidence that she knew even that she was touched. She seemed as senseless as the bodies that lay in the road before her, and as I lifted her by main force and held her up on her feet, her head fell forward on her breast, and her heavy breathing seemed more like sobs than respirations. I took her in my arms. Again, once again, I felt as I had felt of old when I held her, pure and uncontaminated, in my arms, and the same old thrill went through me when her head fell on my shoulder. I carried her away from them, through the darkness and storm, half a mile over the common, to my wagon, and placing her in it, held her with my left arm, still lying on my breast, as I drove furiously into the city.

"I carried her up to her room, I undressed her with my own hands, and laid her in her bed. She was still silent, senseless, dead all but for that heavy breathing, and the sobs at intervals that seemed to burst from her breast.

"I sent for my family physician, and told him all. No one but he knew it, and he agreed to keep the secret and attend her faithfully. The servants knew nothing of it till they were roused to wait on her, and the whole affair was kept in profound silence.

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"But she was forever lost; the Doctor told me within a week that the brain fever would kill her or leave her hopelessly insane. In her ravings she seemed to be struggling with some terrible enemy, fighting constantly with a fiend, and sometimes she would call on me for help in piteous accents that pierced my brain.

"At length the fever left her, and she lay for weeks feeble but gaining strength, and, as the physician had prophesied, her intellect was gone. A year went by with heavy wheel. Oh, those long days of bitterness! those nights of agony!

"Philip, I never believed that she was sinful in heart. I never believed that she was wanton. I never for an instant admitted to my own soul the idea that she had meant to wrong me. I could not explain it, and she was not able to explain it to me; but I believed in my heart that there was some way of removing all suspicion of her guilt, and I waited my time, patiently, but in heavy woe.

"Gray was not heard of from that day. The driver of the carriage was found dead on the road. The public accounted for the strange circumstance of a broken carriage and the dead man by supposing that a flash of lightning—one of those mysterious agencies that sometimes strike and leave no trace of the blow—had destroyed them. No one dreamed of connecting the illness of the beautiful Mrs. Granby with that circumstance.

"She failed as the year passed. Her physical strength grew weaker and weaker, and I could sometimes see a corresponding gain in her mental powers. Once she smiled. She had not smiled in months. It was like a ray of light from heaven to me. I had watched her day by day, sat by her, talked to her, fondled her, kissed her, held her on my heart hour by hour, but all in vain until now. She had been silent, idiotic, until that evening, and that smile was to me a promise of heaven. She smiled when I kissed her lips. It was a token that she remembered me.

"I took her up to the old place, and often drove out with her, through all those old familiar scenes. But she did not smile again until a time of which I shall tell you.

"It was a summer evening, pleasant, cool, and calm. Her nurse had walked out with her, for she was able to walk, and they had gone into the grove which was between my house and her father's. I watched them from my window, and shortly after they disappeared I observed at a distance a man who seemed to be going toward the same grove. I always avoided having her seen by strangers, and I started to follow her.

"I overtook them at the very spot where I had first seen her four years ago. As I walked slowly along the memory of that day grew on me, and I recalled all the beauty and splendor of my young love. She was scarcely less beautiful now, though sadly changed. I heard a cry and rushed forward. She stood in the same spot where I first saw her, erect, with flashing eye and outstretched hand. A man, George Gray, was at her feet, and I saw her spurn him with her foot. He sprang up and looked into her face with eyes full of rage and passion, and at that instant I struck him. It was a furious blow, and he fell like a log on the ground. And at the same moment, with a cry of terror and delight, she sprang into my arms.

"All the years were gone, fled, forgotten, and we were children again, full of love, and joy, and hope in the old forest.

"She clung around my neck, she wept in my face, she called me all the old pet names, the names of endearment that we used in former days. We forgot the nurse, the crawling worm at our feet—every thing but our wild, our overflowing joy.

"Philip, eternity can not contain more joy than was compressed in that one long embrace.

"But she was dying. The silver cord was loosened, and fast falling away. I carried her home in my arms, as I once before carried her. She lay there now clasping me close in her embrace, choking me with her tight fold, but smiling ever, smiling like an angel that she was, and silent, but happy beyond all words.

"That night she told me all: how for a year her heart was estranged from me, and the tempter whispered her on to destruction. How she resisted, day by day, yet yielded insensibly, but never dreaming of sin, and firmly resolved never to betray me. How all the power of that young girlish love had returned to beguile her, and how she had been taught to look on me as the stupid scholar who thought more of his books than of her, and whose words of love were but studied phrases, learned in volumes of other men's passions. Yes, she confessed all, humbly but lovingly, and then told me of that last day.

"She had dressed that night for the party, with the same thoughts and feelings she had indulged for months. But my kiss in the entry, and the look of my face and eyes, she said, changed all the current of her mind. As she drove to the assembly her love for me began to revive, and she thought of turning back to tell me all. But I was to be away, as she knew, and so she went on. But she made the night shorter than usual, and left early. As always before, Gray was at her side, but he was not to her what he was a day before. The whole evening through her mind was revolving all the events of the year, and she was overwhelmed with repentance and with love.

"So she determined to hasten home to me, and in her haste she did not observe that her carriage took another direction, until Gray, who was at her side, renewed his offers of love in a bolder tone than ever before. She told him that he insulted her, and he laughed, and threw his arms around her. The scene that ensued I shall not pause to relate. The tempter was foiled by her new-born resolution, and by my sudden meeting them. The rest you know.

"It was all over now. One week of heaven on earth, and she was going from me to tread

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the path that lies in darkness, and alone. I could not think of it. I could not think of that beloved child 'walking the cold and starless road of death' in solitude. Where would she be when my arms ceased to enfold her? What company in the silent land would follow on her footsteps? Who would look into her eye—into her heart? Who would guard her, care for her, protect her? She never walked alone here: could she there? She never, never but once, was out alone in night, or gloom, or storm, and that once—how it haunted me! that memory of her sitting silent in the darkness and the tempest!

"It came at last. There was the same old smile, the same life-giving smile on her features, lighting them as with a gleam of glory. She clasped me close, close in her arms. She kissed my cheeks, my lips, my forehead, my neck, my hands. I lay by her, with my head on her pillow; and now we wept, and now we smiled, now prayed; now lay still, silent, calm, but in the stillness of unutterable anguish. She was radiantly beautiful! Angels in heaven are not so gloriously beautiful! And she—Philip, I dare not say again she was an angel, or fit companion for them—but—look at that portrait again, look into that countenance, and tell me, tell me, did God make that—all that—for dust and woe? Oh, He must have saved her! He must have heard that sobbing prayer—'Christ have mercy, mercy, mercy!' with which her soul went out into the unknown!

"Yes, she died. Still clinging to me—still clasping her white round arms around my neck—still pressing her lips, cold as they grew, yet madly pressed, to mine—still, with the last strength of love and life, kissing my eyelids and my forehead with soft, quick, loving, despairing kisses—till a sharp, swift pang passed over her countenance, her grasp fell off, and her head dropped heavily on the pillow, and my wife was gone—gone—gone!

"'Where is she?' you asked me, Philip. God knows where!

"Was she not beautiful?"

He sat looking at the miniature; and as he looked at it, I could have believed it smiled on him more lovingly than on me.

OUR BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A RECORD of national triumphs in the realms of thought is the appropriate contribution to American history, for which we are indebted to the two brothers Duyckinck, whose Encyclopædia of American Literature (published by Charles Scribner) shall supply us with the material of the present article. Two large octavo volumes, recording the literary past and present of our country, would seem to indicate the fact of a national literature, and give an emphatic denial to the assertions of those who, while they acknowledge the material achievements of the American people, declare that we have done nothing to entitle us to a share in the higher intellectual glories of the world.

Some snivelers have given themselves a great deal of unnecessary anxiety about these United States, and poured out much senseless drivel about the material tendencies of the country. To believe them, we are but a nation of those wooden figures from which Sydney Smith tells us that the tapping by a gimlet would only result in a plentiful supply of dry sawdust. Practical we are undoubtedly, and the intellectual expression of the country is naturally modified by that characteristic of the people. Literature, however, is a necessity with us, and has been long felt to be so, and will continue to be, securing in the future, as it has done in the past, an abundant supply of authors and books. Obedient to a set of arbitrary canons, there are those who may tell us that without an epic poem, or some other purely conventional element, there can be no national literature; we, however, do not feel bound to submit to this view. We have books and other writings which express the national thought, and these obviously constitute the national literature of the country.

There has been, undoubtedly, too much consultation of the literary precedents of Europe and conformity with their decisions, and too little faith in our own powers of mental self-government; but there has been more national independence in this respect than we have had credit for. As we study the history of thought in America, it naturally divides itself into epochs, and we can not fail to be impressed with the fact that each literary era is an expression, more or less, of the predominating action of the time. The colonial, the revolutionary, and the present or constitutional periods of history, are as distinctly marked on the pages of our books as they are manifest in the material and political changes in the condition of the country. Puritanism is as resolute in its written theology as it was faithful to its belief at the stake. Freedom poured out its recorded eloquence with all the courage that it spilled its blood in behalf of political right; and the restless energy of a progressive people is no less manifest in the activity of the material prosperity than it is in the excitement of the profuse literature of the present day.

The very earliest American writers show themselves to have been at once brought under the influence of the new circumstances with which they were surrounded. Though modeled in character under the old forms of life in Europe, yet no sooner do they breathe the freshness of the New World than it seems to stir their blood with a fresh impulse. With all the reverence for the natural ties which bind them to the kindred thought of the mother country, they affectionately expand their genius to the embrace of the rising beauties and vigorous youth of her western child.

The first book written in America was the translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, by George Sandys. More than two hundred years ago Sandys was sent to America, in the employment of the Virginia colony. Deep must have

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been his devotion to his classical affections when, in the midst of the perils and trials of the early colonial settlement, he could deliberately con over his Ovid, and so faithfully, and with such sympathetic poetical appreciation, render it into verse, that his translation remains an English classic to this day. Sandys, too, with all the finished culture of an advanced European civilization, was not repelled by the rudeness of the wild life of America, but drew from its unkempt nature fresh illustrations and a bolder imagery. In an eloquent poem he speaks of

"That new-found-out world, whose sober night
Takes from the antipodes her silent flight."

We are reminded, too, that America inspired the good and wise Berkeley with the noblest of his thoughts, and with that prophecy which our self-love so warmly takes to heart and justifies its ceaseless quotation:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

The American origin of Berkeley's famous *Alciphron; or, the Minute Philosopher*, as its purpose was to rebuke infidelity, we may not be too eager to acknowledge. Berkeley, however, tells us, in one of his sermons, that American infidelity was a fashion, like many other odious ones, brought from Europe. However this may be, the good dean wrote the famous work under the delicious shades of the plane trees of Newport, his residence at which place, with its park, its fine groves of oak and walnut, and its winding stream of sweet and clear water, he describes with true pastoral appreciation. The spot is pointed out at Newport where the *Minute Philosopher* was written, and fashionable folly now flutters where philosophy pondered, on the same smooth sand so beautifully described by Berkeley, where he walked, with the ocean on the one hand, and on the other wild broken rocks, intermingled with shady trees and springs of water, till the sun began to be uneasy. It gives a fine flavor to this famous region of resort to be associated with the memory of one of the greatest of England's thinkers and best of men.

"During his pleasant sojourn in America we always hear of Berkeley," say the Messrs. Duyckinck, from whom we quote, "in some amiable relation. He compliments the Huguenot refugee, Gabriel Bernon, in a letter written in French, on his 'zeal for religion and the glory of God.' He preaches constantly for his friend, the rector of Trinity, the Rev. James Honeyman, in the pulpit which is still there, while the Quakers stand, in their broad-brimmed hats, in the aisles to hear him; on one occasion humorously announcing that, 'to give the devil his due, John Calvin was a great man.' In company with Smibert, Colonel Updike, and Dr. M'Sparran, he visits the Narragansett Indians. To his friend, Daniel Updike, the Attorney-General of the colony, he presents his 'well-wrought silver coffee-pot,' still preserved as a relic in the family; and the good bishop's old-fashioned chair, 'in which he is believed to have composed the *Minute Philosopher*, is esteemed as an heir-loom at this day by Dr. Coit.'"

Berkeley seemed to have some brilliant anticipations of the future of Newport, for he declared that, in fifty years' time, every foot of the land would be as valuable as in Cheapside. Much of his expectation has proved prophetic; but his old residence still remains a plain farmhouse, and his library has been turned into a dairy.

The famous hero, Captain John Smith, entitles himself to a record in the history of American literature by various works. With his famous adventures in all parts of the world, and especially in the American colonies, he has a story to tell, and tells it in that spirited manner that we would expect from so stirring an adventurer. The largest work of this, the most famous of the John Smiths, is his General History of Virginia, in which that notable incident is described of Pocahontas saving his life.

Raleigh is so identified by his early interest in the colonies with America, that it is generally but erroneously supposed that he landed in Virginia, but it is a well-ascertained fact, that he was never within the present limits of the United States. He was, however, during one of his voyages, on the coast, but his land experience on the Western Continent was confined to Guiana. America but just escaped embalmment in the verse of Sir Philip Sydney, who once contemplated a visit hither.

But we must pass from those whose relations with the New World were temporary and accidental, from the brave cavaliers and gentlemen scholars, whose spirit of adventure or intelligent curiosity brought them to the shores of America, to the colonists who came to this continent with a resolute determination to find a new home. Among the latter, the most characteristic thinkers and writers were the Puritan clergy, who sought freedom of religious opinion in the wide expanse of the New World.

With all allowance for the sectarian bias of Puritanism, there is a resolute vigor of logic and earnestness of religious purpose, which carry with them a conviction of sincerity and truthfulness, in character with a fresh and unconventional state of society, that compel the sympathy of every honest heart. When, moreover, we study the early Puritanical writers, we find that we have not only the natural impulses of pure hearts, but the cultivated intellects of learned men, for many of them had but banished themselves from the world to secure a less interrupted communion with the spiritual and intellectual. They had the learning of the schools, if not the experience of conventional society, and we find them disciplined by vigorous thinking and enriched with study.

These reflections reveal a long line of great Puritan names, beginning with John Cotton and ending with Jonathan Edwards. John Cotton, "the Great Cotton," as he is worthily termed, came to America in 1633, driven from his home by the persecution of that inveterate prelatist Laud. From his fellowship at Cambridge University in England, he brought with him a ripe

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scholarship, as he did a vigorous antagonistic spirit, tempered in the fires of religious persecution. John Cotton was as uncompromising in his own Calvinistic views as the Arminian prelates—from the blows of whose heavy hands he escaped—were in their high-churchism, and his works show a dogmatic inveteracy of proselytism. He, too, was for punishing heresy with death; and he stood out manfully in defense of his rigid doctrines. In his *Bloody Tenent washed and made white in the Blood of the Lamb*, he struggled against the more merciful views of the tender-hearted Puritan, Roger Williams. In his *Meat for Strong Men*, as the work was quaintly termed, he strove to reconcile the authority of civil government with the rights of conscience. Cotton was an esteemed correspondent of Oliver Cromwell, and Carlyle, in his famous biography, recognizes him as "a painful preacher, oracular of high Gospels to England." Such was the reverence with which he was regarded, that he was supposed to have been gifted even with the spirit of prophecy. He had a famous inheritor of his name, of his learning, and of his Puritanical fervor, in his eminent grandson, Cotton Mather.

Cotton Mather "had a mountain of learning and theology heaped upon his childhood," which did not weigh down his great soul, but compelled it to an effort of gigantic vigor. "Remember only that one word, 'Fructuosus,'" was his injunction to his son; an advice he had plenteously illustrated by his example, for could he not point to his three hundred and eighty-two printed works? He was a scholar and a glutton of books, and in all he is ever mindful of his vocation, to do God service. There was a quaint humor in many of his writings, and even in the daily conduct of his life, which proves him to have been possessed of a superfluity of soul, which was not thoroughly book-dried in the *hortus siccus* of dogmatic theology.

A certain quaintness suited the genius of Mather. We read from the record before us that "Every incident in life afforded him a text. He had a special consideration for the winding up of his watch. As he mended his fire he thought of rectifying his life; the act of paring his nails warned him to lay aside 'all superfluity of naughtiness;' while 'drinking a dish of tea' he was especially invited to fragrant and grateful reflections. He appropriated the time while he was dressing to particular speculations—parceling out a different set of questions for every day in the week. On Sunday morning he commented on himself as pastor; on Monday as husband and father; on Tuesday he thought of his relations, 'taking a catalogue which began with his parents, and extended as far as the children of his cousin-germans,' and, by an odd distribution, interchanging them sometimes with his enemies; Wednesday he gave to the consideration of the Church throughout the world; on Thursday he turned over his religious society efforts; Friday he devoted to the poor and suffering; and Saturday he concluded with his own spiritual interests. To these devout associations he added the most humorous turns, pinning his prayers on a tall man, that he might have 'high attainments in Christianity;' on a negro, that he might be 'washed white by the Spirit,'" etc.

The eccentric humor that creams up from the naturally rich natures of many of the vigorous Puritans is a very satisfactory vindication of human nature. Notwithstanding the asceticism of their religious opinions, they are resolved not to be cheated of man's prerogative of a smile. It is true they so far compromise the matter with their conscience as to surround their wit with an odor of sanctity, in order to exorcise all its profanity. They never laugh except with their faces so little discomposed that they may at once pull a decent face, and end with a prayer or exhortation. Punning was a sort of mania with the early Puritan writers. Mather often indulges in this equivocal wit; for example, he says, "Mr. Cotton, Mr. Hooker, and Mr. Stone, which glorious triumvirate coming together, made the poor people in the wilderness, at their coming, to say that the God of heaven had supplied them with what would in some sort answer their three great necessities: *Cotton* for their *clothing*, *Hooker* for their *fishing*, and *Stone* for their *building*." One old Puritan worthy, Nathaniel Ward, the author of the *Simple Cobbler of Agawam*, of whom there is a spirited account in the "Encyclopædia," puns by the page, nay more, by the chapter, at the time. He had something more in him than small jokes, or, we may rest assured, he would never have been so much esteemed by that admirable wit and church historian, Fuller. In a quaint satirical address to the "London Tradesmen turned Preachers," we read pun after pun, crackling off like so many Chinese crackers. "Marmalade," he says, "may marre my lady, my lady, me it shall not." "If sugar-plums lead the van, scouring pills will challenge the rear." "The cobbler must not go beyond his last by seeking to be one of the first," and so on, chapter after chapter.

But to return to Mather. With all the undoubted excellence of the man, and the purity of his Christian spirit, he had a grim scent for the blood of a witch, and worried those poor devils who suffered at Salem to their death. He had a morbid dyspeptic tendency, readily perverted by the superstition of his age, which changed men from

> "Their natures, and pre-formed faculties
> To monstrous quality."

There is no man American literature has reason to be prouder of than of Jonathan Edwards, the last and finest product of the old Puritanism of America. Dugald Stewart, the intellectual philosopher, acknowleged that in logical acuteness and subtlety he does not yield to any disputant bred in the universities of Europe. The critic Hazlitt, well versed in the science of the mind, says of Edwards, that the Americans, having produced him, need not despair of their metaphysicians. All this force of logic, and weight of argumentative power, were associated with a

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delicate organization and a nervous sensibility, which caused him to shrink from the rude contact of the world. As a preacher, his voice was weak and thin, and his manner quiet and retreating; he, however, was effective from the pulpit, as we learn from the story of his having been suddenly called upon to take the place of Whitfield, the impulsive orator of the multitude. Edwards rose before an assembly disappointed of their favorite, and commenced to read, in a quiet manner, his discourse of the day. The audience were soon hushed, and, before they were aware, charmed. They rose one after another, until finally the whole crowd stood up together, and pressed forward toward the preacher, until sobs burst from the throng. "It was," says the describer of the incident, "the power of fearful argument." We confess a power in many of these famous Puritans like the strength of conscience binding us to truth and to God.

In historical sequence we pass to revolutionary times; and, although this was a period of action, we find it asserting itself in vigorous thought and literary expression. From the more familiar political philosophy and eloquent utterance in which the Washingtons, Franklins, Hamiltons, and Adamses spoke the word of freedom with power, as they wielded the sword in the battle with effect, we pass to what more essentially belongs to the literature of the Revolution.

We welcome with gratitude the revival of the memory of a poet of the Revolution—Philip Freneau. A well-considered biography and judicious critical analysis bring freshly before us the man and his works. From a pen-and-ink sketch contributed by our learned townsman, Dr. Francis, whose extended and perennial literary sympathies unite the past and the present, we can catch a glance of Freneau as he was in his seventy-sixth year. He was somewhat below the ordinary height, in person thin yet muscular, with a firm step, though a little inclined to stoop; his countenance wore traces of care, yet brightened with intelligence as he spoke; he was mild in enunciation, neither rapid nor slow, but clear, distinct, and emphatic. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation, his eyes a dark gray, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair must have once been beautiful—it was now thinned, and of an iron gray. He was free of all ambitious displays; his habitual expression was pensive. His dress might have passed for that of a farmer. New York, the city of his birth, was his most interesting theme; his collegiate career with Madison next. The story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. As he had at command types and a printing-press, when an incident of moment in the Revolution occurred he would retire for composition or find shelter under the shade of some tree, indite his lyrics, repair to the press, set up his types, and issue his productions.

Our native poet has not been remembered by his countrymen until now, as his genius, warmed with true patriotic fervor, deserved. His poems glow with the spirit of the times, and his lyrics move with the stir of our revolutionary struggle, sparkle with the flash of the sword, and send up shouts of patriotic enthusiasm. But not only did the impulse of revolutionary ardor stir the blood of the patriot-poet, but contemplation raised his genius to the loftier themes of true poesy. Some of his verses show a rare gift of fancy, as delicate as the early blush of morning light upon an opening flower. Sir Walter Scott expressed a warm admiration of Freneau's verses on the battle of Eutaw, which he had by heart, and which, having accidentally found in a magazine, he was anxious to know the authorship of; and, when he was told, he remarked that the poem was as fine a thing as there is of the kind in the language; nor has he disdained to borrow a line from the admired American poet, which he has set as a rare jewel in his "Marmion," where it glitters:

"And snatch'd the spear but left the shield;"

while in Freneau's verses it appears in its original beauty:

"They took the spear—but left the shield."

The fastidious Campbell, too, has taken from the American poet the line:

"The hunter and the deer—a shade."

Philip Freneau was born in Frankfort Street, New York, January 2, 1752; he was a graduate of the College of New Jersey, in 1771, having been in the same class with President Madison. During the Revolution he was taken prisoner by the British, and suffered the horrors of the New York Prison Ship, which he remembered in his *Cantos from a Prison Ship*. He became, subsequently, a sailor, journalist, and an office-holder, under Jefferson, with the paltry pittance of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. During the visit of Genet, the representative of the French Revolutionary Government to the United States, Freneau became a great advocate of France, and annoyed Washington by his assaults on his administration. There was "that rascal Freneau," he said, "sent him three of his papers every day, as if he would become the distributor of them, an act in which he could see nothing but an impudent design to insult him." *Per contra*, "His paper has saved the constitution, which was fast falling into monarchy," were the words of the democratic, French-loving Jefferson.

Freneau was, on December 18th, 1832, found dead in a bog meadow, where he had got lost and mired in an attempt to find his way home during a dark night; and the *Monmouth* (N. J.) *Inquirer* closes the statement of his death with the eulogy: "The productions of his pen animated his countrymen in the darkest days of '78, and the effusions of his muse cheered the desponding soldier as he fought the battles of freedom."

We should like, in passing, to do honor to Dennie, the first American author by profession; to Joel Barlow, the author of the *Columbiad* and the *Hasty Pudding*; to Trumbull, whose *McFingal* Timothy Dwight preferred to *Hudi-*

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bras; to Dwight himself, and to others who fairly claim a recognition, and who have been worthily embalmed in an American Encyclopædia of Literature. As an illustration of the careful research of these volumes, we may state that the authors have fished up from oblivion Phyllis Wheatley's poem and letter to Washington, which Sparks confesses to have eluded even the diligence of his investigations.

There is a speciality in the chapter on the Revolutionary Ballad Literature, which our readers will thank us for noting, and accept, we are sure, with pleasure some of its attractive points. There is much simple, earnest feeling in these effusions, and a stir which cheers the heart like a trumpet. We quote several stanzas from a ballad, which, apart from their natural expression of the emotion of the times, throw a glimmer of light upon the historical tradition of Washington shedding tears in the retreat from Long Island:

"But oh! the bloody scene
I now will write;
Long Island I do mean,
Where was the fight,
Where our brave men did die,
Fighting for liberty,
No succor could come nigh
For their relief.

"Here valiant men did bleed,
And fell a prey;
Here tyrants did succeed
And win the day;
It was by Tories' art,
Who took the tyrants' part,
We yet do feel the smart
Of that base crew.

"Brave Washington did say,
Alas! Good God!
Brave men I've lost to-day,
They're in their blood.
His grief he did express,
To see them in distress;
His *tears* and hands witness
He lov'd his men."

There is a curious Tory effusion, which, although its author must have been gibbeted, or, at least, tarred and feathered, has somehow escaped the fire of persecution, and we now find it published for the first time. The patriotism which had found lofty expression in the first liberty-pole in the country, erected in the Fields at New York, in that portion of the present Park between the west end of the City Hall and Broadway, excited all the ire of a contemporary's Toryism, which he finds vent for in a half dozen couplets, the last of which jingles thus:

"Then away, ye pretenders to freedom, away,
Who strive to cajole us in hopes to betray;
Leave the pole for the stroke of the lightning to sever,
And huzza for King George and our country forever!"

This, with some other cognate verses, is published for the first time, as we are told, from a rare copy, upon which were written, in the hand of the antiquarian collector, these words: "This paper was found under the front door of a great many houses in New York on the morning of the fifth of March, 1770."

We are happy to be able to gratify the patriotism of our readers with proof of an honorable though humble descent for our adopted child, Yankee Doodle. The tune has, we are aware, been claimed as the composition of one Dr. Shackburg of the British army; but he don't deserve the credit, for the wicked wits of Charles the Second whistled it in the ears of the Nell Gwynnes of the rollicking times of that merry monarch, and we find it jingling with the following words in a song on a famous lady of easy virtue in those days:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it."

But this is only the tune; the authors, with an instinct which belongs to their ancestral Dutch descent, trace back to Holland the origin of our adopted child, Yankee Doodle, whose roguish liveliness has made him a universal favorite. A song in use among the Dutch laborers trolls out thus:

"Yanker didel, doodel down,
Didel, dudel lanter;
Yanke viver, voover vown,
Botermilk und Tanther."

Yankee Doodle probably came over in the *Mayflower*, aboard of which he smuggled himself no doubt, hid away in the profane reminiscences of some late Puritan convert, and thus unexpectedly got admitted into the reputable company of psalms and spiritual songs. He was undoubtedly improved by the Puritan companionship, and, like many a jolly beggar coming to the country, has turned out a very respectable citizen, and deserves to stick the feather in his cap.

If we could have our own way, we should prefer to linger among the worthies of the past, for whose company we confess a strong liking; and we consider that one of the best influences of the work before us, will be the probable revival of a taste for the more sober, thoughtful literature of past times. We are all too much under the influence of the literary stimulants of the present day, and the domain of literature would almost seem to require a Maine Law to restrict us within the bounds of temperance.

There is naturally, however, a desire to know all we can learn about our contemporaries, and as we have abundant means before us of gratifying the curiosity of our readers, we shall pick out a plum here and there, to tickle their palates, and give them a foretaste of the fruit. In an account of Cooper, the President of the South Carolina College, in the course of an article on that institution—an Englishman who, like Priestley his friend, came to this country to carry out his republican theories in the practice of American politics, of which he finally got such a dose that he confessed that he had not taken in a sufficient stock of early democracy to last him—we find some fresh anecdotes about some memorable personages. Cooper's enthusiastic sympathy with the French Revolution carried him over

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to Paris, in company with Watt, the son of the famous philosopher and engineer, James Watt, and his experiences there, which are full of interest, are given as recorded by his friend Colonel M'Cord, of South Carolina. Dr. Cooper had the good fortune to be thrown into the company of many memorable personages, not only in France but in England, and in his octogenarian days drew freely in his pleasant talk from the memory of his early life. Here is a reminiscence of Boswell:

"Boswell was the greatest fool I ever knew. He was a real idiot. I am sure I have a right to say so. He came to Lancaster Assizes once when I was there. He took his seat at the bar, and Park, Sir Samuel Romilly, myself, and perhaps some others, subscribed three guineas upon a brief, and docketed a feigned issue, and sent a fellow to employ him. He received the brief and the three guineas, and when the case was called, he rose at the bar, to the great amusement of the whole Court; yet he proceeded to open the case, which the Court soon understood, and on some pretense postponed the affair. He staid in the same house with us, and drank two or three bottles of port and got drunk." Burke was also an acquaintance of Cooper's, whom he pronounces "the most excessive talker he ever knew, and at times very tiresome." Cooper's long life—which did not terminate until 1840—brings him within contemporary times; but he more properly perhaps belongs to an earlier period, and might have been classed with Paine and Priestley—men of kindred opinions, and, like him, refugees from England—both of whom come in for their appropriate share of notice in the Encyclopædia.

The cherished name of Irving presents itself naturally as the foremost of our living authors, and we have the fullest account of him and his family, and the most authentic ever published. Of the four elder brothers of Washington Irving, three were more or less remarkable for their literary tastes. William was a merchant, but a man of wit and refinement, and one of the contributors to "Salmagundi;" where he generally appears as the humorous poet. Many a clever verse was ground out of the "Mill of Pindar Cockloft," and duly digested by the greediness of the public. Here are, however, some lines of his which have never before now got farther than the domestic storehouse, and are presented, for the first time, fresh from the memory of the author of the "Sketch Book:"

"'Sir,' said a barber to a thing going by his shop,
'Sir,' said he, 'will you stop
And be shaved? for I see you are lathered already;
I've a sweet going razor, and a hand that is steady.'
'Sir, damme!' said the creature standing on two feet,
'Damme, Sir, do you intend to bore one in the street?
Don't you see that *à la mode de Cockney*, I am
shaved and drest?'
'Lord! Sir,' said the barber, 'I protest,
I took that load of hair, and meal, and lard,
That lies about your mouth to be a lathered beard.'
This fashion of lathered whiskers and a rat's tail behind
Is the most ridiculous thing that you can find.
And what makes it more ojus to me, is that
It's a sure sign of a Tory or a *hairry-stuck cat*.
For mark it when you will, I assert it before ye,
The larger the whisker, the greater the Tory."

Those were certainly cheerful times when the merchant relieved the dull routine of counting-house life with the refined pleasures of a commerce with the muses. The second brother, Peter Irving, was a student of medicine, and thus acquired the title of Doctor; but he devoted himself to journalism, and was the Editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*. The first attempts at literature of Washington Irving were contributed to this newspaper in the form of theatrical criticisms and social satires, under the signature of "Jonathan Old Style." The brother, the Judge, John T. Irving, also occasionally wrote for the Doctor's newspaper. With the name of Washington Irving are naturally associated those of Cooper, who so long divided with him the literary honors of the nation; Paulding, his early associate, and Washington Allston, his faithful friend and companion in his London experiences—all of whom meet with a genial recognition in the work of the Messrs. Duyckinck.

That history should be a characteristic department of the literature of a new country would hardly be expected, but it is nevertheless that in which some of the greatest triumphs have been effected by the American mind. There are Bancroft, Prescott, Ticknor, Parkman, and Hildreth, who rescue the country from the imputation of a want of reverence for the past, and prove that there is no such exclusive devotion to the material present as has been imputed to the Americans. We have, however, but space for this grateful recognition of their services to the country.

Our poets, Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, and others, claim our obeisance; our novelists, Brown, Hawthorne, and their companions, deserve a respectful recognition; our miscellaneous writers, whose name is legion, should have a welcome shout were we as full in voice as they are in numbers; and as for the lady-authors, we reserve them for a quiet *tête-à-tête*, as more becoming than having a loud talk with them in a crowd of the other sex.

A DAY-DREAM.

FROM the hall-door here, the first object which strikes the eye, beyond the lawn, is a magnificent field of clover, yet but slightly touched with frost, and all illuminated with the soft golden rays of the god of day, now sinking down luxuriously into a couch of crimson clouds. Beyond the clover is a field of fallow ground, whose mellow-brown gives a pleasing variety to the landscape. Still farther on come woods and brown stubble fields—now growing gray as the autumn is waning—and above all, in the distance, rise majestically the lofty Alleghanies.

It is sunset in October—and what do not these words convey? The brilliant orb has run his daily course, and now he is gradually descend-

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ing, to light another hemisphere, amidst his retinue of gorgeous attendants. Gold and crimson mingle well, especially in the sunset. Far over there in the distance is a solitary tree—a noble oak—which has withstood the shocks of a century's storms. To this patriarch of the forest I often turn my steps at the soft hour of sunset; and when there I often find myself indulging in the wildest of fancies, or dipping, in memory, into the long past, or, perchance, wandering into the dreamy future, speculating upon the destinies of men around me, and of—myself.

The path leading to this tree, where I humor my day-dreams, is not a difficult one; there are no stones, no fences in the way, but all is smooth—it is a delightful walk. And even so is our childhood. From the time we first see the light, until we commence our dreams of the future and begin to cherish memories of the past, we have no bitter regrets, no deep-rooted sorrows—all is joyous.

And now I have reached the foot of the great old century oak, and forthwith I commence a dream. First I penetrate into the past with a wondering step; but soon return, as one who has lost his way, and commence groping into the light and shadow of the dim future. What various scenes has this tree passed through! How many of our ancestors have stood beneath its wide-spreading branches, and perchance dreamed as I dream now. Those dreams of the past and future, when the present has no existence, are far sweeter than any reality in life. In the past your dream is sometimes shadowed by scenes of sorrow, but not so in the future.

My dream returns, and I am soon in the far-distant years of futurity. What a happy life I will lead with Kate! I have long felt the influence, and reveled in the sunshine of boy-love—youthful adoration! Why do I love Kate? I can not tell; I only wonder that every body does not love her. That bland smile, those heavenly eyes, and that angel-like voice—the silvery laughter which gushes sparkling forth—all these have wrought their effect upon me.

I wonder if Kate loves me? But no—alas! I am wandering again into the past. She does not love me. Those bright plans which I so delighted to dwell upon are no more.

In company I would never show, in my language, at least, that Kate held any place in my heart. But did I think that there was no language in the eye? Can not, and do not eyes speak a silent language, and are they not far more eloquent than the lips can be? Ah! love is an unconcealable passion. My eyes said, "Kate, I am rapt up in you!" and my lips said, "It is absolutely ridiculous to say I am in love with Kate."

I was singularly constant (and now my dream rambles into the past and future in turn). I loved Kate for years with a devotion rarely to be met with. I knew nothing of her feelings toward me; I had never seen her alone. What bright thoughts of a future, made joyous by the union of our destinies, have occupied my mind, and here, in the shadow of this very oak! Then my dreams were all brilliant; but alas! would that I had never seen that day!

I was at the Barony—a fine old country mansion in Virginia—spending a few days, some ten miles from the seat of another relation, where Kate was sojourning.

I heard that Kate was anxious to see me, and was soon on my way to Alnwick. I was in ecstasies! I found Kate, Cousin Sue, and all, looking beautiful, but Kate! she was looking more angelic than I ever saw her before. She wore a thoughtful expression, not quite melancholy. I thought her manner to me was cold, and suggested as much to Cousin Sue. She told me that I was mistaken, that Kate really loved me. This cheered me beyond every thing I had ever heard. For a long time I could not get an opportunity to converse with her alone, but at last it came. I saw her, one evening, sitting alone under a moss-covered rock overhanging a magnificent sheet of water—a most romantic spot. She was gazing vacantly at the sunset; for it was this same hour at which I am recalling these memories of the past.

I approached her, and, sitting at her feet, I took her little hand in mine, and pressing it to my lips, commenced to talk with her. We talked of weddings!

I led from this to the time of weddings. Kate preferred this same beautiful October, with its golden sunsets. At last I poured out my real feelings, my very soul, in a passionate flow of words, and Kate kept gazing at the sunset. I saw a tear steal to the corner of her eye; but she quickly brushed it away, and after an effort spoke.

Her words tore my heart.

She said that it had long grieved her to see my love—for she had seen it in my eyes. She could never love me but as a very dear friend, and thought I had best try and forget her, or at least remember her only in the light of a friend.

My eyes grew dim—my bosom heaved—I bowed my head upon my hand, and was silent. Kate said it was painful to her to prolong the conversation, and we had better part. I took her hand again in mine, and told her that I had not anticipated a refusal from her; but since I had been mistaken, we would never meet again. *Good-by!*

And I covered my face with my hands.

Kate rose and left me, disappearing in the shrubbery, and I heard her sobbing. The sun was fast sinking to rest, even as it is now. My hopes were dead, and they are dead still.

* * * * *

The sun is gone, and I am still standing out under the century-oak. I am surrounded by darkness—the darkness of despair. My life is all one eternal shade. I have no light to cheer me. My future is clouded. But even as that glorious orb will rise again to-morrow morn with redoubled brilliancy, will not the darkness

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of my life be cleared away? Surely the light of my existence has not been extinguished forever.

No! After a brief period of darkness, that sun will rise again with renewed and youthful vigor, and will rekindle the lights which have cheered me in life, and I will be as happy as before.

* * * * *

I am cheerful again, and retrace my steps through the darkness to the Barony.

My day-dream is ended!

THE LITTLE CHORISTER.

I.

THAT day, Ange was very sad. He felt his heart heavy within him, it was so sad to be an orphan—so lone in the world, with nobody to love him. It was true Father Mathurin was very kind to him; but then he did not take much notice of Ange, for he was a very little boy; and old Jeannette was really cross, and scolded him almost every day, in spite of every thing he did to please her. How different it was with the other boys of the choir: they had all homes, and mothers to love and tend them, and sisters to play with. Guillaume had a brother, a soldier, who took him on his knee, and told him wonderful stories of foreign parts when he went home from the choir, and showed him his sword and his gun, and taught him how he should use them if he lived to be a man. Little Charles had a sister who sung, and taught him to sing his part so well in the choir, that Father Mathurin praised him above all other, and made him lead the others. Poor Ange! He had no brother, no sisters. He lived with Father Mathurin and old Jeannette, who took no thought of telling stories to amuse him, and no one helped him with his lessons, so that he was often in disgrace, though he tried to do well, and loved Father Mathurin very much, and wished to please him.

This day, Ange thought more than ever on all these things. Jeannette had been unusually cross; and the lessons he had to learn seemed as if they would not stay properly in his head. It had been a very difficult mass that morning, and Ange felt that he was singing wrong. He thought Father Mathurin's eyes were fixed severely upon him all the time, and the whole church seemed to be filled with the discord of his little voice.

Accordingly, when Ange went with the other boys to the evening service, his large eyes were red with weeping, and there was something very like despair gnawing at his heart.

It was a very beautiful, sacred-looking place, that old Cathedral, those high Gothic arches of sad-colored stone, now and then tinged with beautiful colors from the sun's rays through the windows of many-colored stained glass. And the old carved oak pulpit, black with age; and the choir; and the very high seats where Ange sat, all curiously carved, and some with such strange hobgoblin-looking figures, so unreal, and yet so lifelike, that they seemed almost to move in the twilight; and Ange would have been dreadfully frightened—only that he knew where he was, and in whose service, and he felt that no evil power could harm him so long as he put his trust in his Lord and Master.

The sun was not set; its rays still came through the stained glass, and rested first on one head and then on another of the boys in the choir; and last of all it came to Ange's head, and then it went away altogether, and the church grew darker, and the organ played solemn and grand music, and the odor of the incense still rested on the air. And the church grew darker and darker, and lights were lighted in different parts, but they seemed to burn very dimly, and to make little aureoles round themselves, and leave every one else in darkness—the cathedral was too vast for any thing but the sun to light it; and Father Mathurin mounted into the pulpit, to preach. And Ange, wearied with weeping and sorrow, felt a repose stealing over his troubled little heart. And he tried very hard to listen to what Father Mathurin was saying, and to keep his eyes wide open and fixed upon him; but he could not do it. It seemed as though two leaden weights were tied to his eyes; and then, when he did open them, Father Mathurin seemed to be spinning about, and his voice sounded more like the buzzing of bees than Ange's native language. The struggle lasted some time, and Ange rubbed his eyes again and again; but it was of no use, and at last the poor little head fell upon his breast, and Ange fell fast asleep.

Guillaume, who sat next Ange, was busy whispering to the boy next him, how his brother's regiment was ordered to Paris, and so Jean would see the beautiful queen, and perhaps be made a captain by her, for he was a very handsome man, so the queen could not fail to notice him, Guillaume thought; and Guillaume was in such a hurry to run home and talk to Jean about it, that he never thought of Ange; and indeed if he had, he would have thought that Ange was already gone home, for the arms of the seat were so large, and so much carved, and Ange had sunk down so much since he had fallen asleep, that he really did not look like a little boy at all, but more like a heap of something left in the choir that nobody felt inclined to take any notice of.

And Father Mathurin's sermon was ended, and the lights were all put out, and the people left the church one by one, and then the last step was heard echoing through the lofty building; and then the sound of the great key in the old lock, and the clink of the other keys on the same bunch, as the old verger locked the doors; and then a deep silence—and little Ange was still asleep in the choir.

Still sleeping, softly, peacefully, innocently, as though he had been on the softest bed of down—a sleep that refreshed his weariness, and made him lose all thought of trouble. First, he slept in all unconsciousness, every thought

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drowned in the world of sleep; then came a beautiful vision before him—an angel so pure and beautiful, there was a light of glory around him, and, as he drew near to Ange, he seemed to bring an atmosphere of music with him; and Ange, though he knew it was a spirit, felt no fear. And then Ange, in his dream, fell upon his knees, and prayed that Jeannette's heart might be softened toward him; that he might have strength to be good, and that there might be somebody to love him like a mother. Then, by the angel's side, faintly shadowed out, was a pale, wan face, and frail, slender form, beautiful, but sad, and in her arms, resting its head upon her shoulder, lay a beautiful child. To these two mist-like figures the angel pointed, and Ange cried, clasping his little hands together, still on his knees, and with tears of hope and joy stealing down his face,

"Oh, how I would love her, angel; is she not my mother?"

And the figures faded away; and the angel came quite close to Ange and leaned over him; and then a peace greater than before came over him, and the sleep of unconsciousness returned.

What noise was that that startled Ange out of his sleep? How heavy old Jeannette trod—she who always wore list shoes in the house! Ah, Ange must have overslept himself, and Jeannette must have on her sabots to go to market! But that sound—it was a key turning in a lock; and then, the sound of huge heavy doors being thrown open. "Where am I?" cried little Ange, getting up and rubbing his eyes; and then he stared round him, first amazed and then aghast. In the cathedral he had slept all night—in the cathedral! And then came the terrible thought of how old Jeannette would scold him, and how displeased Father Mathurin would be. And then he sat down and cried, fairly overpowered by this new trouble, dreading to go home, for fear of old Jeannette, and not knowing what in the world he should do. But then Ange dried his tears—for the thought of his dream came into his mind—and prayed that he might be guided to do that which was right; and then he rose and took off his little chorister's gown, and folded it up, as he usually did after service, and he smoothed his hair as well as he could, that he might not look disorderly, and walked out of the wide-opened church-door with a strengthened heart, prepared to make a full confession to Father Mathurin of how he had fallen asleep during his sermon, and slept all night in the cathedral.

II.

Ange ran all the way to Father Mathurin's; he would not stop a moment, or even walk slowly, for fear his courage should fail him. He intended to throw himself first at Father Mathurin's feet, and, if he should be so fortunate as to procure his pardon, to prevail upon him to intercede with old Jeannette, of whom poor Ange stood so greatly in dread.

When Ange arrived at Father Mathurin's house, he was surprised to find a group of neighbors round the door, for it was yet very early, and he had quite forgotten that it was the day when the boys of the choir were paid their weekly salary. A mother or sister came with each boy; for though Father Mathurin gave the money into their own hands, yet, when all had been paid, he came to the door, spoke to the parents, and saw that the money was safely delivered up to them, that it might not be ill spent. But poor Ange had forgotten the importance of the day, his heart was so full of his dream, and he thought it was some especial malice on the part of old Jeannette to make his disgrace more public. Poor Ange's heart sunk within him, and he would fain have run away; but there seemed a strange new strength, not his own, supporting him, and he made his way manfully through the little crowd. Jeannette stood on the door-step, talking to the neighbors; but when Ange came near her, she caught hold of him, and, turning his little face toward her, said, "Why, how bright thou art! Where hast thou been so early?" And when Ange had passed, he heard her say to the neighbors, "Is he not a beautiful boy, our Ange?" Ange was quite bewildered. It seemed as though he was still dreaming. How strange that Jeannette should be so kind! How strange that she should never have missed him! And so Ange, lost in these conjectures, tried to find his way to Father Mathurin's room, but he was too late: the boys were all coming out.

Ange was very glad it was over, for he dreaded being disgraced before the other boys, and he knew he had done very wrong to fall asleep during Father Mathurin's sermon; so he crept quietly into Father Mathurin's room, and waited till he should come back again.

Now Ange had a little room all to himself, at Father Mathurin's house, and every night Jeannette put his supper there while he was at the evening service; for she loved to spend the evening with Margot, and then they gossiped together merrily about their neighbors, which thay would not have liked to do so well if Ange had been with them in the kitchen; and Father Mathurin always spent the evening alone, reading and writing, and it would have annoyed him very much to have such a little boy as Ange in the room with him. So Ange always spent the evening quite alone; and so it was that neither Jeannette nor Father Mathurin knew that he had been out of the house all night.

"Ange!" and Ange started up hastily, and his heart throbbed very much, for it was Father Mathurin who had entered the room, and the tone of his voice was angry; "how is it that thou hast lain in bed so late this morning? dost thou not know how many temptations laxiness leadeth thee into?"

"Father," answered Ange, more and more surprised, "I have never been in bed all night. I am very, very sorry, but I fell asleep during your sermon, and I slept all night in the cathe-

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dral, and it was not till Pierre opened the doors this morning that I awoke and ran here. Do, do forgive me!" and little Ange clasped his hands together and looked up in Father Mathurin's face.

"Poor, poor child!" and something like a tear glistened in his eye, and his heart smote him for this poor little one; for who but a desolate and uncared-for child could have been a whole night away from his home and none miss him?

Ange had no kind mother or sister to take his money, so that he always gave his weekly salary back to Father Mathurin, but this day Father Mathurin told Ange to keep it.

"Jeannette tells me," he said, "that thou art in want of a new cap, so go, my child, and choose it for thyself;" and then Father Mathurin stooped down and kissed Ange, for he wished to be very kind, but he was naturally a very grave man, and not much used to children, and he really did not know how to seem kind to them. As soon as Ange was gone, however, he sent for Jeannette, and found fault with her for not paying more attention to Ange.

"Remember," said Father Mathurin, "who said 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' and think how much we ought to love and tend them for his sake."

But old Jeannette was very angry at being found fault with, as people often are when they know they are wrong; and when she had left Father Mathurin she grumbled to herself about that troublesome boy, who was always getting her into some trouble or other, and then she went into neighbor Margot, who declared she would not bear it any longer, if she were Jeannette.

So Ange went out to buy his cap with the money Father Mathurin had given him, but he had not been out two minutes before he had forgotten all about it; he really could think of nothing but his dream, when he walked up and down the streets, instead of looking for a fit shop to buy his cap; he looked every where for the two figures in his dream; he felt so certain he should find them somewhere, so sure that the angel had meant he should see them in reality.

Ange always loved to wander about that old town; it had been very large and prosperous, and, though now its brightest days were over, yet it had that sacred air of the past about it, far more endearing than if it had been the newest and most flourishing of towns.

The houses were built half of wood, and there was a great deal of carving about them, and there were the oddest signs over the shops to indicate the occupation of the owner, and quaint inscriptions; and then the first story invariably projected over the street, and made a sort of arcade for the passers-by, and the pointed gables stood out in bold relief against the clear bright sky. Then, though the grass did grow in some of the streets because there was so little thoroughfare, yet Ange knew the face of almost every one he met (and this could not have been in a thickly-populated town), and many stopped to speak a kind word to the little chorister.

Ange met Guillaume, who was in high glee, and invited him to come and see his brother's bright new regimentals; but Ange said he could not go that day; and then he came to the part of the town where the fair was, and there he saw a van of wild beasts and a dancing bear, and a polichinelle, which would once have amused him very much; there, too, were popguns to shoot at a target, and many other amusements, which would generally have delighted Ange above all things. But now he could not fix his attention on any thing—his eyes were ever watching through the crowd for those two loved figures; and though hope grew fainter and fainter, faith in the beautiful angel cheered his heart, and little Ange wandered on determined not to despair.

The sun sunk lower in the heavens, and the brightness of the day was over, and it gave the world a melancholy tinge like the rays of departing hope. Ange was weary and worn with hope deferred, and at last he sat down by a grotesquely-carved stone fountain, which was in a centre place where four streets met, and there, though there were many, many people passing, and the busy hum of voices all around him, Ange felt quite alone. He sat in the sunlight, and it gilded his hair and made the ever-falling water behind him sparkle like diamonds, and he gazed upon the setting splendor of the sun, and seemed as though he could see far, far beyond this world; and he thought how easy it would be to the great, and wise, and merciful Creator of that glorious sun to make his little heart happy, and give him to love those sweet beings the angel had pointed to in his dream; and Ange prayed again with the intensity of all his heart, and the fountain ever falling murmured music to his prayer.

And now Ange saw by the sunbeams that it was time for evening service, but the cathedral was very near, and he thought he might venture to stay a few minutes longer; it was almost the first time he had rested that day. There he sat languid and tired, with his little head resting on his hand, when suddenly he started—a shudder passed all over his frame; he saw at the corner of one of those four streets the figure of his dream, pale and wan, with an expression of suffering and resignation that sanctified her face. Poorly clad, jostled by passers-by, to all of whom she seemed a stranger, she stood like a wanderer seeking a home, but the child ever clasped to her breast seemed sunk in sleep, unconscious for the time of sorrow or want. Ange would fain have run toward her, but he could not move; he had tried to stand up, but his little legs trembled so, that he was obliged to sit down again. But what was his joy when the figure moved across herself to meet him! How he stretched out his arms toward her! how anxiously he watched each trembling footstep! She seemed so weak she

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could hardly stand. How he trembled lest any of the carts or carriages in the street should touch her!

"Stop a minute; that horse is going to back now. Oh, quick—quick!"

Ange could not help crying as he watched her, for there were now many more people than usual in the street on account of the fair, and it was impossible for her to hear him.

"She is safe! she is safe!" cried Ange, in a tone of joy and triumph. When, just as he spoke, her foot slipped, and the child fell from her arms.

Ange gave a fearful shriek. The child was almost under a horse's feet. Another instant, and his new-found sister would be dead before his eyes.

"Thank God—thank God, he has saved her!"

Without thinking in the least of himself—whether of the danger he ran, or of how weak and powerless a little fellow he was—Ange dashed forward. Another second, and they would both have been trodden down; but he had seized the happy moment. The horse, frightened, reared; and in that moment Ange seized the affrighted little one from the ground, and now she was safely nestling in his arms.

III.

Ange placed the little one gently on the ground by the fountain, and knelt down by the mother. The little girl cried bitterly, for she thought her mother was dead; and Ange tried to comfort her, though in his own heart he thought so too. But Ange sprinkled water on the mother's face, and little Marguerite chafed her hands; and then there came a faint sigh, and Ange's heart beat for joy, and little Marguerite kissed her mother's face and hands in ecstasy, and bathed her in her tears.

"Where is your home?" said Ange.

"We have no home," said Marguerite, "since my father died; and we have come a long, long way, and I am so hungry; and mother says she has no more bread to give me." And the little Marguerite cried again.

This made Ange very miserable. At first he thought he would run home, but then he recollected that Father Mathurin would be in the cathedral, and certainly Jeannette would give him nothing. Then he thought he would go to a baker's shop and beg some bread. Marguerite's mother tried to rise, but she could not; her strength was exhausted, and she sank back again. Still Ange and Marguerite managed to rest her more comfortably against the stone coping of the fountain; and then Ange began to think again what he should do. To assist him in thinking, he put his hands in his pockets; and there—oh joy! lay the bright silver piece Father Mathurin had given him that morning to buy his cap, and which Ange—utterly unused as he was to have money—had totally forgotten.

How supremely happy little Ange felt now, and how skillfully he avoided the carriages and carts; and how lightly and quickly he flew to neighbor Jacques, who kept a baker's shop.

"Will this buy a loaf, neighbor Jacques?" asked Ange, putting down the silver coin.

Jacques gave him the loaf, and off bounded Ange, never heeding or hearing the baker, who cried out as loud as he could, "Stop, stop, my little man, thou hast given me too much!"

Ange gave some to Madelaine and some to Marguerite; and then he sat and looked at them; and he could not help saying to himself, "Oh, how happy I am!" And then he thought of Him who had heard his prayer, and given him his heart's desire; and Ange prayed a prayer of thankfulness, and tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, for his heart was very full. Now it happened that while Ange was sitting there, enjoying the luxury of a good action, and Madelaine and Marguerite were eating their bread, Dame Ponsard passed with her fair young daughter, both very gayly attired, having come from the fair.

Dame Ponsard was the hostess of the Bell, and she was a kind, motherly sort of woman, and knew Ange very well; for many a sou she had given him to run messages for her, and sweetmeats and apples, and many things she thought likely to please a little boy. So, when she saw Ange sitting by the fountain, she stopped.

"Why, Ange, how is it that thou art not at church? Father Mathurin will reprove thee. Why dost thou dawdle here—hadst thou not all day to play?"

Madelaine answered for him. She told how he had saved her child, and how she was fainting from want, and he had brought her bread to eat; and then she clasped Ange to her heart, and blessed him. And Dame Ponsard's daughter took Ange's little hand, and pressed it, and said, "Dear Ange!" And Ange blushed very red with so much praise, and wondered why they should praise him so much, when he had only done what had made him so very, very happy.

"Where is thy husband?" said Dame Ponsard to Madelaine.

"My husband was a soldier, and was killed a month ago in the war," answered poor Madelaine. And then she turned so very, very pale, Ange thought she was going to faint again. And the wind blew cold, for the sun was set; and Dame Ponsard wrapped her cloak closer round her, and then she said:

"Where dost thou sleep this night?"

"God only knows," answered Madelaine, "for I have no money—no friends."

Then Dame Ponsard paused a moment, and she looked at Madelaine, and she looked at Marguerite; and her daughter Blanche saw what was passing in her mind, and she said, "Do, dear mother!" And Dame Ponsard did not want much pressing, for her own heart had spoken warmly enough in Madelaine's behalf. So she turned to poor Madelaine, and said, "Come, thou shalt sleep at my house to-night."

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And then Blanche took little Marguerite by the hand, all brightly clad as she was; and Ange put his hand in Madelaine's, and they all went to Dame Ponsard's house.

And Dame Ponsard pressed Ange to stay and sup with them, but he thanked her very much, but said he must run home to Father Mathurin's.

This time, naturally enough, Ange did not in the least expect Jeannette would have missed him; but hardly had he seated himself in his own little room, and begun to eat his apples and bread, than Jeannette entered. Her face was quite red with anger, and she ran up to Ange, and shook him violently. "Where hast thou been all day, thou little torment?" she cried. "And why didst thou not come home to thy dinner? and where is the money Father Mathurin gave thee to buy a cap? Thou hast bought no cap with it, I warrant." And Jeannette felt in Ange's empty pockets, and drew them out triumphantly; and then she fell to shaking Ange again, and boxed his ears again, and took away his apples; and all this time Ange could not think of a single word to say to quiet her. And then Father Mathurin's step was heard, and he entered, and led Ange away to his own room. And then Father Mathurin sat Ange upon his knee, and said very gravely, "Now, Ange, tell me the truth—where hast thou been all day, and what hast thou done with the money I gave thee?" But, just then, Jeannette came to say that neighbor Jacques wished to speak with Father Mathurin, and Father Mathurin told Jeannette to ask him to come in; and neighbor Jacques entered, cap in hand, and told how little Ange had brought him a silver coin to buy a loaf, and how he had wondered how Ange came by so much money; and finally, how he had brought the change back to Father Mathurin. And then Father Mathurin told Jacques how he had given Ange the money to buy a cap, and how Ange had spent it to buy some bread for Madelaine and Marguerite; for he would not have little Ange suspected of so wicked a thing as having stolen the money. And then neighbor Jacques took his leave, and Father Mathurin bade Ange good-night, and said he was sure to sleep well, because he was a very good boy. And Ange felt so happy, that he thought he should never get to sleep at all; but there he was wrong, for he was soon fast, fast asleep, and dreaming the strangest jumble of things imaginable.

The next morning, Father Mathurin and Ange went to Dame Ponsard's, and there they found poor Madelaine very, very ill; and the doctor whom kind Dame Ponsard sent for said it was a fever, so every one was afraid to go near poor Madelaine for fear of infection, and there was only little Marguerite to watch by her and to smooth her pillow, and give her the medicine that Dr. Maynard had sent her. And Marguerite was a very little girl—much younger than Ange—and so it seemed to Ange impossible that she could do all this by herself; and so Ange begged and prayed to be allowed to stay and watch by his mother, as he called Madelaine. And Ange staid with Madelaine, and he walked about so gently on his tiptoes in the room, that he might not disturb her; and he smoothed her pillow with his soft little hand far gentler than the gentlest nurse; and the instant she moved, he came to give her medicine, or some tisane to moisten her parched mouth; and he never wearied in this labor of love.

Sometimes, when Madelaine was getting better, when she fell asleep, Ange and Marguerite went for a walk, and it seemed to Ange that the birds sang clearer and flowers smelt sweeter, and the very river danced with a joy it had not known before; and they gathered large bouquets of wild flowers to decorate the sick room, and made daisy chains as they sat to rest by the river's side.

IV.

Madelaine grew better and better; and when she returned to health she found she had two children to love instead of one. And Father Mathurin agreed that Ange should live with Madelaine and Marguerite; and Dame Ponsard found that Madelaine was a very good needlewoman, and she gave her work to do, and persuaded many of the neighbors to give her work too; so that with what Madelaine gained and what Ange gained they had enough to live very comfortably; and Marguerite went to the Sunday-school, and helped her mother about the house on week-days. And then, when there was a market, she sold flowers, for where they lived there was a very pretty little garden, and Ange worked in it all his leisure hours, and grew lovely flowers for Marguerite to sell at the market.

Oh, how different Ange's evenings were now! how Marguerite's little face beamed with joy when he came home; and what a nice supper Madelaine always had for him! Simple as it was, it seemed the daintiest of food to him—they were so happy eating it together.

Time passed on, and Ange was no longer a very little boy; but grew to be tall and strong and handsome, and Marguerite grew to be the neatest, prettiest little maid in all the village.

And when Dame Ponsard's daughter Blanche was married, all said Ange was the handsomest youth at the wedding-dance, and none danced so lightly or spoke so gayly as he.

And often when Marguerite went to evening service and walked home with Ange, they would rest together on the stone coping of that same fountain, with the ever-murmuring water behind them, and the sun setting just as it did of yore; and Ange would tell Marguerite all that he had hoped and prayed on that same spot years before, and how fully his dreams of happiness were realized now; and tears of gratitude would come into Marguerite's eyes when she thought of all that Ange had done for them.

As the time passed on, Dame Ponsard called upon Madelaine, and she said she thought Marguerite might do something better than sell flowers at the market. And then she told how

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Fauchette was married, and she wanted somebody to supply her place, and thought Marguerite would suit exactly. And Marguerite, though she was very sorry to leave her mother and Ange, was yet delighted at the thought of doing something for herself; for though they were so happy, they were still very poor. And so Marguerite went to be Dame Ponsard's little maid at the Bell, and Madelaine and Ange found it very *triste* without her at first, though they went to see her very often. Marguerite became the neatest, handiest little maid possible, and with such a cheerful, lovable face, that every body was possessed in her favor.

On Sundays how happy she was to wander in the woods and by the river with Ange; and they talked together of the future, and made such golden plans, and in their plans they were always together. It seemed quite impossible now that Madelaine, Marguerite, and Ange should ever be separated.

And then came a busy time in the town—for it was the conscription—and some hearts beat high with hopes of glory, and some were loth to leave their homes, and mothers' hearts were anxious. The town was full of military, and there was Guillaume's brother Jean, with gay ribands in his cap, going about the town to persuade the young men how happy a soldier's life was, and how charming it was to travel and see the world—so much better than remaining all one's life in this little stupid town.

Jean tried to persuade Ange too, but that he could not do, for Ange knew what it was to be without a home; and besides, he would not have left Madelaine and Marguerite of his own free-will for any pleasures that could be offered him.

At this time, too, the château was full of people, and there were to be very grand doings there indeed; for the young Count Isidore was coming of age, and so there were fêtes, and balls, and hunts all the day long; and as it happened that the young Count's birth-day was on the first of May, the May-day fête was to be held in his beautiful park. And that morning there was to be a carol sung under his window which had been composed expressly for the occasion, and Monsieur Freron, the organ-master, declared that Marguerite should sing the first part and lead all the rest; and he taught her how she should raise her little hand when it was time to begin, so that they might all sing together, so that the voices might not come one after another, like birds flying, as he said.

Dame Ponsard, when she heard what an important part Marguerite was to play in the festivities, was particularly anxious that Marguerite should look particularly nice; and so she gave her a very handsome dark-blue silk quilted petticoat that had belonged to Blanche, and lent her some beautiful old lace for her little cap. And Ange had been secretly saving up money, little by little, so as to be able to buy Marguerite a pair of gold ear-rings; and these he gave her on that morning, so that Marguerite did indeed look quite a little pearl that day. She had on clocked stockings and neat black shoes, with high red heels, such as they used to wear in those days, and such a pretty chintz bodice and skirt, tucked up so as to show her quilted petticoat, and a black hood and cloak, and a dainty little muff, and, lastly, a beautiful bunch of spring flowers which Ange had brought her from the garden.

And so, on that May morning, when the dew was still on the grass, and the sun's rays seemed to cover the whole earth with diamonds, the little choir took their way to the old château, and there ranged themselves under the window of the young lord, to waken him up that day with melody. When they were all grouped lightly before the window and ready to begin, Marguerite raised her little hand as a signal for them all. Then the chorus began; and, last of all, the young lord himself opened his window wide and looked down upon them. The boys took off their caps and shouted, the girls courtesied and waved their handkerchiefs, and the young Count threw down a number of bright gold pieces among them, and then there was a great cry of "Long live Count Isidore!" and then they went away.

Later in the day there was a beautiful May-pole and a band for the dancers. The park seemed perfectly lighted up with the many gay dresses and happy faces that were scattered about it. The trees were in their freshest green, and the frolicsome wind seemed to carry the peals of laughter through their branches, and make them wave and quiver with pleasure. Then about mid-day came all the guests from the château, beautifully dressed, and the young lord in the midst of them, with a beautiful wreath of flowers in his hand; and the ladies with him were laughing and talking, and their silk dresses rustled and gleamed so in the sun, and they wore high, powdered hair, and then such dainty little different-colored hats to keep off the sun.

All the girls of the village were bidden to come forward, that the young Count might see who was most worthy of the crown. Of each he asked her name, and said some kind word, and held council of the two handsome ladies, and sent for Father Mathurin and spoke to him. Then, to Marguerite's great surprise, little Rosalie came bounding up to her where she sat under a tree with Ange, and said, "Marguerite, Marguerite! you are to be Queen of the May, and you must come now and receive the crown." Marguerite blushed till she looked a thousand times prettier than before, and Ange felt happy and proud of her. Marguerite advanced before the young Count, and he spoke very kindly to her, and placed the crown gently on her head, and told her that, as he had put the crown upon her fair young head and made her queen, she must try more than ever to be virtuous and good.

One of the handsome ladies came forward, and said: "My name is the Marquise de Belle Isle, and you must keep this for my sake." While she was saying this, she tied round Mar-

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guerite's neck a piece of black velvet, to which was attached a beautiful gold cross. The other lady, who was much younger, and very lovely, gave Marguerite a bright cerise-colored little purse, and said: "My name is Mademoiselle de Bruntière, and you must keep this for remembrance of me." Marguerite courtesied, and thanked them very much, and returned to her companions; and they all crowded round her to see the beautiful wreath, and cross, and purse, and hear all that had been said to her.

Then, in the soft twilight, each returned to his home, bearing bouquets of wild spring flowers from the woods, and the nightingales sang in the soft evening air, and there was a still sweeter murmur of happy voices as they passed through the lanes.

V.

But the prosperity of the little family was destined not to be of long duration. Something occurred which promised to break up all their peaceful happiness. Ange was drawn for the conscription.

On the evening of that dreadful day, Ange, with a heavy heart, came to see Marguerite, and acquaint her with the misfortune that had befallen them; the tears flowed silently down Marguerite's pale face, and Ange could find no words to comfort her as they stood together in the twilight, in the porch, and the old sign of the Bell swung drearily to and fro before them. Long it was before Ange could tear himself away that night, and wearily and drearily poor Marguerite entered the house, after she had watched Ange down the street, and seen his figure grow less and less in the dusk of the evening. Then Marguerite retired to her own little room, and threw herself on her bed, and cried as though her heart would break. Then she sat up, and thought.

There was a way to set free Ange, but then that way seemed itself an impossibility. Blanche's husband had been drawn, had been bought off; but to do that for Ange, Marguerite must possess twenty Louis—and that seemed perfectly impossible—poor Marguerite's wages were only ten crowns a year, and that was just two Louis and a half, then there were the four sous that had been given to Marguerite in the little purse; and the bright golden Louis the young Count had thrown from the window, all of which Madelaine had in keeping for her. Then Marguerite thought of her ear-rings and cross, and wondered how much they were worth, the ear-rings dear Ange had given her, and Marguerite kissed them for his sake; and with all this woe weighing upon her mind, poor Marguerite went to bed, and fell asleep, murmuring Twenty Louis—Twenty Louis!

The next day, as she was dressing herself, Marguerite remembered how Angelique, the daughter of Farmer Bouset, had admired her ear-rings—how she had said they were the prettiest she had ever seen, and that she should try and get a pair like them. Yes, certainly, Angelique would buy the ear-rings, and, perhaps, the cross too; for he was a rich man, Farmer Bouset, and very fond of Angelique. So Marguerite asked Dame Ponsard's leave to go out for the day; and she would not say a word about it to Madelaine or Ange, for fear he should try and prevent her selling the ear-rings. Marguerite put on her cloak and hood, and tied up her ear-rings and cross in her handkerchief, and she then, with a heavy heart, took her way to Farmer Bouset's, quite alone.

It was a long, long way, up hill and down dale, but a very beautiful road. The morning was fresh and clear, and every thing in nature looked very lovely with its young spring dress; and there were wild lilies, and violets, and primroses, on either side of the road, and the birds sang very sweetly; but Marguerite took no heed of all these beauties now; and the birds' songs did not seem for her, and the flowers looked faded in her eyes, for the thought that Ange was going to leave them had taken all beauty from every thing.

And when Marguerite reached the top of the last hill she felt very hot and weary, and so sat down on the soft grass, mixed with wild thyme, and heather, to rest; and the wild ferns grew so tall around her, that they almost made a shade; and then Marguerite untied her handkerchief, in which were the ear-rings and the cross, to look at them as her own, for the last time. And, as she sat there, Marguerite grew very thirsty, and then she bethought her of a little mountain-rill, which came out of a rock close by, that was celebrated for its delicious water, and so Marguerite put the handkerchief down, with her ear-rings upon it—in a conspicuous spot, where she should be sure to see it again in a moment—and then she ran to get the water; and the wind was so great that it almost blew Marguerite's petticoat over her head, as she stooped to catch the water in her hands; and it had made Marguerite's hair quite rough, so she stood for a moment to smooth it with her wet hands, that she might not look untidy when she arrived at the farm.

But when Marguerite returned to the spot where she thought she had left her handkerchief, there it was not. She searched a long time in vain, without seeing any thing of either ear-rings or handkerchief; but at last, at some distance from her, blown by the wind, she saw something white, that looked more like a piece of white paper than any thing else. She ran after it, and it was blown on and on: still she followed, and at last reached it. Marguerite picked up the handkerchief, but ear-rings and cross were gone—it was the empty shell without the kernel.

The whole day Marguerite wandered about the common, but, alas! there were so many tall ferns, and so much heather and wild thyme every where, she could never feel certain of the precise spot where she had been. Sometimes she thought it was one place where she had sat down, sometimes another; and she searched and searched the whole day long quite uselessly, and then she saw that it was near sunset, and that for

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that day it would be no use searching any more. With a heavy heart and weary feet Marguerite took her way home.

Once again by the fountain sat Marguerite and Ange; and Marguerite, foot-sore and sad, told Ange how she had lost the ear-rings and cross, and so all hope of their being able to raise twenty Louis was gone. Marguerite, quite overcome, hid her face in her handkerchief and wept bitterly. Just then came the sound of a horse's footsteps close to them, and Marguerite, despite her grief, looked up, and saw the young Count Isidore. And when he saw Marguerite's face, he stopped his horse and said:

"Why! art thou not the Queen of May? What has made thee so soon in tears?"

And then Marguerite told him how Ange had been drawn for the conscription, and how she had gone to sell the ear-rings and the cross the handsome lady had given her to Angelique of the Bouset farm; how on the common the ear-rings had been lost. And then Marguerite's tears flowed afresh.

The young Count passed on, and looked very grave, for he had had so many petitions about the conscription that he had been obliged to refuse all, and felt he could not openly do any thing for Ange and Marguerite.

When Marguerite returned that night to Dame Ponsard's, she found some very grand people indeed were coming to dine there the next day, and the whole house was in a state of confusion preparing things for them. The dining-room was to be decorated with laurels and flowers, and the band of the young Count's regiment was to play during dinner, and every honor was to be paid them; for though these travelers were only called the Comte and Comtesse du Nord, yet the courier said that was a feigned name, and they were, in fact, heirs to one of the greatest crowns in Europe.

The next day Marguerite could not go to look after her ear-rings, for she had a great deal to do.

All day these great people were expected, and at last there was a great noise of carriages, and they stopped before the door of the Bell, and a great, great many people were there to see the travelers descend; and then Dame Ponsard, rather awe-stricken, but still a smiling and courteous hostess, stood in the porch to receive them, and showed them to their rooms. And then came the dinner; and poor Marguerite, with her pale face and red eyes, had to help others to wait at table.

And the young Count Isidore was there, and he sat on one side of the great lady, and her husband on the other; and they talked a great deal all the dinner, but Marguerite never noticed whether they looked at her or not—she could think of nothing but Ange. But at the end of the dinner, when the dessert was on the table, and all the servants were going away, the lady beckoned to Marguerite and called her by her name; and Marguerite came, and felt very shy and nervous, for it was all she could do to help crying, her heart was so sad.

"So thou art the Queen of the May," said the lady, kindly. "And now tell me, why are thy eyes so red with tears?"

"Ange has been drawn for the conscription, madame," answered Marguerite, in a sad, low voice.

"And dost thou love Ange so much?"

"Oh yes, very, very much!" answered Marguerite; and, despite of herself, she blushed quite red, and the tear-drops came in her eyes again.

"And how much money would it take to free Ange from this conscription?" said the lady's husband.

"Oh, a very large sum; more than we could ever have," answered Marguerite.

"But how much?" said the Countess.

"Alas! twenty Louis, madame," answered poor Marguerite. And then she wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron, and made a sort of half-movement to go away; for she felt that if she staid much longer she should burst into tears.

"Hold out thy apron, my child," said the Countess, gayly. And then from her purse she took twenty Louis and strewed them into Marguerite's apron.

Poor Marguerite could not speak a word to thank a kind benefactress; she gave a little scream of astonishment and joy, and the Louis rolled on the floor. And she knelt and kissed the lady's dress, which was all the thanks she could offer; for Marguerite's heart was too full for words.

As soon as Marguerite had a little recovered from her agitation, she ran off to their home to find Madelaine and Ange, and impart her joyful tidings. And then she was sadly disappointed to find that Ange was not there. He had been out all day, Madelaine said; but the two took counsel together, and determined to hasten to the mayor's that night, in spite of Ange's being away, and obtain his dismissal; for Marguerite felt quite uneasy at having such a large sum of money in her possession, for fear something should happen to it before it had accomplished its end.

And the mayor received Madelaine and Marguerite very graciously, and was very glad that they had been able to buy off Ange; for Ange had a good name in the town, and all loved him and thought well of him. And then, very joyfully, Madelaine and Marguerite walked back to the Bell, and there they found Ange sitting in the porch to receive them. And then they all retired together to Marguerite's little room, and Marguerite told how kind the great lady had been to her, and how she could not help thinking that the young Count had told their story, and interested the great lady in their behalf; and Marguerite drew from her pocket the little card which gave Ange his freedom. And then Madelaine clasped Ange to her heart, and kissed him again and again; and Marguerite felt as happy as though she had been a real queen.

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And at that moment came a tap at the door; and it was dear, kind Dame Ponsard come to congratulate them on their happiness. And then Marguerite had to tell her story all over again; but she did not the least mind it: she could have told it all day long—she was so happy.

"But what a pity that thou hast lost thy cross and thy ear-rings all for nothing," said Dame Ponsard. Now it was Ange's turn to tell his story; and he told that he had been all day on the common, searching for the said ear-rings and cross; and then, to the great astonishment and delight of all, he drew them both out of his pocket, and told how he had found them, almost hidden by the heather and moss, where they had fallen when the wind had blown the handkerchief away. Most joyfully he tied the cross round Marguerite's neck, and put the ear-rings in her ears.

The next morning early, the travelers were to start again. Ange and Marguerite stood ready in the porch, strewing flowers for them to walk over, and in their hands they had bouquets of the choicest flowers of their garden to offer to the Count and Countess; and Ange and Marguerite waited some time before they came; but when at last they did come, and they offered the bouquets, the Countess smiled so kindly, as she took hers, and said to Marguerite, "Is this Ange?" and Marguerite courtesied, and said, "Yes, madame; this is Ange." And when the carriages drove away, all the people cheered them, for they had heard the story of the great lady's kindness; and Ange and Marguerite blessed them from their hearts. And, in after-life, Ange and Marguerite became man and wife, and in their turn had children; and Marguerite told her children the story of her early years, that they might love the poor and friendless, as Ange had loved her and her mother.

DOCTORING BEGINS AT HOME.

THE very few people who can afford to look back seven years, will remember a political event of some importance in France, known as the revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight. They may also, by a great exertion of memory, call to mind that, among the numerous men of rank who were moved to launch their barks (more or less frail) on that stormy sea of politics, was M. F. V. Raspail, hitherto known only to the scientific world as an eminent chemist. M. Raspail's experience of political seamanship was short, violent, and disastrous. Unmindful of the pilot's reiterated advice to go down, and that it was no place for him, he persisted in declaring his inability to sleep, and his determination to come and pace the deck. He did so; but though he may have carried out the pilot's recommendations (as made metrical in the popular ballad), as far as fearing not and trusting in Providence went, his little skiff, like some other craft of far heavier tonnage, soon foundered, and he suffered a lengthened imprisonment in the Donjon of Vincennes and the Citadel of Doullens. He has since been enabled to pursue his chemical experiments in a larger and healthier laboratory; and though still a republican of the "loudest" red, is content to view the raging of the waves, and the tossing of the ships, and the agonies of those who go down to the sea in them, from the shores of Brussels, and through the medium of a newspaper telescope.

The republicanism of François Vincent Raspail having nothing to do with doctors or with the discount to which he seeks to bring them, I claim leave to discourse upon him here as the author of a remarkable book, called the "Yearly Hand-book of Health," published in France, at the close of every autumn, in the company of the crowds of almanacs and ephemerides in which the French neighbors take delight, and which in many parts of the provinces form the staple reading of the population.

Health, Raspail maintains, is the normal or regular state of life, fitting man for the performance of his natural and social duties. Illness is the exceptional state; it reduces him to the position of a useless incumbrance on society. The art of preserving the health is called hygiène; the art of recovering or restoring the health when lost or enfeebled is called medicine. Now, it being self-evident that health is a desirable, and disease a highly obnoxious, state of life, it naturally follows that the study both of hygiène and medicine are of the greatest importance, and should be as widely disseminated as possible; yet by one of the strange and apparently inexplicable contradictions of our nature, mankind seem to have agreed, by a species of tacit understanding, to neglect or ignore altogether those branches of knowledge that concern them most. Thus, while we see theological lore of the most abstruse and controversial kind eagerly sought after among all classes of society; while no man with any pretense to education would like to be deemed ignorant of the laws, at least, of his own country; while the physical sciences successfully assert their claim to rank as regular branches of popular education, and terms of scientific erudition are growing familiar in mechanics' institutes and young men's societies; while even that slow-going gentleman the agriculturist begins to smell ammonia, and to conceive some faint thread of a notion that chemistry may be, after all, a good thing for a farmer to know; the study of the laws of health and disease is almost entirely neglected.

Illness, according to M. Raspail, is not a mystery of nature; it is not the result of some occult influence—some mysterious cause that eludes the grasp of our senses. An organ can be affected by illness, or, in other words, suspend or cease its functions, only from a want of its proper nutriment, or from some external cause. The causes of disease are therefore external: illness, in the first instance, attacks us from without, and does not emanate from ourselves. To say that such and such a disease

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is caused by the blood, the bile, the nerves, or the peccant humors, is simply to give utterance to one of those unmeaning phrases that mostly constitute the professional jargon of the schools, and are of the same family as that celebrated one—"Nature abhors a vacuum." These are bold words, François Vincent Raspail. You would tremble, I think, at your own boldness if you knew how many fashionable physicians there are whose fame, whose harvests of dollars, whose patents of baronetcy, are due to that one talismanic word "nerves." How many practitioners have gained a reputation for vast and almost boundless learning and wisdom by merely putting their thumbs in their waistcoat pockets, with the head a little on one side, enunciating, solemnly, "Stomach!" To ascertain what the external causes really are that affect our organs, we must have recourse to analogy, for in most cases they escape the scrutiny of our senses. When a point, or sting, or simple thorn, pierces your flesh, or gets into your skin, your sufferings may become excruciating. Why? Because the thorn has violently torn the superficial expansions of the subdivisions of the nerves, and has opened to the external air free access to the tissues protected before by the epidermis. You know the illness in this case to be caused by the thorn or prickle, and would not dream of ascribing it to the blood, the bile, or the nerves. But let us suppose that, from some circumstance, the sting or prickle escapes our sight, and finds its way into the substance of the stomach or of the lungs: the presence of foreign bodies in either of these organs so essential to life will necessarily give rise to much more serious symptoms. Now, here the material cause of the evil not having been revealed to the senses, medicine will step in with a whole train of conjectures. One physician will ascribe the illness to the bile, another to the blood, a third to the nerves; and the patient will be called upon to abdicate his own free-will, and the use of his reasoning faculties, and to submit blindly to a course of treatment as little comprehended by the doctor as by the patient. A careful and minute post-mortem examination would reveal the presence of the little prickle, and show the doctor that the blood, the bile, or the nerves, had been most unjustly accused of having done all the mischief. The similitude of the effects has never, in medicine, served to reveal the similitude of the causes; and, where the cause of a disease has been hidden from observation, no one has ever had recourse to analogy to find it out.

M. Raspail enumerates, among the causes of diseases, the introduction of foreign bodies into the organism; of poisons, or substances which, far from being adapted for assimilation, and the development of the organic tissues, combine with them only to disorganize and destroy them. Next, long-continued excesses of cold and heat, or sudden transition from one temperature to another; contusions; solutions of continuity of the muscles; hurts and wounds; the introduction into our tissues of gramineals (grasses), dust, and sweeping of granaries, awns, prickles, down of plants or of grains: which, when present in the cavities of our organs, generate or develop themselves there, or swell under the influence of moisture. Again, want or impurity of air; for, the most trifling alteration of the constitution of the atmosphere causes a disturbance of the regular functions of our organs. Pure air is the bread of respiration. Other causes are privation, excess, insufficiency of food, bad quality and adulteration of the alimentary substances. People die of indigestion as well as of starvation; the sufferings in the one case are equal to those in the other; and the indigestion of the rich may be looked upon as a species of set-off to the starvation of the poor. Others, again, are the external and internal parasitism of hydatids, maggots, larvæ of flies or caterpillars, ticks, insects, coleoptera, and especially intestinal worms that seize on the infant in the cradle, and often adhere to man through life, quitting him only in the grave, where they hand him over to other worms. Indeed, M. Raspail ascribes the "parasitism of the infinitely small" as the cause of nine-tenths of our diseases. He finally ranks among aids to it, if not causes of illness, moral maladies—violent impressions, wounded affections, deceived hopes, disappointed ambition, weariness, and despair. Hereditary and constitutional diseases he seems determined to ignore, and is even silent as to the diseases of deformity and defective organization. Their causes are perhaps self-evident.

Now, having told us why we are ill, the author proceeds to tell us how we can keep well. Short and sententious are his hygiène precepts. You are to choose a dwelling exposed to the sun, but sheltered from the noxious emanations of swamps, ditches, and rivers, gasworks and factories. You are not to inhabit the kitchen-floor if you can help it. Let your dwelling-room be high, and look to any point of the compass but the north. Don't turn your bedroom into a work-room, library, or kitchen. Keep one window at least in it open all day. Do not place any thing in it that emits smells, agreeable or otherwise. Banish even flowers; they evolve suffocating gases. The walls should be painted; or papered with a good sound paper, pasted down firmly with size, scented over the fire with black pepper, aloes, or garlic (!), which M. Raspail terms the "camphor of the poor." Have no paintings on the walls, no hangings to the bed. Sleep on a hard mattress. Have no furniture in your bedroom but the bed, a wash-hand stand, and two chairs. Very healthy all these arrangements, no doubt, M. Raspail, but exceedingly ugly.

Stop the chinks between badly-joined boards with a paste of flour, pounded pepper, pounded aloes, plaster, and clay. By these means you will avoid draughts, need no vermin annihilator, and be enabled to set rats, mice, bugs, and fleas, at defiance. Rats and mice abhor aloes;

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rat's-bane they don't much care for, especially if they can get a sufficient quantity of water to drink afterward. Put black pepper in grains, and small lumps of camphor, into the wool of your mattresses. Garnish the beds of infants of tender years with picked leaves of the wood fern. As an infant of tender years, I remember, myself, having had my bed garnished sometimes with the crumbs of French rolls, occasionally with the bristles of a hair-brush, cut up small, and on one occasion with a poker and a pair of tongs; but, beyond producing a sensible irritation or urtication of the epidermis, I am not prepared to state what sanitary benefits I derived therefrom. M. Raspail can at least quote tradition in support of his leafy system of garnishing, for did not the robin redbreasts cover the little children in the wood with leaves, and were not those infants of tender years?

Wash your bedsteads frequently with camphorated brandy. Keep chloride of lime constantly at hand. Have a fire in your bedroom from time to time, and burn some vinegar on a red-hot iron plate. Have your bed well aired every day. Change your body linen night and morning. Take a bath as often as ever you can. Never scour a floor; wax and dry-rub it. Let your clothes be made wide and easy. Gentlemen, leave off chimney-pot hats and all-round collars. The first press on the brow and chill the brain: the second impede the respiration. Ladies, don't wear stays. Nurses and mothers, never swaddle your babies. Tightness of dress is torture to an infant. When the weather is warm let your children roll and kick about naked in the open air: it will make them healthy and strong.

Now hear M. Raspail upon culinary hygiènics. Good cheer, he says, is one of the chief preservatives of health. Keep regular hours for your meals. Eat and drink in moderation; vary your dishes. Never force yourself to eat if you have no appetite. Rest yourself half an hour after each meal: then take some bodily exercise. Never use any other water for your drink or for culinary purposes than spring water and well-filtered river water. There are many diseases that arise entirely from the use of unwholesome water. Many epidemics might be traced to the abominable compound of dirt and putridity which the water-companies are permitted to palm on us. Never drink water out of a ditch or pool, if you can possibly help it. You may swallow unwittingly small leeches even. If you happen to live in a country where *goître* prevails endemically (which is caused by the use of water that has filtered through mercurial veins), put granulated tin into your cisterns and drinking vessels. The best bread for a hard-working man is made of a mixture of rye, barley, and wheat: fine wheaten bread is more adapted for men of sedentary occupations. A good savory potage (the French *pot-au-feu*, for which see Soyer) is one of the most nutritive and wholesome dishes, particularly for a weak stomach.

Hear Raspail on pickles, sauces, and condiments. If you can afford it, have always on your table by way of side-dishes, hams, sausages, anchovies, capers, green or black olives, marinades (pickled fish), tomato jelly, radishes, spiced mustard: in short, the best condiments you can afford; so that there may be a choice for various appetites. Do not listen to the tirades of the partisans of physiological doctrines, who, from an idle fear of increasing the gastric affections under which they labor, dread and eschew the very things that would cure them. Season your stews and ragouts with bay-leaves, thyme, tarragon, garlic, pepper, pimento, or cloves, according to circumstances. Flavor your cream or milk dishes with vanille, orange-flowers, or cinnamon. Roast your joints, always before an open fire: never have them baked. Legs and shoulders of mutton should be stuffed with garlic. A good salad is the most agreeable condiment, and the best promoter of a digestion fatigued by a long dinner. Wild and bitter endive make an excellent and wholesome salad. Put in plenty of oil, and (if your senses can bear it) rub the bowl with garlic.

A few more words on hygiène. Wear strong and solid boots in winter. Instead of an umbrella, which affords no real protection against the rain, carry a hooded cloak, made of light impermeable gauze, which, folded up, may fit into your waistcoat pocket. Ladies, instead of encumbering yourselves with a parasol, wear a light broad-brimmed straw hat. Eschew and denounce the use of spun-glass tissues and brocades, which, unhappily, are again coming into fashion. They are confusion. Their use was very properly abandoned during the eighteenth century, because it was found that the pulverulent particles of spun glass affected the lungs most seriously, and often even fatally. I can corroborate this statement of M. Raspail from a fact within my own knowledge. Some years ago the Mistress of the Robes of one of the principal metropolitan theatres, told me that an accomplished actress insisted upon wearing a dress of some newly-introduced spun-glass tissue or brocade in a Christmas piece. The dress was made in the wardrobe of the theatre; and, shortly afterward, half the workwomen who were employed upon it were laid up with sore fingers, whitlows, and severe coughs. Workmen employed in the preparation of colors or other substances into the composition of which mineral colors enter, wash your heads and hands, first in lye-water, afterward in soap-water, when leaving work, at meal-times or at night. Bird-stuffers, never use arsenical or murcurial preparations to protect the skins you stuff against the voracity of insects. It is fraught with the most pernicious and fatal consequences to yourselves and to the collectors and curators of museums of natural history. The desired object may be obtained as fully, and in a perfectly safe manner, by impregnating the internal surface of the skins with a solution of aloes and pepper, to be afterward sprinkled with powdered camphor. House-painters, discontinue the use

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of the arsenical compound known as Scheele's green: it is confusion. Substitute for it a green composed of iron and copper, which is cheaper, sanitary, and as beautiful in color. Housekeepers, have all your copper vessels tinned on the inside. Make all your pickles and preserves at home. Never boil halfpence with your Brussels sprouts to green them. It is destruction. Let your spoons and forks be of silver, of tin, or of tinned iron, but on no account of German silver, or of any other of the multinamed compositions pretending to imitate, or to be substitutes for, gold and silver. The art of preparing a substance that shall in every way replace gold and silver, remains as yet to be discovered. Keep your kitchens and dining-rooms scrupulously clean. A clean kitchen is, in nine-and-three-quarter cases out of ten, the criterion of a clean housewife and a happy household. Governors, prohibit the sale of arsenic absolutely: the prohibition ought also to extend to rat's-bane. Subject physicians' prescriptions of a dangerous nature to the control of a sanitary board; and make the apothecary who shall dispense a dangerous preparation equally responsible for the consequences with the physician who has prescribed it. For M. Raspail maintains that the materia medica of the old school contains not one agent of a deleterious or dangerous nature, of which the therapeutic effects may not be as fully and effectually produced by an innocuous substance. Tramps, gipsies, you that sleep in the open air, on the ground, in trees or haystacks, stuff your ears with cotton, or tie a bandage round your head. Otherwise you will have ear-ache and affections caused by the introduction of seeds, beards of grass, etc., into the auditory tube, the nasal chamber, or windpipe. Mothers, feed not your children upon sweets, biscuits, or mucilages. They feed not them, but ascarides, parasites instead. Give them, rather, sound condiments and wholesome pickles. Wise men and women, all look early upon life as a duty, upon death as an accident or a necessity. Guard against the suggestions of hatred and the aberrations of love. Avoid enervating pursuits and expensive pleasures. Rise in the morning as soon as you wake; go to bed at night as soon as you feel that it requires a strong effort of volition to keep your eyes open. Be angry as seldom as ever you can. Never go to law. Be economical, never avaricious. Work, wash, and pray. So shall you live to a good old age, and your death, at last, be but an extinction of vitality, without pain or suffering. Nay, the length of human life might equal the fabulous longevity of the inhabitants of the sea, if we had in every season a constant and invariable temperature around us. But we have not.

CORALIE.

IN one of the streets branching off to the right, as you go up the Champs Elysées toward the Barrière de l'Etoile, exists Madame Sévèré's Pensionnat for young ladies; a tall, white, imposing building, as befits its character and purpose. Almost conventual discipline is observed at Madame Sévèré's; the young ladies are supposed to know nothing of the gay doings in their neighborhood. But as they pace round and round the monotonous garden, their eyes being in no way amused, their youthful imaginations go wandering to an extent little dreamed of by their reverend directress or their reverend confessor.

Love, lovers, and weddings are, sad to say, the staple of the conversation of that nearly grown up pair of friends, whispering as they walk. They are in fact discussing their pretty under-teacher.

"Go away, my dear," says Miss Sixteen to Miss Twelve, who comes bounding up to her.

"But what are you two whispering about?" asks little Curiosity.

"Never mind, my dear," says Miss Importance, unconsciously imitating her own mamma's way of sending herself out of the room on the arrival of a confidential friend. "Go and play at Les Graces with Louise."

"And so, as I was saying," continues the oldest girl of the school, "Madame called her down to give her the letter; and you can't think how awfully she blushed. I am sure she knew the hand."

And now the confidante wonders if Mademoiselle can be really engaged, and who to? None of the masters, that's certain; for she never speaks to any of them, not even to Monsieur Ernest, the drawing-master, who has more than once hinted what a capital study Mademoiselle Fischer's head would make. The two girls think a great deal of this Monsieur Ernest. Schoolgirls generally do place a glory round the head of one or other of the gentlemen who have the honor of teaching them. A pretty young creature once owned herself to be desperately in love, as she called it, with her harp-master, a little elderly man in yellow slippers, who thoroughly despised her for her want of musical talent.

Coralie was tall, and had a commanding carriage; her large eyes were black, a velvet black, soft not sparkling, with clear depths into which it was pleasant to gaze; her complexion, of a rich brown; and her well-shaped head, a perfect marvel of glossy braids and plaits. An elegant and accomplished girl, she was nevertheless filling the situation of under-teacher in Madame Sévèré's school, with a salary of three hundred francs, or sixty dollars a year, for which she engaged to teach grammar, history, geography, writing, ciphering, and needle-work of every description, to about twenty pupils, whom she was expected never to lose sight of during the day (not even in their play hours), and moreover, being required every morning to brush the hair of this score of obstreperous school-girls. The half of Sunday once a fortnight was the only holiday Coralie was allowed during the half-year.

A terrible life this for a sensitive, well-edu-

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cated girl of twenty-two. However, Coralie had endured it unflinchingly for four years, and looked plump and rosy still. Coralie was waiting with all the faith of a pure heart for the return of her affianced husband. A year more, and he would be back; and as that thought rises, how she bows her blushing face, and lays her hand over her heart, as if the strong beats must be seen by some of the tiresome mother's cherubs round her chair.

Coralie was an orphan. Her father, a medical man, had died when the cholera was raging in Paris. He had been respected by his professional brethren, and, as a matter of course, beloved by his clientelle. What doctor is not? the family doctor, we mean.

Poor Dr. Fischer died, just as his prosperous days had set in, leaving a widow and a little girl to the tender mercies of the world. And the wind was tempered to these shorn lambs; some of the many kind hearts of Dr. Fischer's patients obtaining for the widow the right to sell tobacco and snuff, which enabled that poor lady to support herself, and have her Coralie educated.

When Coralie was seventeen, Eugene Peroud one day came to pay his respects to Madame Fischer. He called himself Coralie's uncle, being the son of Dr. Fischer's stepmother by her first marriage. Madame Fischer, therefore, called him mon frère, and Mademoiselle Coralie at the beginning said, mon oncle, very respectfully.

This state of things lasted but a very short time. Though there was abundance of reason for questioning the relationship, there was none at all for doubting that M. Peroud was very handsome, and only twenty-seven. The assumed uncleship allowed of unusual intimacy, and Coralie's young heart was irretrievably gone before she knew she had a heart to lose. Eugene left off petting her, and distressed her greatly by calling her Mademoiselle. Was he angry with her?

After various hesitations whether "to put it to the touch, to win or lose it all," Eugene made the mamma acquainted with the condition of his affections. A cabinet council of the confessor and one or two distant relations of the Fischer family was held, and then it was graciously announced to the anxious lover that his cause was won. Then it came out how very stupidly every one had acted in making Eugene into an uncle; for, though it was allowed on all hands that he was a mere pretense of an uncle, still the pretense was substantial enough for the confessor to declare that a dispensation in form must be obtained, before the marriage could be solemnized. The lovers were vexed and provoked; but it must be owned, that as they met daily to talk over their plans and provocations, time did not hang long on their hands.

As it always happens, no sooner is a marriage decided on, than a host of difficulties show their hydra heads in the paths to its realization. The spiritual maternal affection of the Church of Rome, produced number one; and the temporal maternal affection of Madame Fischer, number two; and the bridegroom's love of his profession, number three. But Coralie was a girl in a thousand, without any selfishness in her love; at least, if there were a slight dash of it, it was a selfishness for two. The case was this, Eugene Peroud, though of a good bourgeois family, was, at the time we are writing of, only a sergeant in one of the regiments of the line. It is a common practice in France for young men, very respectably connected, to enter the army as privates, and to work their way up to a commission. Now Eugene, besides having every reason to expect his promotion within a reasonable time, had a life-rent of a thousand francs a year —about two hundred dollars—and so Coralie considered she was making so rich a marriage for a girl without a sou of dowry, that she might be suspected of interested motives. Like many other mammas, Madame Fischer was of a precisely opposite opinion to her daughter. She thought that Coralie was throwing herself away.

"I have yielded to my child's feelings," said Madame Fischer, with dignified emphasis, "and the least I think I have a right to expect in return is, that the man for whom that child sacrifices so much, should willingly give up his ambitious views to devote himself to domestic felicity."

"And how are we to live?" asked Eugene, in a half-penitent, humble tone.

"As we have hitherto done," said the lady, in the same tone of injured worth. "I have duly reflected on the plan I now propose, and to carry it out I shall make application to have my license transferred to my daughter. Eugene looked aghast. "As for me—" here Madame Fischer paused, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes—"I shall not long be a trouble or burden to any one." Eugene laughed out at this assertion, while Coralie exclaimed—

"Oh, mamma! how can you say such unkind words to your poor little Coralie. Trouble! burden! Oh, mamma! and when you have done so much for me; for us." Then forcing back the tears filling her eyes, she smiled, and lifting off her mother's pretty little cap, gave to view Madame Fischer's profusion of glorious black hair. Tenderly smoothing, and kissing the black braids, she said: "No, not one tiny, tiny silver line to be seen; look Eugene, is there? and mamma talking as if she were eighty."

"Foolish child," replied Madame Fischer, replacing the cap and its coquelicôt ribbons. "What can my hair have to do with Eugene's giving up the army?" Coralie shook her head, and looked as if it had, but only said: "No, no, we will have no giving up of any thing. Time enough when Eugene is bald and gray-headed for him to sell tobacco and snuff; and who knows, mamma," continued the brave girl, "but Eugene may live to be a general. Wouldn't you like to see me a general's wife, mamma, a grande dame, and going to Court," and Coralie held up her head, and courtesied gracefully,

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coaxing the mamma not to say again that Eugene's love for his profession was no great proof of his love for his betrothed.

The day came at last, when there was no longer any time for discussing the matter. It had been supposed that the regiment, only lately returned from foreign service, would remain at home for some months. Now, however, it was suddenly ordered to Algiers. Passionately as Eugene desired military distinction, as he now saw all Coralie's unselfish devotion he felt almost inclined to relinquish every ambitious hope for her dear sake.

"You must go, Eugene," she said, when he expressed some feeling of this kind. "You must go—we have delayed too long for any other decision now. My brave Eugene, as brave as Bayard himself, must be, like him, not only sans peur, but sans reproche. I could not love Eugene as I do, mother," turning to Madame Fischer, who was murmuring some opposition, "if I said otherwise."

"Wounded? maimed? did you say? Ah! well, so that he comes back, I will be his crutch, *bâton de sa viellesse*," and she pressed her lover's strong arm on hers, flushing over brow and bosom with the effort to subdue natural yearnings, natural fears. Catching up a terrible word whispered by the mother, she flung her arms round his neck, crying, "No, no, he will not die—he can not die; but, even so, it is a soldier's duty to die for his country, and Eugene will do his duty, and Coralie will do hers." Poor heart, how it quivered, and how the tongue faltered, as it spoke these brave words. No one knew the hard victory over self Coralie had won. She herself only realized it when the fight was over, and she was left to long days of alternate anxiety and hope.

Madame Fischer had prophesied more truly of herself than she had intended. After what seemed a mere cold, she almost suddenly died. The reversion of her license had only been talked about, and not secured, so Coralie, at eighteen, found herself alone in Paris, her whole dependence a few, very few francs, which the poor mother had pinched herself for years to lay by for her child's dôt.

The brave-hearted Coralie went at once to those ladies who had befriended her mother. She told them of her engagement—she was very proud of being the promised wife of Eugene Peroud. She knew how willingly he would have given her his thousand francs a year, but she would rather try and support herself, until she actually became his wife. Her mother's savings Coralie wished laid aside, to be used as that dear lost one had meant.

The ladies applied to their nieces or daughters, at Madame Sévèré's, and through their exertions Coralie was received as *sous-maitresse*. For four years had Coralie brushed hair, picked out misshapen stitches, heard unlearned lessons stammered through, and corrected incorrigible exercises. A letter from Eugene sufficed to cover all her head and heart weariness. What a delight the first letter had been—she peered at every word, till she learned the trick of every letter, how he crossed his t's and dotted his i's—the handwriting, indeed, seemed to her different from all other handwritings. Countless were the times the thin paper was unfolded, to make sure that he had really put that fond word where she thought, and carefully was it refolded, and not parted with night nor day, until another and another no less dear followed, each in turn usurping its predecessor's throne. At last she received the long-looked-for news; Eugene had won his epaulets in open fight, and been noticed by the Prince himself. How Coralie cried for joy, and how Madame Sévèré scolded her for having flushed cheeks!

Time went steadily on, hurrying himself for no one, and now Eugene writes of his return in another year as certain. A year! Who, after thirty, says with heartfelt confidence, only another year, and then! This certainty of soon having a husband's protection, softened to Coralie the annoyance of leaving Madame Sévèré. Not that Coralie had any affection for that prim uncensurable lady; but she would have borne almost any thing to be permitted the shelter of a respectable roof till Eugene came to claim her. Why Madame Sévèré had such an antipathy to the handsome, healthy, smiling girl, courageous and independent in her nearly menial situation, let moralists explain. Too independent, perhaps, was the under-teacher, with not a scrap of that twining and clinging of parasite plants, which, whether he will or no, embrace and hold fast the rugged, knotty oak until they make him subservient to their support.

Coralie had proved her courage by remaining so many years a drudge for Madame Sévèré, but the proud spirit could not brook the chance of being discharged as an ill-behaved servant, and Madame Sévèré had not been sparing in hints that she must either resign, or be dismissed.

So Mademoiselle Fischer left the pensionnat for young ladies, and by the advice of Madame Ferey, one of those who had shown most interest in her at the time of her mother's death, she resolved to try what she could make of a day-school for children, rather than run the risk of encountering another Madame Sévèré. There was no time for much pondering: the poor can not afford the luxury of hesitation; so Coralie at once hired a couple of rooms in one of the small streets running into the Rue St. Honoré—a neighborhood abounding in small shops and populous with small children. To furnish these rooms, sorely against her wishes, our young schoolmistress had to expend her mother's savings. Coralie had no morbid sensibility, but she sorrowed over this infringement of her dead mother's wishes as if that mother could have been pained by the deed. She listened thankfully to Madame Ferey, who said the furniture would be as good a dôt as the money, and tried to look satisfied: her judgment was convinced, but not her heart.

Madame Ferey went with her to the uphol-

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sterer's to choose the walnut-wood furniture—that object of ambition to young housekeepers. Madame Ferey says she shall never forget Coralie's face on that day, with its variations of sunshine and cloud; while the firm, well-poised figure, the impersonation of youthful vigor, contrasted so charmingly with the blushing, fluttered manner, which betrayed to her friend how constantly the thought of the absent one entered into the choice of one or other article. One chair, quite a large reading-chair, Coralie would have. Should it be covered? Oh, no! She would rather work a cover for it. "A piece of extravagance," said she to Madame Ferey, "but it will last all our lives, and Eugene ought to have one. Don't you think so?" And all sorts of fairy visions were dancing before Coralie's eyes as she spoke.

Madame Ferey had taken up Coralie's interests in real earnest, and had, by dint of severe canvassing, procured several little scholars. It was agreed that the usual monthly charge of five francs should always be paid in advance. This considerate arrangement saved Coralie from running into debt at the beginning, and before the end of the first three months she was enjoying a great gale of prosperity. The mothers of her first pupils so boasted of her skill in teaching reading and writing, but, above all, of the wonderful stitches she taught their daughters, that her little school prospered beyond all her expectations. Coralie even thought she should soon need a larger room and an assistant; but she would wait now for Eugene's advice. Perhaps he might not like her to keep a school after they were married. In his last letter he had bid her write no more, for the regiment was under orders to return to France. He was sure to be with her shortly after his own letter. Every thing was ready for him, and it was wonderful what her industry and ingenuity had done for her humble apartment. She had worked a large rug, made the neatest and freshest of covers for the little sofa, while the famous great chair was a specimen of beautiful elaborate worsted-work, a paragon in its way. There were helmets and swords and banners flaming in charming confusion on the seat and broad back, in the centre of which last was a medallion with the interlaced initials E. and C. The pride of Coralie's heart, however, was the pretty pendule on the mantle-piece. The only drawback to her pleasure as she looked round her was the absence of the two vases with their bouquets which ought to have flanked the pendule. They had yet to be earned, and during the probation of this last month even Coralie's energy and spirit gave way. She could scarcely bear the sound of the little voices round her; she was hardly able to command patience enough to allot the work—to answer the never-ending questions about cotton and muslin, and leaves and holes, and worsteds and silks. She was nearly wild with impatience for the hour of release; but when it came, solitude appeared more insupportable to her than the hum and buzz and movement of the day. She could not command even one of those hopeful anticipations she had longed for the hour of quietness to enjoy—not one of her former bright visions of the future would come at her call. She grew fearful and superstitious, and waking or sleeping was pursued by a phantom dread—a dread she would not have clothed in words for empires—a shapeless dread that was withering her life, only to be guessed at by the sudden alteration in her looks. She grew pale and thin, and there came a stare in her sweet eyes, and an impatient hard sound in her voice.

The French are a kindly race, and the sympathies of all who knew Coralie were soon in full play. Heaven knows how every one was so well informed; but the milk-woman who brought the morning sous of milk let fall a drop or two over the measure, with a smiling "*Courage, mademoiselle, le bon temps viendra.*" The concierge and his wife were ready to lay violent hands on the postman's giberne; the shoe-black at the corner of the street made daily inquiries; and as for the épicier and his spouse, M. and Madame Bonnenuit, they could talk of nothing in their conjugal tête-à-têtes but Mademoiselle Coralie and her *officier fiancé*. They perseveringly studied a mutilated weathercock, which had long given up service, and by which they always predicted a fair wind from Algiers.

When Eugene's return might be expected any day, or even any hour, Coralie begged for a holiday—all occupation had, indeed, become impossible to her. The parents of her little flock were enthusiastically unanimous in their consent: "*Mais oui, mais oui, ma pauvre demoiselle; allons donc, ma chère bonne demoiselle; du courage, ça va finir bientôt, le bon temps viendra.*"

"*Le bon temps viendra!*" repeated Coralie, and this strong, lively girl would sit whole hours motionless, or move only to look at the hands of the pendule.

At last, one Sunday morning, Coralie awoke with an unusual feeling of cheerfulness; it was early spring, and a bright sun was shining merrily into the room, in defiance of her snow-white curtains—some caged lark near was singing his pretty matins—and, as Coralie opened her window, a soft air wooed her heated cheek. A few warm tears gathered in her eyes, her heart throbbed tempestuously, and then she felt a presentiment, she would scarcely own it to herself, that he would come that day. First, Coralie prayed, as she had not prayed for weeks—poor soul, was she trying to bribe Heaven? Then she dressed herself in her pretty new blue muslin, her hand shaking so she could scarcely fix the buckle of her band, she smoothed and smoothed her hair till it shone like satin, laced on her new brodequins, and finally drew forth a pair of cuffs and a collar she had embroidered and laid by in sweet anticipation of Eugene's return. "They will grow quite yellow," soliloquized she, dissembling her own motive, "if I let them lie longer in the drawer," and with sudden resolution she put them on. And then—

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why then, she knew not what to do with the long day, and sat down on her sofa in restless, yet happy listlessness.

About noon, there was a man's step on the stair—Coralie was not startled, not astonished, she had known it would be so, only she panted hard as it came nearer, and at last stopped at her door. She rose, but had no power to walk—a low tap—"*Entrez*," she said, in a soft voice, with her hand outstretched, as if she would have lifted the latch herself. A uniform appeared—Coralie sprang forward, and met a stranger—"Eugene, where is he?" cried the bewildered girl, retreating, and her eyes turning from the intruder strained as if seeking some one following in his rear.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," answered the visitor, "I have come by his wish. You, perhaps, know my name—Jean Rivarol—I was Eugene's comrade for many years."

"He has often written to me of you," returned she; "but you have expected to find him too soon—he is not yet come—but he will soon be here."

The young man leaned his hand on the back of a chair, turned a strange look at the excited speaker, and then cast his eyes on the ground.

"In truth," continued Coralie, "I thought it was he when you entered; and so," she added, after a moment's pause, with a sweet smile, "to speak truly, the sight of you was a disappointment, and I was, perhaps, ungracious to Eugene's best friend—forgive me! Think, I have been waiting for this day five years—five weary years!"

These last few words broke forth with a burst of long pent-up feeling. Then with more composure she asked,

"Where did you leave him?"

To this direct question, Rivarol, who was still standing in the middle of the room, murmured something like "on the road."

"He will be here to-day, then?"

"Not to-day, I think—I suppose—that is, as he is not here yet."

"To-morrow?" persisted Coralie; "morning or evening, do you think?"

"I can not tell," said Jean, evidently embarrassed, and looking very pale. "Pardon mademoiselle, my intrusion; I will take my leave."

Coralie thought he was hurt by the ungraciousness of her first reception.

"Nay," said she, gracefully, "you must look on this as Eugene's home. It will be his—ours, in a few days—and his friends will always be welcome. See," she went on, "there stands his arm-chair, I worked the cover myself; and, to tell you a secret, those slippers, and that smoking-cap are for him. While he, poor fellow, has been going through toil and danger, it would have been too bad if I had been idle. I think Eugene will be pleased with our modest home."

Rivarol threw a hasty glance round the room, which seemed to take in all and every thing it contained. "*Séjour fait pour le bonheur*"—(A home made for happiness)—he exclaimed. He was strongly moved, his voice was husky, and his color went and came. Fixing a look on Coralie's flushed, hopeful, expectant face, he rapidly uttered some words about pressing business, and with one hasty bow darted away.

"Monsieur, Monsieur!" screamed Coralie after him, on the stairs. She had some new question to put to him, as to in what exact place he had left Eugene, but Monsieur was already out of hearing.

"What a hurry he is in; I shall tell Eugene." And with this determination, the stranger vanished from her thoughts, which returned to their former train. Nevertheless, she had gathered one certainty, that her betrothed could not be with her before next day.

To-morrow! how long! And yet it felt like a relief. Anticipation long on the stretch, as the intensely-desired meeting nears, becomes somewhat akin to dread. So, the portress, who was always running up on one pretext or another, and other female neighbors also—all in remarkably high spirits—were told that M. Eugene could not arrive before the morrow.

The repeating this assurance constantly was Coralie's only conversation with her humble friends that day. Her heart was full of disquiet, and when alone she often muttered to herself some of Rivarol's speeches, harping on "*Séjour fait pour le bonheur*," or counting over her little treasures in a dazed sort of way."

On the Wednesday following, toward evening, as Madame Ferey and her daughter Pauline, one of Coralie's former pupils, were sitting together, talking pleasantly over Coralie's happy prospects, a ring came to the door of the apartment. Madame opened the door herself, and there stood a figure which for a few seconds she did not recognize. The shrunken height, the stoop which brought the shoulders forward like two points, the shawl which hung over them in a wretched dangle, the blanched cheek and lip, the sunken eye, the premature lines and angles of age—all bore the unmistakable impress of dire calamity and forlorn despair.

"*Chère Mademoiselle Coralie?*" at length burst from Madame Ferey, in a voice of sorrowing surprise. And taking her by the hand, she led her in silence to a seat by the fireside, and then folding one of the girl's hands in her own, she asked in a whisper, "What has happened?"

"Dead!" said Coralie, holding out a folded paper to Madame Ferey, and averting her face, as if the sight of it scorched her.

It was a most touching letter from Jean Rivarol, asking forgiveness for his courage having failed before the purpose of his visit to her on the preceding day. At sight of her he had not had the heart to speak; his tongue had refused to tell her the fatal tidings. Eugene had fallen in a skirmish for which he had volunteered only two days before the regiment embarked for France. Jean Rivarol had been by his side, and received his last instructions. He had carried his friend's body within the French lines,

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and given it Christian burial near Oran, putting up a rude cross bearing the name of Coralie's affianced husband, to mark the place where he lay, with a wreath of immortelles, to show that a friend had mourned over that distant grave.

God alone knew what the poor widowed heart went through, for Coralie wrestled with her first grief alone; no eye had been allowed to watch those death-throes of happiness. What can any one say to the bereaved, but "Lord, we beseech thee to have mercy?"

Good Madame Ferey and Pauline cried as if their hearts would break, but Coralie shed no tear. She sat in a listless attitude, her eyes fixed on vacancy, as if looking at and seeing only her own thoughts.

"And when did you get this terrible letter, my dear?" at length asked madame.

"I do not know—a long time ago—just when I was expecting him."

Madame Ferey looked up alarmed at this answer.

"I mean the day before yesterday," said Coralie, making an effort to collect her thoughts. "The day before yesterday—Monday. An age of grief has passed over me since then." And now, having broke silence, she went on talking: "I have lived in him—a love of so many, many years—it is very hard. I may say, no action of my life, however trifling, not even the gathering a flower, but was done with the thought of him in my heart. He was the rudder of my life. And so he will be still. For, Madame Ferey, I have thought and thought, and settled it all in my mind. I can not remain in Paris, to see ever around me all that I had prepared for his return—all I did for him; I should go mad."

Madame Ferey indeed began to fear she might, and concurred in the necessity of a removal.

"You feel that," said Coralie, eagerly; "you are a real friend."

"And where would you go?"

"To Oran." And then Coralie told her plan. It was a wild, adventurous scheme, particularly some years back.

But Madame Ferey made no objections, feeling it better to let the poor girl follow any decision she had come to for herself, and believing that the difficulties of carrying it into effect would give time for consideration. In taking this view, the kind lady underrated the firm will of her protégée.

Coralie's aim and ambition was to bring back Eugene's remains to France, and to lay them by the side of her mother in the cemetery of Montmartre. She had already made inquiries; it would cost three thousand francs.

"I can perhaps earn as much at Oran, and if not I can pray by his resting-place, and mark it better than by a wooden cross; and at last we will rest in the same grave, either in our native France or under the African soil where he fell. It little matters, so we are together."

That evening the wretched girl left Madame Ferey more calm than she had been since the fatal news. The discussing her project with a friend had given it reality. She had none to help her in her inquiries or preparations. She felt that she must be up and doing, and instead of indulging in natural grief, she roused herself to action. Many days passed in the arrangements necessary for her plan; then it was rumored among the scholars that Mademoiselle Fischer was going away ever so far, and would never keep a school again. There was a sale, and all the furniture and other precious possessions, so hardly earned—objects around which were twined so many tender thoughts and joyful hopes—were sold and scattered abroad. Every thing except the arm-chair which she still called his; that she begged Madame Ferey to keep, in case she ever returned. The slippers and cap she took with her. Grief—true grief, has strange vagaries. She bade every one adieu quietly, without having told any but Madame Ferey whither she was going. Some months elapsed, and then Madame Ferey received a letter dated from Oran. Coralie had made her way through difficulties and disagreeables of all kinds; but she was used to struggles, hardships, and self-reliance. She was now settled at Oran, and supporting herself as a day-governess among the families of the French officers. She was very kindly treated. Before leaving Paris, she had seen Rivarol again, and received all the information requisite to find out the spot sacred to her affections. Each morning, before the heat of an African day, and before the toil of her avocation begins, she walks beyond the walls of the town to kneel and pray by the side of a retired grave.

The native population by whose dwellings she passes, noticed this young Frenchwoman's diurnal pilgrimage, watched her steps, and discovered its object. It raised her high in their veneration.

One morning an old negro, himself a toiling servant to Arabs, awaited her coming, and presented her a nosegay with these words: "*Moi donner ces fleurs à vous car vous bonne*"—(Me give you these flowers because you good). Any traveler visiting Oran may easily find out our heroine. She was still toiling on in hope a few months ago.

RACHEL.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years ago the Burgomaster of the Swiss town of Arau, in the Canton of Aargau, carelessly noted down in his official records that a woman who went about peddling—*une femme qui colportait*—had just given birth to a child in the neighboring hamlet of Munf. The name of the parents was thought of too little consequence to be recorded at the time. The father was a poor Jewish peddler named Félix; the mother was Esther Haya, his wife; and that child who first saw the light in the lowly inn of this poor Swiss hamlet, was Elisabeth Rachel Félix, whom all the world now knows as "Rachel."

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For years the father and mother wandered about in Switzerland and Germany, pursuing a petty traffic in the thousand trifles that fill the pack of the Jewish peddler. Homeless, and without roof of their own, they bore about with them their ragged and hungry children—for Rachel was not their first-born.

It seems to be a fixed law that in civilized communities the homeless and desolate, sooner or later, gravitate toward the large cities, whether seeking to hide from observation in the solitude of a crowd, or drawn by the persuasion that where so many find means to live, there must be room for another. So in the course of time the Félix family made their way to Lyons.

Poor Esther Haya had a brave heart, and struggled nobly against her hard fortune. At Lyons she succeeded in setting up a little clothing shop. Here she sold or bartered her humble wares, while her husband gave occasional lessons in German, when pupils were to be had; and Sarah, the eldest of the children, went about the cafés singing ballads and songs, taking with her her little sister Rachel, to pass around among the tables and gather up the few sous which the wine-drinkers and domino-players were disposed to bestow, more as charity than in acknowledgment for the entertainment they had received from the singing of the child.

In 1830 the family made their way from Lyons to Paris, little dreaming of the brilliant fortune which was in store for them. For a while they lived in Paris much as they had done at Lyons. The children haunted the doors of the cafés; but Rachel was now old enough to bear her part in the songs, instead of merely gathering up the contributions; and at night they carried their scanty gains to the poor lodgings of their parents.

To the honor of Rachel be it said, that she has never sought to conceal her humble origin and the struggles of her childhood. Monsieur Eugène de Mirecourt, who has written a somewhat malicious memoir of the great tragedienne, relates a story, which we take the liberty of doubting. It is worth telling, however, as illustrative of the well-known fact, that Rachel glories in recounting the incidents of her early career, as Napoleon took a half-malicious pleasure in speaking to his brother emperors of the time when he was a corporal.

Rachel, says Monsieur de Mirecourt, was once paying an evening visit to her old friend, Madame S., when her eye fell upon a guitar, black and dingy with age.

"You don't care about keeping this old guitar, I am sure, my dear," said Rachel, her face lighting up with a sudden thought. "Will you make me a present of it?"

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure; and I shall be much obliged to you for helping me to get rid of a very ugly bit of furniture."

So the dingy old guitar, which seemed to have seen better days, was forthwith dispatched to Rachel's residence in the Rue Joubert. Here it was covered with a silken case, and duly installed in the place of honor over the mantle, in the boudoir of its new owner. Three days after—for Monsieur de Mirecourt is very scrupulous in the matter of dates—Rachel was visited in her boudoir by the Count Walewski, the son of the Great Napoleon, as all the world knows, who subsequently became the French Minister at the Court of St. James.

"*Misericorde!* what have we here?" asked the Count, inspecting through his glass the old guitar, which seemed strangely out of place in the boudoir of the great artiste.

"That," said Rachel, assuming an expression of deep feeling, "that is the guitar with which I—poor child that I was—used once to go singing about the streets, asking charity of the passers-by."

"Is it possible! I entreat you to give me this precious memento of your childhood. It's a treasure for me, for every body, for history."

"I preserve it as such. I would not part with it for fifty thousand francs."

Now it must be borne in mind that the veriest Shylock of her race is not more keenly alive to the value of money than is Rachel. Paris is full of stories illustrative of this. "She is not a Jewess—she's a perfect *Jew*," said some one who wished to give epigrammatic intensity to the expression of the general sentiment. When, therefore, Rachel declared that fifty thousand francs would not buy the old guitar, her admirer had good reason to suppose that she had special cause for cherishing it. He grew all the more eager to possess the precious relic.

"I must have it!" he exclaimed. "Cost what it may, I will have it."

"Oh, you are foolish."

"*Tenez*, Rachel, I'll give you in exchange for it that diamond bracelet and ruby necklace, which you asked of me the other day. You shall send for them this moment to the jeweler's. Is it a bargain?"

The cunning Count, as well as others, knew to his cost that Rachel had a perfect passion for jewelry, and was sure that the temptation would be stronger than even her affection for this memento of her childhood. And so it was.

"Ah, well," said Rachel, with a deep sigh of regret, "take the guitar."

A happy man was the Count in the possession of his historic prize, which he proudly displayed to all his friends. But his happiness was too great to last. Unluckily, it happened that Madame S—— was one day among the number to whom the Count displayed his treasure and recounted its touching history. Could human virtue be expected to keep so good a story a secret? The good lady burst out into exclamations of surprise, and revealed the real history of the guitar.

If the story be a true one, we can very well believe Monsieur de Mirecourt, that the son of Napoleon never forgave himself for being thus duped. It was certainly little to his credit as a diplomatist, and would not be likely to win the favor of his astute cousin the Emperor.

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One day when the two little Jewesses were singing in the streets, they attracted the attention of Etienne Choron, the founder of the *Institution Royale de Musique Religieuse*. He was especially struck by the magnificent voice which the little Rachel possessed even at that early age. He discerned the promise of her rare genius, and determined to bring her into his classes.

"What is your name, my child?" he asked.

"Elisabeth Rachel, Monsieur."

"Rachel! Ah, that savors of the Old Testament," soliloquized Choron. "That name will never do for a Christian singer."

"Well then, there's my other name Elisabeth," suggested the child.

"That's better, certainly. But there's no use of the *beth*. I shall put your name down on my list as Elisa. Come to my class tomorrow; and don't run about the streets any more. I'll take care of you."

In the course of a few weeks Choron perceived that the clear, sonorous voice of his little protégée fitted her for the stage rather than for the choir. He was, however, faithful to his promise to be her protector, and placed her under the instruction of Saint-Aulaire, who prepared pupils for the stage.

The wandering life which the child had led afforded little opportunity for education. She could scarcely read, and her new teacher was forced to begin with the very rudiments. For four years she remained under his charge, during which time he sedulously cultivated the rich but neglected field of her mind, and sowed the seeds which have since sprung up into so rich a harvest of fame and wealth. He taught her, as old Bows taught "the Fotheringay." Word by word, sentence by sentence, intonation by intonation, he taught her the rôles of Hermione, Iphigénie, and Marie Stuart.

There was a perpetual struggle between master and pupil. He saw that the bent of her genius was wholly tragic, while she, with strange perversity, insisted upon playing in comic parts. To this day, although all her great triumphs have been won in tragedy, she is never so well satisfied as when playing in comedy, in which she has never attained any marked success.

One day a girl of some fifteen years made her appearance in the office of Monsieur Védel, the Treasurer of the Théâtre Français, and begged him to come that evening to the Salle Molière, where an exhibition was to be given by the pupils of Saint-Aulaire, upon which occasion she was to make her début.

"What parts do you play, my child?" inquired Védel.

"The soubrette in the *Philosophe Marié*."

"Is that all?"

"No, Monsieur, I shall commence in the part of Hermione. But I am not good in that. Do you only come for the second piece."

Védel had noticed the expressive features and strong voice of the young débutante, and, notwithstanding her request to the contrary, determined to see her in the tragedy.

He went early to the Salle Molière. Having heard the first Act of Andromaque, he sprang up, rushed from the hall, called a cabriolet, dashed over the pavement to the Rue Richelieu, and laying violent hands upon Jouslin, the Director of the Comédie Française dragged him off to the Salle Molière.

"Do you see that little Jewess? She's a prodigy," said he, pointing to the stage.

The third Act of Andromaque had commenced. Jouslin burst out into exclamations of wonder. He had never heard the verse of the great poet pronounced with such grandeur. But when the Hermione of the tragedy appeared upon the stage as the soubrette in the *Philosophe Marié*, he leapt up in a rage, ran behind the scenes, and accosted Saint-Aulaire:

"Ah, what a fool you are!"

"How so?" asked the Professor.

"You're spoiling that child by letting her play that stupid rôle!"

"Certainly: I know that. But what's to be done? It's not so easy to make her obey. She's as obstinate as a Spanish mule."

"*Eh, corbleu!*" replied the Director, "tell Madame Félix to box her ears for her. She's not too old for that."

Then laughing at his own wrath, he requested the Professor to bring the child to him as soon as she was at liberty. Eliza soon made her appearance.

"Mademoiselle," said Jouslin, "would you like to enter the Conservatoire?"

"Oh, Monsieur!" she replied, "that is the great desire of my heart."

"You shall do so. And besides, I'll try and get for you an 'aid' of six hundred francs. But if you are ever in future so unlucky as to play the rôle of a soubrette, you'll have to do with the minister and myself."

This was on the 26th of October, 1836. The next day Elisa was admitted as a pupil in the Conservatoire, and placed under the instruction of Michelet. Unluckily for her, Jouslin was soon after dismissed from the directorship of the Comédie Française, and Védel who succeeded him was soon plunged into so many quarrels with the company that he quite forgot the aid promised to the poor child. Her family was as poor as ever, and two more daughters and a son had meanwhile been added to their number. Her talents must be turned to some account, and she played at some of the minor theatres.

It happened that Monsieur Poirson, the Director of the Gymnase, was one evening present at a representation at the Chantereine, and saw our young tragedienne in the rôle of Eriphile. For some time the rose-water vaudevilles of Scribe had failed to attract the public, and the Director of the Gymnase was looking about for some new attraction. He thought he had discovered it in the Eriphile of the Salle Chanteraine, and sent for her to his cabinet. She came accompanied by her father.

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"How much salary do you want, Mademoiselle? asked Poirson.

Her father answered for her, in his guttural Jewish-French:

"*Nous falons teux mille vrancs, gomme un liard* —Ve're vorth two thousand vrancs, so goot as von penny."

"You are worth more than that," replied the conscientious Director. "I'll give you three thousand, with an annual augmentation of a third more, if your daughter succeds at my theatre."

"*Drès pien! Che signe dout te suite!* Very goot! I sign right avay," exclaimed the father, enchanted with his good fortune.

"And now," continued Poirson, "we must see under what name Mademoiselle shall appear on the bills. I won't have that of Eliza, at any rate."

"Do you like my other name, Rachel, any better?" asked the girl. "Monsieur Choron made me lay that aside when I was his pupil."

"How stupid! My cook's name is Elisa. Rachel — that's lucky. Keep that name, and never give it up."

A new piece, fitted to display the talents of the débutante, was forthwith bespoke by the Gymnase. In three weeks the Vendéenne of Paul Duport was written and put in rehearsal. All the clap-traps of the press were employed to draw an audience to the first representation. The house was full; but the new piece was coldly received. Whether the fault was in the piece, the public, or herself, poor Rachel had not a shadow of success. Poirson was disheartened, and removed the play from the bills. Rachel was pronounced "a drag," and only the most trifling parts were henceforth assigned to her. In theatrical phrase, she was "planted."

She went to the Comédie Française, and desired to speak with Védel. He was engaged, and refused to see her. She wrote to him, but received no reply. Michelet, her instructor at the Conser toire, thought slightly of her talent, and would not aid her. Wearied and disheartened she presented herself as a suppliant to Provost, *Premier Comique* at the Théâtre Français. He surveyed her from head to foot for a moment, and then solemnly pronounced sentence:

"You're not tall enough for the stage, my dear. You should go and sell flowers on the Boulevards."

Rachel had her revenge upon the comedian a while after. One evening she had achieved a grand success at the Théâtre Français. It rained bouquets till the stage was like a flower garden. Gathering ten or a dozen of them in her robe, she offered them to Provost with a mocking courtesy:

"Will you buy my flowers, Monsieur? You know you advised me to go and sell bouquets."

"Come, come, Little Spiteful," replied the lively comedian, "embrace the false prophet, and don't bear malice."

The anecdotes told of Rachel are rarely of this pleasant character. One, however, belonging to her later years, is worthy of record: When she was about to leave St. Petersburg, where she had made a great sensation, a splendid dinner was given to her. Among the guests were many officers of the Russian army, who were, or affected to be, in high spirits at the impending hostilities. The sword would cut the Gordian knot which diplomacy had failed to untie. The forces of the Czar would again march upon Paris.

"*Au revoir*, Mademoiselle," said they to Rachel. "We shall be in Paris again before long, to applaud you, and drink your health in the good wines of France."

"Messieurs," replied Rachel, "France is not rich enough to give Champagne to her prisoners of war."

But these anecdotes belong to later years. In 1836 the forlorn little Jewess could have had little heart for lively *mots* and repartees. Repulsed and abandoned by all, she betook herself, as a last resort, to Samson, celebrated at once as an author, an actor, and a man of taste. He listened to Rachel, at first with compassion, then with admiration.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, after having heard her magnificent declamation. "If I only had your voice, what miracles I could perform."

"Then," said Rachel, "breathe your genius into my voice. Be my master."

Samson consented, and from that time undertook the direction of her studies. Hard experience had taught her to be more docile than she had been with Saint-Aulaire. She resolutely abandoned for the time being all thoughts of comic parts, and studied only great tragic parts. She gave herself up unreservedly to the direction of her instructor. It was indeed a marvelous voice into which Samson now breathed the inspiration of his genius. It was an instrument of boundless capacities, never failing to answer to the hand of the master who played upon it. Every modulation, every tone, of which he could only conceive, as the deaf old Beethoven conceived of his immortal harmonies, was produced clear, full, round, and unfailing by his pupil. He had fulfilled her request. His genius spoke through her lips. She was the echo, not of what he said, but of what he thought. What he conceived, she executed with an amplitude and magnificence that surpassed even his conceptions.

It would be unjust to imply that Rachel is or was a mere automaton, like the first love of Mr. Arthur Pendennis; but the keen Parisian critics discover, or affect to discover, in all her great parts indications of the training of her master. They say that she never fully comprehends the purport of her author until it is explained to her by Samson; that he must regulate her postures, her intonations, her movements, her gestures. Hence every representation of a character is the *fac-simile* of every other. Not a note is varied, not a posture is changed, not a gesture altered. The burst of fiery passion, the

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infinite wail of despair, the hiss of scorn and hate, have all been given in precisely the same manner time and time again, and always precisely as they were taught her by Samson.

Védel by-and-by gained a brief respite from his quarrels, and had leisure to remember his "prodigy" of the Salle Molière. He profited by the occasion to procure the release of Rachel from her engagement at the Gymnase, and attached her to the Théâtre Français, with a salary of four thousand francs for the first year. The bills soon after announced that Mademoiselle Rachel would appear as Camille in "Horace."

It was in the heart of summer. Paris was scorched by an almost tropical heat. Everybody had gone into the country. By *everybody* we must, of course, understand the world of fashion, literature, and art. But there were two or three exceptions to this universal *hegira*. One of these exceptions was the famous Doctor Véron of the *Constitutionnel*, the maker of every reputation—if we may trust his own account—that has been achieved in France for the last score of years. This literary and artistic Warwick chanced to have remained in Paris. We must allow him to tell, in his own way, the story of what resulted from this:

"On a beautiful summer evening, the 12th of June, 1838," says the Doctor, in his gossipping "Memoirs," "about 8 or 9 o'clock, I went to the Théâtre Français, in search of shade and solitude. In the orchestra there were four spectators, all told; I made a fifth. My regard was drawn toward the stage by a strange physiognomy, full of expression, with a prominent forehead, black eyes, hidden in their orbits, and full of fire. This rested upon a body slender indeed, but with a kind of grace in posture, movement, and attitude. A voice clear, sympathetic, and above all replete with intelligence, secured my attention, wearied as I was, and inclined to negligence rather than admiration. That strange physiognomy, that fiery eye, that slender body, that intelligent voice, was Mademoiselle Rachel. She was making her first appearance in Camille.

"The vivid and profound impression at once made upon me by the young tragedienne, awoke some confused recollections. By dint of questioning my memory, I recalled a singular physiognomy playing the Vendéenne at the Gymnase. Then again I remembered a young girl poorly clad, and with great shoes on her feet, whom I had seen in the corridor of some place of amusement or other. Somebody asked her what she was doing there; and to my great astonishment she replied in a counter-tenor voice, and with perfect seriousness. '*I am pursuing my studies.*' In Mademoiselle Rachel I recognized that regular physiognomy of the Gymnase, and that poorly-clad young girl who was *pursuing her studies*.

"Alas for those," moralizes the Doctor, "who, in regard to the arts, knew not how either to admire or abhor. Pictures, statues, monuments, singers, comedians, tragedians—male or female—for my own part I either abhor or admire them. The young Rachel had amazed me; her genius enraptured me. I could not do other than hurry off and lay hands upon my friend Merle, my associate in literary tastes and avocations, and compel him also to witness the début of her whom I already denominated 'my little prodigy.' '*That child*,' said I, '*when the three or four hundred clever souls who create public opinion in Paris have heard her and have passed judgment upon her, will be the glory and the fortune of the Comédie Française.*'"

So said the prophetic Doctor Véron, almost a score of years ago. Or rather so he now says that he said. But the Doctor was not the only notability who happened to have remained in Paris on that eventful 12th of June. Merle, as we have seen, was there; and so was a greater than Merle. Jules Janin, the prince of critics—who could have thought it possible?—had not gone to Dieppe; and by a wonderful chance, he too happened to be in the theatre. Truly says Schiller: "The gods never come singly."

While the enraptured Doctor was feasting his eyes upon his youthful prodigy, some one whispered to him that the great Jules Janin was in the green-room up stairs, stretched out at full length upon a sofa. He too had come to the theatre, probbaly in search of shade and solitude; but had not, like Véron, sought them in front of the footlights.

"Oh, Jove!" exclaimed the Doctor, darting up the stairs four steps at a stride, and dashing like a hurricane upon the lazy critic.

"Miserable man!" he gasped. "You are not in the salle."

"No. I detest the Russian steam-baths!"

"But don't you know what has happened?"

"Well, what has happened?"

"Duchesnois and Raucourt have come to life again."

"What have they done that for!"

"No blasphemy! Follow me!"

"Whither?"

"Into one of the boxes."

"*Misericorde!* And the heat!"

"No heat should be enough to keep you away!"

So saying the intrepid Doctor seized the great critic by the collar, dragged him off by main force, and planted him in a box, saying, as he pointed to the stage:

"Strike, but hear me!"

Jules heard, not the Doctor, but Rachel, and pardoned the violence that had been committed. Forthwith he published a critique upon Rachel in the *Débats;* the *Constitutionnel* was not silent; and thus, there, and then—unless Doctor Véron greatly over-estimates his own share in the matter—the fame and fortune of the tragedienne were secured. Only imagine what would have been the consequence had Véron not been impressed with the original idea of seeking shade and solitude in the theatre; or suppose Merle had chanced to have gone to Trouville, and Janin to Dieppe—as the chances

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were a hundred to one would have been the case. "What would have become of Rachel?" We may fancy that we hear the Doctor say, "Why, the two or three men who direct the four of five hundred clever souls who create public opinion in Paris would not have praised Rachel; the four or five hundred would not have heard her and have passed favorable judgment upon her; and the poor Jewess would have been pronounced 'a drag' at the Comédie Française, as she had been at the Gymnase!"

What a self-sufficient race the critics are. They perch themselves upon public opinion with an air as complacent as that of the fly upon the locomotive, who imagines that the train can not move without him.

Be the cause what it may, Rachel had no more failures. The critics, great and small, of course took all the credit to themselves. Rachel went to thank Jules Janin for his laudatory critiques; but she could not refrain from adding that she was now, in her triumph, the same that she had been when she failed, a year before, at the Gymnase. "I know that," responded the critic with a laugh, implying that it was the presence or absence of his favorable notice, and not the merit of the actress, that made all the difference between failure and success.

Rachel had now an opportunity of appearing in the characters of the classic tragedy which she had studied so long. Besides Camille she played, within a few months, Emilie in "Cinna," Hermione in "Andromaque," Eriphile in "Iphigénie en Aulide"—the part in which she had attracted the admiration of Poirson at the Salle Chanteraine—and Monime in "Mithridate." In all these she had met with unbounded success. The theatre was crowded nightly; no Doctor Véron would now seek for solitude in front of the footlights. In a single month she added a hundred thousand francs to the receipts of the treasury. The old members of the company grew jealous of the new favorite. Though they were temporary gainers by her success, they feared for the future. They complained that at the Comédie Française Comedy was crushed out by Tragedy, and every permanent interest sacrificed to a mere temporary whim on the part of the public. Rachel would soon become aware how indispensable she was, and there would be no end to her exactions. "She enriches us now, only to ruin us hereafter."

For one reason or another, the critics took part with the company. The favorite had not bore her honors meekly, and a dead set was made against her. Jules Janin "repented that he had *created* Rachel," as he profanely phrased it, and resolved to destroy her.

An occasion for attack soon presented itself. It was given out that Rachel was about to add another part to her rôles. This was Roxane in "Bajazet," which play was announced for November 23. This occasion was fixed upon for the grand attack. The small critics followed in the wake of the great ones. Rachel was prejudged. Hostilities commenced before the curtain rose: "You'll see a fine tumble," said one.—"Make her play Roxane! what an absurdity."—"That Védel hasn't a particle of brains!"—"She'll be detestable!"—"Atrocious, you should rather say!"—"She'll be hissed down!"—"We'll hiss her down!" Such were the prefatory remarks that passed from one conspirator to another.

Rachel appeared. She was coldly received. The applause to which she was accustomed, and which had cheered her on, was wanting. One whispered, another smiled, all seemed eager to annoy the poor child. The prophecy of failure almost worked out its own fulfillment. She was disconcerted, and failed to do full justice to herself.

"*Ah, pardieu!* you've made a pretty piece of business," cried Janin, triumphantly, to Védel, whom he perceived at a distance. "Carpentras, my dear fellow, Carpentras!"

The next day Rachel, all in tears, went to the great critic, and endeavored to appease him. It was all in vain.

"You won't listen to any thing. You will have your own way," he said. "You were miserable, and miserable you always will be in Roxane."

But the critics did not have it all their own way. Bajazet was announced for repetition. Rachel knew, this time, what she had to expect. The second representation was a complete triumph. At the third, the doors of the theatre were almost taken by storm; after that there could be no doubt of success, and the enemy gave up the contest. It was a hard fight, but Rachel came out conqueror. She was victorious all along the line. It was the Austerlitz of the she-Napoleon of the stage, which has as yet been followed by no Leipzig or Waterloo . . . . .

. . . . Thus much had been written in advance of the appearance of Rachel among us. We had endeavored to work out from the stories of pamphleteers and critics some clear idea of the personality of the woman whom all, whether they lauded or abused her, pronounced to be the most notable actress if not the greatest *artist* who ever trod the stage.

As we write, she has appeared in four characters which touch the extreme limits of her range of personations. That she achieved a triumphant success, in spite of obstacles which would seem insuperable, it is now too late to say otherwise than as recording a known and recognized fact.

All strong emotion naturally tends to express itself in a rhythmic form. Our English blank verse is hence an appropriate vehicle for tragedy. Our perception of fitness is not shocked at the measured flow of the speech of Hamlet, Othello, or Lady Macbeth. Had their words arranged themselves in a simple prosaic form, we should instinctively feel that something was wanting. The rhythmic tendency of deep passion or emotion is more universal than we are apt to suppose. In the impassioned scenes of our great novelists, the collocation of words and

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the flow of sentences is far more nearly allied to the blank verse of Shakspeare than to the prose of Swift or Cobbett.

In the French classic tragedy, this is carried to an unnatural excess. It might not appear incongruous that one should recite the passion of another in rhymed Alexandrines. But we can never avoid the sense of incongruity when we see two personages burning with rage, glowing with love, or tortured by remorse, spouting at each other in formal couplets, each of which is the exact pattern of all the others; the one dutifully completing the verse which the other has left unfinished at the close of his speech, even to the capping of the rhyme—all this, too, in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion.

No English actor, we venture to affirm, could hope to achieve fame in the rhyming tragedies of Nat. Lee or Dryden; yet it is by her large utterance of the long-drawn Alexandrines of Corneille and Racine that Rachel has produced a more profound sensation than actress ever produced before. Were there a French Shakspeare or an English Rachel what would the world not have seen?

We were first to see Rachel in Camille, the part in which her earliest great triumph was won. With exemplary fortitude, though not without yawning, the audience "assisted" at the long opening comedy. For a while those who knew no French found some interest in scanning the three sisters of Rachel. That buxom, rouged, voluptuous-looking woman of forty was Sarah, who with the little Rachel had once paced wearily through the streets of Lyons and Paris. But there was in her nothing that met their anticipations of the great tragedienne; and as little in the aspect of the clever Lia or the brisk little Dinah. The acting was certainly clever, but it was endured rather than enjoyed, even by those who understood the piece.

The curtain at length rose upon "Horace." Sabine and Julie, in blue and saffron tunics, discoursed through a long scene of the affairs of Rome and Alba. The books of the play told those who did not otherwise know it, when the scene drew to a close. A hush of anticipation crept over the auditory, for in another moment Rachel would enter. Vague, half-told rumors of a haughtiness overtopping that of Semiramis, of a profligacy deeper than that of Messalina, had been coupled with her name. It had been said that within her burned fires as unholy as those that consumed her own Phædra; that the debauched old French drama afforded no characters wicked enough to give scope to her powers, and that new ones of surpassing enormity had to be invented for her; and it was darkly whispered that she had but to look within her heart and act; that the death-scene in Adrienne was studied by the bedsides of the dying in the hospital, as Parrhasius painted his picture from a crucified slave. No one fully believed any of these tales; but these half-beliefs entered largely into the popular idea of Rachel. Men looked to see in her at least the original of the tremendous "Vashti" of Currer Bell—a creature of evil forces, with HELL graved on her haughty brow.

Every event eagerly anticipated, when it finally comes, seems a surprise. Before any one was fully aware, a figure draped in white, every fold falling with sculpture-like grace, stood almost in the centre of the stage. It filled the scene. The eye rested upon nothing else but Rachel. Where was the demon of the imagination? Where the possessed torn by seven devils? Not surely in that slender form; not in the lines of that strangely beautiful face; not in those flexible lips; not in those haunting supernatural eyes; not in those movements, the embodiment of all that is graceful and noble; not in the tones of that voice, burdened and thrilling with unutterable emotion. The revulsion was complete. Long before that woeful "*Hélas!*" which closes her first brief speech had been uttered, the triumph of Rachel was assured.

As the agony of the play evolved, she bore all in triumph with her. The gleam of hope excited by the remembrance of the oracular response:

> "——To Curiatius shalt thou be conjoined,
> And ne'er be severed by ill fate,"

died away from her face, and all was involved in deeper gloom. She stood the representative of the Roman woman, only regarded as the mother of the children of the state. The lying intent of the oracle becomes apparent; brother and lover go forth to mortal combat. When tidings are brought that her brothers are slain, and that her lover survives, the pathos of her exclamation, "*O mes frères!*" inspired every heart with a new sense of the capacities of the human voice to paint emotion. The triumph of presentation was achieved in the closing scenes, when crushed and overwhelmed by the loss of her lover she totters to the chair. Every nerve and sinew is racked to its utmost tension. Torture, agony, despair, writhe in every gesture. The unyielding Alexandrines of the poet are melted down in the fiery furnace of her woe, and seem to become, as they are gasped forth from her lips, the only fitting form in which her emotion could be uttered. The closing imprecation against Rome bursts out as free and reckless in its sweep as the wonderful curse upon Venice in Marino Faliero.

We can conceive no greater power of impersonation than that of Rachel in Camille. Every motion, every gesture, every posture, every tone, has been studied till it is reproduced with absolute perfection. Could she be frozen into marble at any moment, she would be a more perfect statue than sculptor ever chiseled. If she repeats herself in each representation, it is because she has attained absolute perfection, and any change would be for the worse. Yet in all this, we are gravely told she is but a puppet moved by the genius of another. If it were so it would be the greatest psychological wonder the world has ever beheld.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

PUBLIC attention during the month has been divided between the political preparations for the approaching elections and a very fatal disaster on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, near Burlington, New Jersey. The accident referred to, occurred on the 29th of August. The morning mail train, which left Philadelphia at ten o'clock, reached Burlington at a quarter after eleven, and waited ten minutes for the train due from New York. As this did not arrive, the other train went on for some three miles, when, the New York train being discovered, its engine was reversed and the Philadelphia train ran backward toward Burlington at a rapid rate. When near Burlington, a carriage driven by Dr. Heinakin drove upon the track by a road which crossed it, just in time to be struck by the first car of the backing train, which was thrown off the track, dragging three others with it. Three cars were utterly destroyed, and twenty-one persons were killed and a still larger number injured. A coroner's inquest was held upon the dead bodies, which resulted in the return of a verdict declaring that the principal cause of the disaster was the carelessness of Dr. Heinakin in driving his carriage upon the track, though the engineer is censured for not having blown his whistle while backing the train. The occurrence elicited very general comment throughout the country, and the Railroad Company is very severely censured for not constructing a double track upon a route where so much business is transacted.——A State election took place in Vermont on the first Tuesday of September, which resulted in the re-election of Governor Royce by a very large majority. He was the candidate of the Whigs and Republicans.

The cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, in Virginia, have been desolated by the yellow fever, which broke out about the middle of July and had swept away a very large proportion of the inhabitants of both places. At the latest accounts its violence was subsiding.——President Pierce visited the White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, on the 21st of August, where he was received by a Committee, at the head of which was Ex-President Tyler, who addressed the President, welcoming him to the State, and congratulating him on the prosperous condition of the country. The President, in reply, expressed his satisfaction at having been received by so highly distinguished a Committee, and said that, now that party feeling and prejudice had died away, all acknowledged that Mr. Tyler, while President, had been guided by patriotic motives, and had bravely carried out a wise and noble policy. He spoke at some length of the dangers which threaten the peace of the country, foremost among which, in his judgment, was a general want of deference to the authority of law.

A decision of the Supreme Court of the Second Judicial District of the State of New York has been pronounced upon the constitutionality of the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors. Two of the judges—Brown and Strong—agree in regarding the prohibitory clause as so far interfering with the right of property in liquors as to be unconstitutional, null, and void. They hold that property is entitled to protection—and that, too, without reference to the question of its greater or less utility. The law, by forbidding its sale, interferes with what is essential to the idea of property, and therefore violates rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Judge Brown went still farther, and pronounced each of the prominent features of the law open to the same objection. The third, Judge Rockwell, held, on the contrary, that as the primary object of the law was not to interfere with the right of property, but to prevent intemperance, pauperism, and crime, which is certainly a legitimate object of legislation, it is constitutional.

A portion of the Directors of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Submarine Telegraph Company left New York, with a number of invited guests, on the 7th of August, in the steamer *James Adger*, to lay down the telegraphic cable between Cape Ray and Cape North, a distance of sixty miles. The cable was made in England; and on the 24th one end of it was fastened on the shore at Cape Ray, and a steamer towed the bark *Sarah Bryant*, which had the cable on board, out to sea. The labor of paying it out was successfully prosecuted for over thirty hours; but at the end of that time a very heavy gale arose, which threatened the bark with destruction, broke two of the three copper wires of which the cable was composed, and rendered the situation of the vessel so exceedingly hazardous that no alternative was left but to cut the cable and abandon the undertaking. This was accordingly done, and forty miles of the cable were sunk in the sea. The company then returned to New York, where they arrived on the 5th of September. It is understood that the cable was insured; but the exercise of the utmost diligence will not suffice to replace it in less than a year. The enterprise was one of so much importance, and so creditable to the public spirit of the parties engaged in it, as to cause very general regret at the untoward accident by which it has been delayed.

From *Kansas* we have reports of very extraordinary action on the part of the Legislature, which, in bringing its session to a close, seemed resolved utterly to disfranchise those settlers who were in favor of making Kansas a free State, or to deprive them of all practical power. An act had been passed admitting the Shawnee Indians to the rights of citizenship. The county courts, all of which are in the hands of slaveholders, have the appointment of all election officers. Another act gives the right of voting to any man without regard to residence, on payment of one dollar and the taking of certain oaths—which are to support the Kansas Bill and enforce the Fugitive Slave Law. Daniel Woodson, the Secretary of the Territory, succeeded to the duties of the Governor upon Reeder's removal. Laws have been passed forbidding teaching negroes to read, and also forbidding religious meetings of negroes unless a sheriff, constable, or county justice shall be present. Another law forbids any person who is conscientiously opposed to holding slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold slaves in the Territory, from acting as a juror in any case connected with slavery; and still another prescribes the penalty of *death* for inciting rebellion among the slaves, by speaking, writing, or printing; or for enticing or assisting any slave to escape from his master. It has also been determined that all the County and State officers shall be appointed by the present Legislature for six years.——President Pierce has removed from office Rush Elmore, one of the Judges of the Territory, on charge of having been

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engaged in land speculations similar to those alleged against Reeder. Judge Elmore protests against this act as transcending the President's power, and says he shall resist it through the courts of the country. There have been several cases of lynching persons on suspicion of holding anti-slavery sentiments. A large Convention of settlers was held at Lawrence on the 14th of August, attended by over 600 persons, at which the condition of the Territory was taken into consideration. Resolutions were adopted declaring that they would utterly repudiate the action of the Legislature, which had been imposed upon them by the people of Missouri, and calling a Convention of representatives of the people of the Territory for the 5th of September.

A difficulty has arisen between the Government of the United States and Denmark, in regard to the payment of the dues hitherto levied on all vessels passing the Sound. The President, in April last, gave notice to the Danish Government that the treaty of commerce of 1826, by which the right to levy these dues, would be terminated at the expiration of a year—a right reserved by it to either party; and that the right would no longer be recognized by this country. The Danish Government, in reply to this notification, complains that so sudden a notice should be given, and that the termination of the treaty will deprive her of revenues which, in the present condition of Europe, she greatly needs.

From *California* our advices are to the 18th of August. Gold continued to be received in large quantities from the mines. Political movements in preparation for the approaching election were active, and the contest was likely to be very exciting. The American party had nominated J. Seeley Johnson for Governor: the struggle would be between him and Mr. Bigler, the Democratic candidate. Indian difficulties had been renewed in Yreka; several white men had been murdered, and six or eight Indians, suspected of belonging to the band by which various depredations had been committed, were captured and hung. In Amadot county a gang of Mexican robbers was pursued by Sheriff Phœnix in charge of a party of armed men, and was overtaken at Salvada. A fight ensued, in which the sheriff was killed. Nine of the outlaws were afterward captured and summarily executed. In Rancheria a party of Chilenos and Mexicans, on a predatory excursion, killed nine American men and one woman; and the next day they killed four Frenchmen on the Moquelumne river. Six of the gang were taken, tried, and hung.

In *New Mexico* Indian disturbances have measurably ceased, and the hostile tribes seemed desirous to come to terms. Treaties had been made with the Muscaleroes and Navajoes, and the Utahs and Jaccarillo-Apaches were anxious to enter into a treaty of peace and bury the tomahawk. A few days before the mail left, the Governor of the Territory, accompanied by the commander of the United States troops, had returned from Fort Defiance, where they were permitted to have a conference or "big talk," which resulted in a general treaty.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

From *Central America* we have later advices, from which it appears that the war between the contending factions rages in the interior of Nicaragua. On the 13th at Sance, twenty-four leagues from Leon, toward Segovia, a bloody battle was fought between the Government troops under Guardiola and the Democratic army under Munos, assisted by Alvarez, with forces from Honduras, which resulted in the complete defeat of Guardiola and the death of Munos.——On the 29th of August, Colonel Walker landed at San Juan del Sur with 56 men of his command, and 170 of the Democratic army under Mendez, leaving a reserve on his schooner of about 80 men. He was endeavoring to recruit from the California passengers with but little success. Colonel Kinney's party were still at San Juan del Norte. He has just concluded a contract for the Shepard grant of thirty-five millions of acres of land on the Mosquito Coast, and has sent an agent to Granada to get the grant confirmed by the Nicaraguan Government, and also to obtain permission to settle in Chontales. He is very sanguine of success. He has erected a frame building of two stories for a printing-office, and is to publish a paper soon, the materials having arrived on the English steamer of the 31st, with Consul Fabens and thirty men. Soon after his arrival he issued an address to the people of the United States announcing the success of his expedition, declaring that he had been cordially welcomed by the authorities in spite of the hostility excited against him by the Transit Company, and attributing to that Company and its desire to monopolize the country, and especially its commercial advantages, all the embarrassments he had encountered. He also alleges that the bombardment and destruction of Greytown was brought about by them, for the purpose of being enabled to put another government in power there more favorable to their views. A letter is published, in proof of this charge, from J. L. White, Esq., the agent of the Company, dated June 16, 1854, and addressed to J. W. Fabens, Esq., their commercial agent at Greytown, informing him that Captain Hollins was on his way to that place—that much discretion was given to Mr. Fabens, and that he hoped it would "not be so exercised as to show any mercy to the town or people." He adds, that "if the scoundrels are soundly punished, we can take possession and build it up as a business place, put in our own officers, transfer the jurisdiction, and you know the rest. It is of the last importance that the people of the town should be taught to fear us. Punishment will teach them, after which you must agree with them as to the organization of a new Government and the officers of it. Every thing now depends on you and Hollins. The latter is all right. He fully understands the outrage, and will not hesitate in enforcing reparation."

From *Buenos Ayres* we have news of a conspiracy to overthrow the Administration of President Obligado, which was discovered in time to prevent its execution. The leaders in this conspiracy were General Flores, a native of the city of Buenos Ayres, Colonel Largos, and Rosas, of Montevideo, a near relative of the celebrated General Rosas, of bloody notoriety. The plan of the conspiracy was to assassinate Governor Obligado and the Secretary of War, Mitre, as they were coming out of the Cathedral. This done, the artillery, which had been bought over by the conspirators, was to fire on the National Guard at the Cabildo, a large building within range of the fort, and where the Guards are stationed. The assassination of General Hornos, who is absent in the country to suppress the Indian invasion, was part of the plan.

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The conspiracy was revealed to the authorities by a sergeant whom the revolutionists had been trying to buy over to their cause. A few of the persons implicated in the affair have been arrested, but, as is usual in such cases, the most guilty ones have escaped.

From *Peru* we have intelligence of the meeting of the Convention summoned to frame a new Constitution in place of the one swept away by the late revolution. Its first act was to decree Castilla Provisional President, which will probably make him dictator, as he has command of the army and a potent voice in the enactment of all laws. He has proclaimed freedom of religious worship, but the power of the priesthood, it is believed, will be sufficient to defeat it. A case involving American rights lately arose at Callao, where Captain Adams, of the American ship *John Cummings*, had been arrested for shooting a mutinous sailor, by the Peruvian Government, which claimed jurisdiction of the case. The American Minister, Mr. Clay, interfered, and sent the frigate *Independence* to demand and enforce the release of the ship, which was speedily granted.

MEXICO.

The revolutionary movements in Mexico, of which our Record has made mention for several months back, has at last resulted in the overthrow of the Government and the exile of Santa Anna. It seems that in the city of Mexico various movements had indicated the possibility of such a proceeding, and the probability of Santa Anna's departure was freely canvassed in liberal circles. On the 9th of August he left the city with 1400 men, under the pretext of quelling the revolution in the State of Vera Cruz; but on reaching Perote he issued a proclamation depositing the Government in the hands of a triumvirate, and immediately departed for Vera Cruz, where he arrived on the night of the 15th. On the 17th he embarked on board a war steamer for Havana, and arrived there on the 24th. Two days after he took his departure for Caracas. The proclamation issued at Perote rehearsed the events which led to his abdication. He had obeyed the call of the nation, which found him in tranquil and contented private life, to put himself again at its head. The creation of absolute power had been the free act of the nation, and his own election to exercise it had been the spontaneous and almost the unanimous result of the authorities, as shown by the decree issued on the 17th of March, 1853. If the origin of power was to be sought in the will of the nation, as he acknowledged it to be, he had its sanction for his acts. He had exercised his power for the best interests of the country, and in order to leave no doubt as to the legitimacy of his authority, he had directed a popular election, which resulted, on the 2d of February last, in confirming his power and continuing his possession of it. This was the origin of his authority; it was thus that he was led to assume again the labors and the duties of official position; and in return he had received nothing but perfidies, calumnies, curses, and treason from the same persons who had proclaimed him the saviour of the country. He repelled the charge of usurpation; he had not resisted the will of the people; he had not violated the existing order of things; on the contrary, he had endeavored to consolidate that which had been established by the nation itself. But his continuance in power was made the pretext for an infamous rebellion which desolated towns, pillaged cities, destroyed private fortunes, and inflicted numberless calamities on the country. His enemies, for the sake of revenge, had associated themselves not only with filibusteros of the North, but with troops of the United States, who had crossed the frontier and been guided by unworthy Mexicans to assasinate soldiers of the republic. He had done all in his power to suppress these fearful demonstrations; he had convoked the Council of State, but the measures it had taken had only exasperated the rebels the more. They looked upon it as an indication of weakness on the part of the Government, and in Puebla, in Orizaba, and in the capital, had only become the more insolent and daring. Finding that his continuance in power was thus made the pretext for the commission of outrages destructive to the country, he had determined to resign it. He would remove their pretext for anarchy, and leave them to consult their own happiness and welfare. Being authorized to do so by the declaration of December 16, 1853, he conferred upon Vega, Salas, and Carrera, the provisional power to preserve public order and tranquillity, and to convoke the nation as soon as convenient to make a constitution according to its own will. He could not dissemble or conceal the fact that he forsaw excision, anarchy, dissolution, and the final loss of nationality.

After the departure of Santa Anna his ministers fled, and General Carrera was left in command of the troops in the capital. There were slight popular disturbances both in Mexico and in Vera Cruz, the houses of several prominent adherents of Santa Anna being attacked by the mob, and their contents destroyed. These ebullitions, however, were soon repressed. The troops pronounced for the plan of Ayutta, and the governors of the several provinces had been summoned to the capital, to unite in the formation of a new government. General Carrera was elected President *pro tempore*, a Congress was soon to be convoked, and order had been restored.

While these events were occurring in the capital, movements were taking place on the northern frontier, which, though ostensibly directed to the overthrow of Santa Anna, evidently look to the conquest and severance from Mexico of one or more of the northern provinces. A very formidable military force had been raised and organized in the United States, under command of Captain W. R. Henry, late of the Texan Volunteers, who had issued two proclamations, one to the people of Texas and the other to the people of Mexico. In the first he announces the purpose of himself and his companions "to engage in the revolution now existing in the Mexican republic to displace the far-famed Santa Anna, and establish a new republican form of government—a Government more favorable to the interests of Texas, enlightened in its views, and *with the final intention of extending the proud American eagle over its protection.*" He appeals to Texas in the strength of her revolutionary experience and example, and incites them by representing the bordering country of Mexico as the refuge of Indian marauders, who perpetrate crimes, robberies, and murders within Texas, which distress "all lovers of peace and order." It is on the interest of "peace and order" that Mexico is invaded. The proclamation to the Mexicans makes no allusion to annexation, but says that the only object of the expedition is to assist in overthrowing the tyrant Santa

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Anna, and re-establishing the Federal system of 1824, and that their only wish is to secure treaties by which the interests of both countries shall be protected, and which will allow the exchange of the products of the two countries without fear or molestation. Letters from the frontier state that at the latest dates a large force was assembling on the Leona river, and that the first party was soon to cross the Rio Grande.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament was prorogued on the 11th of August until the 23d of October. The Queen's speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. It expressed her satisfaction at finding that the progress of events has tended to cement more firmly that union which has so happily been established between her Government and that of her ally the Emperor of the French; and expressed the hope that an alliance founded on a sense of the general interests of Europe, and consolidated by good faith, will long survive the events which have given rise to it, and will contribute to the permanent well-being and prosperity of the two great nations whom it has linked in the bond of honorable friendship. The accession of the King of Sardinia to the alliance is spoken of as having been highly important to the common cause; thanks are returned for the authorization of the Turkish loan, and for the means of accepting the services of the volunteer militia; in regard to the leading measures of the session, the Queen says that the abolition of the duty on newspapers will tend to diffuse useful information among the poorer classes of her subjects. The principle of limited liability which has been judiciously applied to joint-stock associations will afford additional facilities for the employment of capital, and the improvements made in the laws which regulate friendly societies will encourage habits of industry and thrift among the laboring classes of the community. The belief is expressed that the measures for improving the constitutions of New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania, and for bestowing on the important and flourishing colonies of Australia extended powers of self-government, will assist the development of their great natural resources, and will promote the contentment and happiness of their inhabitants. The Queen has seen with deep regret that the efforts made by the allied Powers for the restoration of peace at Vienna were unsuccessful. Those endeavors having failed, no other course is left but to prosecute the war with all possible vigor, and her Majesty, relying upon the support of her Parliament, upon the manly spirit and patriotism of her people, upon the never-failing courage of her army and her navy, whose patience under suffering, and whose power of endurance her Majesty has witnessed with admiration, upon the steadfast fidelity of her allies, and above all, upon the justice of her cause, humbly puts her trust in the Almighty Disposer of Events for such an issue of the great contest in which she is engaged as may secure to Europe the blessings of a firm and lasting peace.

FRANCE.

The visit of the Queen of England to Paris has been the principal event of the month; it was attended with great *eclát*, and as a demonstration was perfectly successful. She left London on the 18th, and reached Paris the same day. The royal party were received at Boulogne by the Emperor in person, and were saluted on reaching Paris with salvos of artillery. A great variety of demonstrations had been provided for their amusement, and the popular enthusiasm of Paris had been roused to the highest pitch.——Eight men had been tried at Douai and found guilty of attempting to assassinate the Emperor of the French, by placing an infernal machine under the railway between Lisle and Calais, in September last. The machine consisted of an iron box filled with gunpowder, and connected with an electric machine in an adjoining field. The jury found two of the accused guilty; and the judge sentenced one to imprisonment for life, the other to five years' imprisonment. Three were acquitted, and three allowed judgment to go by default.——The Emperor's *fête*, on the 17th August, was celebrated this year with much less *eclát* than usual. The Emperor decided that the sum annually applied by the State to defray the expenses should be distributed among the families of soldiers killed in the Crimea: a third of the sum usually contributed by the municipality was diverted also to the same purpose.——The Orleans prison has just received as an inmate a female who pretends to be charged with a divine mission. She demands to be sent to the Crimea, and, like a new Joan of Arc, she says that she will take Sebastopol in a short space of time; but the days of faith are past, and before accomplishing her glorious projects she is first to answer to a charge of vagabondage.——A good deal of interest was excited in France by a trial of American, French, and English machines for cutting and gathering up corn, hay, etc., to be seen at the Exhibition, which took place recently at Trappes, Count de Gasparin presiding. A large number of persons were present. M. Dailly, on whose property the experiments took place, had a special tent erected, under which he hospitably entertained the members of the jury and other invited guests. There were nine machines on the ground—two French, four American, and three English. At a given signal they commenced their trial, which was to cut down 1738 square yards of oats. The American machine of M'Cormick completed its task in a masterly manner in 17 minutes; the second American machine took 23 minutes; and the third 24 minutes. The other machines took from 34 minutes to 1 hour and 20 minutes to perform their work. The next trial was to cut down and gather up a given quantity of lucerne, when the palm of victory again fell to the machine of M'Cormick.

THE WAR.

From the seat of war the news is not of stirring interest or importance. The most striking incident was an attempt of the Russians, who approached in a force of 50,000 or 60,000 men, under Liprandi, to attack the position of the French and Sardinians on the Tchernaya. The fight lasted three hours, and then the Russians gave way, with a loss, it is rudely estimated, of some thousands of men, leaving some hundreds of prisoners in the hands of the Allies. There had been a continued exchange of shots between the Allies and the Russians, and a fresh bombardment was announced to commence on the 17th of August. Of its result no report has yet been received.

In the Baltic, on the morning of the 9th of August, the mortars and gun-boats of the allied squadron opened upon Sweaborg, and the fire did not cease until the morning of the 11th. The dock-yard and arsenal buildings were destroyed; but so far as the accounts given enable us to judge, the fortifications themselves were not seriously injured.

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Literary Notices.

Japan as it Was and Is, by RICHARD HILDRETH. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) The title-page of this volume is embellished with the outlines of several fabulous monsters, after a style fashionable in Japan, where dragons are held in great repute, and introduced into the frontispieces of new works, perhaps, as Mr. Hildreth suggests, in hopes to frighten away the critics. But his book, certainly, stands in need of no such protection, nor any other but that of its own intrinsic merits. It will well sustain examination, and may bravely challenge criticism. Japan, in spite of its seclusion, according to Mr. Hildreth, has been the subject of more successful investigation than most of the countries of the East. It has been studied in a great variety of aspects, and the reports of intelligent travelers in regard to its character and customs fill many voluminous works. But the complete history of the Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch relations with the Japanese is not to be found elsewhere in English, nor in any single work of any language. The author has availed himself of the researches of numerous explorers, skimming the cream, or rather laboriously expressing the juices, from many works which are not of easy access to the general reader. From the huge folios of Kämpfer, particularly, before which "meek-eyed Patience folds her hands in despair," he has made copious extracts. He regards this quaint old writer as excelled by few travelers in picturesque power. His descriptions have the completeness and finish, and at the same time the naturalness and absence of all affectation, with much of the quiet humor characteristic of the best Dutch paintings.

The first allusion to the existence of Japan by any European writer is contained in the Oriental Travels of Marco Polo, written at about the close of the thirteenth century, while the author was detained as a prisoner of war at Genoa. He resided for seventeen years (from 1275 to 1292) at the court of Kubli Khan, who ruled for above thirty years over the most extensive empire in the history of the world. Marco Polo describes the expedition of this Emperor against Japan, and attempts to gloss over its failure with romantic and improbable incidents. With the exception of his brief account, nothing was heard in Europe of Japan until nearly the middle of the sixteenth century. About the the year 1542, it was visited by the Portuguese in the pursuit of commerce, who discovered much "gold, silver, and other riches therein." Soon after, the Catholic missionaries, under the direction of the celebrated Xavier, penetrated the islands, and for many years labored assiduously for the propagation of their faith. The prevailing religion of Japan, as in the whole of central and south-eastern Asia, was the Buddhist. The cardinal feature of this system was its recognition of sorrow as the inevitable condition of existence, and hence the desire of annihilation as the only refuge of the soul. In the practice of austerities and in the contempt of worldly pleasures, Xavier and his brother Jesuits found their match in the bonzes of the Buddhists. Many other resemblances were found between their religious system and that which the Catholics endeavored to introduce in its place. The priests, for example, were arranged in an elaborate hierarchy. Their sacred books and ritual were in a foreign language. Celibacy was enjoined as a condition of the highest perfection. Monasteries, nunneries, and mendicant orders were established institutions. External purity was supposed to conceal secret licentiousness. They observed frequent and painful fasts. Their worship was enlivened by the tinkling of bells, the sign of the cross, and imposing costumes. Religious processions and pilgrimages furnished impressive spectacles to the multitude. Their temples were spacious and magnificent—the roofs supported by columns of fragrant cedar. Altars smoking with incense, and perennial lamps, captivated the senses. The practice of confession, prayers for the dead, and the purchase of merits, were enjoined upon devotees. The only striking difference was in their images of gigantic size, which, however, resembled the images and pictures in Catholic churches, except in their monstrous dimensions. Devoted, however, as the Japanese were to superstitious observances, there was not wanting among them a sect of Rationalists, who regarded all the religious creeds and ceremonies of the country with secret incredulity and even inward contempt.

Upon its first discovery by the Europeans the domestic manners and customs of Japan were similar to those which have since been described by modern travelers. As a general rule, abstinence from animal food was encouraged by the religious tenets of Buddhism. The horse, the ox, the buffalo, the dog, and the cat, had been known from time immemorial; but the flesh of none of these animals was used as an article of diet. The Portuguese introduced the sheep and the goat, but the Japanese took no pains to multiply them. The hog was brought into the island by the Chinese; but the eating of that animal was confined to them and other foreigners. The deer, the hare, and the wild boar, were eaten by some sects, and certain wild birds by the poorer classes. Whales of a small species were taken near the coast, and were used as food, as were many other kinds of fish, the produce of the sea and rivers. Shell-fish, and some varieties of sea-weed, were also eaten in abundance.

The chief occupation of the people was agriculture. In this art they had attained considerable proficiency. They well understood the best artificial methods of enriching their lands. Their chief crops were rice, which furnished the staple article of food—barley for the horses and cattle—wheat, which they knew how to manufacture into nutritious vermicelli—and several kinds of peas and beans. They also cultivated a number of seeds for making oil, cotton, hemp, the white mulberry for silk-worm, and the paper mulberry for the manufacture of paper. The tea-plant is spoken of by one of the early Portuguese missionaries as "a certain herb called Chia, of which they put as much as a walnut shell may contain into a dish of porcelain, and drink it with hot water." From fermented rice they produce an exhilarating beverage, which, like wine in European countries, was consumed with almost universal relish. This liquor was also converted into vinegar, which was largely used in pickling various kinds of vegetables. The bamboo, the fir, and the cedar, were the woods of principal value.

As respects the character of the Japanese, the missionaries were struck with their sense of personal dignity, and the spirit of indifference with which they regarded the goods and evils of fortune.

Proceeding in strict chronological order, Mr.

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Hildreth presents a complete summary of the information which has been obtained from time to time concerning this singular people, down to the visit of the American fleet under Commodore Perry, and the negotiation of the commercial treaty with the United States. His book, we scarcely need say, is full of curious interest, and will at once take the rank of a standard authority on the subject of which it treats.

Christian Theism, by ROBERT ANCHOR THOMPSON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this volume was the successful competitor for the munificent prize of eighteen hundred pounds, appropriated, three quarters of a century since, by a gentleman of Aberdeen, to the best treatise on the existence of the Supreme Being. According to the conditions of the legacy, the competition was to take place every forty years, and this is the second time that the premium has been awarded since the establishment of the fund. The treatises (208 in number) were submitted to a competent committee, consisting of Baden Powell, Henry Rogers, and Isaac Taylor, who unanimously adjudged the first premium to the work now issued. With the lapse of forty years since the publication of the successful treatises on the first competition, the subject has assumed new aspects—fresh questions have come up for discussion—speculative inquiry has received novel developments—and the whole theme was to be presented in a different light from that of the usual popular authorities. Dr. Thompson has sagaciously comprehended the nature of his problems. He has carefully observed the progress of modern investigation. He has made himself familiar with the manifestations of recent skepticism. Hence his work is written, not for a past age, but for the present. It has the freshness of a contemporaneous production. It leads the reader, not into the dusty paths of antiquity, but into the virgin fields of the latest philosophy. The question which he considers, in the opinion of many enlightened thinkers, is not to be settled by any process of reasoning. They maintain that faith in the Deity is not left to repose on any such precarious foundation. It is the result, as they contend, either of an instinctive principle of our nature, or of a direct, primeval revelation. But it will always be a matter of attractive interest to examine the processes by which this sublime faith is fortified, and the difficulties of skepticism removed. In this treatise, Dr. Thompson first discusses the original principles of knowledge, and their misapplication in the systems of atheism and pantheism. Under this head he passes in survey the philosophy of Locke, Berkeley's Idealism, Hume's Skepticism, the Scottish School, Kant, and the earlier German systems. The various forms of atheism and pantheism are then submitted to a searching analysis. Proceeding next to the direct evidences of natural theism, the author treats of the Divine Will, the personality of God, and the revelation of his character in the aspirations of the soul, in the sense of the Beautiful and the Marvelous, in the benevolent Affections, and in the sense of Duty. The manifestations of God in nature are then stated in a series of masterly chapters. The last book is devoted to the Scriptural revelations of the Divine character, and the objections of modern theism. In the conduct of his argument Dr. Thompson makes no parade of logic, but addresses himself mainly to the common sense of his readers. His language is simple, vigorous, and free from scholastic technicalities. With a graceful command of the ample learning connected with his subject, he shows no trace of pedantry. Apart from its value as an able contribution to the evidences of religion, the volume will challenge the attention of scholars for its metaphysical acuteness, and for its illustrations of the progress of thought during the last half century.

The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans. (Published by D. Rice and A. N. Hart, Philadelphia.) Comprising biographical sketches of many of the most distinguished men in literature, science, politics, and in the military and naval professions, who have illustrated the genius of this country, with highly-finished portraits, in the best style of engraving on steel, this work is entitled to the patronage of every American citizen. The portraits are from authentic original paintings, and, as specimens of art, have been rarely, if ever, equaled in similar collections. No student of the political or literary history of this country but must delight to refresh his memory with these graphic representations of the eminent characters who have figured in its pages. The chief events of their lives, with an impartial estimate of their position and influence, are succinctly given, forming a series of attractive and informing narratives. The work is issued in four large volumes, and is equally well adapted for the library of the amateur and the table of the student.

Letters Æsthetic, Social, and Moral, written from Europe, Egypt, and Palestine, by THOMAS C. UPHAM. (Published by J. Griffin, Brunswick.) The pious, contemplative spirit of the author of these letters, gives his descriptions the character of religious musings rather than of traveling records. He looks at the grand panorama of objects presented by a European tour with the eye of a Christian philosopher. Not that he is blind to the passing facts which come under his notice—for many of his pictures have the merit of vividness and fidelity—but he is never limited to their outward features—they are always suggestive of a higher train of thought, and become associated in his mind with spiritual realities. His letters from Palestine, particularly, are inspired by a vein of lofty reflection, which can not fail to touch the sympathies of the religious reader.

Pictures of Europe framed in Ideas, by C. A. BARTOL. (Published by Crosby, Nichols, and Co.) The author of this work, an eminent clergyman in Boston, has marked out a similar course to that of Professor Upham, and instead of presenting to the world the familiar chronicle of a tourist's experience, has consecrated the events of travel to the purposes of moral suggestion and religious appeal. In abstaining from topics of popular excitement, he limits his audience to the intellectual, the cultivated, and the thoughtful; but he will doubtless find appreciative readers to admire the originality of his conceptions and the quaint beauty of his language. His work is constructed on an entirely novel plan. Instead of giving a consecutive history of his travels, according to the relations of place or time, the writer groups his impressions under certain general heads, observing the law of spiritual or philosophical association rather than of local or chronological succession. Thus, one chapter is devoted to mountains, another to rivers, and another to the sea; while a series of chapters treats of the church, society, country, mankind, destiny, and so forth, enabling the author to pre-

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sent his thoughts in clusters, instead of a narrative of isolated particulars. Mr. Bartol displays the fruits of ripe culture and accurate observation throughout his volume. The plan of it offers an almost irresistible temptation to the indulgence of sentimental or imaginative rhetoric, but he is preserved from venturing further than to the confines of this seductive field, by a certain homely common sense, which is a decided element in his mental composition.

The Annals of San Francisco, by FRANK SOULE, JOHN H. GIHON, and JAMES NISBET. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) The progress of California, which almost rivals the fables of romance in wonderful events, from its original discovery by the Spaniards to the present day, is related in this volume. A limited space is devoted to historical notices of the early settlement of the country, but they appear to have been carefully prepared, and are both valuable and interesting. Coming down to a more recent period, the Annals of San Francisco are detailed with great minuteness, including a complete picture of social and business life in that city, together with biographical sketches of several citizens who have taken a prominent part in its affairs. The full statistical information with which the volume abounds, gives it authority as a work of reference, while its striking illustrations of society and character, in the state of transition between an almost unqualified Ishmaelism and regularly organized institutions, open a new chapter in the history of human nature. The preparation of the volume in the form of annals impairs its interest as a continuous narrative, and at times almost bewilders the reader by the rapid whirl of events. It, however, fills a place which no contemporaneous work can occupy, and will be of indisputable service to the future historian as a collection of authentic materials. A large number of portraits, local sketches, and other engravings, increase the popular utility of the volume.

Life and Times of Rev. Elijah Hedding, D.D., by Rev. D. W. CLARK, D.D. (Published by Carlton and Phillips.) The subject of this memoir, for many years an eminent and beloved Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was a man of uncommon natural endowments, possessing a stalwart and commanding frame, an intellect of rare clearness and vigor, a powerful will tempered by peculiar gentleness of disposition, and a bold and energetic temperament, which qualified him for stations of trust and authority among his fellow-men. Born about three quarters of a century since, his career is identified with the establishment and progress of the Methodist persuasion in this country. This was the great mission of his life. With an almost unparalleled assiduity, he devoted himself to the fulfillment of its weighty responsibilities. Commencing his apostolic labors in an obscure position, he gradually rose to the possession of extensive influence, impressing the minds of men no less by his character and example in daily life, than by his exhortations and appeals from the pulpit. He was equally beloved in his social and domestic relations, and honored in his public and official capacity. The present volume furnishes an admirable tribute to his singular excellence. Rich in historical reminiscences, the narrative gives a lucid and instructive view of an important period in the annals of ecclesiastical development in the United States. It abounds in personal anecdotes and incidents, illustrative not only of Bishop Hedding's character, but of many interesting phases of American society. Few pieces of religious biography have been recently published that are entitled to a more cordial recognition, either on account of the eminence of their subject, the interest of their details, or the skill of their execution.

The Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D., by THOMAS JACKSON. (Published by Carlton and Phillips.) Robert Newton was a celebrated preacher among the English Methodists, filling a wide space in that ecclesiastical body by his indomitable activity, his eloquence in the pulpit, and his pure and glowing religious zeal. His long life was wholly devoted to promoting the spiritual good of mankind. Free from sectarian bitterness, and unused to the arts of the partisan, he cherished a devoted attachment to his own ecclesiastical order, of which, through a diversified career, he was one of the brightest and most effective supports. His visit to this country, in 1840, was an occasion of remarkable interest. He was received with cordiality, in fact, with great enthusiasm, by his American brethren. During the six weeks of his visit he traveled some two thousand miles, and preached or spoke at public meetings nearly one hundred times, everywhere producing an impression of great personal excellence and of rare gifts as a pulpit orator. His biography is related in this volume in a succinct but animated manner, and will prove a valuable addition to the record of good men's lives.

Of educational works during the past month, the most important is *The Mathematical Dictionary*, by CHARLES DAVIES and WILLIAM G. PECK (published by A. S. Barnes and Co.), containing an explanation of all the terms employed in the nomenclature of mathematics, and a condensed and popular view of the various branches of mathematical science. It will hold a place hitherto unoccupied in the scientific library. Showing great research, excellent judgment, and practical skill in its preparation, it is equally adapted to the wants of the professional student and the general reader. ——Phillips, Sampson, and Co. have published the second part of *The Standard Reader*, by EPES SARGENT, forming the fourth volume of the admirable series of school manuals by the same author.——D. Appleton and Co. announce *The Polyglot Reader*, by Professor ROEMER, consisting of a series of English extracts from eminent writers, with their translations into French, German, Spanish, and Italian. The plan has the merit of novelty, and, in the hands of judicious teachers, may serve a valuable purpose in the study of comparative philology.

Among the original novels recently issued is *Light and Darkness* (Appleton and Co.), a story of high-wrought passion, with considerable power of expression, but showing more familiarity with the approved models of fictitious composition than individual invention or constructive power.——*Olie; or, the Old West Room* (Mason Brothers), is the history of a child, written with almost an exaggeration of Wordsworthian simplicity, but with many passages of tenderness and pathos.——*The Hidden Path*, by MARION HARLAND (J. C. Derby), inculcates a fine moral lesson, illustrating the uses of cheerfulness and hope under untoward circumstances, by the delineation of an attractive example. Its style, for the most part, is in excellent taste, but without extraordinary power.

The Iroquois, by MINNIE MYRTLE (published by D. Appleton and Co.), is an enthusiastic portrait-

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ure of the bright side of Indian character. The writer brings the fruits of various learning and personal experience to the elucidation of the subject, and has embodied them in a readable and interesting narrative. A number of characteristic legends and anecdotes are interspersed in the volume, which is richly illustrated with appropriate engravings.

The Unholy Alliance, by WILLIAM B. DIX (published by C. B. Norton), is an earnest and eloquent polemic against the claims of the Allies in their conflict with Russia. Not without a strong tincture of partisan exaggeration, it forcibly presents what the author claims to be an American view of the War in the East.

Habits and Men, by DR. DORAN, is a volume of incoherent but often amusing gossip, about human costumes and their makers, reprinted from the English edition by Redfield.

Few publications of much interest or importance have appeared in England since our last report. The completion of Thackeray's "Newcomes," with its exquisite closing scenes of natural pathos, is almost *the* event of the month. "Brick and Marble Architecture in Italy in the Middle Ages," by Mr. Street, profusely illustrated, and "Paper and Paper-making, Ancient and Modern," by Richard Henry, with an Introduction by Dr. Croly, may be favorably mentioned as supplying considerable information on the subjects of which they treat. Dr. Arnott has published a work on "The Smokeless Fire-place," which is not the less readable because many of its details originated in this country. The Evidence lately taken before the House of Commons on the Adulteration of Food, Drink, and Drugs has been republished in a cheap form, and has frightened the Londoners nearly as much as Mr. Frederic Accum's lucubrations upon the same subject did thirty years ago. A translation of M. Guizot's recent biographical essay on "The Married Life of Rachel, Lady Russell," has appeared, and is well spoken of. New works of fiction by Mrs. Trollope, Lord William Lennox, Miss Julia Corner, and the author of "Charles Auchester," have also appeared

Frederick Tennyson, elder brother of the Laureate, has a volume of poems in the press. Browning announces two volumes of poetry. Alexander Smith, now settled for life as Secretary of the University of Edinburgh, has nearly completed a new drama.

Sir John Bowring, now Governor of Hong Kong, is preparing an account of his late successful mission to Siam, which appears as "Siam and the Siamese." Madame Ida Pfeiffer's "Second Journey round the World" (including her visit to the United States), is in the press. The essays and poetry contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* by "The Sketcher" (the Rev. John Eagles) are announced as forthcoming in one large volume. Disraeli is writing a novel, to be called "Bolingbroke." It will probably be rich in illustrations of the politics and literature of the reigns of Anne and George I.; "Travels in the Brazils," by Lieutenant Wilberforce; "Recollections of Thirty-three Years' Residence in Russia," by a German nobleman; "Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day," by M. About; and a new weekly "Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art," to appear early in November as *The Saturday Review*, are among the last announcements of forthcoming works.

The genius of Turner, the English artist, has again brought Mr. Ruskin, its champion and expositor, into his old field of criticism. Twelve drawings, representing the Harbors of England, executed in the prime of Turner's life and skill, are in Mr. Ruskin's hands for critical elucidation. The scenes are crowded with boats, as in Turner's "Coast Scenery," and the circumstance has supplied the commentator with an unworn and picturesque topic—the history of boat-building in relation to Art in all ages. The work, which is nearly completed, will be published during the present year.

The repeal of the newspaper stamp duty in the British Islands has not yet led to the expected permanent establishment of cheap daily journals. The experiment, tried in nearly all the principal cities and towns, has ended in failure, with few exceptions. *Diogenes*, which has been the apparently successful and low-priced rival of *Punch* for over two years, has ceased to exist. In its place a penny paper, called *The Comic Times*, has appeared. The new illustrated journal, *The People's Times*, is a cheap publication started by the *Illustrated London News* to prevent competition.

The fashion, or rather the fancy for autographs appears unabated in England. At the last reported sale, the assignment, by Addison and Steele, of a half share in the *Spectator* for £575, November 10, 1712, executed at the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, sold for $40; two letters by Swift each brought $13; a note, from William Cowper to Johnson, his publisher, was sold for $26; a letter from Frederick the Great, for $50; and the following note from Dr. Franklin, brought $8. It ran: "Mr. Strahan,—You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands! They are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends: you are now my enemy, and I am yours.—B. FRANKLIN."

Apropos of autographs. It appears that Mr. Monckton Milnes, the poetical Member of Parliament, has in his possession many unpublished notes of conversations with Dr. Johnson, written at the moment, on backs of letters. It is said "some are tinged with coarseness, but all are characteristic." A selection from these memoranda is about being published for private circulation. There has lately turned up, in New South Wales (behind an old press in one of the courts of law), a manuscript diary, commencing the 23d February, 1775. This diary was written by Dr. Thomas Campbell (called "Irish Campbell" in Boswell's work), who is known to have been in London early in 1775, where he met Johnson at Mr. Thrale's, and subsequently at other places, through the interference of Boswell. The diary, which has been republished in New South Wales, bears evident marks of accuracy, though much inferior in spirit to Boswell's. It records that Johnson, speaking of what *he* would do with the Americans, who had "revolted," declared that his first step would be to quarter the British army on the cities, and if any refused free quarters, he would pull down that person's house, if it was joined to other houses, but would burn it if it stood alone. He had proposed this, and other *mild* measures, in the pamphlet called "Taxation no Tyr-

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anny," which he had written for the British Government, but the Ministry, who supervised the manuscript, expunged them.

At a recent book sale in London, one of Caxton's books, printed in 1474, consisting of sixty-two pages, and entitled "The Game and Playe of the Chess," was sold for two hundred and forty-five dollars. In 1826, Lord Audley had given a little more than half that sum for this identical copy. At the same time, Mr. Vincent Figgins, the London type-founder, has reproduced, in black-letter cast by himself from Caxton's types, this "Game of Chess." He has engraved all the wood-cuts from tracings made from the copy of the book in the British Museum. The proceeds of the work are to be appropriated in aid of the Printers' Almshouses near London.

The disputed question of spontaneous combustion, which excited so much discussion when raised by Dickens in "Bleak House," has received assistance in the affirmative by a publication from Dr. Inman of London, in which he mentions the case of a man whose shoulder burst into flame, and who lived two days after, as well as that of persons in certain stages of consumption, whose breath has become phosphorescent.

Among the novelties of literature in London is a weekly Review in the Russian language, to be conducted by Alexander Herzen. In the opening number, contributions by Victor Hugo, Mazzini, Michelet, and Proudhon, were promised. Louis Blanc, who continues a resident in London, was to write for the second number, which would also contain unpublished poems by Poushkine and Lermentoff, which the censor at St. Petersburg had prohibited from being published in Russia. As may be judged from the names of the above writers, the Russian Review will not advocate the principles of the Czar.

A complete collection of the tales and romances of Hendrik Conscience, the Belgian novelist, only a few of which have yet appeared in English, has been commenced in London. Two new volumes, one containing "The Curse of the Village" and "The Happiness of being Rich," the other "The Miser" and "Ricketicketack," tales of modern Flemish life, have just been issued; and another volume, we hear, is in the press, and will shortly appear simultaneously in Antwerp, Paris, and London.

A new Biography of Handel, the composer, by M. Victor Schœlcher, is nearly ready. It will be enriched with a variety of new materials from the Handelian MSS. belonging to Queen Victoria. Among these is an entire oratorio, called "The Passion," the very existence of which has heretofore been unknown. It was probably written when Handel visited Italy.

The French Government has employed M. Alexandre Dumas to collect all the popular ballad poetry of the South of France.—A. Dumas, the younger, has produced a work of fiction called "A Woman's Romance" (*Le Roman d'une Femme*), in which he apparently emulates the sensuous character of Eugene Sue's writings.—George Sand has sold a number of unpublished (perhaps unwritten?) novels to the Libraire Nouvelle at Paris, the contract being that not less than 20,000 copies of each shall be published.—Victor Hugo's new poem, "Les Contemplations," will appear immediately.—The French Vice-consul at Suez has sent to the Louvre a papyrus manuscript, 2000 years old, of the 18th book of the Iliad.

From Germany the news is that Herr von Dingelstedt is about to write a History of the English Drama.—Herr Bodenstedt is busy with a new Epic.—Herr Emanuel von Geibel has a new volume of poems, mostly ballads, in the press.

The "Chants Historiques de la Flandre," from A.D. 400 to A.D. 1650, collected by Louis de Baecker, are very highly spoken of by foreign critics.

Among the novelties of foreign literature may be mentioned the appearance of a weekly newspaper in Cairo called "The Egyptian Spectator," printed in Italian.

If credence be given to a paper recently read before the Société Française de Photographie at Paris, M. Testud de Beauregard has succeeded in obtaining colored photographs by the agency of light.—At Manchester, in England, some curious microscopic portraits have lately been exhibited. One, of the size of a pin's head, when magnified several hundred times, was seen to contain a group of seven portraits of members of the artist's family, the likenesses being admirably distinct. Another, of still less size, represented a mural table in a church, and the miniature photograph covered only 1-900th part of a superficial inch, and contained 680 letters, every one of which could be distinctly seen by the aid of the microscope.

Mr. Henry Colburn, who had been a publisher in London nearly forty years, had died at the age of seventy-one. Commencing as keeper of the Circulating Library in Conduit Street, now and for a number of years in the hands of Messrs. Saunders and Otley, he established the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1814, as a rival to the *Monthly*, then in the hands of Sir Richard Phillips. Its first editor was Dr. John Watkins, a heavy compiler of numerous biographies. In 1820, Thomas Campbell the poet succeeded him, at a salary of £500 a year, and additional payment for contributions, and continued at the helm for ten years, after which time his successors were Bulwer, Hook, Hood, and Ainsworth. Last year the last named purchased the Magazine. Mr. Colburn was "the fashionable publisher" for a long time, and encouraged aristocratic writers by clever puffs and large prices. After a struggle of many years, this spurious system broke down; and among the crowd of good-family and titled authors brought forward by Mr. Colburn, perhaps Bulwer and James have alone maintained a high reputation. Mr. Colburn published astonishingly few first-class works. Evelyn's Memoirs and Pepys's Diary stand almost alone. A few of Lady Morgan's works may also deserve to be named perhaps. About three years ago Mr. Colburn retired from business, retaining a sole interest in his Magazine and a few other copyrights, among which the most valuable is Burke's Peerage, which is understood to have yielded a clear profit of £1500 for many years.

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Editor's Table.

THE POST-OFFICE is, in some respects, the most important department of the Federal Government. In time of peace, the interests committed to its charge are more extensive and more delicate than those regulated by the State, War, Navy, Interior, or Finance departments. Properly administered, it affords a greater amount of happiness to a greater number of persons than any, or perhaps all of these; inefficiently managed, it may inflict a far greater aggregate of injury.

Strictly speaking, the transmission of correspondence is not a national concern. The carrying of letters is not legitimately the office of a government, any more than the carrying of goods or passengers; it bears no analogy to the administration of the foreign policy of the nation, of the military or naval resources, of the public lands, or the finances. It was made a government monopoly in most European countries at a time when individual enterprise was inadequate to carry out undertakings on so great a scale as a system of posts extending over a whole kingdom, and was, in general, so used as to be a source of pecuniary profit and political power to the monarch. Introduced into America long before men had begun to question the policy of allowing the State to usurp so important a monopoly, it was handed down to us as one of the few useful institutions of colonial times, and became, under the direction of Benjamin Franklin, a department of the Government in the very first year of the republic. Such it has ever since continued to be. Were the reconstruction of the fabric of State imperatively forced on us, it may be a question whether it would be wise to follow the European example with regard to the Post-office. It has been contended, with great force, that in a nation organized on a purely democratic basis—and especially on the principle that the least possible power should be delegated to the State—the Government has no more right to monopolize the carriage of the mails than to usurp the exclusive use of the telegraph or the railways. And it has been confidently asserted that were the transmission of the mails now thrown open to competition among private individuals, greater celerity, security, and responsibility would be attained than the present system can ever insure. Still as, at present, the number of those who desire to see the Post-office taken out of the hands of the Government is so small as to be almost insignificant, it could serve no useful purpose to discuss the merits of the private mail system. Our Post-office—such as it is—is an established fact, and likely to remain so for some time. Instead of seeking to abolish, let us see if we can not mend it.

For, important, vital as are its functions, there is but one voice in all the country as to the necessity for Postal Reform. The newspapers in every State in the Union teem with complaints of letters lost and delayed. It is notorious that the mail does not travel with the speed required by the business community, or consistent with the facilities afforded by railroads and steamers. Equally certain it is that the proportion of letters lost is far greater than would be the case under a well-ordered system. There are but few business men in our large cities who can not testify, from personal experience, to this disgraceful fact. That the mails are robbed to a very large aggregate amount by persons employed in the several post-offices, there can be no rational doubt. Each successive Postmaster General has admitted the fact in his annual reports; and though, as they usually observe, the losses by depredation are inconsiderable in proportion to the amounts passing through the mails, they are still far more than the losers can spare, and very far more than Government agents should purloin. It is no doubt true that in many cases the Post-office bears the sins of dishonest porters and messengers, who steal the letters they are directed to mail. But many letters which have been stolen or lost have been mailed by persons on whom no suspicion could rest—as, for instance, by the writer in person. Post-office clerks have been convicted of robbing the mails. In fine, between thirty and forty thousand individuals in this country are placed in such a position that they may rob the mail without a certainty of detection; they are not chosen to fill that position from their superior integrity; it would be miraculous if there were not some rogues among them.

Let us see, first, what is the cause of mail delays, and how they can be remedied. "My only surprise," says Mr. Postmaster Campbell, in his last report, "is, that greater delays in the delivery of letters have not taken place." The cause he assigns is the defective schemes of distribution. This may require a word of explanation.

Previous to 1810, each postmaster forwarded the letters mailed in his office direct to their destination by the route which he considered the shortest. This plan answered well enough for the last century, at the close of which there were not 1000 post-offices in the country. But when the number of offices increased to 2300, as they did in 1810, direct transmission became almost impossible, from the want of adequate information among the postmasters as to routes. Mr. Gideon Granger, therefore, selected a certain number of central offices, which he designated distributing offices, and directed that all letters addressed to places out of the State in which they were mailed should be forwarded in bundles to these offices. His plan was to make two great divisions of letters. First, letters addressed to places within the State where mailed were to be forwarded directly to those places. Second, letters addressed to persons without the State were to be packed up in four parcels, labeled Northern, Eastern, Southern, and Western, and forwarded accordingly: at the first distributing office they met they were to be opened, redistributed, and readdressed to the distributing office for the State in which their place of destination was situate. That this plan was an improvement on the old one was probable enough, but its defects are apparent at a glance. The charge for distribution was seven per cent.; and as mails were distributed seldom less than twice, and occasionally as often as four times, the whole post-office revenue was consumed in commissions paid

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to postmasters for distribution. Moreover, the delays caused by frequent distributions were intolerable. After several fruitless attempts at reform, Mr. Charles A. Wickliffe abolished, in 1843, the plan of geographical distribution, and directed postmasters to mail all letters addressed to places "the location of which was known to them," direct to those places; letters for all other places being mailed to the nearest distributing office. The evils of this system soon became obvious. Letters wandered over the country in hopeless confusion, and distributions were hardly less frequent than before. In 1850 Mr. Hall enforced a better plan. This was to mail direct "all letters addressed to offices in the State where mailed, to distributing offices, to capitals of States and Territories, and to offices between which and the office of mailing no distributing office intervened;" in other cases, to mail "to the nearest distributing office *short of the place to which the letter is addressed.*" This method is still in use.

Its defects are obvious. In the first place, the postmaster at the office where a letter is mailed is not always sufficiently acquainted with the topography of the country to know which is "the nearest distribution office short of the place to which the letter is addressed." It may happen that the nearest office in miles is not the nearest in time. The place of destination may be, from the disposition of the local railroads or steamers, nearer in time than the distributing office. Our lines of internal communication alter daily; it would be impossible for every postmaster in the Union to acquaint himself with every new steamer that is placed on a route, or every new bit of railroad that is built. Again, the postmasters at the distributing offices do not always know the shortest cut to their dependent offices. Some distributing offices are the postal capitals of districts containing many hundred offices. To find out the shortest route to these, and to keep one's self *au courant* of the changes which are constantly taking place, is no light task—a task which many distributing officers are unwilling or unable to perform.

From these causes, as Mr. Campbell admits, mistakes, involving serious delays, must constantly occur. Under the present system, letters will constantly be mailed by ignorant postmasters from point to point on their route, and redistributed at each point, instead of being forwarded direct to the nearest distributing office.

The remedy proposed by the Postmaster General is to prepare new distribution schemes for each distributing office, and oblige postmasters to be guided by them. Obviously, the best plan of all would be to mail direct from every post-office in the country to every other. But as the number of offices now established exceeds 24,000—it was 23,925 last December—this appears impracticable. It may safely be assumed that, without a large increase in the number of distributing offices, the evils of the present system can not be removed. The second and third, and even fourth, distributions which now take place are due, not only to the ignorance of postmasters, but to the large number of subordinate offices depending on one distributing office. If these latter were multiplied to twice their present number; if a map and table, prepared by the department, were furnished to each postmaster, indicating at a glance the radius of each distributing office, and the names of all the minor offices dependent thereon; if, finally, once or twice a month, or oftener, all postmasters were notified of the establishment of all new offices, of the distributing offices with which they were connected, and of all alterations in the routes and means of conveyance, it does not seem that any delay need take place in the transmission of the mails. Until direct mailing can be established throughout the country, passengers will always travel faster than the mails, for the simple reason that letters require at least one distribution. But there need be no more than one, and it need not occupy over a very few hours.

It is almost hopeless to expect that in this country the mails can ever be transmitted with the same celerity as is secured in England. There, all railway companies are bound by their charters to convey the mails at such hours and with such speed as the Postmaster General may direct. All the chief mails accordingly leave the large cities between seven and ten P. M., travel at the highest rate of speed, and are calculated to reach their destination in time to be distributed before business hours in the morning. Here, on the contrary, the department has no more power over the railways than a private individual, and the consequence is, that many of the most important mails leave the large cities at the most inconvenient hour of the day, and travel at a slower rate than could be obtained on the various lines. In England, as in this country, the rate of remuneration to mail carriers is fixed by private agreement between the department and the carrier; but, there, in case of disagreement, the law provides that arbitrators may be called in, and the railway or steamer compelled to carry the mail for the sum awarded by them. No such law exists here. The highest compensation paid in England is $452 per mile per annum; here, the law declares that no more shall be paid than $300 per mile per annum; but means are found to evade it by allowing extra compensation for night, or coach service, etc., and a few railways obtain considerably more. The road across the Jerseys, from New York to New Brunswick and New Brunswick to Philadelphia—a remarkably fortunate road in every respect—obtains $449 and $463 50 per mile per annum. But the average cost is greater in England than here, being not less than 13 cents per mile traveled, while ours is only 11 cents 4 mills. It is needless to add, that the average speed is proportionately far greater there than here.

We will venture to hazard the assertion, that at some future day a consolidation of all the railway companies of the United States will be attempted, and may be carried into effect. Such a contingency offers the only reliable prospect of a satisfactory transmission of the mails. Until it is realized, the department will be always more or less at the mercy of the companies, and the public service will suffer. At present, all parties are dissatisfied, and no practical scheme of accommodation seems feasible. The postmaster complains that the companies seek to drive too hard a bargain with the department. The companies retort that they are carrying the mails at a loss. And the public, with more justice than either, protests against the slowness and irregularity with which the mails are carried.

The second count in the public indictment against the Post-office refers to the loss or robbery of letters containing money; and the question is, how can it be prevented in future?

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A preliminary and not unimportant inquiry in a consideration of this topic is, ought the post-office to undertake to carry money at all? It has been urged that the Post-office was established in order to provide "a suitable and convenient means of correspondence, and the diffusion of intelligence;" and that the conveyance of money, which is a branch of the banking or exchange business, does not legitimately fall within the scope of its purpose. With a certain class of strict constructionists this argument has had such weight, that they have set their faces against any such modification of the law as would facilitate or give security to the transmission of moneys by mail. They take the ground, that Congress did not establish the postal system to compete with bankers, and therefore, if people choose to employ the mail for a purpose for which it was not designed, they must do so at their own risk. This is the gist of their argument, though, for obvious reasons, it is not usually put in such plain English as this. It seems doubtful whether the objection will stand the test of examination. The carriage of money is undoubtedly a branch of the banking business, but not more so than the carriage of letters and newspapers is of the business of a common carrier. If Government may undertake the one, it may as well undertake the other likewise. In point of fact, in the origin, posts were established as much for the conveyance of money as for the carriage of letters. The first European post-carriers, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, were employed not only to carry but to collect moneys. All the old British statutes on the subject regard the conveyance of money as a legitimate branch of the postal business. And as our Post-office is in reality an offshoot from that of England, confirmed and amended by Congress, it does not appear logical to deny it the possession of powers which have always been inherent in the parent institution.

Admitting that it is the business of the Post-office to carry money, it follows, that means must be taken to render that branch of the department as safe as possible. Until last session of Congress, no distinction was drawn by the Post-office between letters containing money and those containing intelligence. All were thrust into one common bag. The postmaster knew how many letters the bag contained, but not their contents or character. It was not possible to trace a letter containing money, or to ascertain for a certainty whether it had ever been mailed or not. That robberies should have been common under such a system is not surprising, for it secured comparative impunity to the thief. Indeed, when the nature of the temptation, and the difficulty of detecting a theft are considered, the wonder is rather that any letters escaped than that some were stolen.

During last session, at the suggestion of Mr. Campbell, Congress passed an Act to authorize the registration of valuable letters. By this Act a person desirous of remitting money by mail, may have the letter containing it registered, on payment of a fee of five cents; in which case it is put into a separate bag, entered separately in the books of the office, forwarded with peculiar precautions, and only delivered to the recipient on his signing a receipt for it. It was expected by the Post-office Committee that this system would put an end to depredations, and obtain general favor with the community. To what extent the former expectation has been realized we can not state; certainly no complaints of the loss of registered letters have been made public; but it may roundly be asserted that the system is not popular, and is not likely to be. In the first place, rightly or wrongly, the public are not satisfied that it affords a much higher degree of protection than the old plan. Responsibility for lost letters is still expressly disclaimed by the department; and though the precautions adopted may render it much more difficult than formerly to purloin a letter, theft is still quite possible. Impunity is no longer secured by Act of Congress to Post-office thieves; but, after all, the public is still left to rely on the individual probity of the agents of the department. The system is still very far from that unquestionable security which ought to be the characteristic of a national institution. Moreover, the formalities required—the receipts, and so forth—are troublesome and onerous. Business men doubt whether, if the system were generally adopted, the extra tax imposed would defray the cost of the registration, separate entries, receipts, duplicates, etc., which the post-offices are required to make. At all events, say they, so very cumbrous a piece of mechanism ought to insure something more than approximative security.

The more the subject has been discussed the stronger has grown the impression, among the thinking portion of the community, that a trial should be made of the money order system. It has long been in use in England, France, Germany, and Russia, and in these countries has almost entirely superseded every other method for the transmission of small sums. In France, small country dealers know no other plan of remittance. In Russia and Germany, under more complex systems—which actually convert the post-offices into banking-houses, doing a large business in domestic exchanges—post-office orders are the common mode of transmitting large as well as small sums. In England the money order system was established by Rowland Hill, in 1838. To silence the opposition of the bankers, a rule was made limiting the amount of a money order to £5. For a money order of the value of £2 the charge was 3*d.*, or a trifle less than three-quarters per cent.; for less sums the charge was the same. For an order of £5 the charge was 6*d.*, or one-half per cent.; and between £5 and £2 the charge was the same. The business of the money order office, during the first quarter of its existence, amounted to nearly £50,000, and necessitated the employment of other clerks besides the three whom Rowland Hill had appointed. At the present time the amounts paid on money orders at the London office alone, average four millions of pounds annually, and the whole business of this branch of the department has amounted to fifteen millions in the year. Over three hundred clerks are employed. So vast is the quantity of paper consumed, that by reducing the size of the order from half to a quarter of a sheet, a late postmaster effected an economy of $5500 a year. In France the charge is higher, averaging five per cent. on the amount transmitted, in consequence of the preponderance of small remittances. But for this sum—to which a small stamp tax was added by the needy government of Louis Philippe—the safe arrival of the money is guaranteed by the department. The profits of this branch of the Paris office are very considerable.

Now, why should not a similar system be established here? Money is transmitted in this country from place to place by two distinct classes of per-

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sons—traders, who remit to each other in the course of commercial business; and private individuals, who remit in order to discharge private debts, or for some other purpose not commercial. The first class of remittances are usually large; the latter usually small. The former fall properly within the especial domain of the banking community. When Brown of Chicago desires to pay Smith in New York $5000 for dry goods bought of him; when Jones of Columbus seeks to take up his note for $10,000, falling due at the Merchant's Bank in this city; when Green of Wall Street has to pay Black of Oneida $3000 for flour bought of him, their plan is obviously to go to the established banks and transmit through them. For, all things being equal, the bankers, whose sole business it is to transmit and deal in money, are certain to be able to remit for a customer much cheaper than the Post-office could. It would be for the advantage neither of the department nor of the parties concerned, nor of the country at large, that this extensive branch of the trade in money should be a monpoly of the Government.

With the other class of remittances the case is different. They are usually such small amounts that the banks do not care to be troubled with them. Such are, for instance, remittances to publishers of newspapers and periodicals for subscriptions or advertisements; a remittance to Mr. Stewart of Broadway for a piece of lace or a silk dress which a young lady can not purchase at Louisville or Buffalo: a dollar or two to this or that retail dealer in a large city from a country customer who desires a particular article to be forwarded by express; a doctor or lawyer's fee; a loan or present from a thriving immigrant to his poor relations. In all these, and this class of cases generally, the amount is now usually forwarded in the shape of bank-notes inclosed in a letter. These are the amounts which are lost or stolen in the Post-office. There appears to be no reason why an attempt should not be made to provide for their transmission by money orders, which could not be stolen and turned into cash without a forgery difficult to execute and remarkably liable to detection.

It has been pretended by the opponents of the money order system that the great number of offices already established—over 24,000—would create inextricable confusion, if each were to begin to draw upon all the others. But it will be time enough to discuss this objection when the contingency it imagines becomes likely to occur. Common sense, as well as foreign experience, shows that, while there would be many drawing offices, the offices drawn upon would always be very few in number. In England and France four-fifths or more of the post-office orders are drawn upon half-a-dozen large cities in each. In France more than half are drawn on Paris. In England a third are drawn on London. It would be so here. Nine-tenths of the money orders, drawn in the country, would be forwarded to the large and seaboard cities. For the first year or two of a money order system, it is not likely that over twelve offices would have to perform a large disbursing business; and the operations would be of the simplest character.

Taking it for granted that merchants would not avail themselves of the scheme—as it would not be intended for them—it may be assumed that money orders would range on an average from $5 to $25. There would appear to be no reason for refusing to grant an order for twenty-five cents, or for five hundred dollars, if it were wanted; but the bulk of the orders would probably lie between the above limits. We have seen that the British charge is nearly ¾ per cent. for amounts less than $10, and ½ per cent. for those between $10 and $25; while the French rate is for small amounts, over 5 per cent., and diminishes in proportion to the amount of the order. Money is dearer here than in Europe, and commissions on its transmission are usually higher. It is probable, on a general average, that persons remitting bank-notes under the present system to the seaboard cities from the inland States or country towns lose 2 per cent. for discount. A tax of ten cents on a money order for $10 and any less sum, of fifteen cents on any sum between $10 and $25, and of ¾ per cent. for any larger sum would be cheerfully paid, and would handsomely remunerate the post-office. If on calculation it was found that the service could be performed for less, so much the better, but no one would consider these rates too high. A party obtaining a post-office order would of course be at liberty to register the letter in which it was inclosed, if he chose; but as the orders would be valueless without the indorsation of the recipient, the chances of their being stolen and cashed by means of a forged signature would obviously be too small to render such a precaution generally necessary.

This would be the crowning advantage of the system. Security, the first consideration in such matters, would be as nearly obtained as is possible. Furthermore, a severe temptation would be removed from the path of the post-office clerks and postmasters. This is a point to which too little attention has been paid. At present, large sums of money pass daily through the hands of individuals who are in receipt of a mere pittance for their services, and to whom the contents of a single letter would be a godsend. They know that if they steal, the chances are that they will escape detection. Some post-office clerks are so straitened in their circumstances that to resist such a temptation is absolutely heroic. Is it right, is it honorable for the government of this moral country to place thousands of citizens in so trying a position? In our homes we impose on ourselves the duty of guarding our dependents and our children against temptation; yet, collectively, we expose a large class of our fellow-citizens to the most cruel species of trial. Assuredly this ought not to be. If for no other reason, for the sake of the post-office clerks, for the poor fellows who work twelve hours a day and see their children lack the necessaries of life while they handle hundreds of dollars daily, let us try the money order system.

One word remains to be said. Improved schemes of distribution, better arrangements with railway companies, and money orders, may help to impart celerity and security to the mails; but they can not insure them without thorough efficiency on the part of the admistrators of the system. The most perfect organization is sure to be defeated by ignorance or carelessness in its instruments. Have we adopted the best plan for guarding against these fatal dangers, and for securing an intelligent and able post-office staff? Is electioneering activity a symptom of business capacity? Are stump speakers likely to be the best accountants? Are professional politicians usually good office men? What should we think of a merchant

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who made a point of discharging all his clerks and engaging raw hands once every four years? Could any private business be conducted on such a principle? Ask any experienced assistant postmaster at Washington, and he will tell you that, in his opinion, the chief defect of the postal system is the rule which confides its administration to thirty odd thousand new hands every four years. He will say that of these thirty odd thousand a very considerable proportion are not fit to conduct any business at all; that of the remainder, the bulk do not learn their duties thoroughly till close upon the time when their term of service expires. That hardly any among the number feel any zeal for the service. That they accept it from idleness, perform its duties reluctantly, and with ill-will. That every successive head of the department has abandoned the task of reform from sheer despair and disgust at the inefficiency of the army he hoped to discipline. And that—in plain language—the people of the United States must not expect to possess a well-ordered postal system until the patronage of the department ceases to be the reward of political services.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN we go to Europe we make pilgrimages to the tombs of kings and poets, and hear in the wind that sighs through the cypresses above their graves the song of as much wisdom as Hamlet found in the skull. But if the chief charm of the memory of the dead lies in the thought of their goodness, the village grave-yard, populous with a nameless throng, should inspire the most cheerful reflections. The poet Gray has fully yielded himself to this conviction in his Elegy. The lives of noted men are so luminous from the fixed attention of the world turned toward them, that the imagination can not expand in reveries of what they might have been. What they were is forced too strongly upon the mind. But over the grave of the village smith, or the village schoolmaster, or clergyman, it is easy to believe in great possibilities of virtue superior to most royal renowns, and to feel that "some mute, inglorious Milton," "some Hampden guiltless," or some humble Napoleon, lies unremembered beneath our feet. And from the hour of musing, though we bring away no poem so perfect that, like the Elegy, it shall make some general upon the eve of his triumph willing to relinquish all his glory if he might have written the verses, yet we may well bring away quieter hearts and firmer vows and the royal resolution of living nobly.

But if this is possible from the mere supposition of virtue, how much more so is it when no uncertain goodness serves for a text, but the grave of a man whose fame is as fixed as that of a king. Such a grave has been lately closed, and in it lies a man who was a good citizen and a generous friend: a man of such probity, and sweetness, and dignity of character, who so used his fortune as the steward of celestial bounty, and in all the changes of a various life was true to the good, honest instinct of a man, that the city in which he lived and died felt that, in losing him, it had lost one of the men who make cities tolerable, and keep fresh our faith in human nature.

In the papers of the *Spectator*, and occasionally in the literature of the last half of the last century, there is a character like Sir Roger de Coverley, or Sir Andrew Freeport, or Squire Allworthy, drawn with such tender reality that we have even more sympathy with them than with many of the more striking and brilliant figures of fiction. It is because there is nothing so intimate and lovely as the tranquil virtues—because humanity, and generosity, and fidelity to high principle, and the simple dignity of a clear conscience, are better than the more exciting displays of a rare and occasional height of thought and action. And these tranquil virtues blossom in peace and amidst peaceful pursuits. Tennyson decries a sham peace, and with justice. The hero of "Maud" protests with the ardor of passion against the mildew and canker of a stagnation which calls itself calm because it is not heaving, and which forgets that death is the synonym of stagnation. But there is a purer peace of which Tennyson has himself sung in "Locksley Hall," a "federation of the world," which is the result of the quiet virtues. A commercial age will naturally deify commerce, and forget that Mercury is the god of thieves. But commerce is not necessarily cheating, and a man may be a successful trader without being a sheer swindler. Yet so strong is the tendency to regard financial cheating with leniency, as if a people bent upon money-making must necessarily be a little, or a good deal, mean, that a man who succeeds only by the exercise of the most worthy powers, and who shows by his use of wealth that he had a right to be rich, helps the cause of good morals more than many a historic hero.

People complain that the novelists and poets slander human nature. It is roundly asserted that the world is better than it appears in books. It is both better and worse. If virtue of a high grade were the rule, the virtuous man would not be so greatly eulogized when he died. If honesty were universal, we should not advertise rewards for the simple doing of one's duty, and Dick, the scavenger, having found your wife's diamond ring, would feel himself insulted if you offered him money for his honesty in returning it. Our friend the Chinese Philosopher saw the shops with closed shutters and heard the bells tolling. He asked what public calamity had befallen, and was told that Benefactus, the good merchant, was dead. "Ah," replied the Philosopher, measuring his steps by the tolling bells, "every day for a year I have read in the papers of the deaths of merchants, but now for the first time have I seen the signs of mourning. The good merchants, then, are few." The tolling bells seemed to catch the burden of his sigh, and over the grieving city trembled the melancholy words, "The good merchants, then, are few."

But the debt of men to a good man can not be estimated. There is no genius, no gift, no excellence of any kind which can for a moment be compared to grace and goodness of character. That is the precious ointment which makes all the house sweet. A great poet may die, and the world be sorry. A great philosopher may die, and all the institutes and learned bodies in the world conspire to write a becoming epitaph. A great statesman may die, and all the politicians may wear mourning upon the left sleeve for two days. But their departure may only have removed sullenness, and gloom, and impatience, and meanness, and deceit, out of the family, while the death of a daughter, or an unknown son, or a kind friend, of all of whom the learned bodies were ignorant, and for

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whose death the most politic politician could not help his interest by wearing crape, shall be like the sunset and the end of summer. It is so with the quiet good man; the faithful pastor, who did not preach eloquent sermons, and was less anxious about his surplice than his sins; the obscure lawyer who was the friend of the widows and fatherless; the small tradesman who knew that he to whom one talent was intrusted was as responsible for it as he to whom a million had been given; and the great merchant, building cities, founding schools, managing national interests, the kind father, the trusty friend, and always the good man. It is no wonder that the bells toll when they die, and that the community deplores the loss of that which makes it truly respectable. The world can afford to lose genius and dazzling talent. It is only as genius allies itself with goodness that it becomes of the profoundest human interest. But the world clings to its good men, and lets them go only with a real sorrow.

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?
* * * * * *
"We pass: the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds;
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God."

ENGLISH gentlemen and ladies are very fond of coming to the United States and writing books about us. They are generally of very little value, but have a great deal of the most charming misunderstanding and misrepresentation. An Englishman loses his wits the moment he arrives in America, and there are few objects that more lamentably appeal to compassion than the Bull fresh upon our shores. It is not so in other countries. In France he is imperious, surly, and sullen; but he is the same old Bull who pastures at home upon the eternal fogs of his Channel and smoke of his factories. In Italy he outrages romance, and shows, by sharp contrast, the beauty of picturesqueness and grace; but he is calm, scholarly, and perceptive. He knows something of the people, and of their history and habits. He knows that the vernacular of the Pope is not Choctaw, and that the Doge's palace is not in Naples, nor St. Peter's at Leghorn. He also understands that the inhabitants of Italy speak the Italian language, and that they neither wear blankets for body-coats, nor tufts of wild feathers to cover their heads. He is also quite sure that Lombardy is not the capital of Florence, and is not surprised to find that Pæstum is not upon the Pincio. His farther knowledge is equally accurate and remarkable. He is led to believe that the King of Sardinia is not the Pope of Rome, and he fearlessly asserts that the leaning Tower of Pisa is not a straight chimney in Palermo, and that Sicily is not situated in the Alban Mount. He never confounds Tivoli with Venice, and rarely explores the Campagna to find the Rialto.

These things show the careful preparation of Bull for his Italian tour. They indicate a glimmering conviction in his mind that there are other places besides Great Britain and the Colonies, and a cheerful willingness to abide by the facts of different races and climates. But when he comes to America the case is instantly changed. Oregon is the capital of New Haven, and the Mississippi plunges over the Rocky Mountains, making the famous falls of Niagara. Maine is a flourishing city at the mouth of the Pennsylvania, where it empties into Cape Cod, and the iron-works of Lowell lie in happy juxtaposition to the extensive cotton swamps of Pittsburg and the grain producing uplands of Florida. The chattel slavery in the neighborhood of Massachusetts, the metropolis of Charleston, is the subject of lively animadversion, according to Bull, with the Puritanical and transcendental philosophers of the State of Savannah, while the boundless hot prairies of the White Mountains yield unlimited pasturage for the buffaloes that yearly gallop in countless herds from the heights of Baltimore to the sunny solitudes of the distant Territory of Boston.

The inhabitants of this vast country having foolishly thrown away the advantages of being governed by the pure probity, lofty principle, and manly ability that marked the reign of the great and good George III., the most potent of monarchs and prolific of fathers, and having achieved independence under the guidance of their only great man, a certain General Washington Irving, who formerly served under General Braddock at the taking of Sleepy Hollow, always go armed with a jack-knife, which they use with great ferocity upon their foes, after having blinded them by a sudden discharge of tobacco-juice, which they carry concealed in their mouths. This singular people wear patent-leather boots, and, with a ludicrous affectation of civilization, wrap themselves in dress-coats for what they call evening parties, which consist of a very tolerable, but amusing, imitation of well-dressed men and lovely women, who talk, and dance, and eat, not altogether unlike the superior Britons to which we are accustomed at home.

"Before leaving home," says an author of this class, "I had been credibly informed that it was useless to bring combs and brushes to a country like this, in which the art of coiffure was entirely unknown, and I consequently arrived with my head in a suitably savage state. Judge of my surprise, upon landing, to find the inhabitants not only with hair properly brushed, but also carefully parted behind, as in the choicest circles of our native nobility. And I am even told that there have been instances of the *bandeaux enragées*, perfectly well authenticated, in the remoter parts of the country. Upon looking from my windows, which open upon Broadway, I was surprised not to see buffalo roaming at large upon the prairies, for my most aristocratic friends had told me that they came to America to shoot buffalo. I inquired at what hour the buffaloes were visible, and received the following remarkable answer, of which I immediately made a memorandum: 'The buffaloes are visible wherever the eye of the spectator is as green as his mind;' whence I conclude, and I hope logically, that either the buffalo is a *lusus naturæ*, or that the American mind is green. No trees grow in the streets, nor did I see any of the gorgeous wild-flowers for which this country is so celebrated. The long grass, also, of which our travelers give such glowing accounts, does not flourish in Broadway, and I am at a loss to imagine where the wigwams of the Indians can be situated. I was awakened at night by a horrible shriek, which I supposed announced the advent of a hostile tribe of savages, but upon springing to my window I saw only a crowd of beings in red shirts

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dragging a fire-engine; and I stole quietly back to bed without the loss of my scalp.

* * * * *

"I sent for a shoemaker early in the morning, and bade him measure me for a pair of rattlesnake boots, without which, I had been informed by several scions of the British nobility and gentry, it was impossible to walk in Broadway with safety. The shoemaker seemed surprised, and said that he had no leather made from rattlesnake skin. I explained to him that it was not boots of that leather, but boots to protect me against the serpents that infest the street, which I was desirous of procuring. He heard me through patiently, and after surveying me for some time, he answered that he would do his best, but that it would take some time to complete the boots, and if I should venture into the street before they were done, he could not answer for the consequences; since which time, strange to relate, I have not seen the shoemaker. But weary of remaining in the house, I put my feet into the stoutest shoes I could find ready made. I then encased my legs in a pair of trowsers made of the thickest checks of my beloved Britannia. I procured a modest waistcoat that reached to the bottom of my breastbone, a British shooting jacket of the baggy cut, with low pockets, bulging, the one with a traveling spy-glass, the other with a volume descriptive of the country—a long and sharply-pointed shirt-collar, a round-spotted cravat, loosely tied, and a smashed wide-awake completed my attire. I hung my botany box around one shoulder for the purposes of science, my powder-flask around the other for safety, and taking my gun in one hand, and opening my guide-book at the heading 'New York,' I committed myself to the God of the Established Church and ventured into the street.

"I was prepared for rattlesnakes, buffaloes, cataracts, and savages; but, strange to relate, I encountered nothing of the kind. I might have been in London for the bustle, and in Paris for the universal luxury. I heard often the word 'boor,' or 'savage,' or 'ass,' and braced myself for the encounter. But I met neither a boorish onset, nor a scalping-party, nor even a drove of wild donkeys; and I observed, curiously enough, that whenever the expression saluted my ears, the man who used it looked into my eyes. In great impatience I at length accosted a passenger, and asked him where I should find the favorite haunt of the buffalo.

"'I should advise you,' said he, after looking at me for a few minutes, 'to go right straight ahead for about three miles, and then turn sharp to your left, and hold up after you've gone four miles to the right.'

"'Well,' said I, endeavoring to follow, with confused intellects.

"'Well, then, jest you stop stock still, shut up your eyes jest as tight as ever you can, and look as hard as Nathan looked at David.'

"'Well!' said I.

"'Well,' said he, 'then you'll see 'em, and jest you let drive like sixty.'

"He touched his hat and walked off. I immediately set off for the spot indicated, but to this day have been unable to find it. Whence I conclude, either that there are no buffaloes in America, or that the American mind is incapable of directing a foreigner.

* * * * *

"The Americans are certainly a very witty people. I was recently much struck with this upon meeting a person whom I am ready to make oath before any one of her Majesty's justices of the peace and quorum, that I have somewhere seen. I went up to him, and said:

"'I beg your pardon, but I think I've seen you before.' Upon which the humorous American replied:

"'Like enough; and I should like to see you behind!' Whence I conclude, either that the Americans are an unsocial people, or that they like the cut of the British coat-tail.

* * * * *

"I was invited to a ball at the house of a native to whom I had brought a letter. Of course, it had not occurred to me that, in a country designed for the shooting of buffalo, there could be any occasion for a dress coat, which I had therefore left lying in my London chambers. Determined under all circumstances to assert the honor of the British Lion, I had patriotically clad myself in the national check trowsers and shooting-jacket, and was quite disgusted to find ladies more beautifully dressed, and gentlemen of an easier elegance, than I had been accustomed to meet in my favorite London resorts. Really, I was quite out of place, and I felt myself compelled to apologize to my host for my peculiar attire. He replied with great consideration and suavity that he freely forgave me; that, in fact, he expected nothing else, for he had never met one of my countrymen who had not the same misunderstanding of this country. Whence I conclude, either that the Americans have some perception, or that the English have not.

* * * * *

"I find my friend Tupper a universal favorite with the Americans. His visit here a few years since seems to have done more, perhaps, than any other single cause to knit more closely the happy ties that unite the two countries. His simplicity and urbanity won general favor, and it is touching to learn how deeply his muse has stirred the soul of America. Whence I conclude, of course, that the American mind is poetic. In fact other proof is not wanting; for, only last evening, as I stood looking at the sunset with one of the natives, he remarked — and, so far as I could perceive, without a volume of Tupper any where about him —'Those clouds look like golden mountains!' which was really poetic—quite. The social nature of the eminent Tupper appears to have had full play among this amiable people. He was invited to many civic entertainments, into which he entered with the utmost hilarity, and imparted lustre to the occasions and glory to his country. Tupper, as every Briton knows, is the very favorite of the muse; and she was never more prolific than while in America. Tupper oozed sonnets at every pore, while he made his triumphal progress through the country. Tupper, wreathed and encircled by his multitudinous editions, sang from the ship, and the car, and the steamer. An admiring nation hung upon his steps. I hope America cherishes no hostile feeling toward Britain, because Tupper is indigenous to English soil. I trust that this young and flourishing country, which has every thing, even Tuppers, to hope for in the future, does not begrudge Martin Farquhar to his native land. I am sure that Tupper, at least, keeps his balance, for his philosophy is proverbial; and yet there are injudious natives who assert the

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contrary, and insinuate that our own Tupper did not always preserve his precious equilibrium. But who so base as believe it? My British soul rejoices that my country is linked by Tupper to this land; for, as a countryman of Shakspeare, I am glad that the mediator between us should be a literary giant. A young poet, of whom America has the highest hopes, whose genius has already proved itself by its record of meetings with similar genius in other lands, but whose modesty forbids the mention of his name—so that I can only indicate it to an expectant world—has kindly favored me with a copy of a poem he has addressed to the great T——. I have no right to injure the pecuniary advantage which the author proposes to derive from the publication of this work, which will be issued immediately at the rate of five dollars a copy, and which will at once challenge the same attention as his earlier effort. I can not, therefore, largely quote; but I may venture to cite the first lines of 'An Ode to the Proverbial Philosopher, by R——t D——e:'

'Oh, Mr. Tupper, when your glances bland
Did first irradiate my native land,
'Twas then I somehow felt a sudden blow,
O, Martin Farquhar—Martin Farquhar, O!'
* * * * * *

"The native American poets are not many. Joel Barlow may be mentioned as the first among them, but he is scarcely superior to Milton, whom I suppose we must allow to have merit, although he was a dissenter from the Established Church, and a friend of the upstart Cromwell. Emmons is also a distinguished name in American letters; and when you add to these those of Lippard and Ingraham, you may be said to have named all the really illustrious transatlantic authors. It is no wonder, therefore, that this is a nation of literary wreckers, who prowl along the shore and steal whatever wares drift by. But the wreckers are not without soul, for I am credibly informed that they have sometimes sent compensation to the men whose goods they used—*and this although there was no law to compel them!* I doubt whether British consideration and generosity have ever gone farther than this. I trust, however, if there is any one thing to which the British mind is superior, it is to merely commercial considerations. When I meditate our purely philanthropical possession of India, our Christian civilization in China, and the mild and gentle policy which attaches all our colonies so closely to us, I slap my hand upon my pocket, and thank God that I am a Briton. America has not a Tupper, indeed, nor even a Hudson. But she does very well for a young country. If in science, literature, religion, the arts, and general civilization she is far, far behind us, and can never hope to be any where near us, she has yet some highly respectable traits, and will doubtless do herself and her mother country great credit. To-morrow I leave New York, and shall descend the river Philadelphia to the Mammoth Cave situated at the summit of Long Island. This singular cave is so called from being a favorite haunt of the mammoth, a pretty species of butterfly, whose fossil remains still devastate the lovely slopes of the Dismal Swamp."

We would gladly follow our British Lion farther. But whither would he lead us? We should have to draw on our rattlesnake-boots and commit ourselves to Mercury. His book, in its local and historical accuracy, can not be overpraised. It must be an agreeable thing to the Englishman to have such lucid and graphic statements. His respect for the British power of observation is probably increased as he compares what he has read with what he sees. He would not think it strange, of course, if an American should take the opera of Norma as a picture of contemporary English society, and expect to meet white-bearded gentlemen in flowing sheets solemnly promenading the British drawing-room. For our own part, we shall insist upon being presented to King Arthur, and solicit an audience with fair Rosamond. Could you let us see a few heretics burned in Smithfield, and is Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak thoroughly dried yet, so that the dust shakes easily off? Which have the innings now, the red or white roses, and is it true that King Windsor Forest ever occupied the Tower? Does Mrs. Victoria Coburg dance the *can-can* in the chapel of the Star and Garter palace, and is the white bait of Chatsworth the same as the black ball of the Atheistic Club in St. Mary Ottery, Marrowbone, Leecister Square, Belgravia, East? When you sail down Ben Nevis to see the heights of the Clyde, is it true that you must go round by Land's End to get farther? Is it a fact that Benjamin Lomond is so great a proprietor, as we hear, in the Isle of Wight? Did Dr. Johnson or Michel Drayton write the Balaklava ode, and is not Dr. Cumming very much afraid of Pope, who wrote the graceful lines upon Paradise Lost?

These are the natural inquiries of every Brother Jonathan who ventures to travel in the island of Great Britain. We flatter ourselves that they are of a kind which show our familiarity with history, literature, and geography. We know that in visiting other lands, clad in our national tomahawk and feathers, we inspire respect for our own institutions and our individual accomplishment. A general and pleasing intelligence goes wherever we go. We naturally assume the superiority of the tomahawk to every thing else, for the simple reason that it is superior. We believe fully in ourselves, and not at all in any body else. This makes us courteous and welcome; all nations are glad to receive any body who despises them. Hence we are never quizzed, never ridiculed, never abused. What we hear is always the fact. We know all colors but green. We believe in Grundy and the British Constitution—we mean in the principles of Seventy-six, but we were unconsciously sliding into the style of our English brethren.

Seriously, however, there are a great many reasons for a moderate amount of English ignorance about America, but not for the universal ignorance of every thing which the genial and accomplished Bulls display. We cheerfully allow them to believe that Philadelphia is situated in Charleston, but we are not willing that they should suppose we do not wash our faces. Also they may expect, if they choose, to hear a kind of Yankee slang which appears in Sam Slick and in the mouth of the stage Yankee, and which is as near the real Yankee as Gulliver's stories to the facts; but we must severely snub even our dear cousin Bull if he pretends that he expected to find bad manners or badly-dressed women. He may drop all his initial *h*'s, and stutter, and catch his breath at his own sweet will—he may eschew wit and poetry, and find the great and the little, the beautiful and the ugly, equally "'pon my honor very odd," and "oh, so exceedingly jolly;" but he must not express his surprise that he is not scalped, nor look privately

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into the closet to see his host's native costume of a blanket. Considering every thing, from the year 1755 to the year 1855, we will allow the stalwart and sweet-natured Bull to brag a great deal, and even applaud his bragging; but if it goes farther, and he, being especially an animal of great sense, does not see, and seeing, does not comprehend, the cardinal historical fact of the century, namely, the career of our remote hemisphere, then we will couch his eyes, and cup him, and leech him, and diet him, and treat him in such a way that he may clearly see it, or, failing it, fully understand that *we* clearly see it—of which last fact we are very sure he will respond that there is not the least doubt.

John calls us sensitive, which is true. But every thing is not said when that is said. If we are sensitive, he is surly. Yet we should be very sorry if he thought that we could find nothing in him but surliness. We cheerfully grant, too, that there are many reasons why an Englishman should be much more ignorant of America than an American of England. We have no history that can much interest John Bull, and no remains hallowed by poetic association. America is not in Literature nor Art. But, after all, the ocean between the two people is bridged almost bi-weekly, and it is a shame that John at one end thinks that Jonathan at the other is a savage or a peacock. Yet if our cousin John could only know how ludicrous his green ignorance makes him seem—if he could only remember that nobody is more mercilessly humorous than Jonathan—if he could appreciate the derogation in the estimation of the British Lion which springs from his absurd conduct and questions—if he knew how he is bamboozled, and quizzed, and sneered at, and despised, he would surely cease asking if Baltimore were a river or an institution, and wondering to meet men and women instead of buffaloes in Broadway.

In the whirlpool of poor literature, in which it seemed as if all good taste and morals would be sucked up and destroyed—in a day of books which succeed in advertisements, and which sting a jaded popular palate only for a moment, it is a good thing to remark that a good book makes its mark. And if one such success is good, how much better is that of three?

The friends around our Chair speak of "The Newcomes," of "Maud," and of "Sydney Smith." The great novel of society is at length finished. The fortunes of the lovely Ethel and the despondent artist are fully told. The spirit of a certain society is laid bare, and the panorama of a life is completed. For many months we have waited for news of Ethel as of a friend. With a tear in the eye, and a half sigh in the heart, we have watched the career of Clive. It is over now. The tale is told. The demands of Art have been satisfied. In some far fable-land the awards of justice have been made, and the novel of the Newcomes has become a part of life. We shall not injure the reader's interest by saying any thing more. He can not complain that it is fragmentary now. He has been waiting until it were all published. It is published now; and as he follows the flickering fortunes of youth, and talent, and loveliness, we do not believe that he will complain of his guide—we do not fear that he will find any thing that is not purely humane, and charitable, and tender—we are sure that he will feel, as he closes the book, that if nothing is extenuated, certainly nothing is set down in malice.

"Maud," too, is already a household word. Tennyson's diocese is large, and is composed of those who have a sensitive appreciation of the subtlest charm of poetry. Long ago Mr. Monckton Milnes, who is one of the minor English bards, wrote a review of Tennyson, and wondered if he could ever write an epic poem. Tennyson paid very little heed to the wonder, undoubtedly feeling very much as a rose would feel if it were wondered whether a rose could ever be a dahlia. He went on singing his own songs, and by-and-by wrote "The Princess." It was a poem of epical form, but not of epical structure. It embodied in his wonderful blank verse Tennyson's feeling and sympathy for the restlessness of the time, and its moral was a hearty recognition of the generous and noble view of human nature and life. It was full of beauty and reserved power; and although hardly a technical epic, it was more cognate to the time and the human mind than Wordsworth's "Excursion." Afterward came "In Memoriam," which was as little epical in form—which did not deal with human action at all, but was only a record of mental experience. But there were few nobler poems in any language. Now comes "Maud," a passionate love-poem, full of burning social protest and indignation. It came in the summer, and young men and maidens hailed it as the best flower of the year. In lonely, pleasant places—in the shadow of hills, and on the sea-shore, the penetrant music of the poem made its way. The true delight of a poem can never be expressed. The secret and intense pleasure which the young men and maidens found in it, they can only indicate by a warmer glance and a more reverent feeling. Leander, as he read it to the steady under-tone of the ocean, could not say how beautiful it was, but he could pause between the stanzas of the song that summons Maud into the garden, and look into Hero's eyes. She was crumbling a rose, and its petals fell as she listened. There was a bloom on her cheek, and a moist light in her eye. The wind of the summer morning gently lifted her hair, and the sun shone as if only to reveal her grace. In long white lines the waves broke at her feet, and the music of the verse seemed borne to the horizon upon the murmuring sea. Leander read, and his voice was constantly lower, and the wind of the summer morning was still:

> "She is coming! my own, my sweet!
> Were it ever so airy a tread,
> My heart would hear her and beat,
> Were it earth, in an earthy bed;
> My dust would hear her and beat,
> Had I lain for a century dead,
> Would start and tremble under her feet,
> And blossom in purple and red."

Do you wonder that Leander and Hero like Tennyson? Do you wonder that Leander's voice dies into a sigh as he ends the song, and doubts if Maud were as lovely as Hero?

Or was it Romeo who read it to Juliet, while she sat watching the shadows and sunlight chase each other upon the distant hills? Far and fair as the landscape of dreams and poetry was the purple range of hills, and their grace and their coloring seemed to her mingled in the music of the poem. Her large eyes flashed in sympathy with the indignant scorn of the hero, but not with love for him. Juliet granted that his morbid mind was not at-

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tractive nor lovely, but his view of the times and of a mercenary spirit was not unnatural in itself, and was gloriously "wreaked upon expression." But while the love passages were read Juliet was silent, and when Romeo's voice faltered as he read, she doubted if the beautiful Maud could ever have been worthy of Romeo.

But they have had other books; and in the Life of Sydney Smith have found that where they thought they had only a wit, they had gained a man. His life shows how uncertain a theoretical or inferential view of a man and his career may be, for it appears that the lively reviewer, the easy wit, and the sound divine, was also a noble, self-sacrificing, and struggling man. With true English pluck, he made no display of his fight with circumstances, and was never ashamed of it. If he could not come to Lady Holland because he was too poor to afford the expense of the journey, he did not say that it was because he had a headache or a previous engagement, but stated frankly what the reason was. And when he could come, and sat with all the men of mark as their peer and friend, and kindled a cheerful light in every eye by his rare wit, there was nothing hard nor stinging in the humor; it was as gentle and gay as the sunshine, and no one suffered from the sparkling shafts. In some of his earlier papers in the *Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith displayed a humor that was unfailing. But in some of those papers also, especially in those upon the Methodists, there seemed to be a sharpness which often made the reader much more sympathetic with the Methodists than with their rollicking Rhadamanthus. Yet, now, upon reviewing those reviews, it is clear that it was only the ludicrous aspect in which a certain kind of religious extravagance appeared to the sturdy common sense of John Bull, which gave the air of contempt to the articles.

Sydney Smith was a typical Englishman. We could, perhaps, hardly find a fitter representative of the average good qualities of the race. Without genius, or remarkable power of any kind, he had that sweet, robust tone of mind, and heart, and body, which appreciates the best of every thing, and was possessed of the sterling qualities of character which are better for men than the more brilliant gifts of genius. In contemplating him, it is easy to understand how Englishmen are poetical, and humorous, and sensible. But usually, in encountering the inhabitants of the island of Great Britain, one is perplexed to know who makes the poems or the jokes, or who, when they are made, enjoys them. Every man's experience is enriched by knowing Sydney Smith; and those who were not admitted to his personal acquaintance, those who have not breakfasted with Rogers, nor dined at Holland House, nor supped with the wits, will find in his letters and life—more clearly, perhaps, than the guests found in their brief hour of meeting him—the quiet heroism and Christian charity of a good man

Editor's Drawer.

WE have few readers, we certainly hope we have *none*, of the same order of mind with the neighbor at table of Sydney Smith, whose good things are now the staple of table-talk. Mr. Smith says,

"I remember making a joke after a meeting of the clergy in Yorkshire, where there was a Rev. Mr. Buckle, who never spoke when I gave his health, and to account for his silence, I said he was a buckle without a tongue. Most of the company within hearing laughed, but my next neighbor sat unmoved, and sunk in thought. At last, a quarter of an hour after we had all done laughing, he nudged me suddenly and exclaimed,

"'I see *now* what you meant, Mr. Smith; you meant that about Buckle for a joke.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I believe I did.'

"Upon which he began laughing so heartily, that I thought he would choke, and I was obliged to pat him on the back to bring him to."

We knew a preacher of the last generation, who lived along into this and then died, who was remarkable for the free use of tears in the midst of his discourses. After his death it was discovered by one who had access to his manuscripts, that here and there all along through his sermons, he had made the marginal note "cry here," and he was careful to comply with his own directions. It has been suggested that it would be well for professional punsters and wits in general to establish a system of signs by which their hearers or readers might be informed where the laugh is to come in. A joke is a joke, very likely, but it is not every body that can see the point of it, when it is cut a little too fine. To be sure it is rather troublesome for a man to find wit to amuse his friends with, and wits for them to understand him, but he had better do that than to have his jokes fall as flat as—railroad stock.

Others are too quick, and take a meaning altogether out of the range of the speaker, like the medical student who was hearing Fanny Wallack in Romeo and Juliet. She had just exclaimed, "O cruel poison!" when a gaunt red-haired youth in the stage-box thrust his hat on his head, and leaning over in sight of the audience, cried out in a voice of anguish, "Keep him up, Juliet, *I'll run and fetch the stomach pump.*"

"You have told us several very good stories of the pulpit," writes a Southern friend, "but you have had nothing better than the anecdote of the deaf clerk. A clergyman, who was a stranger on exchange with the rector, was in the vestry, when the clerk took occasion to say to him that he was deaf.

"'And how do you manage,' asked the clergyman, 'to follow me through the service?'

"'What did you say, Sir,'

"The clergyman repeated his question with his lips to the ear of the clerk.

"'Oh, oh,' said the clerk, 'I looks up, and when you shuts your mouth, I opens mine.'

"The clerk made some sad blunders, though, for when the clergyman read, 'And the Lord smote Job with sore boils,' the clerk, catching but a faint impression of what was said, roared out, 'And the Lord shot Job with four balls.'"

To those who are not well pleased with wit in the pulpit, perhaps the answer made by the celebrated Dr. South may be commended. His wit was so ready and exhaustless, that it would come out of him even in the midst of his most serious discourses. The excellent Sherlock remonstrated with him on the subject, when South turned upon him and demanded, "And, Doctor, had it pleased the Lord to make you a wit, *what would you have done?*"

And that carries us out of the pulpit and into it

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again, by reminding us of the brave Captain Lyons, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who distinguished himself in an action with the Spaniards. He was presented to the Queen, who was so charmed with his gallantry that she promised him promotion on the *first vacancy*. The honest Captain saw it announced not long after that there was a vacancy in the *see* of Cork, and not being a man of letters, he understood it as a vacancy somewhere in the Irish *Sea*. He posted up to London, and claimed the royal promise. The Queen was astonished at his ignorance and his presumption, but he assured her that the royal word was as good as a bond, and he knew he should have the appointment. Finding him resolute, and withal a sober and moral man, she finally sent for him, and gave him the vacant bishopric, saying she hoped he would take as good care of the Church as he had done of the State. He did not disappoint her hopes, though he never preached for the twenty years he was Bishop of Cork, until his royal patroness died, when he ascended the pulpit and pronounced a very appropriate funeral sermon.

A FRIEND of ours set the table in a roar the other day by telling a story of a clergyman in Scotland, who was invited to attend a marriage feast, given on the arrival of the happy couple from a distant part of the country, where the young husband had gone for his bride, and now brought her home to his father's house. The good old clergyman was called on to make a prayer at the beginning of the banquet, and lifting up his hands, he said, "O Lord, thy tender mercies are over all thy works. We thank thee that thou hast taken care of these thy young servants, and brought them safely all the way on their journey. O Lord, thou preservest *man and beast!*" This was hardly complimentary to the blushing bride, but she had the good sense to believe that the old man had no allusion to the "beauty" when he spoke of the "beast," and so it passed off well enough.

A GOOD story has been told of a lisping officer, in the United States Army, having been victimized by a brother officer (who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves), and his getting square with him in the following manner: The cool joker, the Captain, was always quizzing the lisping officer, a lieutenant, for his nervousness.

"Why," said he, one day, in the presence of his company, "nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, Lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you do, thpose a shell with an inch futhee thould drop itthelf in a walled angle, in which you had taken thelter from a company of tharp-thooterth, and where it was thertain, if you put out your nothe, you'd get peppered?"

"How?" said the Captain, winking at the circle, "why, take it cool, and spit on the fusee."

The party broke up, and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade, and talking in clusters, when along came the lisping Lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an experiment thith morning, and thee how extheedingly cool you can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the Captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest centre a powder canister, and instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade-ground, the road being built up for defense: the occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley, let me out if you love me!" shouted the Captain.

"Thpit on the canither!" shouted he, in return.

Not a moment was to be lost; he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now, dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded, sans culottes, sans every thing but a very short under-garment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed upon a full parade-ground. The shout which hailed him brought out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified Captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thpit on it?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"Because there were no sharp-shooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the Captain.

"All I got to thay, then, ith," said the Lieutenant, "that you might thafely have done it; for I'll thware there wathn't a thingle grain of powder in it!"

The Captain has never spoken of nervousness since.

GILBERT GURNEY was invited by his friend, the portly sheriff, to visit the Old Bailey Court and see the process of the trial and conviction of offenders in that ancient British tribunal, and afterward to dine with the judges and some of the senior members of the bar at the sheriff's table.

The sheriff secured his guest a good seat, and the court opened with all the formality of big wigs and gowns.

The first prisoner placed at the bar was a poor girl charged with stealing. There was no evidence against her, and her good character was abundantly manifest, and so the judge charged the jury, notwithstanding which they found her *guilty*. The next was the case of a pickpocket taken in the very act, and the crime was proven by two or three eyewitnesses. The judge charged the jury in substance that the case was too clear to need any remarks from him, and the jury thereupon *acquitted* the prisoner.

Gilbert was astonished, as well he might be, and none the less at some other cases which he saw tried and decided that day; while in some he could not deny that the verdicts were manifestly just and right. But these strange cases rather bothered him, and after the court adjourned, and while they were all on the way into the sheriff's apartments for dinner, he ventured to ask of his fat friend an explanation of what he considered horrible injustice. The portly functionary paused and looked with profound contempt on his guest. He could not stand an insinuation against his court.

"Sir," said he, drawing himself up and swelling a half size larger, "Sir, Old Bailey juries have had a great deal of experience in these matters, and their wisdom has hit upon this plan: They always find the first prisoner *guilty*, the second *not* guilty, the third *guilty*, and so on, alternating with each trial through the day; and, Mr. Gurney" (here the sheriff grew a quarter size larger still), "I fancy that justice is about as evenly administered in the

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Old Bailey Court as in any court in this kingdom!"

This story reminds us of the diffident barrister who was making his maiden speech before Lord Denman and a bench full of big wigs:

"My Lords," he began, "when—my unfortunate client—my Lords, my—when my client—as I was about to remark, my Lords—a—my—when—my client who is so unfortunate—" Here the poor fellow fairly broke down, and the kind old chief helped him along by leaning forward and saying in his blandest tone:

"Go on—go on, Mr. Jones; the court is with you so far."

As we are in court now, let us relate a good one we read lately of a lawyer in Nuremberg, Germany. A young man who had no fortune came to him for advice in a matter of matrimony and a matter of money too; for, as in too many other cases, his fair one was willing, but he feared the parents would refuse their consent. The lawyer called on the father, and proposed the match as one in all respects suitable. The father had an eye to the money, and at once asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not know, but he would inquire. The next time he met him he asked him what property he was worth, and was told, none at all.

"Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if they would give you twenty thousand dollars for it?"

"No, not for the world."

"All right," said the lawyer, "I had my own reasons for asking."

The lawyer goes to the girl's father and says:

"I have inquired about that young man's circumstances. He has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel for which to my knowledge he has refused twenty thousand dollars."

This induced the old man to consent, and the young folks were married. But the old man always turned up his nose when he thought of the jewel and of the manner in which the cunning lawyer had taken him in.

A STILL pool soon becomes stagnant. A machine without motion becomes rusty. And man—great, glorious, majestic in his creation—without action, still, lifeless, dead, becomes an icy weight—a common nuisance—whom every body feels disposed to kick out of the way. We live in stirring times. It becomes every man to do something—to exert himself for the common weal—to be zealous, active, and push ahead. What better are you than a man of snow, which the children laugh at and pelt till it is knocked over and lost, while you fold your arms, tie your feet, and sit still day after day, gazing with a vacant stare above and around you? Arouse, or the worms will soon begin to feed on your carcass.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE correspondent says that he is violating the proprieties of social life in relating the following; but he feels justified in the deed by the hope that many hundreds of thousands will be pleased by its perusal:

"Sylvester Whitehouse, who graduated a few years ago at Harvard University, had the misfortune before going to College to lose his leg. Not long before graduation his class-mates presented him with a magnificent wooden leg in token of their kind feelings. He concealed this fact from his parents, who had been accustomed to see him only upon his crutches. When he had completed his studies, and returned home, he was seized with the very natural idea of surprising his parents and practicing upon them a brief and pleasant deception. Disguising himself with false hair and mustache, and treading firmly on his old and new leg, he left the classic shades of Old Cambridge, and hastened homeward. The night of his arrival was dark and stormy. The home of his childhood was in the country, and at its door he knocked as a traveler weary and footsore, and begged an asylum from the inclement weather. He was welcomed and hospitably entertained. Before retiring for the night, and again in the morning, he entered into free and familiar conversation with the family, who had no suspicion of having ever seen him before. As he was about to leave he presented his mother with his miniature, as if in return for the kindness she had shown him. Its remarkable resemblance to her absent son drew tears from her eyes, while she expressed her regret that the young man before her should be so changed by hardships as to have so little likeness to his former self. As they became more interested in him, they prevailed upon him to spend the day, and after a while he managed to slip off his wooden leg and his hairy disguise, revealing himself to his astonished and delighted parents. They now received him with increased pleasure when they found him so mightily improved by his timber leg; for, though he was far from being a blockhead, he was much the better for a wooden understanding. He had played Franklin's trick upon them; and never were parents prouder of a son than these, when they heard of his success in College, and saw the evidence of the regard which his fellow-students had for their unfortunate boy."

THERE is a curious legal distinction recorded in "Sixth Henry, Chapter III.," of English law, in which, "per margin," is the following:

"All persons born in Ireland shall depart out of the realm; Irish persons excepted, which remain in England."

If there should be any doubt of the authenticity of this, consult the first volume of "Rufhead's Statutes at Large."

THAT was good advice given by the President of the State Agricultural Society, on presenting a silver cup to a young man who had won the first prize at a plowing match. "Take this cup, my young friend, and remember always to plow *deep* and drink *shallow*."

A LADY wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated the lady. "Oh, you're a jewel!" said she. "Oh no," replied he, "I'm a jeweler; I have just set the jewel!"

"IT'S a very solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Bethany. "Yes, but it's a great deal more solemn not to be," said her niece.

THE late Empress of Russia, like Queen Adelaide of England, was given to inspecting the "domestic accounts," and she was puzzled by finding among them "a bottle of rum" daily charged to the Nasledniik, or heir-apparent. Her imperial majesty turned over the old "expenses" of the household, to discover at what period her son had commenced this

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reprobate course of daily rum-drinking, and found, if not to her horror, at least to the increase of her perplexity, that it dated from the very day of his birth. The "bottle of rum" began with the baby, accompanied the boy, and continued to be charged to the man. He was charged as drinking upward of thirty dozen of fine old Jamaica yearly! The imperial mother was anxious to discover if any other of the Czarovitch babies had exhibited the same alcoholic precocity; and it appears that they were all alike; daily, for upward of a century back, they stood credited in the household books for that terrible "bottle of rum." The Empress continued her researches with the zeal of an antiquary, and her labors were not unrewarded. She at last reached the original entry. Like all succeeding ones, it was to the effect of "a bottle of rum for the Naslednik;" but a sort of editorial note on the margin of the same page intimated the wherefore: "On account of a violent toothache, a tea-spoonful with sugar to be given, by order of the physician of the imperial court." The tea-spoonful for one day had been charged as a bottle, and the entry once made, it was kept on the books to the profit of the unrighteous steward, until discovery checked the fraud—a fraud more gigantically amusing than that of the illiterate coachman, who set down in his harness-room book, "Two penn'orth of whip-cord, 6*d*." The Empress showed the venerable delinquency to her husband, Paul; and *he*, calculating what the temporary toothache of the imperial baby Alexander had cost him, was affrighted at the outlay, and declared he would revolutionize the kitchen department, and put himself out to board. The threat was not idly made, and it was soon seriously realized. A gastronomic contractor was found who farmed the whole palace, and did his spiriting admirably. He divided the imperial household into "stations." The first was the monarch's special table, for the supply of which he charged the Emperor and Empress fifty roubles each daily; the table of the Archdukes and Archduchesses was supplied at half price; the guests of that table, of whatever rank, were served at the same cost. The ladies and gentlemen of the household had a "station," which was exceedingly well-provisioned, at twenty roubles each. The graduated sliding scale continued to descend in proportion to the *status* of the feeders. The upper servants had superior stomachs, which were accounted as being implacable at less than fifteen roubles each. Servants in livery, with finer lace, but coarser digestions, dieted daily at five roubles each; and the grooms and scullions were taken all together at three roubles a head.

"A wonderful change," says Jermann, "ensued in the whole winter palace. The Emperor declared he had never dined so well before. The court, tempted by more numerous courses, sat far longer at table. The maids of honor got fresh bloom upon their cheeks, and the chamberlains and equerries rounder faces; and most flourishing of all was the state of the household expenses, although these diminished by one-half. In short, every one, save cook and butler, was content; and all this was the result of a 'bottle of rum,' from which the Emperor Alexander, when heir to the crown, had been ordered by the physician to take a spoonful for the toothache."

"Mother," said an inquisitive youth to his maternal senior, "Mother, what relation would I have been to father, if you and he had never been married?" The boy was puzzled, as many another has been with the thought, "If I had not been the child of these parents, whose would I have been?"

A poetical correspondent proposes, in the following lines, to celebrate the praises of

OUR ANCESTORS.

List! ye modern men and maidens,
To the burden of my song:
I will tell you all how silly
People were in days a-gone.

Think not I with sacrilegious
Pen would sully their good name,
Or a single ink-drop spatter
O'er the brightness of their fame.

But at many of their customs,
Which are so absurdly queer,
My rebellious nose will turn up
With a disrespectful sneer.

For in those benighted ages,
Ladies dress'd so loose and free,
That their forms were moulded just as
God intended they should be.

They, in their infatuation,
Carried this to such degrees,
Burst they never hook or button,
When indulging in a sneeze.

Little knew they of the graceful
Pipe-stem figures they might wear,
Had they only been as witty
As our more enlightened fair.

And they saw no sense or reason
(Pity them, ye modern belles)
In the wearing whole dry goods stores,
To attract the brainless swells.

Wouldst thou know their reasons for it?
Know why thus this should have been?
Just consult the April number
Of the Harper's Magazine.

And will ye believe it, fair ones—
Ye who sleep in downy beds—
In those barbarous times the ladies
Wore their bonnets on their heads!

Were so foolish as to deem it
Common sense to wear them so;
Never dreaming they were fashion'd
Only for a senseless show.

And they simply call'd them bonnets;
Somehow strangely thinking that
They would not be deemed vulgar
If they did not wear a hat.

And the men—benighted creatures—
Promenaded through the town,
With their pants so loosely fashioned
That they could with ease sit down.

Wore upon their heads a covering
Made for comfort and for ease;
Scorning the unique "ram beaver."
What unmitigated geese!

I believe—the barbarous fellows—
They would think us very clowns,
Could they see us skillful poising
These huge steeples on our crowns.

When these heathens met together.
As we moderns often do,
To indulge in social pleasure,
And to court the ladies too—

(As I hope to die a Christian,
What I tell is strictly true;
Though, no doubt, 'twill seem a fiction,
Modern men and maids, to you)—

All their thoughts, and words, and actions,
Were endowed with common sense;

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Modern beaux have learned full wisely
With such folly to dispense.

They set up a curious standard,
That the mind bespoke the man;
But *we* know it can't effect it
Half so well as tailors can.

Then how dearly should we cherish
Our more wise, enlightened ways;
How rejoiced we were not born in
Those absurd and vulgar days.

A PROMISING boy, not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

said he knew it wasn't true—his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

PUNS are atrocities. Every one admits that, of course, and every one likes to hear a good one. We heard an inveterate enemy of punsters shake his sides the other evening over a very solemn remark made by a companion, who looked up at the clear, starry sky, and said, "Well, I suppose every one must admire such a sky as that. We are all *finite* creatures!"

One of the best puns on record is attributed by the man who made it to an English General, who commanded the forces that subdued the East Indian province, or department of *Scinde*. It is stated that his dispatch, announcing the victory, was written to rival the celebrated dispatch of Cæsar, "Veni, vidi, vici," and consisted of one word, and that "*Peccavi*"—"I have sinned."

Almost or quite as good a one is fathered upon Sheridan, who must groan in his grave under the loads of such facetiæ that are piled on him. He was going with a friend to church, and found, what many have found since, a row of inhospitable pews, but none opened to receive him. He was a little embarrassed at standing in the aisle with his friend behind him, and bolted at an empty pew, but the door was locked.

"Why don't you go in?" whispered his friend over his shoulder.

"*Pudor vetat*," said Sheridan in reply, as he strode out of the church.

THE story of the happy young couple who quarreled on the first day of their housekeeping life about the "rat" or the "mouse" which ran out of the fire-place, it seems had its origin "long time ago" in the incident thus done into rhyme. The last verse explains the mysterious mistake.

John Davidson and Tib his wife
Sat toastin' their taes ae nicht,
When something startit in the fluir
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John, "did ye see that moose?
Whar sorra was the cat?"
"A moose?"—"Ay, a moose."—"Na, na, Guidman,
It wasna a moose, 'twas a rat."

"Ow, ow, Guidwife, to think ye've been
Sae lang about the hoose,
An' no to ken a moose frae a rat!
Yan wasna a rat! 'twas a moose!"

"I've seen mair mice than you, Guidman—
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue an' say nae mair—
I tell ye it was a rat."

"*Me* haud my tongue for *you*, Guidwife!
I'll be mester o' this hoose—
I saw't as plain as een could see,
An' I tell ye 't was a moose."

"If you're the mester o' the hoose,
It's I'm the mistress o't;
An' I ken best what's in the hoose—
Sae I tell ye it was a rat."

"Weel, well, Guidwife, gae mak the brose,
An' ca' it what ye please."
So up she rose and made the brose,
While John sat toastin' his taes.

They supit and supit and supit the brose,
And aye their lips played smack;
They supit and supit and supit the brose,
Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' out, Guidwife,
About a moose."—"A what!
It's a lee ye tell, an' I say again
It wasna a moose, 'twas a rat."

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
My faith but ye craw croose!
I tell ye, Tibb, I never will bear't—
'Twas a moose."—"'Twas a rat!"—"'Twas a moose."

Wi' that she struck him ower the pow—
"Ye dour auld doit, tak' that—
Gae to your bed, ye canker'd sumph—
'Twas a rat."—"'Twas a moose!"—"'Twas a rat!"

She sent the brose caup at his heels
As he hirpled ben the hoose;
Yet he shoved out his head as he steekit the door,
And cried, "'Twas a moose, 'twas a moose!"

But when the carle fell asleep
She paid him back for that,
And roar'd into his sleepin' lug,
"'Twas a rat! 'twas a rat! 'twas a rat!"

The deil be wi' me if I think
It was a beast at all—
Neist mornin' when she sweepit the fluir
She found wee Johnnie's ball!

IN our reading we have never met a finer apostrophe than one by Isaac Watts, in these lines:

"Infinite truth! the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and show thyself to me.
I'm tired of hearing, and this reading tires,
But I am never tired of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face my spirit burns to see!"

THE daily papers make themselves merry over the arrests that are made for drunkenness, and publish columns of excuses that are given by the miserable fellows who have not strength to resist the temptations by which they are beset. One was brought up the other day who seems to have had more mischief than madness in his brain, and when the liquor was in, it seems in his case the wit would run out. When he was brought before the magistrate the following dialogue occurred.

"What is your name?"

"I have reasons (hiccup) for keeping that a secret."

"And what may those reasons be?"

"I am (hiccup) an influential member of a society that would suffer (hiccup) were it known that I had been arrested (hiccup) for drunkenness."

"What society is it that you belong to?"

"The New York State Temperance (hiccup) Society!"

"I am sorry to hear you say so; but that is no valid reason for withholding your name, and I insist on your stating it at once."

"Well, if I must (hiccup), I suppose I must. My name is *Delavan*."

"What is your whole name?"

"Edward C. Delavan, of Albany, President (hiccup) of the New York State Temperance Society."

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"Well, I am pained to hear the announcement."

"And I am (hiccup) pained to make it: but what could I (hiccup) do; you would make me tell it, and now if any injury is done to the gellorious (hiccup) cause of temperance, you will be to blame for it. I wash (hiccup) my hands of the whole affair."

When the prisoner's character came to be inquired into, it was found that he was sailing under false colors, with too many sheets in the wind, and he was sent into the harbor at Blackwell's Island for repairs.

THE emptiness of fame is well expressed in the following:

"I think the thing you call renown,
That unsubstantial vapor,
For which the soldier burns a town,
The sonneteer a taper,
Is like the mist, which as he flies
The horseman leaves behind him;
He can not mark its wreaths arise,
Or if he can, they blind him."

ALL sorts of curious blunders are the result of an unfortunate collocation of adjectives, as in the advertisements of "black ladies' gloves," and "colored children's stockings;" but the *Pioneer*, a California magazine, tells a story of a gentleman in Washington City, who was led into a serious error by a mysterious sign, which, after all, was well enough, if the reader had had his wits about him.

"The late J. P. Squibob, while walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, was sorely mystified by a modest little sign, standing in the window of a neat little shop, on the left hand side as you go down. The sign bore, in the gayly painted letters, the legend, 'Washington Ladies' Depository.' Flattening his nose against the window, Squibob saw two ladies whom he describes as of exceeding beauty, neatly dressed, and busily engaged in sewing behind a little counter. The foreground was filled with lace, babies' stockings, compresses for the waist, capes, collars, and other articles of still life. Hat in hand, Squibob reverently entered, and, with intense politeness, addressed one of the ladies as follows: 'Madam, I perceive by your sign that this is the depository for Washington ladies; I am going to the north for a few days, and should be pleased to leave my wife in your charge; but I don't know if by your rules you could receive her, as she is a *Baltimore woman*.' 'One of the ladies,' says Squibob, 'a pretty girl in a blue dress, turning very red and holding down her head, made the remark, "*te he!*" But the elder of the twain, after making as if she would laugh, but by a strong-minded effort holding in, replied, "Sir, you have made a mistake; this is the place where the Society of Washington Ladies deposit their work, to be sold for the benefit of the distressed natives of the Island of Fernando de Nordba,"' or words to that effect. Gravely did the wicked Squibob bow, all solemnly begged her pardon, and, putting on his hat, walked off, followed by a sound from that depository as of an autumnal brook, gurgling and bubbling over its pebbly bed in the New England forest."

A "DIVISION" of the House of Commons, when a vote is taken on any question in which the opinions of the Ministry are at stake, compels them to resign if the vote goes against them. When a Whig Ministry had retained their places after repeated adverse decisions of great questions, a leading Tory member exclaimed, that "no division would dislodge them but a division of police."

Lord Campbell's pertinacity of office was similarly hit off by Plunkett, who was removed to make room for him. A great storm arose on the day that Lord Campbell was to arrive from over the Channel.

"How sick of his promotion this voyage must make him."

"Yes," said Plunkett, with a bitter smile, "*but it won't make him throw up the seals.*"

WHAT manner of excuses will not men invent to get liquor, now that the Maine Law is making some excuse necessary. Doctor Dorrance, of Attica, being duly licensed to sell for medicinal, mechanical, and religious purposes, was called on by a stalwart farmer-looking man, who wanted a couple of gallons of good rum. Being disposed to watch over the interests of the law, and as in duty bound, he asked the man what he wanted it for, and was told at once, and with an air of honest indignation at the inquiry, that he wanted it *for mechanical purposes*. The Doctor filled his jug, and as the man was going out of the store some one who stood by the door asked him what mechanical purpose he had bought the rum for? Without a moment's hesitation he said, "*I want it to raise a barn.*"

Mrs. Johnson, of Piketown, says that her husband has not had a well day since the Fourth of July last, when the Prohibitory Liquor Law went into operation in this State. He drinks now only for medicinal purposes. In some places which were thought to be perfectly healthy last summer, the entire community have been "under the weather" this season, and without taking the advice of the medical men, have prescribed for themselves and taken to drinking for their health. But Saratoga water is no specific for these valetudinarians. They must have something stronger. Charles Lamb said he "did not like to mix brandy and water, for it spoiled two good things." And these sickly people seem to be of Charles's opinion.

OUR correspondents must excuse us for a lack of faith in all the "good stories" they send us of our brethren and sisters of the Emerald Isle, but the two that follow are warranted to be true. The first is forwarded by one who says that he heard it from Pat himself, who thinks that he *did* the priest *intirely*.

It seems that Pat went early one bright morning to the house of the priest to confess his sins, and pay off all his old scores. He passed into the kitchen to inquire for the holy father, but perceived that there was no one in the room, while a fine ham was lying on the table which had just been sent home from the market. Pat lost no time in securing the prize, hiding it as well as he could under his coat, which he carried on his arm. Marching on into the apartment of the priest, he said:

"Here, your riverence, is a fine leg of bacon which I stole and brought it for a present to your holiness. Will ye take it?"

"Take it!" said the confessor, "by no means. Carry it back instantly to the man you stole it from."

"Faith an' I did, Sir, and he said he wouldn't take it by no means."

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"Very well, then, Patrick, you may keep it yonrself."

"And I'll be absolved, your riverence?" demanded Pat.

"Yes, it's your property, if the owner won't take it."

"Good-morning, long life to ye!" exclaimed Pat, as he lugged off the ham: "God bless your riverence!"

But the other is decidedly better, and just as true:

Near Zanesville, Ohio, an Irishman lives who is the proprietor of a beauty of a shanty a little way east of that thriving place. He purchased a cow a few weeks ago, and as she was rather wild, he had to halter her and lead her home. As soon as he reached the lovely cot wherein his wife and the little Pats were lodging, they came out to meet him, whereupon Mrs. Pat thus began:

"Well Pat, my darling, and where did you git that baste of a cow?"

"Sure an' I got her of old Mr. Higgins up the road."

"What, did you buy a cow of that old Protestant?"

"And why not, Bridget dear. Just you bring out that bottle of holy water, and I'll be after pouring it on her, and it will make her all right in no time."

Bridget did as she was bid, and bringing the bottle to Pat, he took it and poured it on the animal's back, making the cross with all due devotion as he poured. But the old woman, by mistake, had brought him a bottle of vitriol, and Pat was astonished to find that the cow was frantic under the operation, kicking worse, by far, than before he applied the holy water. He tried it again, and poured on more, when the cow broke loose from Pat, and kicked him over, as she dashed away, to the terror of poor Bridget, who cried out:

"Holy Vargin, and mither of Moses! *isn't the Protestant strong in her yet?*"

THE advantages of *dirt* are set forth in a Boston paper by the interesting fact being stated that "the cost of washing linen that might just as well be worn two days longer, amounts to enough in this country to defray the expenses of the American Board of Foreign Missions." A dirty fellow, indeed, must have invented this new scheme of saving money for charitable purposes. The same paper that announces the important discovery, records the following as a fact of recent occurrence:

A school-girl was married in this city last week. A little girl of the same school, and about the same age, said to her parents when she went home—"Why, don't you think Mary Jane Slocum has got married, and ha'nt gone through vulgar fractions yet!"

OF epigrams there is no end, as there is none of making books. In the Drawer we have a store from which we cull a few. The first has never been printed, but was handed to us by a lady, who said it was the handsomest compliment she ever received, and she only wished that she deserved it. We think she does.

TO ———

To give thee charms was Nature's fond employ,
And Nature sought the aid of heavenly Grace
Both artists in this work of purest joy
Combined—and hence thy spirit and thy face.

Dr. Doddrige's epigram on the ancient motto,

"Dum vivimus vivamus,"

is considered perfect.

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasure of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my life let both united be!
I live in pleasure, while I live to Thee."

We have recently published Sir William Jones's translation from the Persian; but it is worth reading a hundred times:

"On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

Even the horrors of war are enlivened with such *sallies* as this:

"From Kertch the Russians flew,
And left the Sea of Azoff;
Full wisely they withdrew,
Nor popp'd a single blaze off.
Their corn-stores they destroyed,
And let their guns be taken,
But, by this wily stratagem,
'Tis plain they 'saved their bacon.'"

And here we have a specimen of old-time complimentary epigram, showing how little sense is essential to please, and affording a specimen of what Mrs. Malaprop, or Mrs. Partington, would call "a nice *de*rangement of the *epitaphs*:"

TO HIM WHO LAMENTED SEEING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WEEP.

"The *lucid* tear, from Lesbia's eye,
Down her *soft* cheek in pity flows,
As ETHER-drops forsake the sky,
To cheer the *drooping*, *blushing* ROSE.

"For, like the SUN, her eyes diffuse
O'er her *fair* FACE so bright a ray,
That tears must fall like heavenly *dews*,
Lest the TWIN roses fade away."

The author of the following must have expected something from Pope in return, or have stretched his conscience sadly for nothing:

"So much dear Pope, thy English Homer charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after-ages will with wonder seek
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek."

Curious also in its repetition is this one:

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF KILDARE.

"Who *kill'd Kildare*? who *dared Kildare to kill*?"

DEATH ANSWERS:

"I *kill'd Kildare*, and *dare kill* whom I will."

HERE is another batch of epigrams, good, bad, and indifferent. Help yourself. A poet is insulted by one who has no poetry in him, and replies:

"Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you, yourself, may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet."

That is very fair, and so is this:

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, *there's nobody at home*."

Dr. Abel Evans, whose name fills a conspicuous place in a wretched Oxford hexameter and pentameter,

"Alma novem genuis celebres Rhedycina poetas
Bubb, Stubb, Cobb, Crab, Trapp, Young, Carey, Tickel, Evans,"

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wrote some curious trifles. His smart versicles on Sir John Vanburgh, the architect, are worthy of quotation:

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee."

And so also is the couplet on that enormous fat fellow, Dr. Tadloe, whose name has only been preserved from his bulk:

"When Tadloe walks the streets, the paviors cry,
'God bless you, Sir!' and lay their rammers by."

"A MAN in jail" writes from his prison in the city of Buffalo to the *Republic* newspaper, complaining of the accommodations, or the want of them in that very uncomfortable place. He says in his letter:

"There is a destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will; at least so I thought when not long since I caught the eye of an officer, who had come to bring me hither *jailward*. My destiny has, I believe, made me over to the Philistines, to whose kind keeping my body has for a short time been subjected, compelling me to continue my pursuit after happiness under very discouraging circumstances—difficulties, in fact, not to be thought of, did I not know that my presence here was making the law honored and respectable, and that by obeying the order of a little weasel-faced, pug-nosed individual, whom the people recently elected judge, I was showing my respect for the great democratic principle of electing our own judges. But forgive me for the part I took in the matter of electing *that* man, and I will promise never to need forgiveness for any similar folly again! To have one's liberty thus compromised by an adherence to principle, is at all times sufficiently trying, but in my case it is peculiarly so, for your jail is the most uncomfortable and inconvenient place of the kind I have ever been in, and I am sure that had it not been for the merciful interposition of Providence to spare my life, these last four weeks would have been too much for me, and before now this candle of mine would have been totally extinguished. How any man in Buffalo, having property, and feeling identified with the interests and character of the city, can hold up his head while you have no better jail than this, I can not divine. Except as a retreat from duns, it offers not the slightest inducement for any one to stay in it a single day longer than circumstances actually require. Hotel after hotel has been added to the city, its population has been increased four-fold within twenty years, yet the jail remains the same, having never once been enlarged, nor its accommodations increased one iota. I know the truth of what I write, for nineteen years ago this very summer, I stopped in it one night on my way East, a whole party of us being at the time on our way to Auburn. I have conversed on the subject with all my fellow-boarders here, most of whom have been in various prisons in other cities and states, and some of them in Europe, and they are unanimous in the opinion that this jail is unworthy of such an enterprising commercial metropolis as Buffalo."

We think the Buffalonians will be roused to improve the condition of their jail after these reliable representations.

"I WAS struck," writes a correspondent, "with the humorous description of the *Sound of a Kiss* in your July number. It reminds me of a poetical account of the same phenomenon given by a friend of mine a few years since. He says:

"'Men's fancies have long been sore task'd,
Some simile meet to bestow
On that which all figures of speech
Never fail to fall vastly below;

"'Of the magical power of the touch,
And the odorous perfume distilled,
Already there's written so much
That poetical books are now filled.

"'But a thought rather novel occurs
To my mind in regard to the sound;
It is this, that a kiss is just like
The swell which in music is found.

"'Beginning most gently at first,
To the middle you gradually swell,
Then softly reduced to the close,
And though luscious, take care not to dwell.

"'This gradual ascent to the swell
Prepares for the climax of bliss,
And letting one down as he rose
Will weaken a fall such as this.

"'This provision of nature most wise
I have studied, and sagely conclude,
'Twas done by this scale of degrees
Certain death from excess to elude.'"

CLERGYMEN sometimes unbend from their general seriousness of demeanor, and in the way of humor or harmless satire make as good a "point" as they could in a sermon, and perhaps be quite as effective for good. In strong illustration of this, look at Sydney Smith. But it is not of him that the following anecdote is told, but of Parson D——, an orthodox minister of Marblehead, Massachusetts:

"Parson D—— liked a joke amazingly; and so, for that matter, did Parson A——, who was a Baptist. The latter being near the house of the former when a shower came up, called on Parson D——, and requested the loan of an umbrella:

"'I thought,' said Parson D——, 'that you *liked* water?'

"'So I *do*,' responded the Baptist; 'but I wish to avoid *sprinkling!*'"

WOULD it not be well—would it not prevent many a foolish editorial quarrel—perhaps many a sanguinary duel, or bloody personal encounter—if newspaper antagonists were to adopt the good-natured style adopted by the editor of a paper in the "Far West," which shall be nameless, who, when threatened that his nose would be pulled "on sight," by an angry political adversary, replied as follows in the columns of his journal:

"Ex-Sexton E——, we learn from the most reliable authority, has *vowed a vow* to do—WHAT? To twist our editorial Proboscis, or Nose! Think of it and shudder! That Nose which has been in the *van* of all our enterprises—that Nose which has led us into every forward movement—that Nose which has always been in advance of any 'time' which *we* could make in a political race—that Nose which is slightly twisted already, in consequence of our striving to look at the bright side of things—that distinguishing feature of our editorial phiz—that Nose, which, in short—and it is *not* so very short, either—is all the Nose we have, and dearer to us than any *other* Nose, defective though it may be—that Nose is to be twisted by an Ex-Sexton!! at this early day, and before interment!! Think of it, reader, and take it to yourself—not the Nose, but the case—and say, shall it be?

"Shades and realities of Grecian noses, bottle-

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noses, Roman noses, pug-noses, red noses, purple noses—droop-downs, tip-ups, pugs, and turn-ups, forbid the desecration! We can not permit it—our poor Proboscis!—we *must* demur! It is our advance-post, our compass, our bow-sprit, our polar star—our guide! Twist an instrument—a multitudinous instrument—like that! Never, never! We can not permit it. It would hurt our feelings. We should rather he wouldn't do it!"

This climax had its effect. The editor's adversary didn't "pull his proboscis," but contrariwise, was mollified by his *bonhommie*, and forgave him what he had deemed a great personal grievance.

When the distinguished editor of *The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo* had *his* nose pulled, he magnanimously assumed the non-combative, as the act was committed "wholly on political grounds"—an assault to which any political editor of nerve and courage was at all times liable!"

A BROTHER editor "down East" gives an account of a friend of his who is troubled with an impediment in his speech, and finds it especially difficult to pronounce any word commencing with the letter *R*, something like one of the characters in Bulwer Lytton's play of "Money."

"Well," said he, on one occasion, "they have had another wiot on the Bwantfo'd Woad."

"A what?"

"Why, a wiot—a *wiot*."

"What is a *wiot*?" was the next question.

"Don't you know what a wiot is? It's a wiot—a *wumpus*."

"Well, now, what's a *wumpus*? You've got me again."

"Why, *you* know what I mean; a *wiot*—a WUMPUS—a WOW!"

"Oh, ho! you mean they had a riot—a rumpus—a row, on the Brantford Road? Yes, yes—we've heard of that. Good-by!"

And the involuntary "Sir Frederick Blount" went on his way.

IF we have any readers of the Drawer who are *old maids*, they are requested not to read the following, but to hold themselves prepared for a most beautiful and forcible *Defense of Old Maids*, which will soon find insertion in our "Omnibus." In the mean time, let those who list see how much of humor and satire can be made to do unjust "duty:"

"An Amateur Naturalist" thus describes the species:

"OLD MAID (*Vietus Atratus*): Order, mammalia; genus, sapiens; class, omnivorous; appearance, eyes sharp, nose thin, mouth capacious, digits, semi-prehensile: most of them are fierce, some are untamable, others of a mild nature, evincing even a degree of attachment, especially for dogs, cats, canary-birds, and parrots; but they have most implacable enmity to man. When young they are playful, and frequently pretty, but their ferocious disposition, which increases as they grow up, although frequently concealed, is never subdued by education.

"In general they are gregarious, but pursue their predatory excursions for the most part alone. Their sense of seeing and hearing is very acute; and they will scent a tea-drinking or the odor of scandal at an almost incredible distance.

"They are remarkably tenacious of life, and generally attain to a good old age; indeed, they have frequently been known to exist for a long time on tea and scandal."

THERE is not only a good degree of characteristic oddity and humor in the subjoined anecdote of the celebrated Rev. Rowland Hill, but it contains besides a *lesson in health*, which is worthy of the consideration of all persons of sedentary habits or associations at least:

"Rowland Hill used to ride a good deal, and *by exercise*, he always preserved vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, he replied:

"'My physician has always been a *horse*, and my apothecary an *ass!*'"

Not *personally* complimentary, perhaps, to either profession, but at the same time conveying a "practice" which each would undoubtedly recommend to a friend who was a patient and a customer.

FEW readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor of research is often saved by such a table as the following—the work of one now in his grave. If "History is Poetry," as one who is a true poet himself forcibly remarks, then *here* is "*Poetry Personified:*"

1607. Virginia first settled by the English.
1614. New York first settled by the Dutch.
1620. Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1623. New Hampshire settled by Puritans.
1624. New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1627. Delaware settled by Swede and Fins.
1635. Maryland settled by Irish Catholics.
1635. Connecticut settled by the Puritans.
1636. Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
1650. North Carolina settled by the English.
1670. South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
1682. Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.
1733. Georgia settled by General Oglethorpe.
1791. Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792. Kentucky admitted into the Union.
1796. Tennessee admitted into the Union.
1802. Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811. Louisiana admitted into the Union.
1816. Indiana admitted into the Union.
1817. Mississippi admitted into the Union.
1818. Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819. Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820. Maine admitted into the Union.
1821. Missouri admitted into the Union.
1836. Michigan admitted into the Union.
1836. Arkansas admitted into the Union.
1845. Florida admitted into the Union.
1845. Texas admitted into the Union.
1846. Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848. Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1850. California admitted into the Union.

THERE is certainly great cause of thanksgiving to the Giver of all Good for the abundant "fruits of the earth" which prevail the present season. A friend, just returned from the great Valley of the Mississippi, in almost its entire extent, says that he has "seen nothing like it" in any year, as far back as he can remember. He was told the following story by a fellow-passenger, as the cars were passing the vast fields of wheat and corn in Indiana and Illinois:

"An old farmer," said the passenger, "who had been much out of humor, because for two successive years he had lost all his wheat by the *weevil*, was standing by the side of a fence, surveying his

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fruitful fields, when a neighbor in passing, said, as if in commiseration:

"'Why didn't you plant the Mediterranean wheat? That is never attacked by the weevil.'

"Pointing to his broad fields of wheat, 'ready for the harvest,' he replied:

"'No, *no;* I tell'd 'em last year I could stand it as long as the weevil could—and I *have!*'"

An uncomplaining philosophy, as rare as it is praiseworthily reliant.

THERE has been a sea-serpent—no, not a *sea*-serpent, exactly, but a fresh-water serpent, of tremendous dimensions, seen lately at Silver Lake, in the western part of our State. Its size and presence is testified to, as usual, by a great cloud of witnesses, each one of whom saw the monster "with the naked eye," so that the story can only be the "naked truth." But that such observers and such testifiers may very often be mistaken, is well exemplified in the subjoined passage from the "Gossip" of the *Knickerbocker* for August, 1847, nine years ago and upward:

"Toward the twilight of a still day, near the end of July, 1847, Horace Greeley, our old friend 'Horace' (now Honorable Horace Greeley, of the North American Congress), and 'old Knick' hereof, were seated on the broad piazza of the dark-yellow 'Mission House' at Michilimackinac, looking out upon the deep, *deep* blue waters of the Huron, when an object, apparently near the shore, suddenly attracted our attention. We both examined it through a good glass, and came to the mutual conclusion that it was an enormous sea-serpent, elevating its head, undulating its humps, and 'floating many a rood' upon the translucent strait. Such also was the opinion of the proprietor of the 'Mission House,' who in a ten years' residence at Mackinac had never seen the like before. 'Away went Horace, and away' went 'Old Knick' after him down to the shore; and but for most tremendous kangaroo bounds 'on behalf of the party of the first part,' and a slight sticking in the mud of an intervening marsh 'on the part of the party of the second part,' 'this deponent affirms and verily believes' that this deponent would have reached the beach aforesaid as soon as he, the said Horace did. When we had arrived, lo! the object which had so excited our curiosity was nothing more than the dark side of a long, undulating, unbroken wave, brought into clear relief by the level western light which the sun had left in his track as he dropped away over Lake Michigan. We felt rather 'cheap' as we came along back together; and 'allowed' that if they'd seen at Nahant what we had at Mackinac, they'd have *sworn* that it was the sea-serpent."

CONSIDERING recent terrible events upon public railways, the following is not without significance:

A medical man advertising his "practice" for sale, winds up, after stating all its advantages, with the following additional information:

"*N.B.*—Not five minutes' distance from a large railway station."

What awful "practice," under the providence of God, was added to the duties of the benevolent and "good physicians" who officiated at the recent calamity near Burlington, New Jersey.

Isn't there a great deal of well-deserved satire in the following anecdote? and would it not, if tested, prove to be of a pretty wide application?

"A dark-colored man once went to Portland, Maine, and attended church. He went into a good pew; when the next neighbor to the man who owned it, said:

"What do you put a nigger into our pew for?"

"Nigger! *he's* no nigger—he's a *Hayden.*"

"Can't help that; he's *black* as the ace of spades."

"Why, Sir, he's a correspondent of mine."

"Can't help that, I tell you, he's black."

"But he is worth a million of dollars."

"*Is* he, though?—INTRODUCE ME!"

OCTOBER, wan and sere, is again upon us, with its monitions and lessons of wisdom, which, with every recurring "Fall," come home to the hearts of the sorrowing and the bereaved. Among its "dead honors" which so soon will strew the ground, let us place these beautiful

AUTUMNAL LEAVES.

"Children of the dying summer,
Oft in grief I hear ye say,
Time's, old pastor's, text is mournful,
For he preacheth of decay.

"Like a lone and friendless mother
Droops thy parent's blighted head,
As if mourning for her children
Lying round her pale and dead.

"Her fond arms have gently rocked ye
In the evening clear and still,
And the sun's last beam hath kissed ye
A good-night, behind the hill.

"When that sun and breeze hath wakened
You again at early morn,
All with a new joy seemed laughing
O'er some blossom newly-born:

"And when weeping dews were falling,
I have heard the great winds sweep
Through your leafy lattice, calling,
Like the deep, unto the deep.

"Now ye lie forever scattered
Like pale mourners in the blast,
Till ye come in dead convention
To your graves, and rest at last.

"Ye remind me of familiar
Children, of Life's fruitful tree,
That were fair, but, fading, vanished
From the light of day, like ye.

"Nature's book of life lies open,
Man, go read the missal fair!
While the wind in her cathedral,
Like a psalmist, chants its prayer.

"She will be to thee a mother,
And will hold thee on her breast
When it is, that every other
Home on earth refuseth rest."

THINK of *A Medicine to bring back a Runaway Husband!* Judging from the papers of the day, it is a "medicament" that would be in great request at the present time. A recent traveler in Abyssinia relates that while in that country the following occurrence took place:

"One morning a lady entered my house, and threw herself immediately at my feet.

"'I have heard,' said she, 'that you know all things. I entreat you to assist me. I have the means of giving you every thing that you require. I have a son, who has married a woman by whom he has had children. Now another woman has given him medicine to make him love her, and since

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that he is always running after her, and will never hear a word of his lawful wife or of his children. I entreat you to *give me a medicine* to make him return to his wife and children!'"

A QUAINT bibliograph in Boston has lately been reviewing, in the "Transcript" of that city, the great *Eliot's Indian Bible*, in the Nipmuck language. Some of the words would bother even our compositors, who profess to be able to decipher or to spell any thing in any known or unknown tongue. Let us give a specimen or two, with an account of its external appearance:

"The ancient book is in quarto form, rough and rusty with old age, and hallowed by old associations.

"The language in which it is written is dead; entirely dead; no man living can either read it or speak it.

"This Bible was printed in 1635. The quality of the paper is poor enough, and the type is uneven and unsightly; that of the title-page seems in part to have been cut with a pen-knife for the occasion. It is bound in sheep, with heavy 'ribs' upon the back.

"The 'illuminations' at the beginning are extremely rude; and the 'lines' are bent and broken.

* * * * *

"The longest word which I can find in this Bible is in Mark, i. 40, 'Wutteppesittukqussunnoowehtunkquoh,' and signifies 'Kneeling down to him.'

"In translating Judges, v. 28—'The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and *cried through the lattice*'—he asked the Indians for the word 'lattice,' and found, when his translation was completed, that he had written, and '*cried through the eel-pot*,' that being the only object which the natives knew as corresponding with the object Mr. Eliot described to them.

"The Psalms are translated into that form of verse which is termed in our hymn-books 'common metre,' and nothing can be more clumsy and uncouth than the structure of the rhymes. Sternhold and Hopkins even may be read with exquisite pleasure after perusing a few stanzas like the following, which are from the 19th Psalm—"The heavens declare the glory of God," etc.:

"1. Kesuk kukootomuhtcaumoo
God wussohsumoonk
Mamahchekesuk wunnahtuhkon
Wutanakausnonk

"2. Hohsekoen kesukodtash
Kuttoo waantamonk
Kah hohsekoe nukonash
Keketookon wahteauonk!"

The first edition of this Bible was published in 1663. The type was set by an Indian, and it was three years in going through the press. It is the first edition of the Bible ever published in America.

THE difference between a great and a large defaulter—defaulter meaning, we suppose, a person who is "faulty"—is well set forth by PUNCH in the Cockney "Poem composed in Prison:"

"If I wos a pardoner hin' a Bank,
I shouldn't be vorkin' at this 'ere Crank;
For me and my Pals, a Gang's the term.
Oh, don't I vish ve vas called a Firm?

"In that case Prigs is Bankrupts made.
Though some is in the wan convey'd;
But Juries finds they can't convict,
And Justice's ends thereby is nick'd.

"Here, you or I, we robs a till,
And for which we gets the Crank or Mill,
It may be for years to the 'ulks we goes;
It may be for hever, p'raps—who knows?

"But hunto the 'ulks we never should go,
Providing we wos a Banker's Co.,
Becos of our 'avin' pick'd the locks
Of hever so many a Gent's strong box.

"If a Parson trusted us with his Deeds,
And we sold 'em and sack'd the hole proceeds,
That Reverend Gent would be jolly green,
But the Laws would make it all serene.

"Cos why? the case in course would be
Brought into the Court of Bankruptcy,
Vere we should have only to make a clean breast,
And couldn't be tried for wot we confess'd.

"To quod suppose we went for debt,
And just a few months chanced to get,
Without 'ard labor bein' confined,
To which a cove might be'ave resign'd.

"How am I, lagged for forty bob,
I've got seven years for that little job;
I wish 't 'ad been arf a million Pound,
And I shouldn't be turnin' this 'andle round."

THEY tell a capital story of Horace Vernet, the eminent French painter, recently; but before we quote it, let us mention a singular occurrence and a similar, which happened on one occasion in one of the tunnels on the Hudson River Railroad. A very pretty lady was seated opposite to a good looking gentleman, who was probably accompanying a party to Saratoga Springs. It was observed that this exceedingly handsome young woman had the smallest bit of court-plaster on a slight abrasion of the surface of her red upper lip. As the cars rumbled into the darkness of the tunnel, a slight exclamation of "Oh!" was heard from the lady, and when the cars again emerged to the light, the little piece of court-plaster aforesaid had become in some mysterious manner transferred to the upper-lip of the young gentleman! Curious, was it not?

But now to the story of Vernet.

The artist, so runs the anecdote, was coming from Versailles to Paris in the cars. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely—upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, his military pantaloons, etc., etc.

The painter was annoyed, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth, and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark!

Presently they arrived at Paris; and Vernet, on leaving them, said,

"Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, '*Which* of these two ladies was it that kissed me?'"

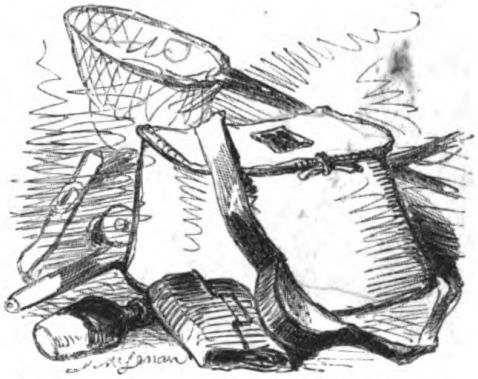
It is "Dick Tinto," the lively and entertaining Paris correspondent of the *New York Daily Times*, who narrates this characteristic and amusing anecdote.

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Mr. Slim's Piscatorial Experience.



Mr. Slim reads up about Fishes.



Then purchases appropriate Fishing Tackle.



He provides a picturesque and useful Costume;



And a number of the "Original Packages."



Arriving at the Fishing stream, is astonished to find it so small.



He is alarmed at the ferocious activity of its Inhabitants.



He hauls out a Trout—his first piscatorial trophy.



Finds a Saw-Mill has somehow got upon his hook.

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Meets with an Accident in crossing the Stream.



Is very cautious, for Trout are sly fish.



Throws his line; has an awful bite; attempts to land his fish.



Discovers that, instead of a fish, he has caught an Artist—sketching.



Offers a suitable apology, which the Artist accepts readily.



Pursuing his excursion, Mr. Slim soon has another wonderful bite.



He displays great skill in landing his prize



Secures it, and proceeds on his Excursion.

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Fashions for October.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Promenade Costume.

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IN the PROMENADE COSTUME on the previous page, the Cloak is of heavy black Lyons velvet. This material is almost hidden, when at rest, by deep guipure lace, which is disposed in three ranges surrounding the Cloak. Each of these ranges of lace reaches to the trimming which heads the one below. The trimming is of a very unique style of black plush ribbon, sewed in parallel rows, with neat frogs between. The garment is bordered with the same. The lining is of black satin, beautifully quilted. The dress is of a rich checked velvet and satin fabric. It is closed to the neck, with pagoda sleeves.

The MANTILLA (Figure 3) presents a decided contrast to the one given above. In its simplicity of style it approximates to the Spanish costume. Like the Spanish cloak, this is circular in form, but is set into a yoke adjusted to the figure nearly to the waist. The material is of a light-colored cloth, the ornaments are of plush and velvet trimming. The velvet ribbons which encircle the waist are finished off with tassels, forming a very elegant trimming. Upon the figure, this unique cloak produces a very happy effect.



FIGURE 3.—MANTILLA.



FIGURE 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

The *Child's Dress* (Figure 2) is a very elegant costume for a boy. The hat, adorned with an ostrich plume, is looped up on the side. The dress is of rich dark-green velvet. The jacket is confined at the top by two frogs and loops. It is cut rounding at the bottom, and fits neatly to the person, without being tight. The sleeves are slashed, and the linen under-sleeves puff through the slashes. The velvet skirt is ornamented with a series of velvet *nœuds*.

The CHEMISETTE (Figure 4) is a Richelieu collar, and chemisette, embroidered and ruffled with thread lace, plaited and confined by buttons.

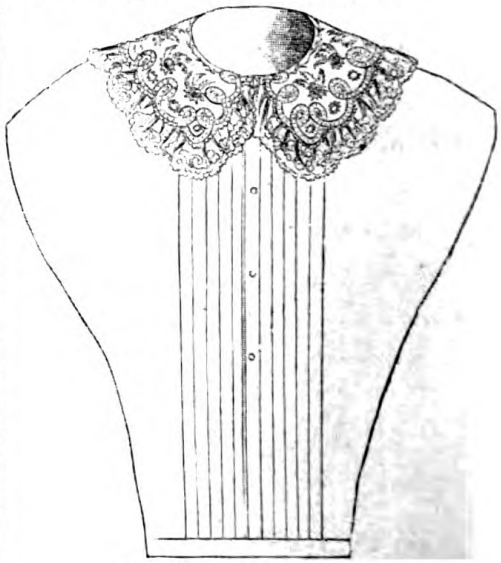


FIGURE 4.—CHEMISETTE.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXVI.—NOVEMBER, 1855.—Vol. XI.



LAZZARONI AT NAPLES.

A DAY AT POMPEII.

WHAT traveler fails to associate with Naples a laughing sky, a bounteous soil, a smiling sea—in short, that happy combination of elements which, making up our idea of a terrestrial paradise, ever beckons us to approach and pluck its fruits of enjoyment? The ancients sought to secure this coveted happiness by the discovery of the "Fortunate Islands." Their descendants, still more eager and worldly, not contented with the prodigality of Nature in a climate more favored than Plato ever imagined, have worried science and research in the futile effort to detect the elixir of life, or discover the fountain of youth, that they might drink of the one or bathe in the other, and live forever on the earth. But there are certain secrets that Nature seems determined to keep, although constantly flattering us that she is upon the point of disclosing the coveted mysteries. Among them is the common delusion of a "good climate"—an atmospherical Eden, which is neither too hot nor too cold, too damp nor too dry, and, opening every pore to sensuous delight, we would be content to pronounce it "just right." Having tried a greater variety of climates than is the usual lot of man, I am satisfied that while all have their good points, there is none perfect. The only sure rule of enjoyment is "to make hay while the sun shines," and not to believe that because Dame Nature smiles to-day she will to-morrow. She is a coquette from principle, and often fascinates but the more speedily to disappoint.

She smiles so sweetly, however, upon Naples, when she does smile, that one is, as it were, subdued into enjoyment, in spite of human nature and its thousand ills and wayward humors. Her fine days are absolutely borrowed from Paradise. The atmosphere absolutely becomes an elixir of health and fountain of happiness. The soul is not beguiled into that dreamy lan-

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guor, so fatal to exertion in the tropics, but it nerves the body to active pleasure and grateful emotions. Like the lark, one longs to soar and sing in the sparkling sunlight, receiving health and bliss in each expansion of wing. The ripe fruit, however, does not drop into the lap, but it must be plucked. Hence, in a temperature like that of Naples arises that superior happiness which results from the equal stimulus and employment of both mind and body under circumstances the most favorable, so far as God's works are concerned, for the perfect development of life—life in the sense of blissful existence, where every breath is pleasure, and every pulsation joy.

Yet Naples is sadly capricious, notwithstanding her largess of delights. She gives, but she exacts also. The scorching sirocco shrinks the pores and strangles the mind. It is a fiery furnace, in which every previous atmospherical sense of enjoyment is consumed by slow torture. The reaction in the nervous system is terrible. Africa, by one blast of her breath, revenges a thousand wrongs. I know nothing in the whole range of winds more soul-subduing, body-famishing, than the sirocco. It wilts, it shrinks, it parches, it enfeebles; it irritates, it pinches, it pricks, it tickles; it is an amalgam of melancholy and imbecility, the subtlest medium for low spirits ever let loose upon egotistical man, and yields to no exorcism save that of a shift of the weather-cock.

The eccentricities of weather tend, I believe, to make Naples what it really is, a city of paradoxes. Its subtle influences affect the national character, and give it a composite element of seeming eccentricities. One is equally eager to arrive and to leave; both emotions have their pleasurable associations. Naples, after Rome, is like a resurrection from the grave to the world. Here we find life in its active sense. London life is a dull, plodding, staid, wearisome life; forms and shams—much eating and loud speaking are its elements. New York life is a commercial whirlpool; "to get" is written on every man's brow; the weak are swallowed up, while the strong splash, and toss, and foam upon the broad current of Mammon. Paris life is a refined, sensuous emotion, selfish but courteous—a graceful flowing of the stream of pleasure toward the precipice of death. Naples life is deviltry itself. It is at once the busiest and idlest city of them all, overflowing with merriment while steeped in misery; with the most glitter it exhibits the most rags; and from beauty to ugliness there is but one step, which forms the bridge of contrast; and these external contrasts, joined to virtues and vices of equally opposite degrees, are in general concentrated in every individual inhabitant. Electrify these extremes by the active affinities of life, quickened into intensity by a climate which gives, as it were, an additional sense of pleasure or pain to every passion or emotion, and we have the veritable Neapolitan, the real child of the Sun—at once the most indolent and most active, the most vivacious and the most taciturn, the best humored and most revengeful, the most cunning and the most frank, the greatest vagabond and the best fellow—all things to all men; quick-witted, sagacious, begging, specious, hypocritical, superstitious, lying, droll, amiable, talking with double-tongue power, and gesticulating specimen of humanity extant. To complete the paradox, because Nature has been to them overbountiful, they want but little besides her sunshine.

Naples is frightfully busy; the stir in the streets is most extraordinary. Even the fleas must be endowed with extra hopping powers to get a bite, so quick and restless is this population, unless they see fit to slumber, when they partake themselves to the apathy of death. A stranger is tempted to ask, What the deuce is all this noise and shouting about? The very dust seems endued with a portion of this mercurial activity. There are no commerce, war, elections, or protracted meetings—in fact, it seems as if there were nothing to do, and yet a more vigorous doing-nothing no population can display. One would suppose that the city was each day either upon the point of being taken by storm, or had laid siege to itself. The clang of the trumpet, the rub-a-dub of the drum, and the tramp of uniformed men, regiment after regiment, are heard at every corner, while batteries of grim guns point through the squares, and rake the principal streets. Above them, below them, and around them, the Neapolitans are girt with volcanic fires, and a cordon of gunpowder and steel. Daily, in their midst, do they see the tender mercies of their government displayed by troops of their fellow-citizens, clad in galley costume, and heavily chained together in couples by their arms and legs, followed by hireling soldiers, as they are driven like cattle to their repulsive labors. These are simply criminals in law—criminals in politics are withdrawn from even the semblance of human sympathy, and in irons, starvation, and solitude, banished to unwholesome dungeons, to expiate, in protracted torture of mind and body, the crime of patriotism. From prisons blackened with the misery of ages and battered by time, through strong and thick-set iron bars, despite the terrors of a tyrant-drilled soldiery, famishing, hardened wretches stretch their gaunt arms, and, with mingled ribaldry and blasphemy, demand charity, or mock the freedom of their former associates, who, with strange fascination, sun themselves beside the walls of these sepulchres of human virtue and liberty. Elsewhere the apparatus of tyranny is masked, but in Naples it stands forth as prominent as Vesuvius, bristling with horrors like an infernal machine. Yet the Neapolitans laugh and sing, work or doze, as the impulse seizes them, as reckless of these evidences of their degradation as if they were intended solely for the inhabitants of another sphere, and not for themselves, their wives, and their little ones. Their climate is to them meat and drink, raiment and

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liberty. At once the results and supports of a political tyranny and religious despotism that recalls the darkest ages, they will continue to bask contentedly in the mire of ignorance and slavery until some new Massaniello fires their passions, or education awakens in them the loftier hopes and desires of humanity.

To enjoy Naples, one should not think. Its mocking joys and stores of fun come really home only in the perfect abandon of its life. To float on its current, and not to dive, is the rule for enjoyment. Yet the hour of satiety, even of pleasure, is not slow to come. A perpetual grin is fatiguing, dust is choking, and noise is stunning. Disgust is apt to poke its sardonic face through the mask of novelty, so that what one not to the manor bred and born at first found amusing, begins at last to be wearisome. Now, as in the days of the Pharaohs, the skeleton will appear unbidden at the feast. Besides, there are some ingredients in a Neapolitan crowd rather unprofitable than otherwise both to purse and morals. Pimps importune with a pertinacity peculiarly Neapolitan, reciting a tariff for every feminine charm and masculine vice; beggars whine, extort, and turn the public walks into pathological museums for the exhibition of sores and deformity. But the most amusing and successful of the street leeches are the pickpockets. A thief in Naples is a hero. The public make way for him to escape, and close up against his pursuer. I had my pocket picked almost as soon as I entered the street—an event which, in fifteen years' travel, had happened but once before. A friend of mine rarely was able to keep a handkerchief through a promenade. In self-defense, he took to the cheapest cotton. As he was stepping into his carriage, he missed, as usual, the article. At the same moment, he saw it thrown contemptuously toward him by one of the street gentry, who, amidst the jeers of the crowd, vented his disappointment by crying out, "Who would have thought a gentleman like *him* would have carried a pocket-handkerchief like *that!*"

Then, too, one tires of seeing surfeited urchins swallow maccaroni by the unbroken fathom at the rate of a copper a dish, for the amusement of the "*forestierri*," who marvel at such gastronomic dexterity. Turning their heads, they can see lazzaroni family groups amicably engaged in furnishing each member with food from their superfluous craniological stock—a process unfortunately common, and by no means a whet to a fastidious appetite. But the cruelest sight of all is the amount of work exacted from one little horse. An Italian nowhere is by any means sensitive in his treatment of these animals. The whip is made to supply the deficiency of spirit even among gentlemen's studs. But Naples is the true purgatory of horseflesh. The horses here must possess some vital tenacity unknown elsewhere.



NEAPOLITAN CABRIOLET.

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The Neapolitans, too, contrive to infuse some of their own devil-may-care hilarity even into their beasts, dressing them up with flowers, feathers, bells, and gay trappings, so that what with the shouting, laughter, jokes, and flogging of the party he draws, the poor brute seems really to be enjoying his holiday instead of doing the labor of four horses. A Neapolitan cabriolet is a "sight" of itself. Look, dear reader! This is no rare show. A medley of priest and woman, thief and peasant, beggar and bride, characteristic Neapolitans every soul of them, with a baby screaming for joy in the basket under the axle, twenty-one in all, over head and ears in frolic, with but one half-starved horse to shake them to their journey's end. They manage, too, to get a speed out of these quadruped victims that is really astonishing to pedestrians, and often puts them in no little danger of their limbs. I can compare one of these parties in full chorus only to a jovial war-whoop —one's hair stands on end as they dash by, and one laughs as if it were his last chance.

On an unimpeachable morning toward the end of April, when the weather was literally faultless, the air the breath of heaven itself, not a cloud to dim the lustre of a sky whose lucidity seemed to realize infinity, while the "Bay" slept tranquil under the balmiest of zephyrs, and the distant islands and headlands lay robed in translucency as if defying criticism—on such a day I awoke in Naples, satisfied, nay, disgusted with its chaos of sights and sounds, and cast about me for some quiet retreat where I might, if but for a few short hours, become oblivious to its soulless turmoil.

"Eureka!" The dead city flashed on my mind. I have it! To Pompeii, then, I would go, and commune with the past; not gregariously, with simpering misses, yawning dandies, or impatient women, with heads too full of the living to give place, even for a brief moment, to thoughts of the dead, but *alone*, without companion or guide, and there, in the reaction of thought and silence, refresh my mind from the vacuous tension of the capital of fooldom.

No sooner thought than executed. A few minutes found me, with railroad speed—no great matter in this kingdom, where iron is spared and flesh only is driven—rumbling along the shores of the bay, now almost plowing up its quiet surges, then bounding high over roofs and houses, the present generations strangely mingling and overtopping the past, Resina upon Herculaneum, a gulf of two thousand years dividing the interval between them, while Grecian sepulchres, Roman tombs, mediæval lava streams, modern vineyards, deserted houses, broken walls, and towns, like ant-hills, bursting with life, were mingled at my side in strange confusion. No other railroad possesses an interest like this. Sepulchral cities lie beneath and along its track. The waters of Naples splash its seaward embankments. On the other side lives a population as dense as that of China, and more picturesque in garb and manners than that of India. They dwell in habitations built upon the graves of their ancestors, the very earth they cultivate being the ashes of their forefathers, whom war and volcano have alternately stricken down and buried in one wide devastation, but to be quickened again into being by a vigorous nature that knows no exhaustion. Life and Death here meet in ceaseless strife. Each boasts its trophies, and each in turn triumphs. If the former exultingly displays Portici, Castellamare, Torre del Greco, and the many towns and villages that so lovingly nestle amidst the vineyards of sunny Vesuvius, all teeming with joyous existence, forgetting that they are undermined by eternal fires, the latter sternly reminds you that beneath them, imprisoned in her fatal embraces, lie Herculaneum, Stabiæ, and Pompeii, once the homes of a population more numerous, more happy, and more prosperous than those which have succeeded to their dubious heritage, while above them all the treacherous volcano lifts its head, ready at Nature's signal to do again the bidding of Death. It seemed to me a moral defiance of Fate, an insult to the avenging Nemesis, thus to rudely bind together her domains with bars of iron, and to let loose the shrieking fire-horse to scatter about the cinders of dead cities in the very shadow of the fierce old crater itself. While I was speculating whether Vesuvius was a stock "bull" or "bear," and what influence it might possess at the brokers' board, the locomotive's whistle announced our arrival at the pretty little station-house of Pompeii. This is but a short distance from the disinterred town, of which nothing can be seen while without, owing to the vast mounds of ashes piled outside, forming a dike sufficiently high and strong to turn aside any ordinary lava-current.

The first object that attracted my attention was the "Diomedes Hotel," a snug little restaurant at the outer base of the dike of cinders. Shade of Lucullus, to what a base use had the old patrician gourmand's name descended! It had the merit, however, of being appropriate, if one can judge of the character of the owner by the traces of good living he left behind him. Diomedes's name has now become as widely known as Cato's. Death in the fiery shower was to him fame. Had he been gathered to his fathers in the ordinary way, we should never have heard of him; but now his wine-cellar, his kitchen, his bathing-rooms, garden, and all the appurtenances of a fine old Roman gentleman's mansion are better known and as much visited as the palace of all the Cæsars. As his name has occurred first, I will briefly say what I saw worth mentioning about his premises, which are at the other end of the city, just outside the Herculaneum Gate, and then return and enter the town in accordance with my actual route.

Diomedes's villa was three stories high. The upper one is chiefly demolished, but the lower two are quite perfect. You enter from the Via Domitiana by a doorway under a ruined portico with a very modern look, and find yourself

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DIOMEDES'S VILLA.

bewildered amidst a series of small but prettily-situated rooms, displaying even now the traces of that hospitable luxury which once distinguished its proprietor. The diming-room, or, as some think it, the best bed-chamber, looks out upon the garden and over the sea, which then came almost to the garden wall, although now nearly two miles distant. It had a bow front, or rather back, and fine large windows. Some of the windows of this house were glazed with a coarse, semi-opaque glass, not uncommon in Pompeii, and still manufactured abundantly in Italy. The cook, or rather his skeleton, was found at his place in the kitchen, near the stove, on which still remained a bronze "casserole," or covered skillet, and other traces of a coming meal. He evidently thought the eruption would not prove to be much of a shower, or else Roman cooks, like Roman sentinels, were required to die at their posts.

The area of the garden remains very much as it was left, with its porticoes still standing, the ruins of a fountain, fish reservoir, and the usual contrivance of columns to sustain vines, with seats, table, etc., answering to our summer-house. Just outside the seaward gate were found two skeletons, with keys, coins, and other articles of value. Conjecture, which of course has endless room for play amidst the unclaimed property and nameless skeletons of this buried-alive city, ascribes to one of these human relics the name of Diomedes, who perished while selfishly deserting his family. In this, however, we may do him injustice, though circumstantial evidence is strongly against him. But the wine-cellar, still perfect, and lighted by the same narrow loop-holes, looking into the garden, which let in the fatal shower and gases, is the most interesting spot, from the fact that here were found the remains of twenty persons, including a child and baby, who had here taken refuge, with sufficient provision, as they supposed, to weather the strange storm. They were, however, speedily suffocated by the mephitic vapors while making a vain effort to escape from their fatal refuge, the falling stones and lava having closed the door upon them for eternity. The fine ashes and hot water, penetrating by the windows, formed a paste around their bodies, preserving the impressions of form, and even clothing, as perfectly as a sculptor's mould. Even the texture of the fine linen worn by the women was imprinted on this lava paste, as well as their jewels. The saddest relic of all was a portion of the blonde hair of the mother, still retaining its color and shape. In the Museo Borbonico at Naples, where all removable articles of value are carried as soon as discovered, we see the impression in lava of a female breast, matronly full and fair, and an entire female head, formed of a fine crust, so delicate that it seems as if a breath might disturb it, yet every feature is as perfect as in life, exhibiting a portrait of rare beauty and regu-

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larity. No sculptor could have taken his mould with more precision. The utmost care is taken of it, so that it will probably endure through all time as the sole artificial bust of Nature's moulding, a priceless and unique specimen of geological portraiture. Whether these remains were found or not in Diomedes's cellar, I do not know.

The wine-jars of Diomedes remain leaning in rows against the walls, as when he last took account of stock. They are filled with ashes. Beneath there is a dried substance, which connoisseurs pretend to say still retains a portion of the rich aroma of the wines that for thousands of years have given to Vesuvius its most cherished celebrity.

Diomedes, pagan though he was, must have had a more cheerful idea of death than most Christians. He built his sepulchre, still inscribed with his name, right over against his chamber windows, and scarcely two rods off, so that he never could cross his own threshold without having his grave to stare him in the face.

Near the villa of Diomedes there was another, supposed to have belonged to Cicero, and mentioned in his letters to Atticus. In it were found some fine paintings. On one of the lower stories was the following inscription: "Sea and fresh water baths of Marcus Crassus Frugius." Mr. Frugius would have to go a long way for his salt water now!

I entered Pompeii from the Salerno road, opposite the railroad station. The usual array of guides and ciceroni lay in waiting to intercept visitors. They are a nuisance under almost any circumstances, and, being already as familiar with the localities of Pompeii as of New York, I determined, despite the rule which affixes one, like a shadow, to every visitor or party, from fear of the effects of antiquarian covetousness, to wander unattended and unharangued where I pleased — "up stairs, down stairs, and in the ladies' chamber," after the fashion of "Le Diable boiteux," on a voyage of discovery into the morals and customs of the deceased Pompeians. To effect this solitude required no little skill. I hung back until the parties preceding me were supplied, and then loitered on, straggler fashion, as if belonging to one in advance. The few remaining ciceroni eyed me suspiciously; some, spider-like, dashed toward me, but I dodged them, or bluntly told them to be off. A few rods having brought me to an unfrequented part of the town, in the rear of the Basilica, I slipped aside, and, privateer-like, gained a good offing, with a clear antiquarian horizon.

There was a luxury of sentiment in being alone in Pompeii—of having, as it were, an entire city to one's self in the broad day, that had a peculiar charm to me. I dived into cellars, I ascended dilapidated staircases, I pried into ladies' boudoirs, nay, even into their bed-chambers, stood before family altars, criticised the cook's department—in fine, explored with unblushing effrontery the domestic secrets of every household, rich or poor, plebeian or patrician,



STREET IN POMPEII.

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which attracted me, without a human voice to break the spell. Pompeii is not, as some term it, simply "a city of the dead." The soul is there, though the animal existence is departed. It is the ghost of past life, clear and firm in its outlines, and spirit-like in its talk—a veritable "medium" through which the classical ages can "rap" out their ideas to ours. There is, too, enough of reality and completeness of preservation in many localities to make one step lightly, for fear he might intrude. This gives a lively delicacy of feeling to exploration totally inconsistent with the bat-filled towers and mouldy ruins of ordinary antiquity, with their break-neck gaps and tottering walls. Here every thing has the freshness of yesterday; all is firm and clean, though incomplete. By some strange sorcery, an entire city has been unroofed; doors and windows left invitingly open; every mystery bared to strong sunlight; and the population, as it were, extinguished, like the snuffing out of a candle, leaving behind them the familiar tokens of warm hearts and a busy life, so like our own that we are ready at once to extend to them the fraternal grasp of human brotherhood.

The first thought that struck me was one of compliment to the departed "city fathers." Their streets were narrow, it is true—no great harm in a hot climate—but well paved with flat lava, and raised crossing-stones for foot-passengers. They possessed numerous fountains, and, above all, "side-walks," a convenience which Paris did not know before this century, and Naples is still without. They were well supplied with sewers beneath the pavement, leading to the sea. From these evidences of their superior civilization, and their love of fresh water, manifested not only by public baths, but in every private house of any pretensions, in beautiful marble fish-basins, fountains, cisterns, hot and cold baths, accompanied with Oriental-like tokens of luxurious ablutions, I concluded that the filthy habits and indecent exposures which the refined Florentines gaze upon with such indifference, even under the very windows of their stately palaces, to which are hourly wafted perfumes not of Araby the blessed, were forbidden by statute at Pompeii. If so, the modern Italians have sadly degenerated from their ancestral cleanliness. The aqueducts supplied Pompeii with delicious water, as I verified by taste. Wells are rare, and the water not so good. There is one, still in use, one hundred and twenty feet deep.

The names and occupations, generally in red paint, accompanied often with hieroglyphical signs, announced the proprietors or occupants of houses, which were numbered, and their trades. Indeed, a very respectable directory of Pompeii might be compiled to-day from its walls. There are also on them many advertisements of gladiatorial shows, festivals, and specimens of street wit or drawing, from which might be got up an Illustrated Pompeian News of the year 79, which would prove vastly entertaining.

These ideas suggested another. Streets, aqueducts, fountains, public buildings, and private houses—in short, all the essentials of a habitable town, are here, ready for use, and requiring not an extraordinary degree of repair. The spirit of Yankeedom moved within me. Would it not be a "good operation" to buy up Pompeii, reserve the corner lots, sell the intervening, and appropriate the temples to public schools? It is true that the "court-house" would require roofing, and the jail *enlarging*, but the amphitheatre would be a capital spot for caucuses, the public baths could be altered at slight expense into a "meeting-house," with ample vestry accommodation, and the Pantheon would make a capital hotel. The scream of the locomotive hourly startles the ears of the modern guests of Sallust's house by abruptly recalling them from their classical trance to the materialism of the nineteenth century, so that a railroad is not wanting, and gas might be let on cheap from Vesuvius. Would his Majesty of Naples become a partner in the speculation? Knowing his predilection for antiquities rather than improvements, I "rather guessed" not, and concluded to keep the "notion" to myself until a more enterprising ruler should arise in his place.

The present king is, however, doing something in the way of repeopling the city, for he allows a few soldiers to select their residences, from the hundreds at their choice, in the different quarters of the town. A trifling outlay gives them a very comfortable mansion. They, in general, content themselves, like hermit-crabs, in taking possession of the dead shells of the plebeian sort, when they might help themselves to palaces. It looked odd to see, every now and then, the solitude of this disinterred city broken by a female face, gazing hopelessly into the deserted street, watching for something living go by. Luckily I had with me no guide, or he would have been sure to have protested that these inhabitants, like the water in the wells, were not *ancient*, and thus dispel an illusion I had created out of them. Why could they not have been the families, nay, the very soldiers themselves, who perished, rather than desert their posts, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of August, A.D. 79? The sentinel was found, eighteen centuries later, still at his post at the Herculaneum Gate, while in their barracks in the Forum Nundinarium more than threescore of their number perished, victims to their military discipline. Such fidelity deserves perpetual recompense, and my fancy invested them in the shape of the present legionaries of Naples with the freedom of the city. It is true that the merit of four of these sufferers was involuntary. They were not only locked up in the guard-house, but fastened by their ankles into iron stocks, which were partially melted by the heat that slowly killed them. These stocks are now in the Museum, as well as beautiful specimens of armor, including several bronze helmets, one of which is richly ornamented in bas-relief with the story of the destruction of Troy. There is,

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SCENE IN POMPEII.

however, a very curious specimen of genuine *ancient* water inclosed in a huge bronze cock of a reservoir to be seen in the Museum. Time has hermetically sealed the parts, but, upon shaking the cock, the splashing of the imprisoned liquid, now having been nearly two thousand years in solitary confinement, is clearly heard.

If I skip oddly about, the reader, curious in these matters, must have patience with me. It is a fac-simile of the manner I spent this day—my pleasantest day of travel in Europe—darting from one point to another, as fancy or curiosity dictated. I had no rule. I knew by heart the treasures in the Museo Borbonico which had been rifled hence, and could, by the wand of memory, restore them to their proper localities; consequently, every site of interest became to me at once the familiar object of the century that saw our Saviour. Then, too, I busied myself in conjecturing, from the hints in domestic life the Pompeians had left behind them, how they did this thing—how they did that; whether we were wiser and more refined than they; were we even more comfortable, with all our boasted civilization; if, reader mine, you have patience to follow me through all my eccentric investigations on this holiday, you will at least know something of how the home-life of the old conquerors of the world went on twenty centuries ago.

Their houses were not large, in the palatial sense of modern times. Unlike ours, too, their plain side was toward the street, and their decorations reserved for within. Doors which opened outward, and thereby endangered the faces of the passers-by, unless they heard the warning cry, were the fashion. The street windows were mere port-holes, and closed with wooden shutters, so that street effect, so far as domestic architecture was concerned, must have been meagre indeed. Art was lavish in decoration of the interior. The colors employed in painting were peculiarly bright, retaining even now a brilliancy that is astonishing. The taste was in general for strong colors and contrasts, but some were employed with a delicacy of tint and truthfulness of design that still continue to be the admiration and study of modern artists. A few of these paintings were in frames, and

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hung upon the walls, but in general they were painted upon the wall, after the manner of modern frescoes, and with so durable an art as to resist until now the fire and damp to which they have been exposed. Their secret of thus petrifying colors, as it were, is lost.

Among the finest of their paintings, classed by some even with the labors of Raphael, is the Parting Scene between Achilles and Briseis,

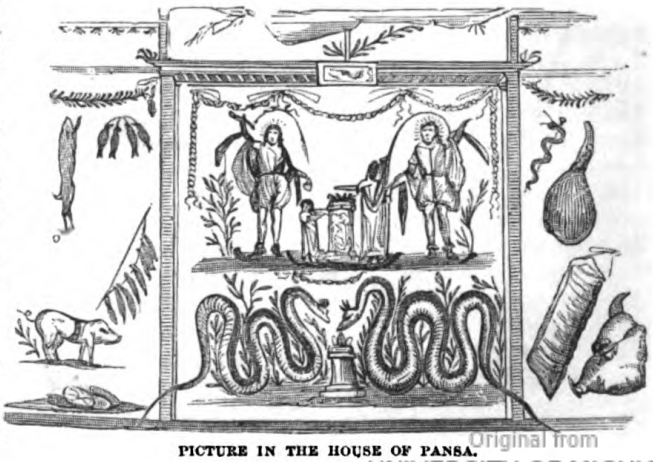


ACHILLES DELIVERING UP BRISEIS.

which is of itself sufficient to exalt the feeling of the ancients for art to a high standard. The head of Achilles is a master-piece of expression. There are other evidences, however, of their faithful delineation of sentiment and passion, accompanied by a correctness of drawing, which proves much close study, and, with other branches of art which this insignificant town of the Roman Empire has disclosed, shows equally how little we have gained upon them, and how great must have been the intervening darkness, to make modern success appear so wonderful. Landscape painting was, however, much after the character of the Chinese, capricious, gaudy, and utterly regardless of the rules of perspective, though there are evidences that this branch of art was not wholly misunderstood. The specimens we now see upon the walls, however, were probably cheap efforts, to take the place of modern paper, and not intended for any higher purpose. But what they chiefly excelled in was grotesque and arabesque ornaments, in both of which they display a pleasing delicacy and invention, that we may copy, but not excel. Indeed, Raphael was indebted for the designs of his ornamental paintings in the Loggie of the Vatican to the Baths of Titus.

In the kitchen of the house of the Edile Pansa there still remain some droll pictures, coarsely executed, intended, no doubt, to refresh the memory of the cook with the tid-bits his master loved, and perhaps as a warning, also, in case of a failure of skill. We have a ham, bacon, head of a wild boar, a stately hog with a belt around his body, and the cook sacrificing eatables upon an altar, with the guardian serpents beneath. Besides these, there is a *murœna* fastened upon a spit. This delicate fish was said to be a venomous cross between the land and sea viper. It was, however, particularly prized by Roman epicures—we can forgive classical gourmands every thing after seasoning their dishes with asafœtida—and was kept in brackish water, and sometimes fed with refractory slaves, to give it bulk and flavor. There was, then, an unmistakable moral to Pansa's cook in this picture.

The lower floor of Pansa's house, upon the street, was divided into shops, one of which served him for the disposal of his own superfluous harvests. Some of these lordly mansions boasted an immense number of shops. One, owned by a Signora Julia Felix, had upon the outside a notice stating that it was to let—I presume at auction—between the coming sixth and eighth of August, together with *nine hundred shops*, with their terraces and upper stories. This amount of real estate in a little city like this looks startling; but, judging from the shops already exposed, the whole might be included within the capacity of Stewart's marble building on Broadway. The ancient aristocracy peddled out their merchandise from their own houses, as still continue to do the present grand signori of Italy, who, while affecting to despise commerce as ignoble, daily vend wine and oil, by the bottle or penny's worth, to every customer, from the basements of their palaces. The alms they bestow at one



PICTURE IN THE HOUSE OF PANSA.

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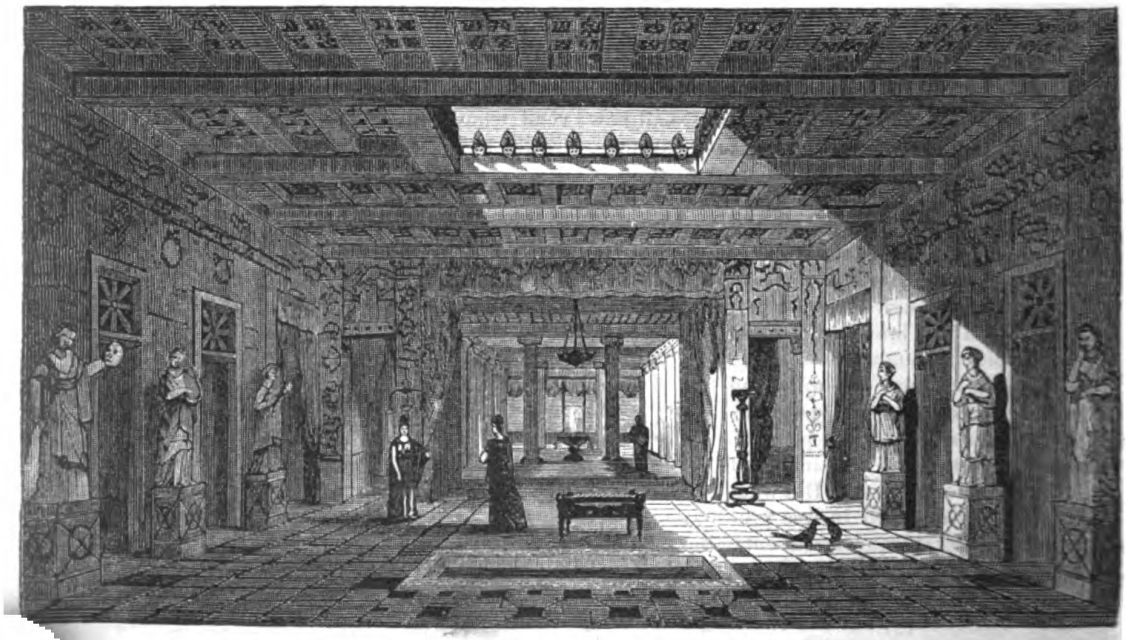
door are often returned to them at another, through the sales of their produce. I have my milk and butter of a marquis, who, if I sold cotton by the cargo, would consider me as unworthy of his noble society, but who, if I do nothing and patronize his dairy, considers me good enough "to go to court." This is a queer distinction for the descendants of merchants to make, but it is universal. Even an artist is considered in some degree to have the mechanical taint of the artisan, an aristocratic prejudice which even the genius of our Greenough, though on familiar terms with a Capponi, could not altogether overcome.

The interior view of the Pompeian houses from the street must have been very pretty. Unlike the modern arrangement, the ground floor was the principal part, for the ancient Campanians appear to have had a luxurious horror of staircases. Hence those that we see in private houses are contracted, and look as if intended only for slaves, on whom devolved the labor of ascending and descending. The porter's lodge was, where it is now in fashionable mansions, just inside the street-door. This looked into an open court, in the centre of which is always to be found an "*impluvium*," or large, open, shallow cistern of marble to hold rain-water—an exceedingly ingenious contrivance, one would suppose, for the generation of musquitoes. Many houses had also large subterranean reservoirs.

This outer court was surrounded with numerous small chambers, appropriated to purposes of hospitality, besides the larger reception-room, or atrium, answering to modern Italian antechambers, where callers were obliged to await the pleasure of the master of the house.

Beyond this court is to be seen another, surrounded in general by colonnades, and appropriated to the more private purposes of the family. Here we find all the domestic compartments which we usually divide over several floors. The ladies had their boudoirs and the gentlemen their libraries. There are, too, saloons of different degrees of elegance, and dining-rooms, shady and very inviting in such a climate, looking out as they did upon mosaic-paved court-yards, cooled by fountains, and the murmuring of flowing waters playing among marble statues and flower-beds, with gold-fishes darting about in their artificial ponds. When space permitted, there was always a garden, shaded by vine-covered trellises supported on beautiful columns, under which the family assembled, perhaps to eat "ices"—at all events, to drink iced wine. Here, also, were the cold baths. These were taken in the open air, with a somewhat nonchalant disregard of exposure universal in warm countries. Some of the bath-tubs, of the purest white marble, are of magnificent proportions, and look as invitingly under the warm sky of to-day as when Grecian belles were wont to bathe their fair limbs therein. The hot baths were, from necessity, more retired. The farther end of the garden was frequently painted in fresco landscape, so that the passer-by in the street beheld a beautiful perspective of Corinthian columns, fountains, statues, and mosaic-paved court-yards, terminating with flowers and shrubbery, and apparently betraying a vista far beyond the reality. The effect of such a scene, combined with the graceful-flowing robes of the ancients, and their careless out-door domesticity, generated by a climate which invites freedom, must have been charmingly picturesque.

The chambers were in general mere closets, altogether too small for modern bedsteads, and lighted only by doors. In fact, the bedstead

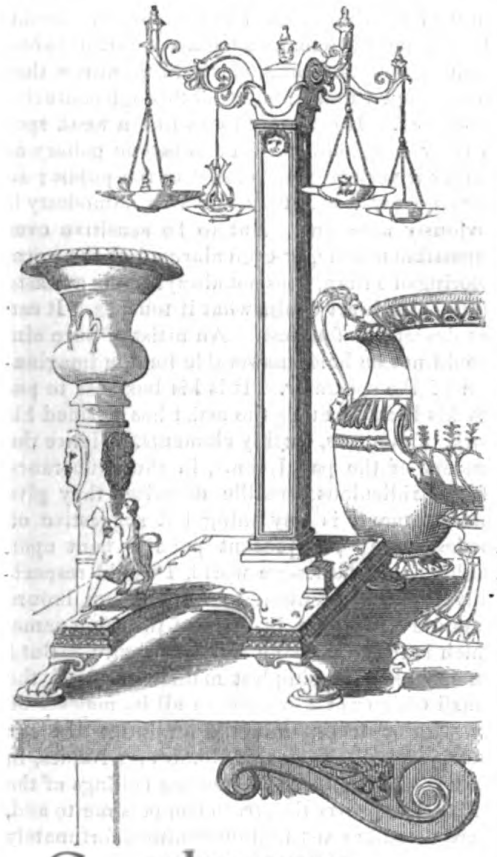


ATRIUM IN THE HOUSE OF PANSA.

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was seldom other than a raised portion of the floor, though they possessed others somewhat after the modern French pattern, as may be seen pictured on the walls. No doubt, inspired by the genial warmth of their climate, the Pompeians spread their mattresses, as they did their tables, as fancy dictated. It was an easy matter with them to take up their beds and walk. The women's apartments were separated from the men's, though the division does not appear to have been very close. Every house had its family altar or chapel, not unlike in arrangement to the domestic shrines of Romanism, substituting an idol for a crucifix or Madonna. They burned lamps, just as the Catholics do candles, as a religious sacrifice, and offered fruits and flowers, or more valuable gifts, as vows or piety dictated.

Some of the better houses had their kitchens and their offices under ground, but, in general, they were put aside where most convenient, approachable by a lane or back passage. They were all small compared with our ideas of culinary accommodation, but almost precisely like the modern Italian in their arrangements. The fire-places are precisely the same. But when we come to kitchen utensils, we perceive a degeneracy, not only in material and form, but in utility, compared with those in common use among the Pompeians, that is truly marvelous. Bronze, lined with silver, was not uncommon. I saw at the Museum pots with malleable bronze handles, which could be put in or taken out at pleasure. This art is lost. Their earthen jars have the *ring* of real metal, hard and sonorous, and so strong as to be proof against ordinary carelessness. Their pottery is grace itself, and some of the ornamental vases of antiquity are valued as high as ten thousand dollars apiece. The elegance of form and beauty of color of their glass—I refer to the finest specimens—astonished me. Modern art has never equaled the Portland vase, or rivaled the finest specimens of Naples, which seem more like engraved gems than glass. Their common is like our greenish bottle-glass. They do not seem to have possessed the art of cutting, though we find pretty specimens of pressed glass, such as vases, drinking-vessels, etc.



CANDELABRA AND VASE.

Their chief excellence lay in their metallic work. In casseroles, water-jars, wine-coolers, pots and kettles, strainers, egg-containers, urns for hot water—in short, throughout the whole



LAMP AND STAND.

range of domestic ware, they display not only a variety equal to any modern furnishing house, but in many respects, especially in stoves, water-heaters, etc., an economy of fuel and multiplicity of uses that would win a patent even at Washington. To these merits they add a beauty of form altogether neglected by our unpoetical mechanics. Nothing, however homely in its uses, was beneath their passion for adornment. A handle of a pitcher or the leg of a pot became, as it left their hands, suggestive of something beyond its baser uses. It possessed a distinctive beauty, and told a history. Their mythology was pressed into this apparently humble service, so that stories of religion might be learned from a table service. This prodigality of art must have cost high. It expands our idea of the riches and civilization of the Roman empire to know that a petty sea-port affords such incontestable evidence of taste and wealth. If such were provincial Pompeii, what must have been imperial Rome!

In the days of Titus, Pompeii was dug over and rifled of much of its buried treasure, probably by surviving inhabitants, who knew where to seek. In one instance modern excavators

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have discovered that their predecessors of the first century failed only by *three feet* in hitting a treasure which they evidently sought, but which was destined to reward the King of Naples nearly two thousand years afterward. Pompeii was evidently preserved by Fate to daguerreotype ancient to modern civilization, and teach us that, with all our boasted progress, we can learn much from the past. Indeed, its utensils and arts have been for the last fifty years a school of design to modern Europe, which has advanced in beauty and grace of ornament in proportion as it has gone back for models. The elegant designs of their candelabra, lamps, urns, and silver vases, are copied throughout the civilized world. I believe that more bronze and marble statues have been dug out of Pompeii than exist in the entire United States. It was said of Rome that the stone population equaled the living. It was not the comparative cheapness of art that made it so common, for excellence was rated at greater sums than now. Phidias or Praxiteles could command higher prices than can Powers or Crawford in the present age. The *living* masters of antiquity were rewarded as are only the *dead* by modern taste. Nothing but an inborn and cultivated sense of the beautiful could have produced this artistic prodigality. There is something in this acknowledgment and craving for Beauty—the unselfish, or, more properly speaking, intellectual exaltation of art above mere utility, that strikes me as a generous sentiment in a nation. It came from the hearts and purses of individuals, and was not the result of one tyrannical will, like that of Louis XIV., who willingly impoverished France that he might lodge in egotistical magnificence.

In one other respect the Pompeians, in common with antiquity, are not so deserving of commendation. What St. Paul says of the Corinthians must have been equally applicable to them. Their religion was purely a sensual one in its effect on the common mind. It stimulated rather than repressed vulgar passions by celestial examples of more than human infirmity. Hence, in conjunction with excitability of climate, sprang licentious habits and erotic ideas. The secret museum of Naples discloses a curious picture of the domestic life of the inhabitants of Magna Græcia. Common utensils, ornamental vases, and even jewelry, were manufactured into obscene shapes, which no modern lady could hear named, much less see and use, without the blush of shame and indignation. It would be a difficult point to fix upon the standard of classical modesty. It was, at all events, the antipodes of American delicacy, which coins new names to avoid expressing natural ideas, and discloses more from false shame in substitution than the natural truth could ever express, however frankly spoken. Christianity has banished forever from civilized life such evidence of its classical abasement. The pictures of antiquity, too, were not always of the most chaste description, and forms of vice were unblushingly delineated which are not so much as even to be named among men. The Neapolitan government, though not remarkable for prudery, has erased or hid these specimens of prurient art. It leaves, however, as specimens of the manners of the day, upon a few buildings, stone amulets in the shape of any thing the reader may conceive as particularly immodest, but which were once publicly worn, after the fashion of modern charms, by Pompeian ladies, as a specific against *malocchio*, or the evil eye. This superstition is still rife throughout Italy, and affords jewelers much custom. Turning a corner suddenly, I heard the strange sound of English voices, and came upon a party of that nation. A young girl, in her simplicity, was intently studying one of these mystic carvings over a doorway, while behind her sat a courier, in high enjoyment of what he considered a good joke. He gave me a wink and laugh as I went by. At the same instant a revelation seemed to spring into the mind of the maiden, and she hurried off as if a bee had stung her.

Since the visit of Pius IX. to Naples, the public museums have become wonderfully chaste. He condemned every display of classical beauty, while tolerating any amount of saintly nakedness. A Domenichino and Guido are packed away into dark closets if they display any thing less of female loveliness than court costume sanctions, while a Saint Theresa, an arrow-spitted Sebastian, or any other Romish pet, in all their repulsive nudity of martyrdom, are allowed to disgust mortal eyes under the specious pretense of offering unction to their souls. Some of the popes have manifested a wonderfully keen scent in detecting immodesty in paintings that have escaped that imputation through centuries of visitors. It certainly looks like a weak spot in their imaginations. The obscene gallery at Naples is very properly closed to the public; so should every work of art in which immodesty is obviously apparent. But to be sensitive over impassible marble, or even alarmed at the warm coloring of Titian, does not always imply a chaste mind. High art exalts what it touches. It can not descend to foulness. An artist of pure aim should not be held answerable for the imagination of the spectator. It is his business to purify his heart, even as the artist has purified his work, of all gross, earthly elements. Hence the prudery of the papal court, in the exuberance of the ridiculous metallic disguises they give their statuary, is any thing but suggestive of modesty. If the present pope is bent upon clothing the statuesque world, I would respectfully call his attention to the colossal bronze Neptune at Bologna, by John of the same name, which is indubitably an indecent figure. But I am sure that the simplest maiden can walk the Uffizii Gallery at Florence, in all its majesty of art, with as uncontaminated a mind as she can the reformed galleries of Rome and Naples, in their tin-leaf draperies. On the ceilings of the Uffizii, I am sorry that truth compels me to add, there actually exist real obscenities, fortunately difficult to detect amidst the multitude of ara-

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besques, but as palpably vicious as any thing Pompeian. They afford incontestable evidence of the decline of pure art, and depravity of manners resulting from the overlauded Medician rule, which, for the credit of the present age, should be obliterated.

Like the modern Italians, the Pompeians, in their eagerness for the ornamental, to which, it must be confessed, they did not always bring good taste, often overlooked the useful and essential. I doubt if there are any good carpenters, according to the American standard, in all Italy or on the Continent generally. The same deficiency in well-finished mechanical work obtained as extensively in ancient times. Nicely-adjusted locks, convenient door-handles, well-jointed carpentry, level floors —in short, the evidences of mechanical skill in the homeliest objects of domestic use, which are considered as indispensable to comfort in America, are unknown in Italy. Their lamps, with all their beauty, were smoky, inconvenient articles. Neither their streets nor houses could be cleanly lighted. I do not believe that the general condition of the merely mechanical arts has improved or retrograded in Italy for twenty centuries. In masonry and stucco-work the ancients excelled the moderns. Roman brick-work is like adamant in solidity. The Pompeian doors were usually bivalve, and turned on pivots. All the external ornaments were elegantly wrought. Bolts, keys, and handles are found of beautiful and capricious designs, but iron-work for internal use was most bunglingly made.

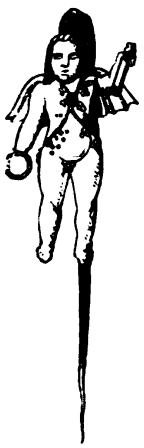
Modern belles have certainly some decided advantages in the variety and beauty of objects of toilet and jewelry since Paris has developed her taste and resources for their adornment. The fair Pompeians were, however, by no means deficient in these respects, and even now, in full costume, would attract no small admiration beside the stars of the Tuileries. Their mirrors were usually of steel, and sometimes of glass, manufactured at Sidon, which was the Venice of that day in that respect. But, upon reflection, I must add, that however elegant in frame, they could by no means maintain a steady countenance beside French plate. Pins they had, but they would not sell nowadays alongside the Birmingham. In their haste to escape, the ladies left behind them many tokens of disturbed toilets, with the usual variety of vanity-ware. Some of their rings, pins, brooches, and cameos have found modern imitators in modern art, and are as much admired in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four of Our Lord as they were in the year one. The Pompeian jewelers have given designs to many of our choicest ornaments.— They, I dare say, in their turn, stole them from Greece, which stole them from Egypt. There was no lack of cosmetics, and, for arrangement of hair, judging from female busts, our ladies have, as yet, discovered no modes more becoming than those of the classical ages. Forks are a modern invention, the Romans preferring their fingers, as they did also to recline at table, in a scantiness of clothing quite the reverse of modern ideas of a dinner toilet.



RING.



A SUPPER-PARTY.



GOLD PIN.

In a rich commercial town, as Pompeii undoubtedly was, one would expect to find more treasure in coin, especially as paper currency was unknown, than as yet has proved the case. Occasionally a secret deposit, which has remained intact for a period long beyond the desires of the owner when he laid it by against a rainy day, rewards the modern explorer. In one house, near the Forum, the workmen were astonished by a shower of gold coins, fifty-six in number, as large and bright as new half eagles, which tumbled from a chink in the wall. These were soon after followed by a pile of silver money, consolidated by heat into one mass, and a silver spoon. But there are evidences that Pompeii was explored before the lava which covered it had cooled. It was not so deep as now by several feet, as succeeding eruptions have deposited over it successive strata. In one spot, some twelve feet above the pavements, several skeletons were found, with money, jewels, and plate, which they had succeeded in obtaining, but their avarice, prompting them to longer search, had caused them to fall victims

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to the mephitic gases which arose from the then smoking mass.

The roofs of Pompeii were in general flat, and of wood; consequently, they were either crushed in or set on fire by the hot stones and ashes. The accumulated soil on top of the buildings supports a young growth of trees, and is occupied by a farm. The process of disinterment is so slow—a few men and carts only, at the annual cost of less than a thousand dollars, being employed—that, at the present rate, centuries must elapse before the entire city is uncovered. In the mean while, a goodly portion of the unprotected parts must fall into irredeemable ruins. It could be easily exposed in one year, and there is no doubt that, as a speculation, if the sale of antiquities were allowed, it would be profitable to hasten operations. The parts yet unexplored—nearly three quarters of the town—promise well. Though the Neapolitan government protract their work to a degree that puts every antiquarian heart into a fever of impatience, yet what it does is thoroughly done. The streets and buildings are restored to a degree of cleanliness which would gladden the hearts of the dainty Pompeians to witness; the dilapidated parts of sufficient interest to warrant preservation are sufficiently repaired to prevent farther injury from the weather, and every work of art that can not be removed to the museum is securely roofed in and placed under guardianship. But they do not do enough. One of the best mansions should be restored to its condition as it stood previous to its inthrallment. This could be done by causing the Museo Borbonico to disgorge some of its superfluous wealth of antiquity. It would not be difficult to restore the luxurious Sallust's house or Diomedes's villa to its actual condition of furniture, ornament, and arrangement, as they existed when their title-deeds were in their builders' hands. What correct ideas might we not then possess of the home-life of the Roman gentleman! The public buildings are more interesting as they are, but a perfect Roman house would be a gem of antiquity. So far from entertaining an enterprise of this sort, the King of Naples seems to regard Pompeii as a play-house for royalty. Houses which give evidence of being rich in spoil are uncovered only to a certain depth, and kept until a royal visitor arrives. The King of Naples makes up a party, and the work is finished for its amusement. I believe he presents his visitor with whatever is found; but that he is mean enough to republican sovereigns like myself, I can testify. On approaching the street where exploration was in progress, a soldier watched me as closely as if I had myself been a disinterred Pompeian preparing to serve on him notice of a writ of ejectment. There were human bones, broken amphoræ, charred wood, pottery, and other tokens of discovery lying about. They had just disclosed a massive doorway, on which the owner's name was as fresh as if written but that morning. Above was a window and burned beams. The carts were taking off the mingled charcoal and ashes, and throwing it away outside of the walls. I picked up a morsel of the charcoal no bigger than a walnut. The wood was so perfectly carbonized that it left not a particle of grit to the taste, and it was as easily dissolved in the mouth as sugar. The soldier saw my motion, rushed forward and seized the remnant I had not taken, roughly telling me that I must not so much as touch even a cinder in Pompeii. How I was to avoid that when the entire soil was ashes, he did not condescend to explain, but eyed me like a lynx, for fear I should take another taste. It may be that Pompeian charcoal has a market value at Naples. His Majesty sells the old lead and bronze, and why not the charcoal? Up to that time I had not thought of picking up a souvenir. Soon after, however, finding a pretty specimen of mosaic pavement, I put it into my pocket, and, knowing the house whence it came, I am prepared to account for the same to the lawful heirs whenever they shall call.

I took more pleasure in examining the private than the public buildings. The former told of individual life, while the latter gave only general ideas common to all nations. It was pleasant to speculate upon the supposed tastes and habits of the departed families from the traces of their every-day existence that the crater had, as it were, embalmed for all time. In one of the shops attached to Pansa's house there is a Latin cross of stucco in bas-relief. May this not indicate that the proprietor was a Nazarene, a disciple of Jesus, whom perhaps he had seen and heard while on a commercial visit to Judea? Perhaps he had received his faith from the apostle of the Gentiles when he disembarked at Puteoli! This cross is the more extraordinary, as it is in company with the usual symbols of heathen mythology, as if the convert either feared the popular opinion too much to banish them altogether from his house, or he was superstitiously inclined to try the efficacy of both opinions.

I entered one house which I am positive belonged to an old maid of the most precise order. It was a real bijou. Every thing was on a Liliputian scale. The mosaic pavements, paintings, and marble were all neatly beautiful. The garden was not much larger than a pocket-handkerchief, yet it contained statues, fountains, urns, and ornaments of great variety, all well executed and tastefully arranged. The chapel looked like a baby-house, and as if got up to play at religion. Whoever owned these premises evidently enjoyed them, and found their all of life within their diminutive precincts.

In striking contrast to this house, both for dimensions and grandeur, is that commonly called the House of the Quæstor. In extent and richness of ornament it is almost a palace, occupying a space of about one hundred feet deep by one hundred and fifty front. It was particularly rich in paintings: among them, Perseus and Andromeda, and Medea meditating the murder of her children, given with much

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feeling and vigor. In the garden, leaning against the wall of the colonnade, are rows of wine-jars, just as they were placed in the year 79 to receive the vintage. The columns and pilasters are coated with the most beautiful stucco, firm as stone, and highly polished, and as perfect to-day as if fresh from the finisher's hands. On one, some idler of taste has scratched, with a hard instrument, a well-executed drawing, and written beneath an inscription in Greek. Were the author to return, so delicately has Time treated his labor, that the long interval would seem to him but a yesterday.

A "custode" cultivates a portion of the garden, and has fitted up one of the many rooms of this mansion for a dwelling. He invited me in, and showed me quite a numerous collection of interesting fragments of the former luxury which reigned in this abode. There still exists a large money-chest, lined with brass and coated with iron, partially decomposed by heat. The locks, handles, and ornaments were of bronze. A quantity of gold and silver coin was found in it, but the chief part had been extracted by the primitive explorers, who calculated very nicely as to its locality. They dug into the adjoining chamber, and, finding their mistake, pierced the wall and cut into the chest, but were unable to reach all its contents. Probably it was hot work, and they were obliged to make dispatch.

In the Pompeian houses there was none of that jealous regard for personal privacy or delicacy that characterizes modern domestic architecture. This moral deficiency produced greater freedom of design and arrangement in the suite of rooms, so that their general effect was much superior to our mode of building. One of the most superior of the smaller houses is known as that of the Tragic Poet, a whimsical appellation, like many others, without much reason. The first object that meets the eye upon the threshold is a fierce dog, in mosaic, apparently in the act of springing upon the visitor. Beneath is the inscription "*Cave Canem*"—Look out for the dog. This mosaic is a substitute for the original, which has been removed to Naples. The proprietor was doubtless a wag, who hit upon this Irish welcome to his friends, or else some literary lion, the Bulwer or Longfellow of his day, who thus delicately hinted his disinclination to be bored by autograph hunters and anecdote collectors. The so-called House of the Vestals, which I believe to be a decided misnomer, has the ambiguous inscription "*Salve*"—Welcome—upon its floor. Its decorations are not remarkable, as the name would imply, for chaste conception. The paintings found in the House of the Tragic Poet are singularly beautiful, as are also its wall-decorations. A profusion of jewels and female ornaments were discovered here beside some skeletons. The expense upon mosaic floors alone in this and some other houses must have been enormous, for it is not to be presumed that the art was cheaper then than now, while the execution, in general, was much superior. The material is the same as that now used in the Vatican manufactory—glass, of which there are eleven thousand different shades of colors. By it the ancients gave the the minutest features and varied expressions of the human countenance with wonderful delicacy and effect. The mosaic of the Choragus instructing the Actors was found in the House of the Tragic Poet. As beautiful as this is, it is surpassed by the celebrated Battle of Issus, found in the House of the Faun. Although but a fragment of a larger picture, it represents twelve horses, twenty-two persons, and a large war-chariot of nearly life-size. It is executed with great vigor and truth, giving a portrait of Alexander and his war-horse Bucephalus, besides Darius and his guards, the whole displaying a knowledge of art in foreshortening, drawing generally, grouping, and the management of light and shade, but little inferior to the best modern works.



BEWARE OF THE DOG.

The House of Sallust recalls a custom which one would suppose would have been more honored in the breach than the observance. The family oratory represents the household gods, or Lares, with a serpent. These reptiles were supposed to watch over the family. Their images were to the old Romans what the cross is to the modern Italian, endowed with peculiar sanctity, and on that account frequently painted or placed on spots which were desired to be kept undefiled, but which the Anglo-Saxon much better protects by the simple notice, "Commit no nuisance." Whenever these tutelary genii did not answer the expectation of their worshipers, they were treated with as little respect as a Roman Catholic pays to his patron saint when disappointed of his miraculous intervention. They were cursed, and kicked out of doors, to make way for new. This respect for the serpent tribe led to their being kept as pets. Their presence was considered as a good omen, and they were allowed to play about the persons of their masters, and even eat from the cups at table. The ladies permitted them to coil around their necks in hot weather as a sort of animated refrigerator. They repaid this hospitality by keeping under other vermin; but, as no one

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killed them, they increased so rapidly as to become, like other idols, an intolerable nuisance. Nothing but the frequent fires of antiquity kept them within bounds. With this strange fondness for snakes by the most populous nation of antiquity, what becomes of our cherished idea of the natural enmity between the son of man and the serpent?

In one house was found a seated figure of Jupiter, with the "nimbus," or glory, encircling his head, which has since been borrowed by the Romanists for their crucifixes and saints. His figure is not unlike the bronze St. Peter at Rome, which enjoys the reputation of being an apostate pagan idol. Two houses possess large fountains, quite unique in their character. They are incrusted with colored glass, blue being the chief hue, and divided into pretty patterns by sea-shells, which look as if freshly gathered. The ornaments consist chiefly of aquatic plants or birds; but the effect of the whole is more odd than pleasing.

Notwithstanding that Pompeii abounded in objects of luxury, the shops were small and mean, in which respect they were not unlike those of modern Italian cities. The front was open to the street, with the exception of a broad counter of stone. The open space was closed at night by sliding shutters. Pompeii was celebrated for its preparation of a fish-pickle called *garum*, made of the entrails of mackerel soaked in brine. The best sold for twenty dollars a gallon. The cash system in general prevailed, if we may believe the weights, which were sometimes inscribed *Eme*, "Pay;" and on others, "You shall have no credit." Some of the counters still bear the traces of custom in the stains made by wet glasses. The Romans cooled their wines in snow, and also *boiled* them—a taste which, not having survived their nation, was a medical caprice, that, like "cod-liver oil," lived out only its day, and then died. Vomits were publicly sold as preparations to dining out, the quantity as well as the quality of the viands to be consumed being a desideratum of Roman epicures. Cooked eggs, bread stamped with the baker's name and its quality, olives in oil which still burned well, money in tills, and a vast variety of manufactured articles, have been found from year to year in the shops. In some, the keepers and workmen had remained behind until the last moment, and perhaps left but to perish a little farther on. In one place we see marble partially sculptured, with the pattern lying by the block; in another shop, the resin still remained in the pot where it had been recently boiled, and the sculptor's tools were scattered over the floor. In the former there is the long, sliding mark of a trowel on fresh mortar, as if the workman had just given the outer stroke, and had fled too precipitately to complete the inner, which brings the whole to a level. A house connected with the medical faculty yielded more than forty surgical instruments, some of which, in modern science, have no use, while others are almost fac-similes of those of to-day. I saw some apparently constructed with reference to the Cæsarean operation, which is generally supposed to be the fruit of recent surgery. The bakeries are so little injured that the corn-mills and ovens could be put into use again at once.

Just inside the Herculaneum Gate there is a post-house established by Augustus. The bones of horses and remains of carriages were found in the stables. Outside the gate is the general inn. By an inhospitable law, the only ancient municipal regulation which the King of Naples still enforces, strangers were forbidden to sleep within the city limits. The remains of a mother and four children, which she had vainly attempted to shelter from the fiery shower, were found in the court-yard. They were interlocked in mutual embrace, and, from the quantity of rich jewelry, including pearl pendants of great value, found with them, must have been of the wealthier class.

The number and magnitude of public buildings in so small a town astonishes, in particular, the American traveler, who seldom finds any thing worth noticing for architectural beauty at home in cities of much greater extent than Pompeii. But the Roman citizen found his pleasure abroad; his home was in public; he was content to sleep in an unfurnished closet, without other aperture than the door, and which he rarely entered except at night, provided the splendor of public edifices and the profusion of public amusements compensated him for his domestic deficiencies. It was, therefore, no slight penalty that Nero inflicted upon the Pompeians when he condemned them to two years' interdiction of gladiatorial games on account of a bloody fray which they had engaged in with their neighbors of Nuceria. This was in the year A.D. 59.

There are two theatres in good preservation, the comic and tragic, capable of holding about eight thousand persons, which is a large proportion out of a town of ten or twelve thousand souls. The performances were in the open air, there being no roof. Formerly the Romans stood. The state was considered in danger from encroaching effeminacy when seats were introduced in places of amusement. A greater storm of ridicule and sarcasm accompanied the first spreading of awnings to protect the audiences from the sun than did the first raising of umbrellas in the days of James I. in London, so reluctantly do we fall into even new comforts when opposed by old prejudices. We generally, in the pride of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, conceive that to have been the first appearance of umbrellas on the European stage; whereas I noticed on Grecian vases more than twenty-five hundred years old very well painted parasols and umbrellas, which certainly proves their existence in Italy as early as the foundation of Rome.

The seats of honor were near the stage. Each class increased its distance as it diminished in rank, until the plebeian crowd filled all the up-

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per rows of seats. *Behind* them, in the galleries, were placed the women, and near them the police; a regulation which gives no favorable idea of the gallantry of the male, or the morals of the fair sex. Two of the chairs used by the magistrates of the theatres have been found. They are of bronze inlaid with silver, and of a finish so beautiful and accurate that it would be difficult to find any thing in modern art to surpass them.

Near the theatres is the pretty little temple of Isis, in such good preservation as to be a tell-tale of the mysteries of the Egyptian Deity. The priests were dining when the eruption took place. Several died beside their meal. One endeavored to hew his way with an ax through a solid stone wall; another perished in the attempt to fly with treasure snatched in haste from the shrine. The oracular responses of the idol all find their clew here, so it is generally believed, in the secret stairs opening behind the niche for the statue, which gave ample space for a concealed priest to counterfeit the supposed voice of his goddess. But there was no more priestly jugglery in this pagan temple than is practiced yearly in a Christian church in Naples. The blood of St. Januarius is as much a falsehood as was the voice of Isis. Nor do I believe that her priesthood were, in general, worse in morals than those Roman friars who have continued their practices under another name. Both devoted themselves to celibacy; both shaved their heads; both mortified their flesh by coarse apparel, bare feet, and fasting; and both pledged themselves to pass their vigils in devotion, and their lives in chastity. To continue the comparison, both, while sincere in their self-mortification, obtained credit and power, and both diminished in reputation as hypocrisy and avarice took the place of their ostensible virtues. The heathen priest was the parent of the modern monk.

The similarities between pagan forms and Christian rites in Italy prove that, with the common religious mind, more power lies in the ceremony than in the confession. Rites that have long been considered as necessary for salvation are slow in dying out, though reason and revelation may point to purer faiths and more consistent forms. Were a Pompeian to awake in Naples, he would find much to remind him of his old belief: altars, images, offerings, and lamps in the public streets, as he left them at Pompeii, constituting a shrine at every conspicuous corner. The sprinkling of holy water, the fonts in the churches, sacred candelabra, the burning of incense, display of sacred vessels, and the contribution-box, he was accustomed to witness in his own temples. These would create no more surprise than would the power of the priesthood and pomp of religious processions. The multiplicity of sacred images, the numerous altars, a queen of heaven, with an apparent plurality of gods, would remind him of his own populous mythology. In short, while regretting the absence of his favorite games, he would doubtless approve the disappearance of animal sacrifice, and consider the change of rites from the exterior of a noble temple, in the sight of the assembled people, to the interior of a gayly-decorated church, as a mere matter of taste, about which it was not worth while to quarrel. So long as he kept clear of doctrine, he would probably consider that the religious world was, after all, not much out of its old track.

Most of the temples are upon or in the immediate vicinity of the Civil Forum, which was the central point of business and magnificence. Here are the triumphal arches, and the statues, or rather their pedestals—for the statues are removed to Naples—of the eminent men who had deserved well of the colony. The stately temple of Jupiter occupies its northern extremity. It was in process of reparation from the ravages of the earthquake of the year 63 when overwhelmed in the destruction of 79. In it were kept the public archives. Opposite stands the Basilica, or Court of Justice, with its subterranean prison. On either side are numerous public buildings remarkable for their beauty, the whole, even in ruins, forming a rare *coup d'œil* of architectural interest. One of the finest of these buildings is the Chalcidicum, built by the priestess Eumachia, at her own expense, as a washing-place for the magisterial and priestly robes. In fact, it is an immense shallow basin of the purest white marble, furnished with scouring-blocks of the same material and an aqueduct for the supply of water, constituting probably the largest and most beautiful wash-tub in existence. The position chosen for an edifice of this character, in the centre of the town, is singular, but its beauty would justify an even more conspicuous locality. It is in such perfect repair that it could give scrubbing-room to a regiment of washwomen without other delay than to turn on the water. A portico, supported by exquisitely wrought Corinthian columns of Parian marble, surrounded this basin, but the columns have been taken away. A statue of Eumachia still remains, but it is a copy of the original, which has gone to Naples. On the same side of the Forum, toward the north, stands the Pantheon, as the building is called which was dedicated to the big gods, the aristocracy of Roman mythology. The twelve pedestals for their statues still remain, but the gods have departed both the earth and faith of mankind. The priesthood that waited upon them must have been a jolly set, judging from the paintings still remaining in their refectory, which are in every way provocative of gustatory ideas. Indeed, it is supposed that they were so rich and hospitable as to often feast their fellow-citizens, in which case they must have been the most popular of the ancient clergy. Perhaps the building was, notwithstanding its sacred character, but a superior kind of restaurant, for which its position admirably adapted it. The debris of many dinners was found in a sink in its court-yard, which shows that the

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appetites of the Pompeians held good to the last moment.

Passing from this building, I entered the lawyer's court by deeply-worn steps, which told of the tread of many busy feet in the days of Cicero. The stiff marble pulpit, from which so much eloquence and chicanery had issued, and before which had stood so many beating hearts, pulsating with selfish or generous interests, as the orator touched the human chords of wrong or right, wore an impressive stillness. Not even the hum of an insect disturbed the intense solitude of that sepulchre of law. Silence reigned supreme. In the intensity of the sunlight flashing upon the upright walls, and clearness of atmosphere overhead, without a trace around or above me of any living thing, I began to realize the idea of the "last man." Lingering but for an instant on its marble pavement, I turned hastily away as the thought intruded, "What would all my fine sentiment be worth, supposing this to have been only an auctioneer's block?"

A Roman town without a public bath would have been as strange an occurrence as a Yankee village without a meeting-house. So long a time had elapsed without the discovery of any building of this character, that antiquarians began to doubt whether Pompeii, after all, had not contained an unwashed population, though the private baths, the River Sarno, and the sea which bathed its walls, were quite sufficient to have kept all Campania clean. In 1824, however, the present baths were opened. Though of a pigmy extent compared with the immense establishments of Rome, which were cities within themselves, yet they are vastly superior, both in size and decoration, to any of modern times. No considerations of modesty appeared to have interfered with a Roman's enjoyment of promiscuous bathing. To bathe was a primary necessity—to bathe in public was an enjoyment equivalent to the Opera of modern civilization. At first men and women bathed together, or their baths were united. But even Roman license became scandalized at the results, and the sexes were separated. Emperors mingled freely in the baths with the commonest citizens.

It is said of Hadrian, that one day seeing a veteran soldier rubbing his body against the marble for friction, he asked him why he did not employ the slaves. The soldier replied that he was too poor. The Emperor immediately presented him with two slaves and a sum sufficient to maintain them. A few days after, several old men, who had witnessed the fortune of their companion, attempted to attract the Emperor's notice by using the marble pilasters in lieu of crash towels. He, perceiving their drift, quickly set them at work rubbing each other.

The bathers were usually scraped with bronze instruments called *strigiles*, much after the fashion of currying horses. This was a rough operation, as the Emperor Augustus once discovered to his cost. Previous to bathing, the body was anointed with oil, and upon coming out of the bath, costly and delicate perfumes were lavishly used. To describe the entire operation of a complete bath of a Roman exquisite would require a volume. Every luxury of art was employed to gratify the taste, and every means which a sensuous race could invent was used to heighten physical pleasure. The resources of a more than Oriental effeminacy or barbarian energy were alternately exhausted to stimulate the system to novel emotions of languid or active enjoyment, until at last the Roman bath, with its libraries, gymnasiums, lecture and reading rooms, its museums of art, its imperial magnificence and prodigality of sensual attractions, became the focus and the grave of Roman life.

The Pompeian baths were sufficiently luxurious in their way, and are in such excellent preservation that they might be used to give the traveler not only the idea, but the fact of a classical ablution. It would be something to be able to say that one had hung up his clothes on the same peg which had held Pliny's, or rubbed his sides in the same marble tub which had held one of the family of Cicero. That they visited Pompeii, and of course the baths, is evident from an inscription on the architrave of the temple of Fortune, which says that "Marcus Tullius Cicero, son of Marcus, erected, at his own private expense, this temple to Fortuna Augusta." This temple held a statue of Cicero, with a purple-colored toga. The practice of gilding and coloring statuary was not uncommon to ancient sculptors, and in some cases may have been used with good effect. The English sculptor Gibson has sought to revive this fashion. The result is, that his experiments have succeeded in giving a waxen look to marble. The more severe rule of modern art is, that sculpture is the legitimate province of form, and not of color.

On the wall of the court of the baths is the following inscription: "On occasion of the dedication of the baths, at the expense of Cnæus Alleius Nigidius Maius, there will be the chase of wild beasts, athletic contests, sprinkling of perfumes, and an awning. Prosperity to Maius, chief of the colony."

The principal divisions of the interior are as follows: The Tepidarium, or warm chamber, a large oblong hall, with an arched ceiling, beautifully ornamented with bassi-relievi in stucco. Along the sides beneath, and supporting a rich cornice, are a range of niches, divided by sculptured Telamones, or male figures two feet high, flesh-colored, and with black hair. The baskets upon their heads and moulding above were gilt. This room is lighted by a window two feet and half by three, formerly closed by movable panes of glass in a bronze frame. Some of these panes were found perfect. In it still remains a beautiful bronze brasier, seven feet long by two and a half wide, used for heating the apartment. The Calidarium, or hot chamber, contains a spacious marble bath-

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TEPIDARIUM.

ing-tub raised on a pedestal of the same material. The walls are lined with hot air and steam flues. A beautiful marble basin, five feet in diameter, containing a fountain for boiling water, occupies a niche at the lower end of this apartment. The Frigidarium, or undressing room, is circular, with a dome roof, in which is a window two feet eight inches high, and three feet eight inches broad, once closed by a single pane of ground glass two-fifths of an inch thick, the fragments of which lay on the floor when the room was first opened. This establishes the fact that the ancients not only had glazed windows, but manufactured large panes of glass. It contains also a spacious circular marble bath. There are few spots of more interest in Pompeii than these baths.

The amphitheatre is at the farther end of the unexplored part of the town. I wandered slowly thither, meeting on my way two beggars, who, unlike their fraternity in general, had each a gift of his own to exercise besides the accustomed whine and promise of saintly blessings. The first was lame, or pretended to be, but, starting forth from behind a doorway, he began a most extraordinary dance, on principles of his own, to the tune of an antique pipe which he played himself. He was the most like an antique faun of any living thing I had ever seen, and, consequently, was in keeping with the scene. I gave him something, and left him to finish his performance in solitude. Ascending to the upper surface of Pompeii, if the soil *above* has any right to the name of the town it has destroyed, I met another, a regular modern interloper, who jumped a Jim Crow sort of a hop to a negro melody, which he seemed to consider just the thing for a stranger. Shade of Hercules, what a profanation! I hurried past him in silence, not even bestowing the charity of a look.

Tread lightly! On a soil like this, who can tell what lies beneath? The careless feet may rudely press upon some maiden's breast, and crush an infant form. There is a pleasure in speculating over the contents of a mine of *Art* which the search for mere gold can not possess. A statue over which we unconsciously walk may prove a "nugget" of wealth to the finder, even if soulless to its beauties. The very dust beneath bears sifting. There is gold to reward the toil, and beauty to instruct the world. How much of actual treasure remains earth-bound in Italy! Not many leagues from Pompeii lies buried Alaric and the plunder of Rome. Gold and silver keep well in the grave. The treasure men lose their lives to win mocks at their brief triumphs, and lives to corrupt successive generations. The spoils of Jerusalem's temple, the seven-branched golden candlestick, for nearly fifteen centuries, with wealth untold, have rested quietly in the sands of the Tiber. Will not avarice league with art to search for what would so well reward the discovery? Were Italy half as much dug over as are the gold-fields of Australia, the product would, I believe, astonish even California success.

I reached the amphitheatre and mounted its walls. It is a baby amphitheatre compared with the Coliseum, yet nearly fifteen thousand spectators could find room within its circumference. There are twenty-four rows of stone seats and two fine corridors.

The extreme length is four hundred and thirty feet, and the greatest breadth three hundred and thirty-five, the form being oval, and the whole in fine preservation, with the exception of the frescoes which once covered the passages, and the finer portions or facings of stone-work. I have a passion for amphitheatres, but it depends upon the associations connected with their symmetry and strength. This upward

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springing of arch upon arch heavenward, in strong and graceful sweep, receding gradually from the arena, but mounting directly toward the sky on the exterior, combines a grandeur of force and beauty in a higher degree than any other of the architectural works of man. The Pyramid of Cheops is indeed stupendous, but, after all, it is only artificial bulk and weight in its simplest form. The Coliseum, on the contrary, is a noble triumph of art—an expansion of science and strength which stamps the character of a nation for all time. It is Rome's proudest medal to her architectural genius. Years sufficed to build it, but centuries of devastation have been unable to destroy it. I love, then, the massive walls of the amphitheatres, with their beautiful curves and lightly-poised arches, and have visited them all—Rome, Nismes, Arles, Verona, Puteoli, and Pompeii—with unfailing pleasure. The last remains most in keeping with its original design. All that is to be learned of their brutal purposes is here apparent—the arena, dens, vomitories, and passages for slain brutes or men. There would be little need of restoration should the taste for human slaughter to afford a Roman holiday revive. While they commemorate the daring genius of the conquerors of the world, they record also their brutalization and inhumanity. Can, however, the age that tolerated the Inquisition reproach the Romans for the Amphitheatre? The latter disappeared before Christianity, though not until Christian blood had soaked its arena. The former sprang from so-called Christianity, and martyred its hecatombs, in slow tortures, in the name of a merciful Saviour. We need to recall such truths in order to teach us humility when we sit in judgment upon the Past.

The performances in these amphitheatres of a milder character stand unrivaled in our times. Elephants were trained to *dance on a tight rope* with towers and riders on their back, and other feats equally wonderful. Their jugglery was almost upon a par with Egyptian miracles.

The extent of the disaster in the number of the dead was not so great at Pompeii as to make it exceed some of our Western steamboat explosions, or other casualties which we have so ingeniously contrived for sending our fellow-citizens by scores, without warning, into eternity. Here the warning was ample. Those who lingered and were lost, but a few hundred in number, judging from the skeletons as yet found, were probably the aged or helpless, the thief who stopped to plunder, or the criminal whose bonds prevented his escape. Some doubtless perished, like the soldiers, from a rigid sense of duty or discipline; some from incredulity as to the reality of danger; and others from those instinctive impulses of self-denial and generosity which so often, in the hour of peril, sanctify and exalt human nature. Selfishness and despair there were too, in their most despicable and brutal forms, and philosophical curiosity, which, like Pliny's the elder, in seeking to relieve, sought also to investigate, even at the expense of his own existence. Other great calamities, which form epochs, as it were, in the successive miseries of the human race, become fainter and fainter as they recede in the vista of time, till their interest concentrates in a brief historical paragraph, which instructs us, but does not move. Pompeii, on the contrary, is a perpetual reminiscence of the actual fears, struggles, and horror which attended its final doom.

The hopelessness and terrific grandeur of the morning of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, with all its agonies, crimes, and virtues, is touchingly before us. We see the deserted house, the forsaken temple, the coveted treasure, the jewel spared during eighteen centuries of death to its fair owner, the paintings, gifts of friendship and tokens of taste, and all the evidences of a domestic life as dearly prized as our own, left as if the owner had but stepped out to see a neighbor; shops filled with merchandise, but empty of customers; the labor of the mechanic interrupted, and destined never to receive the finishing stroke; kitchens that are tell-tales of domestic economy and luxurious extravagance; the narrow, tomb-like cells assigned to slaves, bespeaking a servitude worse than the modern African; in short, every thing that goes to make up active human existence, even to the forms of manhood, beauty, and infancy, impressed upon the solid lava, disclosing the very features worn until the last hour of life—all these, and more, which Pompeii has yielded up to the present generation, bring vividly back to the heart the hour and story of her fiery burial.

Retracing my steps through the modern farm, I strolled once more along the street of tombs which led in the direction of Herculaneum. The old city of the dead was but a continuation of the old city of the living; there was not even a dividing line; sepulchre and domestic roof are intermingled. This familiarity with death was common among the Romans. They entered or left their paternal cities through long lines of ancestral monuments, reminding them of glories won and honors conferred by past generations, which in time might also become their own. These tombs are no vulgar graves, but have a cheerful look of elegance, as if intended more to please the eye of the living than to secure the dead. Indeed, the Romans could have had none of the unpleasant ideas which moderns have in connection with the bodies of the departed. They feared no grave-yard odors or fearful sights of mouldering humanity, for the simple process of burning corpses secured them equally against contagion and repulsive associations. The funerals took place at night, with great pomp and the burning of torches. This practice, in all its essential particulars, is still continued at Rome, the body, richly dressed and covered with flowers, being borne on an open litter through the streets. The modern phrase, to receive the dying breath, is become a poetical expression of attendance on the dying; but

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among the Romans it had a practical signification. The nearest relative bent over the body of the dying person to inhale his latest breath, fondly thinking that the principle of life left the body at that instant by the mouth.

The ashes of the dead, being deposited in urns, were placed in niches in tombs, which, from their resemblance to the arrangement of dove-cotes, were called *columbaria*. The Romans literally laid away their ancestors on the shelf. This was also an economical practice, for one tomb could contain a great number of urns.

From the tombs I ascended the ancient walls to look down upon the city. In the rear of the House of the Vestals there is a high tower in fine preservation. Passing from the wall into this, I mounted to the top to enjoy the landscape. Unroofed Pompeii, with its marble columns and spacious court-yards, lay glittering in the sunlight beneath me. If it looked lovely then, what must it have appeared when its streets were a crowded mart, its port filled with Oriental ships, and its public and private houses were robed in Tyrian purple and glittering with gold?

The sea was as tranquil as in the morning, with its white sails drowsily hanging over its surface. It glittered in the sinking sun as if a diamond sheet had been dropped from the Celestial City. On the farther horizon lay Ischia and the headlands of that noble bay, reposing tranquilly on the water like floating Edens. To the right was Naples and the intervening towns, with their white walls, inclosing the landscape as a setting of pearls. Over against me, in dark shadow, was the ancient Mons Lactarius, with snow still lingering in its northern crevices. At its base lies subterranean Stabiæ, with its rich villas, a Roman Brighton, buried under the same shower as Pompeii. Modern Castellamare has grown upon its site and succeeded to its reputation as a watering-place. A broad and fertile plain, barely moistened by the shrunken Sarno, unites Pompeii with Castellamare. In my rear, Vesuvius gradually swelled up from the city walls, with mingled fertility and sterility, as the lava-streams had spared or buried its cultivated base. The clear setting sunlight sent its illuminating rays into its inmost gorges, bringing them, as its were, close to me, and revealing every secret character. Above all, the diadem of that beauteous landscape, brilliant with borrowed glory, rose the crater summit, abrupt and cragged, but as powerful as a mountain of granite. A light, fleecy vapor curled gently from its mouth, and melted away lazily like the smoke of an aristocratic cigar. The entire view formed a panorama on which one could not gaze his fill.

My eyes ranged rapidly from one object to another, but at last became fixed on the cone of Vesuvius. The light, fleecy vapor was succeeded by rich masses of pure white cloud. These were puffed fast and furiously from the crater, like escaping volumes of high-pressure steam. They gradually disappeared before a light breeze which had begun to stir, but before they were wholly gone, a dense smoke, of inky blackness, arose from a somewhat nearer point of view, and mounted with great rapidity into the sky. It soon reached an elevation of, I should judge, nine thousand feet, or three times the height of Vesuvius; then bending, as it were, beneath its own weight, it flattened out at the top like a spread umbrella or the branches of an Italian pine, and cast a deep shadow upon the mountain beneath it. There were bright spots to be seen through its gloom, not star-like, but lurid. I could compare it to nothing but to the tree of evil, with its infernal fruit shot up from hell, as an omen of coming woe to men. Pluto was preparing to visit the earth amidst wonders and ruin. This strange apparition at length slowly sank again into the crater.

I had been so occupied with the mountain that I had quite forgotten to look toward the city. Turning, however, as the cloud gradually subsided, I saw the inhabitants gazing in awe and perplexity upon the phenomenon. While they looked, lightnings began to play through the sky. There was no thunder, though their flashes were so intense as to be clearly seen in the bright sunlight. The colossal statue of Jupiter, fronting his temple on the Forum, was shivered to pieces, and one of the Augustals, passing at the time, was crushed to death beneath the falling fragments. A cry of horror reached my ears. By an instinctive impulse, each citizen seemed to accept the omen as the death-warning to their town and race.

The stillness that succeeded to the cloud and lightnings was awful. The leaves of the trees were as still as if carved in marble. To me it appeared as if all nature was holding its breath in terror of coming annihilation. The very air seemed extinct, and all life, anticipating its doom, lay spell-bound in silence. The feeling of passive horror was too intense to last long. Action, although no one knew what to do or where to fly, became a relief. The wild animals in their cages at the amphitheatre alternately moaned, and sulked, and flew into paroxysms of fierceness. Their instincts foreboded strange dangers, and their captivity turned their fear into rage; but their keepers were too much interested in consulting their own safety to think of the brutes in their charge. Already had the amphitheatre been cleared of its spectators, who had come up from Nocera, Stabiæ, and even Herculaneum, to witness the games. They now hurried toward their homes with a feeling that Pompeii was fated to destruction.

Many of the inhabitants, believing that a recurrence of earthquakes, such as desolated Campania twelve years before, was about to take place, sought security in precipitate flight. Some took to the shipping, and, putting off at once, escaped. Others tried their chariots; but the earth now began to move to and fro, and even up and down, like the waves of the sea, so that the horses were either thrown down or paralyzed

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with fright. To increase the confusion, intense darkness obscured every thing. Pompeii and the whole country became like a closet shut against all light. No one knew which way to turn. The cries and struggles were terrible to hear; lost children were calling upon fond parents who were unable to help. The weak were overthrown. Women vainly implored the assistance of men. Despair at last kept the multitude still, for to move was almost certain destruction.

A fiery light suddenly glared over the strange spectacle. Snake-like flashes darted here and there, imparting a lurid glare to the woe-struck human countenances and marble walls. I felt there was immediate danger for me to remain where I was, but I was rooted to the spot by the terrible fascination of the scene. Yet all that I had beheld was as nothing compared with what followed.

The flashes of light ceased to play about the top of the mountain. Instantly a mighty crash was heard, as if the mountain had split in twain. The very sea roared with pain. Heavy thunderings muttered and rolled deep in the bowels of earth, and, passing up, burst into the air with the noise of an exploded world. The mountain was indeed rent in twain. Every building in the city trembled to its foundations; walls were split, and statues overthrown by the concussion. The tower where I was for a few seconds reeled like a drunken man, but settled again on its base without much damage. High into the air, higher even than the cloud-tree rose, shot up burning stones, flames, and ashes all fire, a terrific shower of destruction. Some of the stones were immense masses of red-hot rock, which, striking against each other in their rapid ascent, burst into myriads of pieces, scattering fire and light in all directions. Fortunately, in falling, they did not reach as far as the city.

A new and even more horrible enemy had appeared at the same time, but which, so taken up was I with the grandeur of the exploding masses of stone, I had not immediately noticed. Through the rent in the mountain a stream of viscid, red-hot liquid rock flowed steadily out, rapidly making its way toward the sea, enlarging in depth and breadth at every foot of its progress. This, then, was the real demon of destruction to which the mountain had given birth. It swept every living thing before it. Forests, and even hills, melted at its touch, swelling the fiery flood, and disappearing slowly beneath it with a sullen plunge, amidst violent explosions and dense smoke. Valleys filled up; large rocks were floated for a considerable distance in this strange river like cork on water, tossing and splashing about in fiery spray before they became lava themselves. Some sank, and were thrown high into the air again, forming as they fell thick blood-red whirlpools, which boiled and bubbled with a fierce sluggishness, uttering the while strange bellowings and mutterings, as if the elements of nature were engaged in mortal conflict. The light from this lava-stream shed a ghastly glow over the entire country. It soon reached the cultivated grounds, and farms and villages were speedily in flames. I watched its course until it struck that shady knoll where I had so often passed the sultry summer hours with my friend Plautus in his charming villa, which in an instant was a mass of smoking ruins. The stream now turned from the direction of Pompeii and moved onward toward Herculaneum.

Although this danger was averted from Pompeii, another no less destructive succeeded, warning the remaining inhabitants to abandon their homes, which no longer afforded them shelter. From my elevated position I could see all that occurred, and was near enough to hear at times the voices of the multitude and recognize my friends. Showers of hot ashes, cinders, and even large stones began to fall, obscuring the remaining light, and making the sun appear as if under an eclipse. The people retreated to the public porticoes, but the burning ashes were so fine that they penetrated into the inmost chamber, and drove out all who, until that moment, had fancied that strong walls could protect them. I had noticed that Diomedes had invited many of his friends to take refuge in the cellar of his villa, which early in the day he had stored with provisions, believing that its massive walls and half-subterranean position would be proof against the volcanic storm. As the ashes began to penetrate the narrow apertures, the male portion left and made a desperate effort to reach the sea. A few succeeded, but Diomedes and a servant, bearing such treasures as he had hastily snatched up, were struck down by a shower of stones, and must have soon perished. I could hear Diomedes's cries to the last, offering his entire wealth to any one who would aid him to escape. The poor women and children left in the cellar could not have long survived, as its position exposed it to the first effects of the terrible lava-hail, which was now accompanied at intervals by showers of boiling water and sulphurous masses of vapor, that struck with immediate death every living thing that inhaled it. I had some time before retreated to a chamber of the tower, which still afforded me a good view and protected me from the immediate effects of the eruption.

The showers of boiling water, fall of burning stones, avalanche of ashes, and jets of mephitic gases, completed the climax of evils upon the doomed city. Those of the inhabitants that had sufficient strength no longer looked for shelter from massive walls, but rushed into the streets with pillows, domestic utensils, and even tables tied upon their heads, to protect them from the falling masses, and made for the port, where there still remained some vessels. But the sea was terribly agitated. It ebbed and flowed with great rapidity every few minutes, leaving the fish stranded upon the shores, or sweeping them up into the streets. There was now no more hope of safety on the water than on the land.

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The darkness also increased. Some of the magistrates ordered torches to be placed in the public way. This afforded some relief to the hopeless confusion of the flying, but individual panic had now assumed too violent a stage to be regardful of the public good. The worst passions and most selfish instincts of human nature had come into full play. Blasphemous wretches and hardened criminals, availing themselves of the chaos of all order, plundered the shrines of the gods, robbed the public treasuries, and penetrated into private houses, snatching up the deserted wealth, and stabbing the impotent owners who attempted to resist. The falling fire had set many of the wooden roofs into a blaze, so that Pompeii was thus threatened with a double conflagration. The plunder of the villains in many cases was the cause of their death, for, burdened by its weight, they but the more speedily met the fate which was due to their crimes. Slaves, too, who had long concealed the hatred which their cruel treatment inspired, turned upon their effeminate masters, mocked their tears and appeals for aid, or slew them pitilessly before the eyes of their wives and children, whom they at length abandoned to more lingering deaths. I saw the rich widow Julia, as she rose from the luxurious breakfast-table of Sallust, aided by her gallant host, attempt to escape by the Herculaneum gate. With her children she reached the portico of the inn, and there, fainting from fear and unwonted effort, clasped her offspring in her arms and calmly sat down to die. Sallust in vain attempted to rouse her to farther exertion. A shower of burning cinders, more heavy than common, drove him to flight, and buried the hapless family in their living grave. The shrieks of the poor children were appalling. But, in the general terror, who could stop to pity individual torture?

The Ædile Pansa behaved nobly. He assembled some of the centurions and their soldiers, and inspired them with firmness to act for the general good. Never was the power of Roman discipline more heroically vindicated. To the latest moment the sentinels were changed; the relieved returned to die in their barracks—those on duty, at their posts. Patrols sternly marched through the city, arresting and summarily punishing the vagabonds who were adding crime to the universal distress. But what could a few self-devoted soldiers hope to do against the powers of darkness, leagued together for the destruction of humanity? So long as there remained a voice to command them, they obeyed; when this ceased, they too sought safety in flight, but with most it was too late.

The struggles of the flying mass were frightful. Parents fled from their children; children deserted their parents; beauty appealed in vain to strength for aid. Safety, safety was the universal thought. Numbers fell and were trampled upon by the advancing crowd; before they could rise again, the hot ashes and cinders had buried them forever, and their lifeless forms were trodden into shapeless masses by flying neighbors and kindred. Yet, amidst all this utter selfishness of despair, there flashed out bright examples of generous devotion that reconciled one to human nature, and proved that, even in its darkest moments, it was instinctive with nobleness and truth. I saw the slave shelter his master's child in his brawny arms at the expense of his own excoriated back, bared to the falling water and ashes. He reached a boat in safety and put off on the water. A young woman led out an aged blind man, perhaps her father, and piloted him a while slowly but surely through the encumbered streets. I soon lost sight of them. Other examples there were of tenderness and fidelity; but who could watch individual progress to the end in such a scene? A lion had escaped from the amphitheatre. He ran howling over the scorching embers, seeking companionship with men, until at length, unable to endure the falling cinders, he crept into a deserted shop, and there laid himself down to die. But the strangest spectacle was a company of Nazarenes, who, robed in white, sought not to escape from the city, but marched in procession through the streets, with torches in hand, chanting hymns to their Deity, and proclaiming in doleful voices that "the last hour of man was come."

None seemed to bestow a thought upon the infirm and feeble, but left them to perish. Cries of anguish and despair frequently arose amidst the burning buildings from these deserted victims, who gazed hopelessly upon their approaching fate. Fire consumed some; gases suffocated others; many were covered with the fine volcanic dust while still gasping for breath, or were crushed by falling timbers. Whichever way I turned my eyes, new horrors appalled them. But I soon had to reflect upon my own position. Could I escape? I hurried to each window in turn. The volcanic shower increased in fury and density. Pompeii already lay half still in death. To go out was impossible—to remain was death. How I cursed my fatal curiosity. I ran around my narrow chamber like a madman. The hot cinders penetrated by the windows and fell upon my flesh. Heavens! how they slowly burned into my body, cooling themselves in my blood! I choked for air. Thirst maddened me. Water, water; but one drop to cool the fever of my tongue! I screamed, and fell senseless upon the floor.

At this moment a hand touched me, and I—awoke. "Your Excellency will be too late for the last train for Naples if you slumber longer here," said the polite guard. I slipped a coin into his hands, thanked him, stood a moment gazing upon disinterred Pompeii and the quiet volcano, to satisfy myself that, after all, it was but a dream, and, hurrying off to Naples, speedily forgot my late sufferings in a capital dinner at the Café de l'Europe, which I take the liberty to recommend as worthy of its name.

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NICARAGUA: AN EXPLORATION FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.*

BY E. G. SQUIER.

A PLANTATION of cacao is one of the most desirable possessions in the world for a man of taste and leisure. It more resembles a beautiful park, with its broad walks running in every direction, than any thing else to which it can be compared. The tree producing the nut, or rather, bean, is known to botanists by the generic name *Theobroma*, from the Greek, signifying "food for a god." It seldom rises higher than twenty feet; its leaves are large, oblong, and pointed, somewhat resembling those of our hickory. The flowers are small, and of a pale red color. The nuts are contained in large, and, when ripe, ruddy-colored pods, measuring from four to five inches in length, and from two and a half to three inches in diameter, grooved or fluted like those of a musk-melon. Some of these pods contain as many as fifty nuts. The tree is tender, and has to be protected from the scorching rays of the sun, without being deprived of sufficient warmth for promoting its growth and ripening its fruit. This is effected by shading it, when young, with plantain-trees. At the same time an *erythrina* is planted by its side, which, by its more rapid growth, ultimately comes to afford it every requisite protection. The plantain is then cut down, and the cacao-tree is fairly started. At the end of seven years it begins to bear, but it does not reach perfection under fifteen years. The erythrina or coral-tree, called also *Cacao Madre*, or Mother of the Cacao, attains a height of about sixty feet, and at the end of March or beginning of April throws out a multitude of flowers of a bright crimson color. At this season, an extensive plain, covered with cacao plantations, is a magnificent object. Viewed from a height, the far-stretching forests of erythrina present the appearance of being clothed with flames.

The cacao is peculiar to America, where its nut was extensively used by the Indians before the conquest, not only in the composition of a delicious and nourishing beverage, but also as money. It is, in fact, still used as a medium of exchange in the markets of all the principal towns of Central America, where the absence of coin of a less value than three cents makes it useful in effecting small purchases. Formerly, and I believe still, two hundred nuts or kernels were valued at a dollar. The cacao of Nicaragua has a proverbial excellence, and has always ranked as second only to that of Loconusco, which, under the Spanish dominion, was a monopoly of the crown. Its value, even in the country where it is produced, is three or four times greater than that of the cacao of Guyaquil, which is about the only variety that reaches the United States.

Great confusion exists in our own country in respect to three similar names pertaining to three distinct products, viz.: *Cocoa*, *Cacao*, and *Coca*. The first is the name of a species of palm, the nut of which is too well known to need description as *cocoa-nut*. *Cacao* is the fruit of the *cacao-tree* (*Theobroma cacao*), described in the foregoing paragraphs. Or, if the erudite reader prefers the scientific description to mine, it is "a large, coriaceous capsule, having nearly the form of a cucumber, from the seeds of which the buttery and slightly bitter substance called chocolate is prepared." Finally, *Coca* is the name given to a shrub (*Erythroxylon coca*) which grows on the eastern declivity of the Andes of Peru and Bolivia, and is to the natives of those countries what opium and betel are to those of Southern Asia. The leaves are thick and unctuous, and are eaten with a little unslacked lime, to give them a relish. The Indians of the *punas* often subsist upon them for several days at a time.

As I have said, the cacao-tree is so delicate, and so sensitive to exposure, that great care is requisite to preserve it during the earlier years of its growth. It commences to bear in seven or eight years, and continues productive for from thirty to fifty years. Capital and time are therefore requisite to start an estate; but once established, it is easily enlarged by annual additions. One man, it is calculated, is able to take care of a thousand trees, and harvest their crop. As a consequence, cacao estates are more valuable than those of sugar, indigo, cotton, or cochineal. A good plantation, with fair attention, will yield an average annual product of twenty ounces of the nuts per tree, which, for one thousand trees, equals twelve hundred pounds. At the usual market price of $25 the *quintal*, this would give $300 per annum for each thousand trees and each laborer. An estate is valued at one dollar per tree; and as the hacienda de Bermudez is reputed to contain 130,000 trees, its value is estimated at $130,000, apart from the soil, and its annual return at about $40,000.

Indigo constitutes another of the staples of Nicaragua, and the product of this State formerly commanded a higher price in the European markets than that of any other country in the world. Its production has very much declined of late years, and only a few estates, of traditional celebrity, are kept up. There is one of these, which belonged to Don José Leon Sandoval, in the immediate vicinity of Granada. It is well known to visitors as commanding far the finest view of the lake and adjacent scenery that can be obtained in the neighborhood of that city. It is, therefore, the favorite limit of every evening *paseo*, or ride. Of course we all went there, not once but often.

The house stands upon the brow of a high plain, overlooking the rich alluvial grounds which lie between it and the lake, and which afford a charming variety of meadow, plantation, and forest. Beyond these alluvions, the lake spreads away to the high, distant shores of Choutales, and to the peaks of Ometepec on the southward. Looking inland, there rises the purple mass of Mombacho, flanked by the golden-

* Concluded from the October Number.

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HACIENDA NEAR GRANADA.—VIEW OF LAKE NICARAGUA.

colored cones of scoria, of which I have already spoken.

The indigo of Nicaragua is obtained from an indigenous triennial plant (*Indigofera disperma*), which is found scattered profusely all over the country. Although it attains its highest perfection in the richest soils, yet it will grow upon any soil, and is very little affected either by droughts or superabundant rains. In planting it, the ground is perfectly cleared, usually burnt over, and divided, by an instrument resembling a hoe, into little trenches, two or three inches in depth, and a foot or fourteen inches apart, at the bottom of which the seeds are sown by hand. A bushel of seed answers for four or five acres of land. In Nicaragua, it is usually planted at the close of the dry season in April or May, and attains its perfection, for the purpose of manufacture, in from two and a half to three months. During this time it requires to be carefully weeded, to prevent any mixture of plants that might detract from the quality of the indigo. When green, the plant, which grows to the height of from two to three and a half feet, closely resembles what, in the United States, is familiarly known as "sweet clover," or the young and tender sprouts of the locust-tree.

When the plants become covered with a kind of greenish farina, they are in a fit state to be cut. This is done with knives, at a little distance above the roots, so as to leave some of the branches, called in the West Indies "*ratoons*," for a second growth, which produce a second crop, ready to be cut six or eight weeks after the first. The crop of the first year is rather small, that of the second is esteemed the best; although that of the third is scarcely inferior. It is said that some fields have been cut for ten consecutive years without being replanted.

After the plants are cut, they are bound into little bundles, and placed to soak in a large vat of masonry, called the "steeper" (*mojadora*). This vat holds from one thousand to ten thousand gallons, according to the requirements of the estate. Boards, loaded with weights, are then placed upon the plants, and enough water let on to cover the whole, which is now left to steep or ferment. The rapidity of the process depends much upon the state of the weather and the condition of the plant. Sometimes it is completed in six or eight hours, but not generally under fifteen or twenty hours. The proper length of time is determined by the color of the saturated water; but the great secret of the whole operation is to check fermentation at the proper points, for upon this depends mainly the quality of the product. Without disturbing the plant, the water is drawn off into a lower vat, or "beater" (*golpeadoro*), when it is strongly and incessantly beaten, on the smaller estates with paddles by hand, on the larger by wheels turned by horse or water power. This is continued until it changes from the green color, which it at first displays, to a blue, and until the coloring matter, or *floculæ*, shows a disposition to curdle or subside. This is sometimes hastened by the infusion of certain herbs. It is then allowed to settle, and the water is carefully drawn off. The pulp granulates, at which time it resembles a fine soft blue clay. It is afterward put in bags to drain, and then spread in the sun to dry. When dry, it is assorted and packed in hide cases, containing 150 pounds each, called *ceroons*. The quality has not less than nine gradations,

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INDIGO WORKS.

the best being of the highest figure. From 6 to 9 are called *flores*, and are best; 3 to 6 *cortes*; and from 1 to 3 inclusive, *cobres*. The two poorer qualities do not pay expenses. A *mansana*, of one hundred yards square, produces, on an average, about one *ceroon* at each cutting. After the plant has passed through the vat, it is required by law to be burnt, because, in decomposing, it generates millions of an annoying insect, called the "indigo fly."

The indigo plant requires constant attention during its growth, and must be cut at a particular period or it is valueless. The subsequent processes are delicate, and require the utmost care. It will be readily understood, therefore, that the production of this staple would suffer most from revolutions and disturbances of the country, when it is impossible to obtain labor, or when the laborers are liable, at any moment, to be impressed for the army. As a consequence, it has greatly declined; many fine estates have been entirely abandoned, and the export of the article reduced to less than a fifth of what it once was. Its production is now chiefly confined to San Salvador, where industry is better organized than in any of the other States.

At the end of a week after our arrival in Granada, our arrangements for traveling to Leon were complete. We had fixed our departure for the morning, so as to be able to reach the city of Managua on the same day. But when the morning came, some of the *mulas* were missing, as usual, and we had another severe infliction of Nicaraguan inertness and procrastination. We were "booted and spurred" at daybreak, but had the pleasure of clanking up and down the corridors until three o'clock in the afternoon, when, after several unchristian invocations of the pains of *El Infierno* on our muleteers, we got fairly under way.

We reached the large town of Masaya, situated near the foot of the volcano of the same name, a distance of four leagues from Granada, at sunset. The intervening country is undulating, and much cut up by the ravines, which I have described as radiating from the base of Mombacho. There are, nevertheless, occasional open spaces of level ground, occupied by fields of maize, cotton, or tobacco, and having the invariable accompaniment of a plantain walk. The plantain, in fact, constitutes the principal vegetable reliance of the people of Nicaragua. Green and ripe, roasted, boiled, fried, and preserved, it enters, in a hundred forms, into every meal. And as an acre of plantains is capable of supplying nourishment equal to one hundred and thirty-three acres of wheat, and moreover, requires little or no attention, it follows that the country which produces it lacks one grand incentive to industry. For, where the necessities of men are so easily supplied, they naturally fall into a state of inert existence, from which they are seldom roused except by appeals to their passions. H—— noted down, after a sketch of the plantain-tree in his scrap-book, "*Platano*, Spanish for plantain: an institution for the encouragement of laziness!".

As we approached Masaya the country became studded with "*huertas*," or gardens, and we overtook hundreds of the Indians loaded, some with fire-wood, others with plantains, oranges, papayas, cocoa-nuts, and maize, all contained in bags of net-work, which they were carrying from their fields to their homes. Little girls and boys, perfectly naked, were trotting along the paths with loads graduated to their strength, and supported on their backs by bands passing over their foreheads; for it is an invariable rule among the Indians of all parts of Central America, to require a certain amount of labor from their children from the earliest moment they are capable of rendering it.

Masaya is one of the principal towns of Nicaragua, and contains a larger population than Granada itself. It is inhabited almost exclusively by Indians, who are distinguished for their skill and industry. They have not only extensive plantations, spreading for several miles around the town, which are cultivated with the greatest care, and from which Granada obtains a large part of its supplies, but are also largely engaged in the manufacture of hats of palm-leaf, *petates*, or mats, hammocks and cordage of *pita* (agave), saddles, shoes, and many other articles of use. They have also several expert *plateros*, or worker-

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in gold and silver, who manufacture, among other things, that variety of braided gold-wire known as *Panama chains*. They retain many of their aboriginal customs, and among others that of the *Tianguez*, or daily fair or market. At an hour before sunset the venders of all varieties of wares, fruits, meats, and every article of use and food that is produced in the city and around it, all begin to gather in the *plaza* of the town, where they arrange their merchandise for sale. The square is soon filled with as gay an assemblage as it is possible to collect any where in the world, all cheerful, and mingling with each other with the greatest good-humor. Here sits an old lady with a large dish filled with the rich brown nuts of the cacao; yonder is a laughing girl kneeling on a mat in front of a huge pile of *dulces*, or sweetmeats; another has a frame-work of canes festooned with sausages; next to her a vender of native earthen-wares, gayly painted and of graceful shapes, cries,

"*Cantáras! cantáras nuevas!*
Queira á comprar?"
"Jars! new jars!
Who will buy?"

And still beyond, a dark-colored Ceres, her hair stuck full of flowers, displays a dozen baskets heaped up with ripe and luscious fruits, and chants, with a musical voice,

"*Tengo naranjas, papayas, jocotes,*
Melones de agua, de oro, zapotes!
Quieren á comprar?"
"I have oranges, papayas, jocotes,
Melons of water, of gold, and zapotes!
Who will buy?"

In every direction are piles of hats of various patterns, hammocks, braids of cotton-yarn, thread of *pita*, native blankets, *petates*, and a great variety of what Yankees call "dry goods;" there a saddler exposes the rude products of his art; the *zapatero* cries his shoes; the *herrero* his machetes, bits for horses, and other articles of iron; a tall fellow stalks about bearing a wooden clock from Connecticut, with a gaudy face, which winks at us knowingly as it passes by; and a neat señorita timidly approaches with a box of foreign fashion, and turns down the silken paper to show us delicate satin shoes, and rolls of ribbon, and suggests, with a soft voice and sweet smile, that nothing could be more acceptable to the "appreciable señoras of our respectable worships!" and we buy of *her*, like human beings, as we are. I wonder if the dreamy Dolores cherished those satin shoes, and pressed them lightly with her tiny feet, for the sake of the stranger who sent them to her, by a special Indian courier, all the way from the *Tianguez* of Masaya? *Quien sabe?*

But the most remarkable thing connected with Masaya is its lake, concerning which the ancient chroniclers wrote in their most exalted strain. It is of volcanic origin, shut in on all sides by perpendicular cliffs, which are only descended, with difficulty and danger, by paths half cut in the rock. Old Oviedo, who visited it in 1529, estimated the descent to the surface of the water at "more than one hundred and thirty fathoms," and most modern visitors who have scrambled down and toiled up again, are ready to make solemn oath that it is not one inch less than a thousand feet! Yet it is really only 480 feet by the barometer. H—— conceded that the barometer might possibly be accurate as to the distance *down* to the water, but that the height of the cliffs was quite another affair, "and a mile at least!" Whereupon he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and fanned his glowing face with the rim of his Panama!

"I went with the chief of Lendiri," says Oviedo, "to visit this wonderful lake. To reach it, we had to go down by a path the steepest and most dangerous that can be imagined, for it is necessary to descend over rocks which appear to be of massive iron, and in some places absolutely perpendicular, where ladders of six or seven steps have to be placed. The entire descent is shrouded with trees, and it is more than one hundred and thirty fathoms to the lake, which is very beautiful, and may be a league and a half in diameter. The cazique told me that there were around the lake more than twenty descents worse than that by which we had passed, and that the inhabitants of the villages around, numbering more than one hundred thousand, all came here for water. I must confess that in making the descent I repented more than once of my rashness, but persisted, chiefly from shame of avowing my fears, and partly from the encouragement of my companions, and from beholding Indians loaded with an aroba and a half of water (about 40 pounds), who ascended as tranquilly as though traveling on a plain. On reaching the bottom, I found the water so warm that nothing but intense thirst could have induced me to drink it. But when carried away it soon cools, and becomes the best water in the world to drink. Among the descents there is one formed of a single ladder of ropes. As there is no water for several leagues around, and the country is fertile, the Indians put up with the inconvenience, and obtain their supply from the lake."

Neither the lake nor the people have undergone any change since Oviedo wrote, more than three hundred years ago. The women of Masaya troop down the broad shaded road which leads from the town to the edge of the cliff, morning and evening, as they did of yore. Their water-jars, which are celebrated for their beauty of shape and excellence of material, are generally held in a kind of net-work sack, cushioned on the side which rests on the back of the *aguadora*, and supported by a broad band which passes round her forehead. In this manner the hands are left free to grasp the projecting rocks, and the bits of wood which have been fastened here and there to assist in the ascent. But some of the carriers place their jars on their heads, and, with their hands steadied on their hips, march up, with firm and unflinching steps, where few strangers would dare to venture un-

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der any circumstances. They ascend, as Oviedo says, tranquilly enough, but the effort is nevertheless great, as is evinced when they reach the top, with dripping brows, and their bosoms heaving painfully. A cross is placed at the head of the ascent, which every carrier salutes as she passes, in acknowledgment of having got up in safety.

There are many traditionary accounts of accidents that have happened to persons overtaken with sudden dizziness or fainting in the path. And in more than one instance it has been suspected that an unscrupulous *aguadora* has got rid of her rival by quietly nudging her over the precipice. But I should be sorry to think so badly of the copper-colored coquettes of Masaya.

It is only necessary to add, that the Lake of Masaya has no outlet, and is clearly of volcanic origin. The volcano of Masaya, or Nindiri, stands on its northwestern border, and on that side the cliffs are hidden, and an inclined plane has been formed, coincident with the slope of the mountain, by the lava which has run down and into the lake during some ancient eruption. The depth of the lake is very great. When I made my first visit to Masaya, I descended to the edge of the water, and found there many of the *aguadoras*. They were bathing, carrying their jars out several rods from the shore, filling them, and then towing them in. They were not at all disconcerted by my presence, so I sat down on the rocks and talked with these brown Naiads.

I asked one of them if the lake were deep? She replied that it was "*insondable*" (bottomless); and, to give me evidence of the fact, paddled ashore, and, taking a large stone in each hand, swam out some distance and allowed herself to sink. She was gone so long that I began to be nervous lest some accident had befallen her in these unknown depths, when suddenly she popped up to the surface, almost at the very spot where she had disappeared. She gasped a moment for breath, and then, turning to me, exclaimed, "You see!"



LAKE OF MASAYA.

Beyond Masaya our road led through a broad and beautiful avenue, lined on both sides by luxuriant fields, which extend to the *pueblo* of Nindiri. It was thronged with mules, men, women, and children, all bearing fruits, provisions, or other articles of sale, on their way to the markets of Masaya and Granada; for the Indian thinks nothing of carrying his load, worth perhaps half a dollar, to the distance of twenty miles, or even farther.

Nindiri itself is one of the loveliest spots on earth. Oranges, plantains, marañons, nisperos, mamays, and tall palms, with their variously-colored fruits, blushing brown or golden among the leaves, and here and there a low calabash tree, with its green globes strung on every limb; all these, clustering together, literally embowered the picturesque cane huts of the simple-minded and industrious inhabitants. Indian women, naked to the waist, sat beneath the trees spinning snow-white cotton, or the fibre of the *agave*, while their noisy, naked little ones tumbled joyously about on the smoothly-beaten ground, where the sunlight fell in flickering, shifting mazes, as the winds bent the branches of the trees with their unseen fingers. Primitive Nindiri! seat of the ancient caziques and their barbaric courts—even now, amidst the din of the crowded city, and the crush and conflict of struggling thousands, amidst grasping avarice and importunate penury, bold-fronted hypocrisy and heartless fashion; where virtue is modest and vice is brazen, where fire, and water, and the very lightnings of heaven, are the slaves of human will—how turns my memory to thee, as to some sweet vision of the night, some dreamy Arcadia, fancy-born, and half unreal!

After leaving Nindiri, we began to ascend one of the slopes or spurs of the volcano of Masaya, passing over disintegrated lava and pumice, now converted into soil, and sustaining a luxuriant growth of trees. At the distance of about a league we reached what is called the *mal pais*, literally "bad country." This is an immense field of lava, which, at the last eruption, flowed down the sides of the volcano, for a distance of many miles, in the direction of Lake Managua. Where the road crosses it the field is narrowest, but on both sides it spreads out over a wide area. It can only be compared to a vast plain of cast-iron just cooled, or to an ocean of ink suddenly congealed during a storm. In places the lava is rolled up in black, frowning masses; elsewhere it is piled up, flake on flake, like ice in the spring-time on the banks

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LAVA-FIELD.—VOLCANO OF MASAYA.

of our northern rivers. Here and there broad ragged sheets had been turned completely over as it cooled on the surface, while the molten current flowed below, exposing a regularly striated face, resembling the curling fibres of the oak or maple. Not a tree intervened between us and the volcano, only a broad, black, and rugged waste of lava!

I dismounted, and scrambled out upon the crinkling masses, but did not go far, for the sharp edges and points cut through my boots like knives. At one place I observed where the half-cooled lava had wrapped itself, layer on layer, around a large tree, which, subsequently burning out or decaying, had left a perfect cast of its trunk and principal branches in the solid lava.

As I have said, the volcano of Masaya is broad and low, and bears unmistakable signs of recent activity. Its latest eruption, at which time the vast lava-field which I have described was formed, took place in 1670. It was quiet enough at the time of our visit, but has since—within the last eighteen months—again broken out. Vast clouds of smoke now rise from it, which at night glow with the light of the fierce fires that burn at the bottom of the crater; and it is not unlikely that the volcano may soon come to regain the celebrity which it enjoyed for many years after the conquest, during which time it was in a state of constant eruption, and was called *El Infierno de Masaya*—"The Hell of Masaya."

The old chronicler Oviedo has left us a detailed and interesting account of it, as it was at the time of his visit in 1529. He says he had visited Vesuvius and Etna, and enumerates many other volcanoes; "but it seems to me," he continues, "that none of these volcanoes are to be compared to that of Masaya, which, as I have said, I have seen and examined for myself. I will now relate what I saw. It was about the middle of the night of July 25, 1529, that we left the house of Machuca, and by sunrise we had nearly reached the summit. The night was very dark, in consequence of which the flame of the mountain appeared exceedingly brilliant. I have heard persons worthy of credit say that when the night is very dark and rainy, the light from the crater is so vivid that one may see to read at the distance of half a league, but this I will neither affirm nor deny, for at Granada, when there is no moon, the whole country is illuminated by the flame of the volcano; and it is a fact that it can be seen at a distance of sixteen or twenty leagues, for I have seen it at that distance myself. However, we can not call that which proceeds from the crater a flame, but rather a smoke which is as bright as a flame.

"I was accompanied by an Indian cazique, whose name was Natatime, who, when we got near the crater, sat down, fifteen or twenty paces off, and pointed to the frightful orifice. The summit of the mountain forms a plain, covered with red, yellow, and black rocks, spotted with diverse colors. The orifice is so broad that, in my opinion, a musket-ball could not traverse it. The depth, to the best of my judgment, is about one hundred and thirty fathoms; and although it was difficult to see the bottom of the crater for the thick smoke and vapors, yet I could discern there a place perfectly round, and large enough to contain a hundred cavaliers,

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who could play at fencing, and have more than a thousand spectators. It would hold even more than that number, were it not for still another deeper crater in the middle of it. At the bottom of this second crater I beheld a fire, which was as liquid as water, and of the color of brass. From time to time this molten matter rose in the air, with a prodigious force, hurling great masses to the height of many feet, as it appeared to me. Sometimes these were arrested on the sides of the crater, and remained there, before becoming extinguished, time enough to repeat the *Credo* six times. After they had cooled, they resembled the scoriæ of a forge.

"I can not believe that a Christian could behold this spectacle unmindful of hell, and without repenting of his sins; particularly while comparing this vein of sulphur with the eternal grandeur of everlasting fire which awaits those who are ungrateful to God!

"A remarkable circumstance was told me by Machuca and the Fray Bobadilla, which is, that the melted matter sometimes mounts to the top of the crater, whereas I could only see it at a great depth. Having made due inquiry in regard to this, I learned that when much rain falls, the fire does, in fact, ascend as far as the top.

"I have heard the cazique of Nindiri say that he has often gone, in company with other caziques, to the edge of the crater; and that an old woman, nearly naked, did come forth from it, with whom they held a *monexico*, or secret council. They consulted her to know if they should make war, or grant or decline a truce to their enemies. She told them whether they would conquer or be conquered; if they should have rain; if the harvest of maize would be abundant; and, in fine, predicted all future events. On such occasions it was customary for a man or two, and some women and children, to offer themselves as a voluntary sacrifice to her. He added, that since the Christians had come to the country, the old woman no longer made her appearance. I asked him how she looked, and he said that she was old and wrinkled; that her breasts hung down over her belly; that her hair was thin and erect; that her teeth were long and sharp as a dog's; her skin darker than that of the Indians; her eyes sunken but fiery—in short, he described her as like the devil, who, in truth, she must have been!"

From the open lava-fields the road to Managua passes over an undulating country, with occasional savannas, dotted with clumps of trees, between which we caught glimpses of the distant lakes and mountains. For many miles scoriæ and disintegrating lava showed the extent of the action of the volcano in ancient times. The road, for most of the distance, is shadowed over by trees, and is broad and smooth. We traveled it rapidly and merrily, occasionally rousing a troop of monkeys reposing among the tree-tops, on trying a shot with our revolvers at the wild turkeys which thronged the woods in every direction. The Doctor disappointed us all, and cheated us out of a luscious supper, by firing at a temptingly plump wild pig with the wrong barrel of his gun—merely peppering the little fellow's hams with bird-shot, instead of killing him outright with a bullet.

We reached Managua just as the bells of the churches were sounding the hour of the *oracion*, and halted, with uncovered heads, beneath the shadow of a heavily-loaded tamarind-tree, until the last sound trembled away, and was lost in the air. By these easy and appropriate deferences to the customs of the country, and the feelings of its people, we always commanded their sympathy and good-will, and avoided many of those unpleasant occurrences which, magnified into "Outrages on American citizens!" figure, in all the blazonry of capitals, in the columns of our daily newspapers.

And here I may say, as the result of a pretty large experience, official and private, in foreign countries, that, in nine cases out of ten, the difficulties in which Americans are constantly getting involved are due to their own imprudence or presumption. There are not a few who think it necessary to show their contempt for a religion which they do not profess, simply because they happen to have been born under the influence of another, by stalking into churches with their hats on, and fingering the symbols and vessels of the altars. They fail to discover the beautiful propriety of uncovering the head when the bier of the dead passes by, but must needs show their want of respect for the customs of the country by all the more firmly pressing their hats over their eyes. Few of our people can comprehend how many of those around them are kept in decent regard of the rules and proprieties of life merely by the restraints of public opinion, until they have had an opportunity of observing their conduct abroad, where they imagine themselves no longer amenable to its laws. Men who, at home, pass for very respectable persons, fall at once into habits of life and a course of conduct of which no one could have supposed them capable. They forget that there is every where a certain respect attaching to good conduct and honorable action, and that these are qualities which are acceptable and esteemed even in a society where they least prevail.

Managua is a large town, and, owing to the rivalry of Granada and Leon, the nominal capital of the State. That is to say, the Legislative Chambers meet there; but the *personnel*, the officers, and the archives of the Government are all at Leon. Its situation, upon the shores of Lake Managua, is exceedingly well chosen. From the lake the people take vast quantities of a variety of small fishes, scarcely the length of one's little finger, called *sardines*, which fried like the *white bait* of England, or stirred into an *omelette*, constitute a palatable dish, celebrated throughout all Central America.

Managua, moreover, is distinguished for the beauty of its women; a circumstance due, in a

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great degree, without doubt, to the larger infusion here of white blood. They also dress with greater taste than in most of the other towns, since they make no awkward attempts to imitate or adopt European styles. The little daughter of our hostess, whom we christened on the spot "*La Favorita*," was a model of girlish beauty,



"LA FAVORITA."

both in dress and figure. The women have the *embompoint* which characterizes the sex under the tropics. Their dress is loose and flowing, leaving the neck and arms exposed. It is often of pure white, but generally the skirt or *nagua* is of flowered stuff; in which case the *guipil* (*Anglice*, vandyke) is white, heavily trimmed with lace, satin slippers, a red or purple sash wound loosely round the waist, a rosary sustaining a golden cross, and a narrow golden band, or fillet of pearls, passing around the head, and confining the hair, which is often allowed to fall in luxuriant waves upon the shoulders, completes a costume as novel as it is graceful and picturesque.

The men of European descent all emulate European costumes, and on great occasions, when they encase themselves in a suit of black, with a tall black hat surmounting their heads, think they are altogether "about the thing." But they are only really happy when dressed in a shirt and pantaloons of spotless white, the latter supported by a red or green sash, and wearing a glazed hat, with a broad gilt band, set jauntily on one side of the head. And here it may be mentioned, confidentially, that when strangers are not about, the shirt is as often worn outside of the pantaloons as it is inside—a practice cool and agreeable, no doubt, if not strictly classical!

The males of the lower orders wear no shirts at all, except on Sundays and holidays, nor, in fact, clothing of any kind, unless a pair of pantaloons closely buttoned at the waist, with the legs thereof turned up to the thighs, a pair of sandals, and a hat of palm-leaf, can be dignified with the name. On the occasion of a *fiesta*, however, they outdo the "swells" of Broadway in the flaming colors of their shirts; and then, with pantaloons not less flaming, and a native jacket, woven by the Indians of Quesaltenango, in a gay pattern, and fringed at the waist, they consider that they have exhausted the range of personal decoration. The cut at the foot of the page will illustrate this description of the costume of a Nicaraguan *mozo*.

The first passengers between California and the United States, by way of the "Nicaraguan route," landed at Realejo, and passed thence overland to Granada, making Managua an intermediate stopping-place. Whereupon the people, with the foresight of the old woman who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, straightway converted their houses into hotels, and charging most exorbitant prices, fancied that they must soon become rich. Property doubled and quadrupled in material value, and every thing proceeded on the most approved high-pressure principle. But the swindled passengers wrote back to California, giving such reports as deterred others from following them. Managua, therefore, soon relapsed into its previous dullness, but nevertheless roused a little with our visit. We staid two days, had cots without sheets, pillows, or blankets, and two meals a day—for which luxuries we were charged each the modest sum of four dollars per diem. The landlady had not had any guests for weeks, and was evidently determined to make it up out of us. The charge was, however, so gross an imposition, that we resolved, as a matter of principle, not to submit to it, and deputed H——, who volunteered the task, to insist upon a reduction.

As he could not speak a word of Spanish, nor the landlady a word of English, we were curious to know how he would get on. He buttoned up his coat, gave his mustaches a ferocious twist, shook his hair over his eyes, assumed an indignant expression, and started. We stealthily watched the interview. Marching up to the



MOZO, EN GRANDE TENUE.

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old lady, he placed the bill on the table before her with solemn gravity, and then commenced a most melo-dramatic recital of the dagger soliloquy in Macbeth. She listened with distended eyes, and grew pale and crossed herself, when the speaker clutched at the phantom dagger in the air, evidently thinking that the gripe was aimed at her own throat. When he had finished he pointed sternly at the paper. The old lady took it up, looked at it vaguely, and then laid it down again. "It won't do," muttered H——. "Here goes for another dose!" and he went through the recital a second time, with increased energy, winding up with "*too mucho! too mucho!*" and enforcing the exclamation by holding up four fingers of one hand, and then forcing two of them down again with the palm of the other.

We could hardly refrain from bursting into roars of laughter, when the old lady, actually trembling under the vehemence of the address, took her pen and mechanically substituted two dollars for the obnoxious four dollars per diem!

"I'll take ten per cent. for doing that, if you please!" said H——, triumphantly, as he handed me the expurgated bill.

Morning under the tropics, on the dry Pacific slope of the continent, is always cool and delightful, and the traveler soon learns to rise early, so as to avail himself of its freshness and beauty. It was yet dark when we sallied from Managua, and entered the road leading to the *pueblo* of Mateares, eighteen miles distant, where we proposed to breakfast. For six miles the road is broad and gravelly; it then ascends a high ridge, which traverses the country transversely, and projects itself boldly into the lake. Here the passage is steep and rocky, and only possible for mules. The cart-road makes a wide detour to the left. Dismounting, we ascended on foot, stopping often to enjoy the magnificent views of the lake, and of the high distant mountains of Segovia, which opened between the gigantic trees.

Beyond the summit the descent becomes gentle and easy, and we rode rapidly along the smooth and well-beaten path. We stopped only to notice a couple of rude wooden crosses which had been erected at a secluded point in the desert, and which I knew must mark the scene of some deed of violence. Upon reaching Mateares, I found that my ancient *posada*, in which I had stood godfather for the child of the portly little hostess, was in ruins, and learned that the crosses by the roadside in the forest marked the graves of two Americans, who had been murdered there by *ladrones*, of whom the keeper of the *posada* was supposed to have been one. He had been arrested and condemned; his broken-hearted little wife had disappeared, and the *posada* itself, resting under the double curse of the Church and the Law, had been abandoned to desolation and decay.

Leaving Mateares, the road leads, for some distance, along the shores of the lake, which are covered with white and rose-colored pebbles of pumice, worn smooth by the action of the water. Here the great volcano of Momotombo, and the lesser cone of the island of Momotombita, come fairly into view, the former towering to the height of upward of 6000 feet. Rising from the edge of the water, with no intervening object to detract from its elevation, it is by far the most imposing mountain in all Nicaragua. It has never been ascended, for the yielding ashes and scoriæ which constitute more than half of its height, forbid all approach to its summit. It has a crater, the outlines of which are visible from every direction, and from which a plume of smoke is constantly rising. In early times Momotombo was noisy and eruptive, but for two hundred years has been slumberous and nearly inactive.

Lake Managua is next in size to Lake Nicaragua, and is between fifty and sixty miles long by thirty-five broad. It has an elevation of twenty-eight feet above Lake Nicaragua, with which it connects by a channel, interrupted by a considerable fall. During very dry years little or no water passes through this channel, but at other times a considerable stream—the Rio Tipitapa—flows through it. At the period of my first visit, in 1849–50, the water flowing into the lake, from several large streams on its northern shore, was barely sufficient to supply the evaporation from its surface, and its level was so much reduced that the road could be seen for miles along its western beach. But now it was comparatively full, and the surface of the water six or eight feet above its previous level.

The strip of land which intervenes between Lake Managua and the Pacific is narrow, and gives rise only to a few rivulets, scarcely deserving the respectable name of streams. The largest of these, which is the only one that does not dry up in the summer season, is crossed by the road about a league to the southward of Nagarote. From the circumstance I have mentioned, it is a favorite camping-place for travelers and muleteers, and its deep, cool valley is an equally



"GUARDA BARRANCA."

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favorite retreat for birds and wild beasts, who find here a congenial covert and always leafy shelter. Among the birds are hundreds of macaws and parrots; and here, too, is found the elegant "Guarda Barranca," and the heavy-billed toucan. The Doctor halted to shoot what he called "specimens," the skins whereof—are they not, O reader! in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia?

Nagarote is chiefly distinguished for a tree—an immense tree, *Palo de Genisero*, which stands



"PALO DE GENISERO."

by the roadside, near the centre of the town. Its trunk is seven feet in diameter, and the spread of its branches one hundred and eighty feet. It is of a variety that is always full-leaved, and no traveler, troop of soldiers, nor *atajo* of mules passes through Nagarote without stopping to enjoy its grateful shade. During the dry season, the muleteers and carreteros encamp under it, a dozen groups at a time, in preference to sleeping in the flea-infested huts of the town.

Leaving our party to rest themselves under this famous tree, I proceeded to the principal house of the place, where I had been wont to stop in my former journeyings in the country. The ancient lady who presided with scrupulous neatness over the establishment, recognized me at once, and rushed into my arms with a warmth that would have ruined my reputation and her own had she been less than fifty years of age, or weighed less than two hundred pounds.

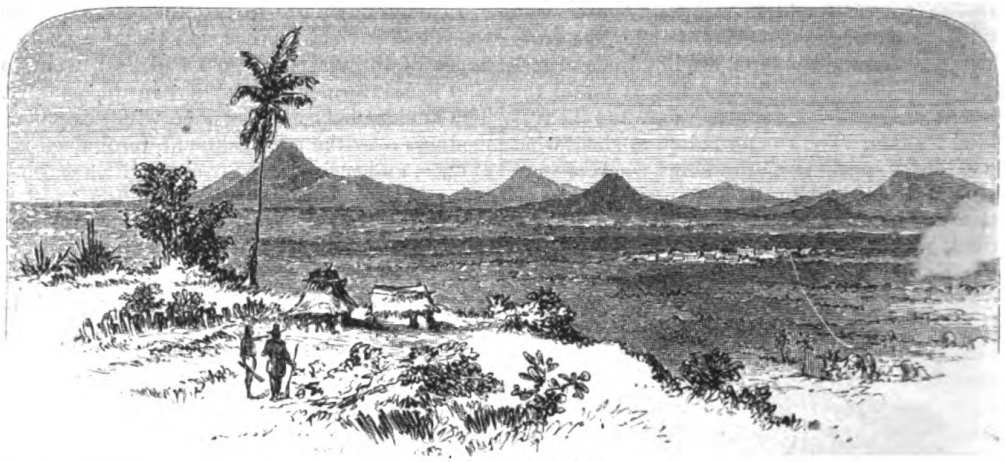
Before I could ask her to compound us *aljo fresco*, or something good to drink, she commenced rummaging in a dark closet for certain "*cosas antiguas*." She had remembered, she said, how deep an interest I had taken in the antiquities of the country, and had collected and treasured up for me many things which were "*muy preciosa;*" and she produced a number of ancient jars, and pans, and worn heads of broken *terra cotta* idols or aboriginal penates, and displayed them on the table with an air of triumph. They were nothing very wonderful, but I appreciated her friendly motive, and affected an infinitude of delight. The dear old woman was happy indeed, and will be still happier when she finds her "*cosas antiguas*" portrayed and set forth in the ample pages of "Harper's Magazine." The most valuable article among them is a copper ax, weighing perhaps ten pounds, which was dug up in excavating a *poza*, or well, in the proper court-yard of the old lady's own house.

After the "*cosas antiguas*," or what H—



"COSAS ANTIGUAS."

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GREAT PLAIN OF LEON.

called, irreverently, "old pots and rattle-traps," had been duly packed and disposed of, my ancient landlady compounded for us a huge vase of *algo fresco*, i. e., a cool drink made of the juice of the marañon and sugar-cane, mixed with slices of fresh, ripe oranges. With a servant bearing this refreshing and opportune present, covered with a snow-white cloth to shield it from the sun, I returned to the party beneath the *Genisero*. I found that H—— had obtained a guitar, and invited a party of girls from the neighboring huts, and was busy, to their great delight, in giving them a specimen of a Virginia *Juba* or break-down. He was pronounced "*un hombre muy vivo*"—"a very lively fellow," and might have won unbounded popularity among the dark-skinned beauties of Nagarote had he remained there.

We slept that night at Pueblo Nuevo, a town distinguished for nothing in the world except its beautiful hedges of the columnar cactus, and next morning left early for Leon, now eight leagues distant. The great plain of Leon properly commences at Pueblo Nuevo, but as the road passes for most of the intervening distance through an unbroken forest, no adequate view of it is obtained until the traveler arrives within ten leagues of the city, when it bursts upon him in all its vastness and beauty. It was now near the close of the dry season, and vegetation was seared, and the roads dry and dusty. But the great plain was grand and beautiful still.

I shall never forget the impressions which it produced upon my mind when I saw it for the first time. I had left my companions behind, and had stopped my horse on the borders of its ocean of verdure. Stretching away, checkered with hedge-rows, and studded with tree-clumps and tall palms, my eyes traversed leagues on leagues of green fields, belted with forests and bounded on the right by high volcanoes, their regular cones rising like spires to heaven, while low emerald hills circled round on the left, like the seats of an amphitheatre. In front the view was uninterrupted, and the straining eye sought in vain to discover its limits. A purple haze rested in the distance, and beneath it the waves of the great Pacific rolled in unbrokenly from China and the Indies.

It was then the beginning of the rainy season, and vegetation had shot up in renewed youth and vigor; no dust had yet dimmed the transparent green of the leaves, nor had the heat withered the delicate blades of grass and spires of maize which carpeted the level fields, nor the young tendrils which twined delicately around the branches of the trees, or hung, blushing with buds and flowers, from the parent stem. Above all shone down the glorious sun, and the whole broad expanse seemed pulsating with life beneath its genial rays. Never before had I gazed upon a scene so grand and magnificent as this. Well and truly had the an-



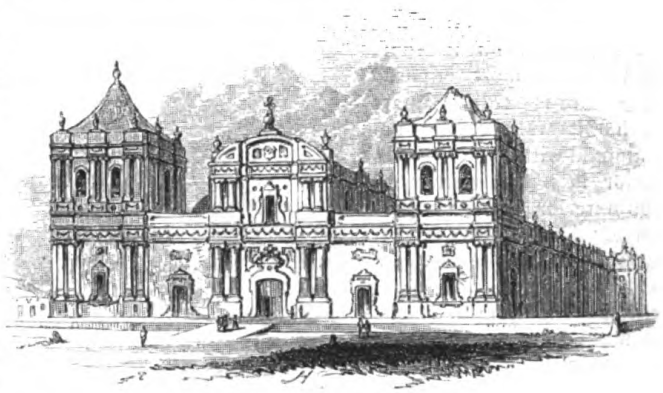
APPROACH TO LEON.

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cient chronicler described it as "a country plain and beautiful, full of pleasantness, so that he who fared therein deemed that he journeyed in the ways of Paradise!"

Although there are many approaches to Leon, we preferred [illegible]e the *camino real*, or cart-[illegible]hich makes something of a [illegible]ur, in order to pass the deep *barranca* which constitutes the natural defense of Leon on the south. Through this *barranca* flows an unfailing stream of water, supplied from springs beneath the rocks. Here the people come to obtain water, and it is the favorite resort of the *lavadoras*, or washerwomen, who each have a particular basin hollowed in the rock, instead of the proverbial "tub" of their Hibernian equivalents at home. *Lavadoras*, in all countries, are little addicted to wearing the clothes they wash; but in Nicaragua their latitude in this respect is rather startling to a stranger. When occupied with their work, their costume is less even than that of the Georgia Major, which was catalogued as a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs.

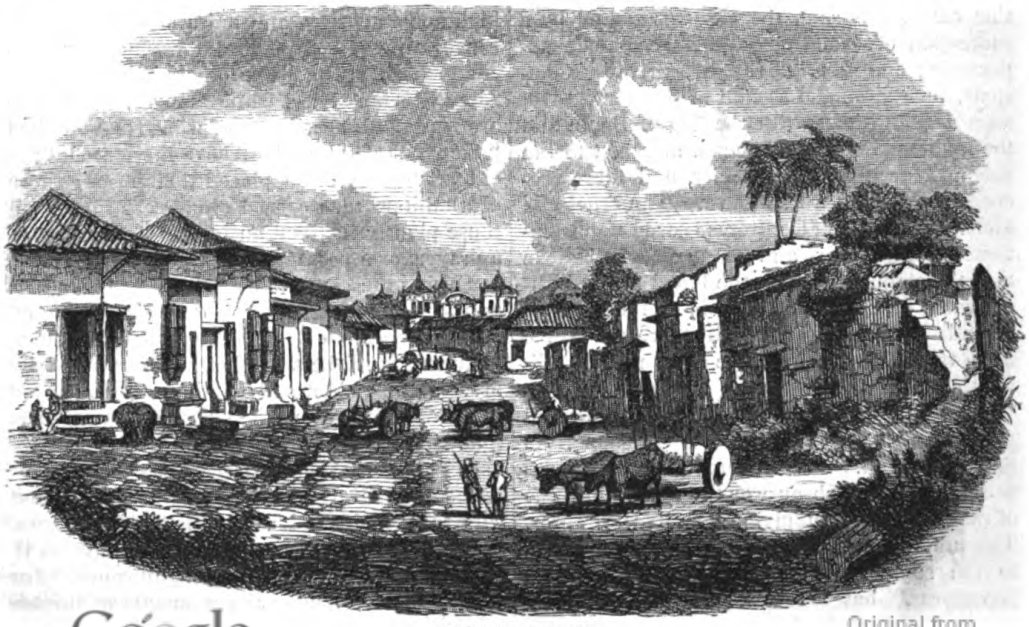
The cart-road emerges from the *Barranca de las Lavadoras* and the trees which fringe it, into the *Calle Real* or principal street of Leon, which leads from the dependent Indian pueblo of Subtiaba direct to the plaza and great Cathedral of Leon. This quarter of the city has suffered much in the various wars which have afflicted the country, and a great number of the houses which line it are in ruins. We spurred rapidly up the broad, paved street, and half an hour afterward were welcome guests beneath the hospitable roof of Doctor L——, a countryman, and one of the few who have honorably supported the name of American.



CATHEDRAL OF LEON.

Leon has much more of a metropolitan air than Granada. It is both larger and better built, and its churches, not less than twenty in number, are all fine, and some of them splendid edifices.

Indeed, the great Cathedral of St. Peter may perhaps be regarded as second to no similar structure in all Spanish America. It was finished in 1743, having occupied thirty-seven years in building, and cost upward of $5,000,000! It covers an entire *cuadra*, or square, and its façade extends the whole width of the plaza. It is built of cut stone, and is one firm mass of masonry. Nothing can better illustrate its strength than the fact that it has withstood the storms and earthquakes of a century, and with the exception that the top of one of the towers has been shattered by lightning, it is now as perfect as when it came from the hands of the builders. Yet it has often been converted into a fortress, and has sustained more than one cannonade and bombardment from besieging forces.



CALLA REAL, LEON.

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In 1823, it is said, not less than thirty pieces of cannon were planted on its roof; and on its most exposed side there is hardly a square inch of its walls which is not indented with shot. Its interior is not unworthy of the exterior, but is comparatively bare of ornament. At the head of the principal aisle, beneath a lofty dome, is the great altar of silver, elaborately chased. The side chapels are not remarkable for their richness or beauty. During the civil commotions of the country, the churches have not escaped the spoiling hands of the soldiery; and although the Cathedral was once possessed of extraordinary wealth, and the costliness and variety of its ornaments were a proverb even in Spain, it has now little to boast beyond its massive proportions and architectural design.



BRIDGE AT LEON.

Leon was founded in 1523, by the same conqueror, Cordova, who built Granada. Its original site was at the head of the western bay of the lake of Managua, at a place called Nagrando, near the base of the great volcano of Momotombo, where its ruins may still be traced. This site was abandoned, in 1610, for that now occupied by the city, which was then the seat of the large Indian town of Subtiaba. There is a tradition that there was a curse pronounced upon the old city by the Pope, when he heard of the murder there, by the rebellious Hernando de Contreras, of Antonio de Valdivieso, third bishop of Nicaragua, who opposed the cruelty of Contreras toward the Indians, and in consequence fell under his anger. As the result of this curse, it is said, the city was visited by a succession of calamities which became insupportable; and the inhabitants, driven to despair, finally, on the second of January, 1610, after a solemn fast, with the flag of Spain and the municipality at their head, marched to the site now occupied by the city, and there proceeded to lay out a new town. The cruel and sacrilegious deed of Contreras is even now mentioned with horror, and many people believe that the stains caused by the blood of the bishop, when he fled to the church, and died of his wounds at the foot of the altar, are yet visible upon the ruins—an indelible evidence of God's wrath!

Leon is situated in the midst of the great plain which I have described, equidistant from lake and ocean. On both sides of the town are deep ravines, which answer the double purpose of defense and of supplying the city with water. The suburb, or "Barrio de Guadelupe," stands to the southward of the "Barranca de las Lavadoras," but is connected with the city proper by a high bridge.

This bridge was projected many years ago, on a magnificent scale, but has never been finished. Viewed from the bottom of the barranca, it reminds the traveler of some of the gigantic ruins of bridges which time has spared in Italy, to attest the power of the ancient Romans.

Architecture, indeed, seems at one time to have flourished in Leon, and to have justified the observation of the old friar, Thomas Gage, who passed through here in 1665, that one of "the chief delights of the people consisted in their houses." And although no city in America has suffered more from wars than Leon, and notwithstanding its best buildings, which stood near the centre of the town, have been destroyed, yet many of those which remain are of considerable pretensions. As the houses, for reasons elsewhere given, are necessarily low, taste and skill have been chiefly confined to the portals, or principal entrances. These are often high and imposing, and profusely ornamented. Some are copies from the Moresque arches so common in Spain, while others are of the severer Grecian styles, while many of later date are marvelous specimens of what H—— called "the No-style-at-all." Above these arches the old aristocracy often placed their arms; those of a military turn carved groups of armor, and those piously inclined an image of the Virgin, a prayer, or a passage from the Bible.

During the contests between the Aristocrats and Liberals which followed the declaration of independence, in 1823, a large part of Leon, including its richest portion, was destroyed by fire. Over a thousand buildings were burned in a single night, and the Cathedral is still surrounded by entire squares of ruins of what were once palaces. Whole streets, now almost deserted, and overgrown with bushes, are lined with the remains of large and beautiful edifices. Within their courts stand rude cane huts, as if in mockery of their former magnificence. Indeed, in riding among the remnants of former splendor, the traveler fully realizes the truth of

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what old Gage has left on record of the city and its people two centuries ago:

"The city," he says, "is very curiously built, for the chief delights of its inhabitants consist in their houses, in the pleasure of the country adjoining, and in the abundance of all things for the life of man. They are content," he adds, "with fine gardens, with the variety of singing-birds and parrots, with plenty of fish and flesh, and gay horses, and so lead a delicious, lazy, and idle life, not aspiring much to trade or traffic, although they have the lake and ocean near them. The gentlemen of Leon are almost as gay and fantastical as those of Chiapas; and it is especially from the pleasure of this city that the province of Nicaragua is called *Mahomet's Paradise*."

And even from that hard old pirate, Dampier, Leon drew an encomium. He says, "Indeed, if we consider the advantages of its situation, we may find it surpassing most places in America for health and pleasure."

One of the finest views in the world is commanded from the roof of the Cathedral; and, standing there, the traveler from the Atlantic sees, for the first time, the waters of the Pacific—a rim of silver on the edge of the western horizon. To the north and east bristle the nine volcanoes of the great volcanic range of the Marabios, their outlines sharply defined against the sky, and in their regularity of form emulating the symmetry of the Pyramids. There stands the volcano of El Viejo on one flank of the range, and Momotombo on the other. Intermediately are the cones of Axusco and Telica, the broad mass of Arota, and the frowning Santa Clara, riven by recent eruptions. The view probably comprehends a greater number of volcanoes in its range than any other in the world; for, besides those constituting the line of the Marabios, not less than four others may be traced in the distance—thirteen in all!

It is difficult to form an accurate estimate of the population of Leon. The city is spread over so wide an area, and, moreover, is so involved among trees, that the traveler may reside there for months, and daily discover new and secluded clusters of habitations. The census of 1847 gave the population at 35,000, which is probably not far from the truth. But this number includes the population of the Indian municipality of Subtiaba, which is generally, but erroneously, supposed to be a town distinct from Leon.

Here, as elsewhere in Nicaragua, the Indian and mixed population (*Ladinos*) greatly predominate, and the pure white inhabitants constitute scarcely one-tenth of the whole number. The Indian blood displays itself less in the color of the skin than in a certain opaqueness of the eye, which is a much more expressive feature in those crossed with the Indians than in either of the original stocks. The fusion among all portions of the population of Nicaragua has been so complete, that, notwithstanding the diversity of races, distinctions of caste are hardly recognized. The whites, in social intercourse, maintain a certain degree of exclusion, but in all other respects the completest equality prevails. The proportion of inhabitants who lay claim to what is called "position," is very small, and is not at all rigid in its adherence to the conventionalities which prevail in larger cities of Mexico, South America, and our own country; yet, in the essential respects of hospitality, kindness, and courtesy, I have found it entitled to a position second to that of no other community with which I am acquainted. The women are far from being highly educated, but are simple and unaffected in manners, and possessed of great quickness of apprehension, and a readiness in repartee, which compensates, to a certain degree, for their deficiency in general information.

A ball was given to us by my old friends, shortly after our arrival, which afforded my companions an opportunity of seeing something of the social enjoyments of the people. Like all Spanish affairs of the kind, it was a little stiff and stately at the outset; but before the bell of the Cathedral struck eleven, I think I never saw a more animated assemblage. The polka and waltz, as also the *bolero*, and other well-known Spanish dances, were danced gracefully and with spirit. And in addition to these, after much persuasion, we had an Indian dance; a singular affair, slow and complicated, which left upon my mind a distinct impression that it was religious in its origin. During the whole evening the windows were festooned with urchins, and the doors blockaded with spectators, who, when they were particularly pleased, applauded with all the energy of "the pit" in our theatres, as if the whole affair had been got up for their special entertainment. The police would have driven them away, but I won an enduring popularity by interfering in their behalf, and they were consequently permitted to remain.

Among the lower classes fandangoes, and other characteristic revels, are frequent, and are sufficiently uproarious and promiscuous. For obvious reasons we witnessed none of these in the city, although we stumbled upon them frequently in the villages.

The Spanish people, in all parts of the world, are temperate in their habits. Those of Nicaragua, in this respect, do no discredit to their progenitors. Strong liquors are little used except among the lower orders, and even with them to a less extent than with us. The sale of brandy and "*aguardiente*," or native rum, is a government monopoly, and is confined to the "*estancos*," or licensed establishments, where it pays a high duty to the State. I do not remember to have seen a respectable citizen drunk during the whole of my stay in Central America, a period of more than two years.

There are no "stated" amusements in Leon, except at the cock-pit, which is open every Sunday afternoon. This is always crowded, but not often visited by the better portion of the people. No liquors are allowed on the premises, and the

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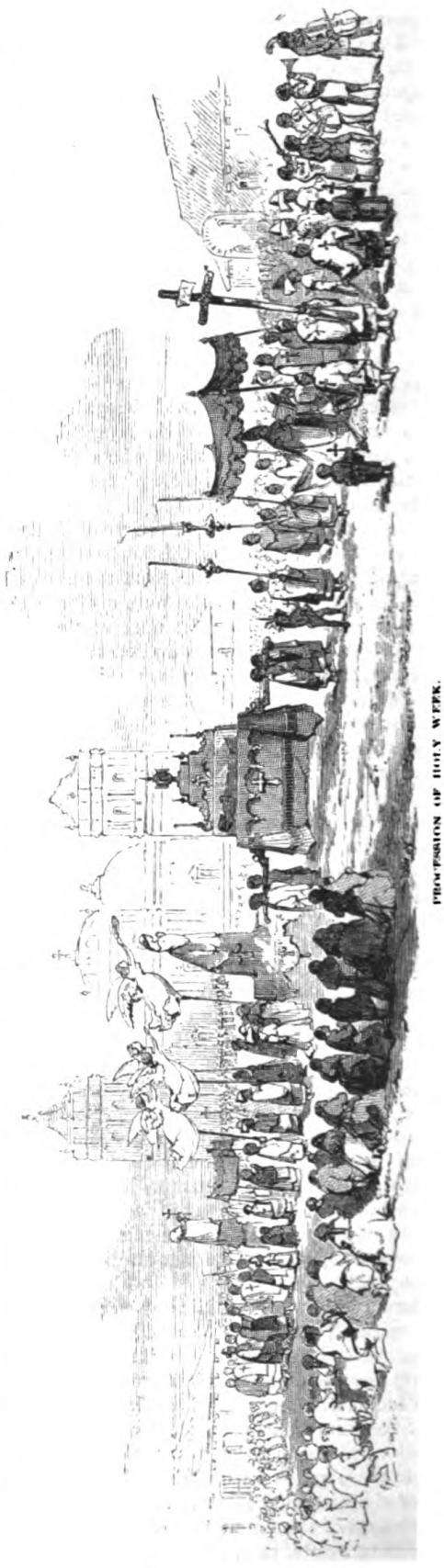
Government, with a wise foresight, has always an alcalde and a file of soldiers present to preserve order.

But because the respectable people of Leon do not frequent the "*patio de los gallos*," it does not follow that they are wholly averse to the species of amusement practiced there. On the contrary, in the back corridors of the houses —and in none more frequently than in those of the padres—dozens of fine cocks may almost always be found, or at all events *heard*, if not seen. After dinner, of Sunday afternoons, quiet little parties are got up, cocks fought, and not unfrequently, if report speaks true, golden ounces find themselves suddenly transferred from one "*bolsa*," or pocket, to another!

The *fiestas*, saint's days, or festivals of the Church, nevertheless, supply the diversion for the public which is elsewhere derived from theatres, concerts, and other amusements. On these occasions are sometimes performed what are called "*Sagradas Funciones*," or "*Sainetes*," which correspond precisely with what were anciently known in England as *Sacred Mysteries*. The *fiestas* are certainly sufficiently numerous, and are celebrated in any thing but a serious manner. They are, in fact, general holidays, when every body is dressed in his best. And the more *bombas*, or rockets, fired, and the louder and longer the bells are rung, the more "*alegre*," or joyous, is the occasion, and the greater the glorification of the saints. As a consequence, our house being situated in the vicinity of the principal churches, we were treated to what H—— called "a Fourth of July," every other day of the week.

Holy Week, with its endless train of ceremonies, came round while we were in Leon. It would occupy many pages to detail the performances, the processions, the firing of *bombas*, and ringing of bells, and praying, and singing, and saying of mass, which entered into the due celebration of that important "Funcion!" I had witnessed the ceremonies of the Holy Week before, not only in Leon, but in Rome itself, where human ingenuity exhausted itself in devising means and accessories to lend it impressiveness and grandeur, and now regarded the repetition as something of a bore. Not so with my companions. To them it was full of novelty and amusement, and I enjoyed their recitals and comments far more than I possibly could have done the spectacle itself.

Nevertheless we all went to witness the night-procession, in which is figuratively set forth the burial of Christ. The soldiery were all under arms, and headed the column, followed by the music, and the bishop, in his purple robes, walking beneath a silken canopy, supported on silver rods by the priests attached to the Cathedral. After them came a whole regiment of saints, St. Peter taking precedence, all carried on the shoulders of men who bore torches in their disengaged hands. Then came a bier on which was an effigy of Christ, painted to resemble a corpse; and next, angels with outspread



PROCESSION OF HOLY WEEK.

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wings, supported by thin metal rods, invisible in the darkness. After them moved the Marys, and the train of sorrowing disciples, and converts to the new Gospel. To these succeeded a seemingly unending procession of men and women, with a great predominance of the latter, interspersed with numbers of small children, dressed to represent nuns and friars, all carrying little crosses in one hand and a candle in the other. On the flanks of the procession hovered a number of half-grown boys dressed as devils, who flourished their spears in a threatening manner, but were effectually kept at bay by an equal number of militant angels, in the shape of girls, dressed in white, and having gauze wings attached to their shoulders.

The procession moved to the measure of a mournful chant, stopping at intervals, while the priests offered up prayers and incense. And thus it went from station to station, spending the greater part of the night in the ceremony. Some idea of the length of the procession may be formed when I say that it occupied upward of two hours in passing the balcony on which we were seated. The torches, the earnest faces of the devotees, the mournful music and solemn chants, were certainly striking in their effect; and, I can well understand, capable of producing a lasting impression on the minds of a superstitious people.

Devils, or rather representations of them, figure conspicuously in many of the *fiestas*. On the day of St. Andrew—"Merry St. Andrew's day"—they "come out strong," and are particularly hideous and jolly. They wear masks, of course, and sport barbed tails. One, perhaps shrouded in black, displays a grinning death's-head beneath his half-parted vail, and beats time with a pair of veritable cross-bones. The dance seems to have been borrowed from the Indians. The music certainly has been. It is rude and unearthly, such as Cortéz heard on the night of his retreat from Mexico, when it "carried terror into the very souls of the Christians."

There is a grand collection of saints in Leon, and not least among them in popularity and power, is San Benito, who probably flourished in Ethiopia. At any rate he is a full-blooded negro, thick-lipped and woolly-headed. It was a shrewd move on the part of the old priests to accept such ceremonies of the Indians as they could not eradicate, and to adopt and sanctify such effigies of aboriginal gods as they could not banish or destroy.

In Nicaragua, as, indeed, in all Spanish countries, the funeral ceremony has few of those gloomy accessories which are prescribed by our customs. Youth, innocence, and beauty, like ornaments on the brow of age or on the limbs of deformity, serve only to heighten the terrors of our grim conception of death. With us the Angel of Peace, and the Keeper of the gates of Heaven, is a gloomy and remorseless tyrant, who gloats, fiend-like, over the victims of his skeleton arm. Theirs is a happier conception. Death mercifully relieves the infant from the sorrows and dangers of life. It withers the rose on the cheeks of youth that it may retain its bloom and fragrance in the more genial atmosphere of heaven. The tear of grief falls only for those whose long contact with the world has hardened in spirit, whose matured passions have cankered the heart, and diverted its aspirations from heaven to earth, and from the grandeurs of eternity to the frivolities of time.

The youngest daughter of the Licenciado B—— died and was buried while I was in Nicaragua. She was young, scarce sixteen, and the idolized child of her parents. Her funeral might have been her bridal, in the total absence of outward manifestations of grief. The procession formed before my window. First marched musicians playing a cheerful strain, followed by priests chanting a song of triumph. After them, on the shoulders of young men, was borne a litter, covered with white satin and loaded with orange branches, amidst which, dressed in white as for a festival, her head wreathed with fresh orange blossoms, and holding in her hands a silver cross, was the marble form of the dead girl. The parents, sisters, and relations of the deceased followed. Their eyes were tearless, and though the traces of sorrow were visible on their faces, yet over all there was an expression of hope and of faith in the teachings of Him who has declared, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

The funerals of infants are much the same. The body is invariably dressed in white and covered with flowers. Men firing *bombas*, and musicians playing lively airs, precede the corpse, and the parents and relatives follow. The rationale of this apparent want of feeling is to be found in the Romish doctrine of baptismal regeneration, according to which the departed spirit being in heaven, there is more cause for happiness than grief.

There is, however, much that is repugnant in the burials, particularly as practiced in Leon. Near most of the towns there is what is called the Campo Santo, an inclosed consecrated cemetery, in which the dead are buried upon the payment of a small sum, which is devoted to keeping the grounds in order. But in Leon the practice of burying in the churches has always prevailed, and is perpetuated through the influence of the priests, who derive a considerable fee from each burial. The consequence is, that the ground within and around the churches has become literally *saturated* with the dead. The burials are made, according to the amount paid to the church, for periods varying from six to twenty-five years, at the end of which the bones, with the earth around them, are sold to the manufacturers of nitre, and ultimately come to make a noise in the world in the form of "villainous saltpetre!"

Coffins are rarely used. The corpse is placed at the bottom of the grave, the earth rudely thrown in and beaten hard with heavy rammers.

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with a degree of indifference, not to say brutality, which is really shocking, and which I did not permit myself to witness a second time.

Although the masses of the people still cherish something of their original bigotry, it is fast giving way to more liberal sentiments, and no objection is made to foreigners on the score of religion, so long as they preserve a decent respect for the ceremonies of the Church, and do not outrage the prejudices of education and custom, which are not more numerous nor stronger than with us, although they have a somewhat different direction.

Many objects of antiquity have been found around Leon; and occasionally, in digging wells and making other excavations, the workmen come upon deposits of earthenware, and piles of little terra-cotta idols, which seem to have been hurriedly buried to protect them from the fanatical zeal of the conquerors. The accompanying figures present a front and side view of one of these relics, found near the Indian pueblo of Lelica, distant about two leagues from Leon. It is here represented of one-third of its



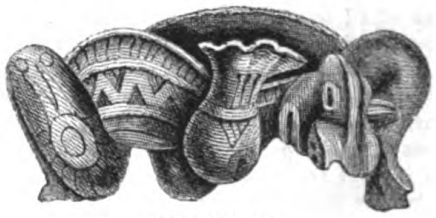


TERRA-COTTA IDOL.

natural size. The material is a fine well-tempered clay, burned, and afterward painted with enduring colors. At the same place were also found other interesting articles, of which drawings are given in the next column. One of these is a kind of vase, representing a man with his body so adjusted as to constitute the body of the vase, which is supported by the arms and legs. As the artists say, the conceit has been well managed. This vase is elaborately painted in red, yellow, and black.

Once a year the people of Nicaragua have a kind of carnival, the "*Paseo al Mar*," or annual





TERRA-COTTAS.

visit to the Pacific. The fashionables of our cities flock to Newport or "the Springs," but those of Leon go to the sea; and although the "Paseo" is a very different thing from a season at the Springs, yet it is equally an institution for the encouragement of flirtation and general and special love-making—in short, it is the festival of St. Cupid, whose devotees, the world over, are more numerous and earnest than those of any other saint in the calendar. The "Paseo" comes off during the last full moon of March; but the arrangements for it are all made beforehand. At that time a general movement of carts and servants takes place in the direction of the sea, and the Government dispatches an officer and guard to superintend the pitching of the annual camp upon the beach, or rather upon the forest-covered sand-ridge which constitutes the shore. Each family, instead of securing rooms at the "Ocean House," or the "United States," or a cottage on the "Drive," builds a temporary cane hut, lightly thatched with palm-leaves, and floored with *petates* or mats. The whole is wickered together with vines, or woven together basket-wise, and partitioned in the same way, or by means of curtains of cotton cloth. This constitutes the penetralia, and is sacred to the "*bello-sexo*" and the babies. The more fanciful ladies bring down richly-curtained beds, and make no mean show of elegance in their impromptu dwellings. Outside is a kind of broad, open shed, which bears a distant relation to the corridor. Here hammocks are swung, here the families dine, the ladies receive their visitors, and the masculines sleep.

The establishments here described pertain only to the wealthier visitors, the representatives of the upper classes. There is every intermediate variety of accommodation, down to that of the *mozo* and his wife, who spread their blankets at the foot of a tree and weave a little bower of branches overhead—an affair of perhaps ten minutes. And there are others yet who dis-

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dain even this exertion, and nestle in the loose dry sand.

And here, between bathing and dancing on the hard beach by moonlight, smoking, flirting, horse-racing, eating, drinking, and sleeping, the days of the "Paseo" roll by, and the careless crowd, drinking in the cool sea-breeze and the cheerful moonlight, give themselves up with unrestrained freedom to enjoyment and frolic.



SHORE OF THE PACIFIC.

Unfortunately, we were too late for the "Paseo," but we nevertheless rode down to the sea, and through the deserted encampment. Buzzards were now the only inhabitants, and stalked about sullenly among the silent huts. The sound of the sea seemed mournful, from sympathy, and its shore looked lonely. We turned our horses' heads, and were glad to get away from a scene of influences so sober and so sad.

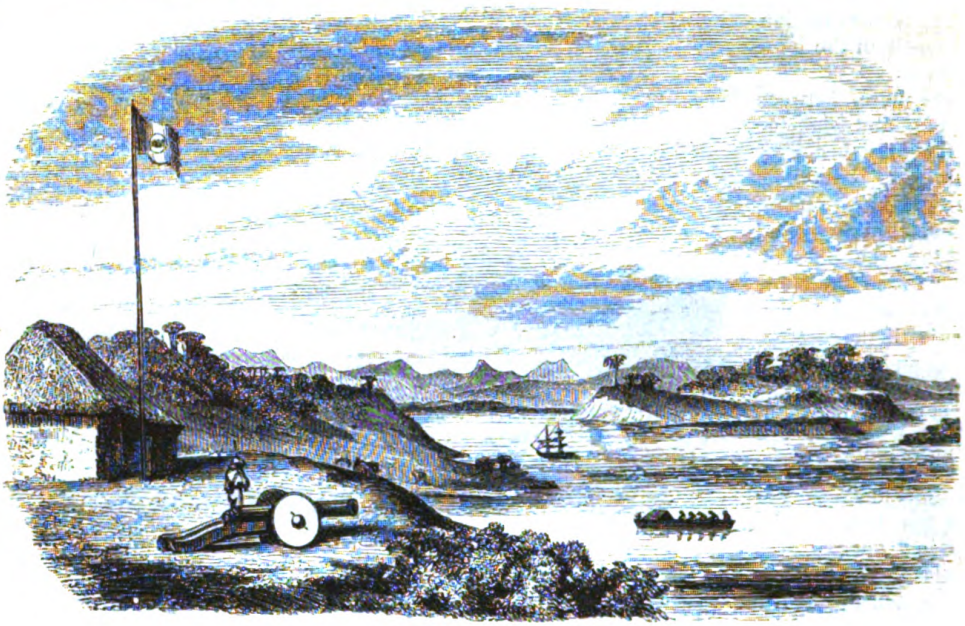
At Leon our party divided; one detachment taking the direction of the mountain district of Segovia, while the main division, with myself, started for the Great Bay of Fonseca, to cross the continent from thence, northwardly, through the magnificent, but almost wholly unknown, State of Honduras. We first directed our course to the large town of Chinandaga, eight leagues from Leon, on the road to the well-known port of Realejo. The town of Chinandaga covers a very large area, regularly laid out in "*cuadras*," or squares, which are again subdivided into what can best be described as gardens, each one embowering a dwelling of some kind, generally built of canes, and thatched, but often of adobes, neatly roofed with tiles. The central, or business part of the town, in the vicinity of the great plaza, is compact and as well built as any part of Leon or Granada. Yet it is scarcely twenty years since there was but a single tile-roofed house in the town. Altogether, Chinandaga has an air of thrift and enterprise which is not seen elsewhere in Nicaragua.

Realejo is about two leagues from Chinandaga; but the merchants who conduct the business of the port chiefly reside in the latter town. It is a small town, situated on the banks of a tide-water stream, full four miles from the harbor proper, and can only be reached by the ordinary *bongos*, or lighters, at high water. The



ENTRANCE TO PORT OF REALEJO.

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LANDING AT REALEJO.

town was originally built nearer the anchorage, but it was removed in consequence of its exposure to the attacks of the pirates, who formerly infested these coasts. The population of Realejo is only about a thousand, who find employment in loading and unloading vessels, and supplying them with provisions.

As a port, Realejo is one of the best on the whole Pacific coast of America. It has two entrances, one on each side of the high island of Cardon, which protects it from the swell of the Pacific. Inside there is a noble basin of water, nowhere less than four fathoms deep, where it is said "two hundred vessels of the line might lie, at all times, in perfect security." The view of the harbor and interior country, with its high volcanic landmarks, from the island of Cardon, is alike grand and beautiful.

Señor Montealegre, our excellent host, had previously arranged a boat for us at a place called "Puerto de Zempisque," on the Estero Real, or Great Estuary, which extends into Nicaragua from the Gulf of Fonseca. So we left his hospitable roof early on the morning of the 3d of April, 1853, for the "Puerto." The distance is seven leagues; the first three leading through an open and well-cultivated country. These passed, we struck into a gigantic forest, filled with cedar, ceiba, and mahogany trees, among which the road wound with labyrinthine intricacy. This forest is partly under the lee of the great volcano of "El Viejo"—*The Old One*, where showers fall for nearly the whole of the year, and are the cause of its great luxuriance. Here we overtook our *patron* and his men, marching in Indian file, each with a little bag of netting, containing some cheese, plantains and tortillas, for the voyage, thrown over one shoulder, a blanket over the other, and carrying the inseparable *machete*, resting in the hollow of the left arm.

Within a mile or two of Zempisque the ground rises, and the road passes over a broad ridge of lava, which, ages ago, descended from the volcano of El Viejo. It is partially covered with a dry, arid soil, which supports a few coyal palms, some stems of the *Agave Americana*, and a variety of cacti, which contrive to flourish where no other plants can grow.

From the summit of this ridge the traveler gets his first view of the broad alluvions bordering the Gulf of Fonseca. They are covered with an unbroken forest, and the eye, wearied with the vastness of the prospect, traverses a motionless ocean of verdure, tree tops on tree tops, for leagues on leagues, in apparently unending succession.



"EL PUERTO DE ZEMPISQUE."

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Descending the ridge by an abrupt path, we soon found ourselves at "El Puerto de Zempisque." Although dignified with the title of port, it consists of only a single ranch, or thatched shed, open on three sides, and inhabited by an exceedingly ill-looking Mestizo, an old crone, and an Indian girl, naked to the waist, whose occupation extended to fetching water and grinding maize for tortillas.

There is a fine spring of water at the base of a hill near by, and around it were some groups of sailors cooking their breakfast. The ground back of the hut is elevated and dry; but immediately in front commence the mangrove swamps. Here, too, scooped in the mud, is a small, shallow basin, and extending from it into the depths of the swamp a narrow canal, connecting with the Estero Real. The tide was out, and the slimy bottom of both basin and canal, in which some ugly *bongos* were lying, was exposed and festering in the sun. Altogether, it was a forbidding place, suggestive of agues and mosquitoes; and we were never more happy than when our men arrived, and the rising tide enabled us to embark and push away from "El Puerto de Zempisque." As the hut disappeared between the mangroves, we took off our hats and bade the soil of Nicaragua adieu—perhaps forever!

HINTS FOR COUNTRY HOUSE BUILDERS.

BY CALVERT VAUX.

IN a country like this, where the printing-press accompanies each stride that is made into new localities, and where almost every step is marked by a building of some sort, it seems inconsistent that there should be but little popular literature on architectural matters. And yet such is, undoubtedly, the fact. Americans are always reading and incessantly building; but the one habit has scarcely so much influence on the other as might naturally be expected, when we consider the practical character and universally recurring interest of the subject. It has not, certainly, till within the last few years, been an easy matter to place before the public the necessary illustrations in a form that would be available; and as mere verbal descriptions of plans or designs are seldom thoroughly intelligible, this difficulty has probably retarded the diffusion of popular architectural information. Now, however, with the present rapid development and general appreciation of the art of wood-engraving in the United States, this hindrance no longer exists, and a fair field is open for the free communication of ideas among American architects, and for the profitable interchange of hints and suggestions.

The study of what has been done by other nations, though useful as a help, will never, by itself, lead to decided results in America, where the institutions, the needs of the climate, and the habits of the people have a distinctive character that requires special consideration. Thus the Greek mode, though completely beautiful when contemplated from a proper point of view, has for its leading characteristic a passionless repose that is not heartily sympathized with either by the American atmosphere or the spirit of this locomotive age; and, consequently, no architectural effort imitated from the Greek can help being, to a great extent, a mere lifeless parody. The failure is generally very conspicuous, but, even in the least unsatisfactory instances, some absurd inconsistency is sure to assert itself. Common sense will insist on chimneys and verandas, and the pure classic outline in due course suffers grievous mutilation, being thus punished for its intrusion into a locality where it had no business to be attempted.

Styles like the Chinese or Moorish assist us but little, though each exhibits isolated features that deserve careful examination. The Moorish, for example, shows what magical effects may be produced by light recessed arcades, and gives some good suggestions for verandas. The Chinese, again, with its trellises and balconies, is interesting in detail; but neither of these phases of architectural taste are of comprehensive value. They are very deficient in compactness and completeness of plan, and in artistic design they depend too much for their effect on delicate and elaborate ornamentation. Such decorations as paneling, carving, painting, and gilding may be readily enough obtained where a clever, industrious, efficient pair of hands can be hired for a few spoonfuls of rice per day; but not so easily in a country where every one is as good as his neighbor, "and better," and where ordinary mechanics ask and get two or three dollars for a day's work.

The free Italian and the later modifications of the Gothic are the most useful types to analyze; but the flat terrace roofs of the first have to be avoided on account of the snow, and the latter has to be adapted to the use of verandas before it can be acceptable. Nor is this all. There is in this country a perpetual necessity for compactness of plan, however large the house may be; because, as it is invariably difficult to get efficient servants, it is desirable to save labor in every possible way. In this particular, neither the Italian nor the Gothic examples help us materially. They delight too much in halls and passages, long corridors and wide vestibules, galleries and staircases. This sort of rambling arrangement does not answer here; the difficulties of heating and service render a closer attention to concentration desirable. Nevertheless, a sufficient privacy and a freedom from any appearance of meanness is the right of every house, however small its scale.

The English country houses and cottages have undoubted claims to our best consideration; but it is from an examination, by means of illustrations, of what is going on at home, called forth by the actual needs of the people, more than from a study of foreign examples, that the general taste for architectural comfort and beauty in country houses is likely to improve. Any genuine step in advance will be responded to at once by the sympathetic perceptive faculties of individuals who may notice it, and the result,

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NO. I.—SCHOOL-HOUSE.*

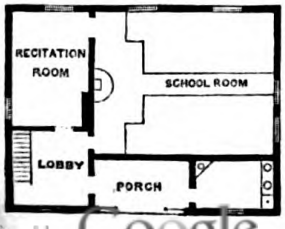
so far as it bears on their needs, will remain daguerreotyped in the memory. Whatever, on the other hand, has no reference to local habits and experience, will be passed over without receiving much consideration.

Every active-minded man is in a position to understand and criticise such examples; and though they may have little of the pretension or extent that specimens of villa architecture in other, differently constituted countries would afford, they will have the practical advantage of offering definite starting-points for further improvement at home. This would hardly hold good if there was very little doing; but such is not the case; there has been, of late, an immense number of buildings of this nature going up in all parts of the United States; numberless villages have sprung into existence, and much thought has been given to the subject. A very transient visit to any part of the country shows, however, that a vast number of villas and cottages are erected without regard to artistic propriety, and at considerable loss to their owners, from the useless outlay incurred by adopting ill-considered plans; and the subject (as well as the majority of the houses) may be improved by a little more ventilation.

Square boxes, small and large, are springing up in every direction, constructed without any attempt at proportion, or the slightest apparent desire to make them agreeable objects in the landscape. These tell their tale simply and unceremoniously: they are the natural result of the migratory, independent spirit pervading the industrious classes in America, and offer interesting evidences of the genuine prosperity of the country; for they show, not only that the landlord and tenant system is disliked, but that almost every store-keeper and mechanic can contrive, even when quite young, to buy his own lot and live in his own house. On the other hand, however, they demonstrate that the capacity for enjoyment, and the appreciation of what is really desirable in life, that should naturally accompany this active and successful industry is wanting. Each of these bare, bald, white cubes, tells its monotonous story of a youth passed with little or no cultivation of the higher natural perceptions, and of a system of education in which the study of the beautiful, in its most simple elements, is neglected and apparently despised.

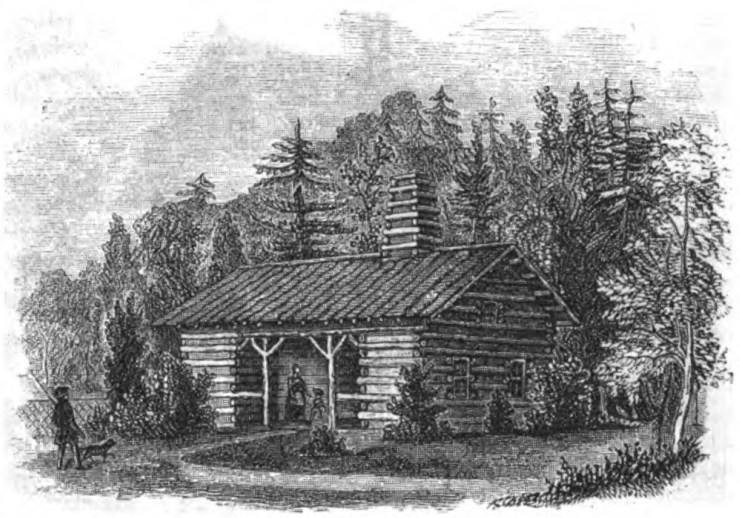
The lack of taste perceptible all over the country, in small buildings, is a decided bar to healthy social enjoyment; it is a weakness that affects the whole bone and muscle of the body-politic. It is a needless inconsistency; for a full exercise of freedom of speech and action, should naturally result in a full, free exercise of the innocent enjoyment that unfettered industry renders possible. A refined propriety, and simple, inexpensive grace, ought habitually to be the distinctive marks of every habitation in which a free American dwells. Unfortunately, however, this is not the case. Even the village school itself, in which the earliest and most active germs of progressive thought are commenced, is almost always a naked, shabby structure, without a tree or a shrub near it, and is remarkable chiefly for an air of coarse neglect that pervades its whole aspect. The improvement of the village school-house is, probably, the most powerful and available means that can be applied toward effecting a change for the better in the appearance of rural dwellings generally. All see it, all are interested in it, and all are more or less influenced by its conduct and appearance. It is placed under the control of the leading men in each place, and it might easily be made the most cheerful and soul-satisfying building in the neighborhood, instead of, as at present, a God-forsaken, forlorn-looking affair, that is calculated to chill the heart and insult the eye of every thoughtful beholder. The cost would be utterly incommensurate with the advantage to be obtained. An extra hundred or hundred and fifty dollars, at first starting, would do much. The roof might then have a good projection, and be neatly finished; some sort of simple porch might be added; the chimney might be slightly ornamented, and the rest would then depend on proportion, color, and surrounding the building, from time to time, with shrubs, creeping vines, and young trees. These,

* No. I. is a design for a village school-house. It is not requisite that it should be of any particular dimensions, provided that the proportions shown between the different parts is duly observed. The outline of its plan is a simple parallelogram, covered by one roof. —The accommodation embraces a veranda, porch, a lobby for hats and coats, school-room, recitation-room, necessary, loft over for storage of benches, etc., and a partially-excavated basement for a stove or furnace. A ventilator is proposed to be constructed on the ridge of the roof communicating with the school-room: the recitation-room would be ventilated by a spare flue alongside of the furnace smoke-flue. Such a building ought to be constructed of brick or rough stone, for it seems a pity to erect a school-house of wood, particularly in a country where whittling is almost an institution; still, the design could easily be constructed of wood, if it were considered advisable. A school-house of this sort could be erected from $500 upward, according to size and finish required.



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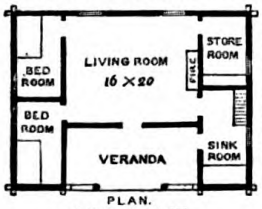
in after years, would offer a welcome shade, and give an air of domestic comfort and liberal vitality to the whole effect. A similar result, through precisely similar means, would probably, in course of time, be arrived at in the small cottages in its vicinity; and, as success would be cheap and invariable, the example would have a fair chance of being followed. Such a simple, unpretending style of building as is sketched in our first illustration, admits of endless variety of design, and is surely within the reach of any civilized community.



NO. II.—LOG-HOUSE.*

Our subject having thus led us to the consideration of school-houses, it may be worth while to add a few words as to the schools themselves. True and intelligent republicanism clearly points to a state of society in which the private possession of great pecuniary wealth ought to be a comparatively unimportant matter, because it should yield to its possessor but little more real comfort, or even luxury, than can be readily acquired by every industrious man. Complete protection from the weather in healthy, well-ventilated, comfortably-appointed, and tastefully-arranged appartments, good food, scientific cookery, and an ample supply of artificial light, appropriate clothing, pretty furniture and draperies, delightful books, engravings, and works of art, may all be obtained at little cost, by a skillful combination of liberal economy and wise management. Ignorance, not poverty, is the barrier to be surmounted; and the richest man in the world can scarcely realize more than this, though he may, of course, carry out the idea on a more magnificent scale. But even here, his advantage need not be really worth mentioning; for public baths, gymnasiums, theatres, music-halls, libraries, lecture-rooms, parks, gardens, picture-galleries, museums, schools, and every thing that is needed for the liberal education of an intelligent freeman's children, can easily be obtained by the genuine republican, if he will only take the trouble to *want* them. All, and more than all these sources of gratification, lie folded up in his industrious palm. He may either clench his fist, and fight his way through the world without allowing the treasure he holds to see the light, or sell it to his brother for a mess of pottage, on the old aristocratic plan; or he may keep his birth-right himself, and cultivate it, as nature intended he should, for his own and the public enjoyment. A correct general choice in this matter must be the work of years, and can only result from a refinement in popular education that will urge the unspoiled, pliable young minds of the rising generation to the study of the beautiful, as well as to the acquirements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The leading principles of good taste should go hand in hand with the multiplication table, and every common-school class should have its artistic as well as its literary and oratorical book of selections from the best authors, for every-day public reading.

One especial disadvantage that rural art labors under in America, is that the plans of country towns and villages are so formal and unpicturesque; they generally consist of square blocks of houses, each facing the other with conventional regularity; and this arrangement is so discordant with the varied outlines characterizing American scenery, that Dame Nature refuses, at the outset, to have any thing to do



PLAN.
LOG HOUSE.

* No. II. is intended to show a simple method of obtaining, in a new clearing, a comparatively comfortable and somewhat home-like family residence, without much trouble or expense. This design does not illustrate a log-cabin, or single room in which a family of men, women, and children, eat, drink, sleep, wash, dress, and undress, all together. It is a plan for a very simple house for a well-to-do settler and his family. The principal apartment, 16×20, is proposed to communicate at once with the open air through a door under a veranda porch in the summer, and to be approached through a small wash-room at the side in the winter; the veranda being then used for storing a supply of wood under cover. In the wash-room is a flight of ladder-steps leading to the loft; the family-room has two windows in it, and is connected with two small bedrooms and a store-room, each supplied with one window: this completes the accommodation. The house is proposed to be erected in the ordinary manner.

It is the common practice to cut down all the trees near the site of a log-cabin. But this custom is far more honored in the breach than in the observance, and a little judicious forethought will certainly preserve a few fine specimens around the house for shade and enjoyment.

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NO. III.—SIMPLE SUBURBAN COTTAGE.*

with them; and they never seem afterward to get any better acquainted with her. There is no advantage gained, except perhaps in a very large city, by this intense monotony of arrangement; and it is much to be regretted that in the many new villages springing up the same dull, uninteresting method is still predominant.

The great charm in the forms of natural landscape lies in its well-balanced irregularity. This is also the secret of success in every picturesque village, and in every picturesque garden, country house, or cottage. Human nature, when allowed a free, healthy scope, loves heartily this well-balanced irregularity, and longs for it in life, in character, and in almost every thing. It is the possession of this same quality, even when the balance is incompletely kept, that makes the stirring, unconventional, free-spirited man so much more interesting and agreeable than the cold, correct, and unsympathetic gentleman, who never does harm to any one, and whose equanimity is not often disturbed. We want far less formality and restraint in the designs of our new villages, and the roads should wind in graceful, easy curves, being laid out in accordance with the formation of the ground and the natural features of interest. A single existing tree ought often to be the all-sufficient reason for slightly diverting the line of a road, so as to take advantage of its shade, instead of cutting it down and grubbing up its roots.

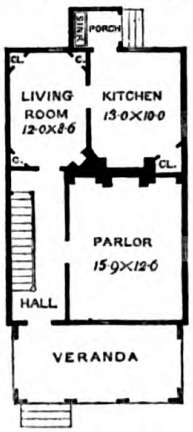
In a case that recently occurred near a country town at some distance from New York, a road was run through a very beautiful estate, one agreeable feature of which was a pretty, though small pond, that, even in the driest seasons, was always full of water, and would have formed an agreeable adjunct to a country seat. A single straight pencil line on the plan, doubtless, marked out the direction of the road, and as this line happened to go straight through the pond, straight through the pond was the road, accordingly, carried; the owner of the estate personally superintending the operation, and thus spoiling his sheet of water, diminishing the value of his lands, and increasing expense by the cost of filling in, without any advantage whatever; for a winding road, so laid out as to skirt the pond, would have been far more attractive and agreeable than the harsh, straight line that is now scored, like a railway-track, clear through the undulating surface of the property. Such barbarisms are of constant occurrence.

Points of this nature deserve the utmost attention, instead of the reckless disregard that they generally meet with. When once a road is laid out its fate is settled, and no alteration is likely to be made. It is, therefore, the more desirable that its direction should be well studied in the first instance.

In any design for a building that is intended to be used by an intelligent human being, the general distribution and detailed arrangement of the accommodation to be furnished, or what is called the plan, is the first point that should occupy our attention; for the most simple idea admits of a good or bad arrangement.

Let us take, for example, a house that is to

* No. III. illustrates a design for a cottage of wood, filled in, to be built on a 25 feet lot by Mr. Ryan, plumber, of Newburgh. It is estimated to cost $1500, exclusive of painting and mantles. It has no rooms in the basement, which is occupied as cellar. A parlor, a small living-room, and a kitchen, occupy the principal floor; the kitchen being approached through a small back porch, which will contain the sink. The chamber floor supplies two good-sized bedrooms, and two smaller rooms, one of which may be fitted up as a bath-room. The gable introduced at the side is for the purpose of getting proper headway to the attic staircase. Two good rooms could be finished off under the roof, at any time, but this is not at present proposed. The chimney is kept away from the outer walls. The house having a front of 20 feet, it allows of two feet for projection of roof on one side of the lot, and of a passage-way of three feet on the other side. Another entrance could easily be arranged, if thought worth while, from the three feet passage-way, but it would scarcely be necessary.



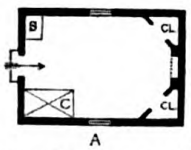
PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

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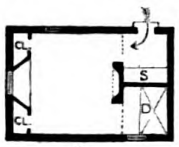


NO. IV.—SMALL SUBURBAN HOUSE.*

consist of but one room; in Plan A, the door opens immediately opposite the fire-place; a cold draft is, therefore, likely to be constantly traversing the whole length of the floor of the apartment, from the door to the fire; and as the chimney is placed in the outer wall, a great deal of heat will be lost; moreover, the bed (C) and the sink (S) are entirely exposed to view, and thus privacy and cleanliness are scarcely possible. Now, a man may, with comfort and decency, make his kitchen his living-room; but he will find it disagreeable if he has, in addition, to use it as a bedroom and sink-room. It is, therefore, desirable to improve on this plan; the diagram B shows a different, and in every way more sensible and convenient arrangement of the same space. Here, the door and chimney are so placed with reference to each other, that the minimum of draft occurs in the room when the door is opened. The chimney is built in the body of the house, so that as much heat as possible is saved. A few feet of board partition, set at the back of the chimney, supplies a somewhat private recess for a bed, and also an entrance-lobby with room for the sink. —The principal room and both recesses may communicate, by means of tin pipes through the ceiling, with an air-flue carried up alongside the smoke-flue, thus thoroughly ventilating the whole building. The two closets are placed at the other end of the room, so that a window-seat, which may also be a locker to contain a supply of coal, can be arranged between them, thus rendering the interior appearance of the room more agreeable; and a strip of curtain, or, if thought worth while, a light door, hung on each side of the chimney-breast, will give privacy and an air of snugness to the whole arrangement. Now this plan, in execution, would cost perhaps ten dollars more than the other; and, taking the interest of this amount at 10 per cent., the difference in cash to the occupier would be one dollar a year, while the difference in comfort, to any one with the slightest taste for that blessing, would be incalculable—the one residence being inconvenient and vulgar, while the other, so far as it goes, is commodious and comparatively elegant.



A



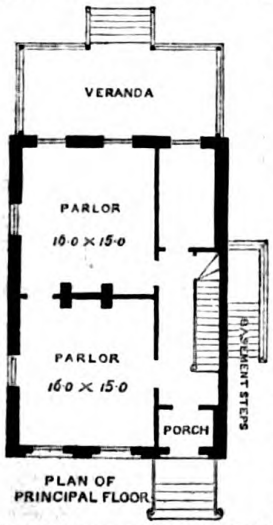
B

This sketch of a plan is introduced merely for the purpose of illustrating the difference between an ill-considered and well-considered mode of working out, on a very small scale, the simplest possible idea of a decent human habitation. But the principles involved in its arrangement apply with equal force through the whole range of domestic architecture.

The first thing that is needed is a kitchen; the second, an inclosed lobby; a separate bedroom is the next step for comfort; and we then advance to a plan that provides a living-room separate from the kitchen, a hall with a staircase in it, and bedrooms up stairs. A house with this amount of accommodation should have a veranda attached to it. A separate staircase-hall and a second living-room should be the next addition; and we may then proceed upward in the scale to any extent that is required, adding separate rooms for special purposes, a servants' staircase, bath-rooms, and so on.

But before leaving this part of the subject, it seems desirable to say a few words as to the

* No. IV. is a design made for the Rev. E. J. O'Reilly, of Newburgh. It seeks to supply the accommodation of an ordinary suburban three-story brick house in a form that shall have a less high-shouldered and stilted appearance than usually distinguishes this class of buildings. The plan is simple. A recessed lobby is arranged for shelter instead of a projecting porch. The front of the house is paneled in brick—the panels being painted of a darker tint, so as to relieve the effect somewhat. The roof supplies two good attic bedrooms and two garrets lighted by small windows close under the eaves. The chimney is in the main body of the house. The carpenter's and mason's contracts for this house, which is built of brick, were $3500.



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NO. V.—FARM-HOUSE.*

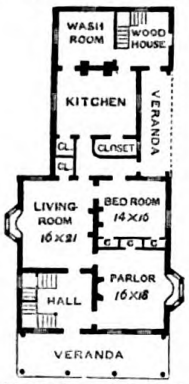
proper scope for the plans of country houses of moderate size.

By far too many of the villas that are built are extensive and costly, and many persons in easy circumstances are deterred from building a house in the country because they are impressed with the idea that they must erect a large house or none at all. This feeling prevents a great deal of enjoyment of rural life that might otherwise be realized, and requires to be looked into and criticised. All that appears to be necessary for real comfort in a villa or cottage residence, exclusive of the bedrooms and offices, is a parlor of tolerable size, which shall be the general living-room of the family, and another apartment, contiguous to or connecting with it, to be used as a breakfast and dining-room. If a third large room, to be called either library or drawing-room, is required, the whole scale of the house is materially enlarged and its cost much increased. It has been, and is, too much the custom, both in

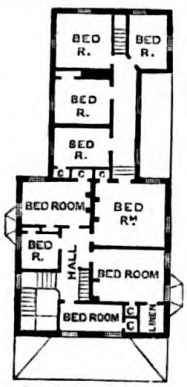


NO. VI.—DOUBLE HOUSE.†

* No. V. is a study for a farm-house intended to be built of brick or stone. The aim here has been to design a



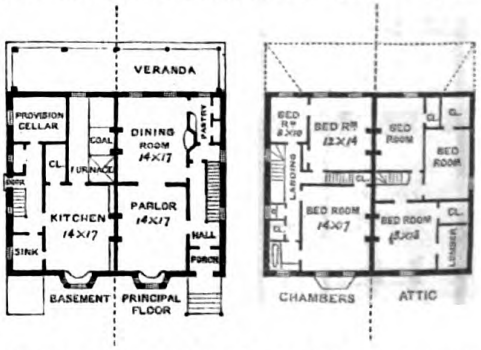
PRINCIPAL FLOOR PLAN.



CHAMBER PLAN.

building which shall be domestic and simple, and yet not unsuited, in artistic effect, to take its place in a rural landscape. One disagreeable peculiarity that is often noticeable in American farm-houses is, that they are too full of windows, and have, in consequence, an undignified, mean effect. Breadth of compass has been sought for in this study, and no more windows have been introduced than entire convenience requires, the plan being arranged accordingly. Thus, though there are four openings under the front veranda, only two are inserted in the next story; for if two more windows were added on the chamber floor, the whole effect of repose would be destroyed, without any advantage being gained in interior comfort. The accommodation in the main part of the house consists of a hall, with staircase in it; a parlor, communicating with a general living-room; and a bedroom, connecting with this apartment and the kitchen wing. It is not thought necessary to provide a separate passage to the kitchen from the front door, and it is calculated that the family room will be used as a dining-room. It is the custom with some farmers to make a constant practice of taking all meals in the kitchen; but this habit marks a low scale of civilization. The occupation of farming is the natural employment of a human being, and it ought to be made a refined and noble pursuit, not a mere way of earning a rude subsistence. It is among the sons and daughters of the farmers that the pith and marrow of a country are to be found; and every grace that belongs to rural life should find its highest example in the home and family of the intelligent American farmer. The wing building in the design under consideration contains a side entrance, with veranda porch, several pantries, a roomy kitchen, a wash-room, and a wood-house. The chamber-plan in the main building contains three large and two small bedrooms, a linen-press, and a staircase to an extensive open garret. The kitchen wing contains four secondary bedrooms, approached by a flight of stairs in the wood-house, and accessible also from the main building through one of the bedrooms, as it is not thought worth while in a farm-house to sacrifice the space that would be required for a separate communicating passage between the upper hall in the main house and the wing-rooms. Such a farm-house as this could be built for from $3000 to $5000, according to locality, facility of execution, cost of material, and amount of finish bestowed upon it.

† No. VI. is a view of a double cottage proposed to be erected on a fifty-feet lot. No advantage whatever results from building two small detached cottages with the same amount of accommodation on two twenty-five feet lots. By building them back to back, one wall is saved, and both houses are rendered much drier and warmer. The roof is simpler, and offers better attic rooms. The passage-ways at the side of each house are wider, and the whole effect is more dignified and agreeable. The plans



are so drawn in the illustration that the entire accommodation is set forth—the principal and chamber floor being of one house, and the attic and basement of the other. This will be easily understood on examination. The side entrance, which would also be the servants' entrance, is so arranged that no space would be occupied by outside steps. This block of two residences might be built for $5000, with a simple internal finish.

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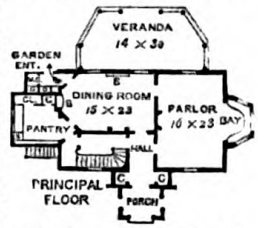
town and country houses, to consider the dining-room as a portion of the house that is to be used solely for eating and drinking purposes, and for that reason to give it but little attention. It is, indeed, quite common to find, even in comparatively large houses, a meagrely-furnished apartment in the basement set apart as the scene of whatever daily festivity is carried on in the house. If a country residence is built on sloping ground, so that the basement rooms on one front are entirely unobstructed, and are supplied with windows overlooking the garden, this objection is not so strong; but even then, the trouble of going up and down stairs to and from the sitting-room is annoying, and it is far preferable to have both rooms near together on the principal floor. But when, as is generally the case, the house is built on level ground, and the lower rooms are lighted solely by area windows, nothing can be more entirely opposed to the idea of freedom that is suggested by life in the country, than a basement dining-room. It is in this apartment that the different members of the family are sure to assemble several times a day, though they may be almost completely separated at other times by circumstances or the various pursuits that occupy their attention; and it is highly desirable that such a room should freely and cheerfully express its purpose, and be one of the most agreeable in the house, so as to heighten the value of this constant and familiar re-union as much as possible, and to encourage, in every way, by external influences, a spirit of refinement and liberal hospitality. The fact is, that the art of eating and drinking wisely and well is so important to our social happiness, that it deserves to be developed under somewhat more favorable circumstances than are possible in a basement dining-room. There is no necessity, in any country house, that such a room should be restricted in its use to one purpose; if fitted up with bookcases and enlivened by engravings, it will be constantly used as a family-room, for with proper pantry arrangements it can be very soon cleared up and left free after each meal. Plan No. VII. illustrates a study, specially designed to illustrate these remarks.

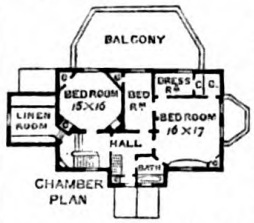
Having thus briefly remarked on the *plan* or convenient arrangement of the accommodation, we proceed to the *artistic design* of rural buildings, and particularly of their exteriors. We must be careful, at the outset, not to be deceived as to the real principles and laws that regulate



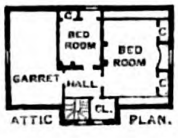
NO. VII.—MODEL COTTAGE.*

* No. VII. is a design intended to show an economical plan for a country residence for a small family. An entrance porch communicates with a small hall in which are cloak closets. A parlor connected with a dining-room, both of which open upon a wide veranda, is all the accommodation for the family provided on this floor. The parlor has a large bay projection, with seats around it; and the dining-room is fitted up with a bookcase between the windows. A side-board recess at the end of the room connects with a roomy pantry, in which is a lift (C), a sink (S), a china closet, a row of shelves, and a hanging table. The dining-room also communicates with a garden entrance lobby, fitted up with a wash-stand, and connecting with a water-closet. The staircase hall is shut off from the main hall; and the basement staircase, opening on to the pantry, is partitioned off from the principal staircase. The chamber plan provides a family bedroom, with dressing-room, large closets, and bath-room attached; it also connects with a small bedroom that can be entered from the hall. A water-closet is provided close to the bath-room, and another bedroom, with a linen room, under the roof of pantry building, completes the accommodation on this floor. In the attic are two good bedrooms, a store-closet, and a large garret.









The basement plan explains itself—cellarage being obtained by excavating under the veranda. Such a house as this could be built near New York, ready for occupation, for $3000, with a simple internal finish.

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NO. VIII.—STORY AND A HALF COTTAGE.*

this important part of the subject. Architecture is entirely the invention of man, and as it expresses his needs and his nature, it must necessarily be regulated by the laws to which he is subject; at the same time, it is equally clear that it can have no independent laws of its own, simply because it has no independent existence. As it seeks to please the eye, its forms and colors should be carefully designed in accordance with the laws of the eye, or it will be a failure as far as that organ is concerned. As it addresses itself to the intellect, it ought to be orderly and without any appearance of accident in its conception, or it will appear unintellectual. As it appeals to the heart, it requires to be forcibly and artistically true in its expression, or it will remain a lifeless collection of mere building materials. And as it ministers to the soul, it must be beautiful and pure in its intention, or it will be ugly and baneful in its influence. It is always the mirror of its age, accurately reflecting the customs, morals, and science that prevail in any nation at a given period; and as these have been dissimilar in different times and places, architecture has naturally crystalized, in various parts of the world, into what we call separate styles. Still we must never forget that the elaborate divisions that have thus sprung up, expressed by such words as *Grecian*, *Roman*, *Gothic*, or *Hindoo*, belong to the history, not the art, of architecture. The self-same geometry shows itself transparently in all styles, fashions, and orders; the prismatic colors are permanent facts, and human nature is, to-day, what it always was, and always will be, till man ceases to exist as man. There is, therefore, open to us, if we choose to adopt it, one broad, natural, open-air standard of criticism, belonging to all architectural works, irrespective of style or fashion; and as this standard is simple and intelligible, it is to be preferred to any narrow sectional rules, dependent on the laws of this style, or the regulations of that order, or the requirements of some special professor. We may each, if we choose to take the trouble, go to the fountain-head and decide for ourselves.

The points of climate and atmosphere require, in all countries, careful local analysis before the interior arrangement of any habitation can be successfully adapted to its purpose as a healthy, convenient residence; and they certainly require no less study, though in another way, if its external appearance is to be judicious and tasteful; in the plan, indeed, each sense in turn has to be duly considered; while in its artistic effect but one is appealed to. Yet this one is the most important of all, for the light of the body is the eye; and it is to the eye, with the infinite host of progressive ideas to which it acts as the mysterious portal, that the design of every build-



NO. IX.—IRREGULAR WOODEN VILLA, WITH ATTICS.†

* No. VIII. is a design for the cottage residence of Dr. De la Montagnie, of Fishkill Landing. It is on the same general principle, as far as regards accommodation, as the last study; but the hall is much larger, and the whole composition is more irregular and picturesque. The chamber story is partly in the roof, so that there are no attic rooms. It is built of wood, filled in, and the carpenter's and mason's contract was taken at $2000.

† No. IX. shows a view of a villa residence, just completed by Mr. W. H. Chamberlain, of Worcester, Massachusetts, in a very favorable situation on the outskirts of a beautiful wood.

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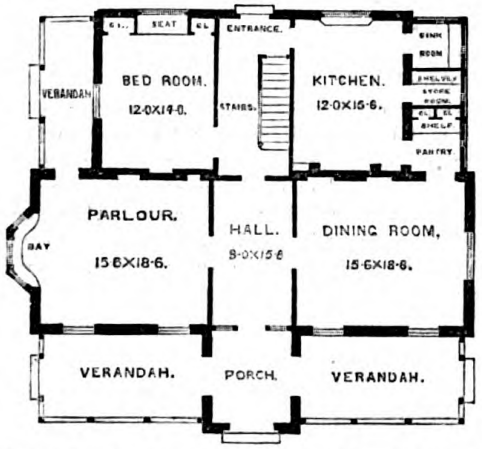
ing has the opportunity of artistically ministering.

Throughout the whole of nature we perceive a strong love for balance—every appearance of repose depending entirely on an equilibrium of antagonistic forces; and as this state of sensitive balance is the only condition of true life and joy in any exercise of the human faculties, the eye partakes of the universal desire, and earnestly seeks for it in all examples of form and color, including light and shade in all their varieties. We may, perhaps, as far as architecture is concerned, call this balance *Proportion*, in the case of form, and *Harmony*, in that of color. Still it is not sufficient that the various parts of a building should be in proportion to each other, or that it should be, as a whole, harmonious in its actual coloring. It must also possess these qualities when considered with reference to climate, scenery, and surrounding objects. One peculiarity of the American climate is an absence of humidity in the atmosphere; the weather is generally clear, and the pure, dry air is so transparent that it permits a distinctness of outline to objects, even at a considerable distance from the eye. This habitual freedom from moisture is not confined to any season of the year. We have, undoubtedly, misty, and even foggy days, and these occur not unfrequently in the transition between winter and spring; but for the greater part of the summer, and during the autumn and cold months, the bright sun shines out, week after week, with little intermission.

In Italy or the East the air also allows remote objects to be very clearly seen; but it is, at the same time, so suffused with an attenuated, al-



NO. X.—PICTURESQUE SYMMETRICAL COTTAGE.*



* No. X. illustrates a cottage residence built for Mr. Alexander Wright, of Goshen. It was required that the kitchen and its accessaries should be on the same floor as the living rooms; but the house was not proposed to be of such a size as would warrant the erection of a separate wing for this purpose. The whole building is therefore under one roof; and the kitchen is so placed that its contiguity to the principal rooms does not interfere with the privacy that properly belongs to the apartments in constant use by the family. A porch of brick, communicating by arched openings with verandas on each side of it, forms the principal entrance, and opens upon a hall. This porch is so arranged that the arched openings at the sides can be closed with glazed frames in winter, and the central opening is fitted with a frame and door; thus making an outer hall that is of great advantage in severe weather, as it prevents the ingress of a draught of cold air whenever the front door is opened, and offers a protection to visitors from storm while waiting for the servant to attend to the bell. The parlor and dining-room open from the hall by doors opposite each other. The parlor has a bay window, and a door opening upon a small private veranda that is not overlooked by any one approaching the house. It is undesirable that any dining-room, and more particularly one that is used as an ordinary living-room, should be directly connected with the kitchen, for various evident reasons; and it is equally inconvenient to have the halls and passages that belong to the other apartments occupied several times a day by the servant, whose business it is to prepare the table for meals and to clear away afterward. In the present instance the difficulty has been overcome by constructing a lean-to, corresponding in design with the private veranda on the other side of the house. This is of wood, and at small cost adds much to the convenience and something to the appearance of the house. A pantry between the kitchen and dining-room is thus obtained, communicating with both, and thus convenience of access, without loss of privacy, is obtained. A store-room for the kitchen is also supplied, and a sink-room; the latter, having two small windows on opposite sides, is well ventilated, and renders the kitchen a much more pleasant apartment for servants to live in than it otherwise would be, as it relieves it of the most disagreeable part of the work. The kitchen has a door close to the back entrance and the cellar stairs. The staircase hall is entered from the main hall, and opens upon a bedroom on the principal floor. This room could be used as a library or study, if preferred. The chamber plan contains four bedrooms and a small sewing-room over the hall; the attic contains two bedrooms and a large garret. This house cost $4200 complete. On being applied to for information, the proprietor expresses himself satisfied with the arrangement, and knows of no alteration that he would be willing to advise.

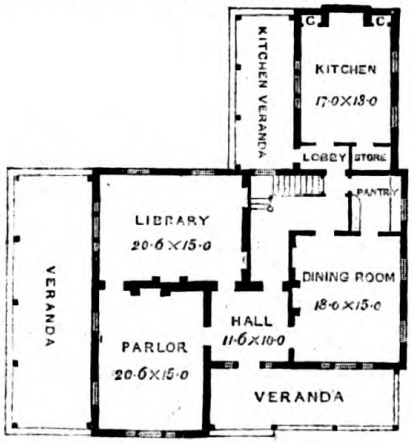
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NO XI.—IRREGULAR VILLA, WITHOUT ATTICS.*

most imperceptible, hazy medium, that the direct, glaring rays of the sun are subdued and softened before they meet the eye, and a delicate gradation of perspective distance, with an agreeable variety of harmonious half tints, is the natural result. In America this seldom occurs; the supply of light is usually free from any mellowing vail. It is, therefore, colorless or white, and very decided in its pictorial character. A few Indian-summer days in November give us, indeed, exquisitely beautiful opportunities for the study of vaporous, dreamy effects; but these are soon enjoyed and pass away, leaving the ordinary, translucent, unclouded character of the atmosphere more apparent than ever. The light in America being therefore powerful and somewhat trying to the eye, it seems desirable to select arrangements of form and color in rural architecture that will rather relieve than increase this fatiguing effect.

It is a well-known fact that if a person looks steadfastly for any length of time at any decidedly red surface, the next object that occupies his attention will have in it a tinge of green, no matter what its real color may be. Nature thus seeks to restore the equilibrium, and the strained organ is somewhat refreshed. But it will naturally be much better satisfied if the object happens to be of a cool green tint; for the balance will then, at once, be rapidly and agreeably re-established. If we apply to form also the optical lesson which we thus learn with regard to color, it would seem that we ought to avoid square, monotonous masses, and regular, unbroken extent of surface in American rural architecture; because the climate rarely supplies the shifting, mellow light in which such simple forms appear to advantage. The sky-line of a building should undoubtedly be determined, in a great measure, by the scenery in which it is to be located; and it may be either subdued or picturesque, according to the circumstances of each case; but the *plan* (which regulates the general design of the mass) and the details may, with advantage, be picturesque in almost every situation. In this climate the eye will be more likely to take pleasure in a rural composition that consists of a group of forms well-connected and massed together into one individual whole, than in a study characterized by symmetrical uniformity, however complete it may be; for the former suggests, at the very outset, a freedom from effort, and offers the opportunity for a gradual examination, if preferred; whereas the latter must be grasped in all its completeness at once, and can only be truly enjoyed as a whole, thus naturally involving a more decided and continuous effort on the part of the eye than is required in the other case. If the design is small, or on an economical scale, it may be inconvenient to have any breaks in the plan of the walls, but some degree of picturesqueness can always be obtained by the use of verandas, porches, or bay-windows. These features, if well-arranged, are very valuable in any case; for they help to supply the variety of light and shade which is so much needed. The introduction of circular projections, or verandas, circular-headed windows, and of curved lines in the design of the roof, and in



PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

* No. XI. illustrates a design carried out by Mr. R. L. Case, of Newburgh. The plan is compact, and its general idea may be available for many other situations with proper modifications. It consists of a small hall, entered from a veranda porch, and communicating with parlor, dining-room, library, and staircase hall. The parlor and library open upon a veranda, and the dining-room connects through a pantry with the kitchen wing. There are five bedrooms, a bath-room, and a water-closet in the chamber plan of the main part of the house; and two bedrooms, a linen-closet, and a sink in the second floor of the kitchen wing. In the basement are cellars and furnace-room; in the attic are large store-room and open garret, but no bedrooms. The carpenter's and mason's contract for this house was taken at $6000, and it was erected, with painting, plumbing, gas-fitting, furnace, and lightning-rods, for $7530; this included a large wooden outbuilding.

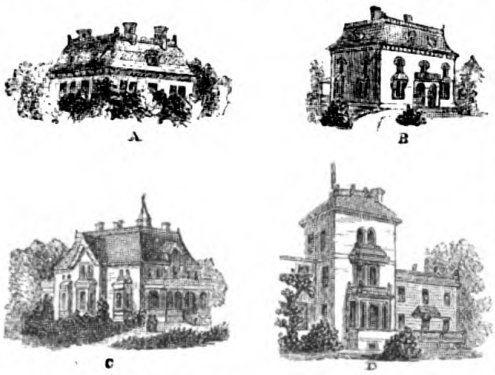
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NO. XII.—PICTURESQUE SYMMETRICAL VILLA.—FRONT VIEW.*

tle understood in America; by far the greater number of houses being simply painted white, and fitted with bright green blinds. By this means each residence is clearly projected from the surrounding landscape, and instead of harmonizing with it, asserts a right to carry on a separate business on its own account. This lack of sympathy between the building and its surroundings is very disagreeable to an artistic eye. A harsh, vulgar outline may pass without particular notice in a view of rural scenery, if the mass is quiet and harmonious in color; while a very tolerable composition may injure, materially, the views near it, if painted white; the human eye being so constituted that it will be held in bondage by this striking blot of crude light, and compelled to give it unwilling attention. Where a palace like that at Versailles is erected in the midst of formal gardens and terraces on a very large scale, and so arranged that it is the principal feature from every point of view, it is not inappropriate that it should be of white marble, since there is nothing more interesting for the eye to rest on than the building, and the light and shade of the architectural decorations, together with the general magnificence of the com-

the details generally, will always have an easy, agreeable effect, if well managed; and curved



A B C D

roofs especially deserve to be introduced more frequently than has hitherto been the practice here. A and B, studies made for gentlemen in Worcester—C, a design for the residence of Mr. F. J. Betts, of Newburgh—and D, a sketch of a tower and wing added to the residence of Mr. H. W. Sargent, of Fishkill Landing, may serve to illustrate a few of their varieties.

The question of color is a most interesting one in any design for a country house, and at present but lit-



NO. XIII.—THE SAME.—REAR VIEW.*

* Nos. XII. and XIII. show two views of a residence lately built for Mr. W. E. Warren, of Newburgh. It is erected on ground that slopes very rapidly, and illustrates one method of combating the difficulty that necessarily occurs in compositions of this sort. At the upper level, on which is the road running parallel with the front of the house, the points of view are as usual, and the design is treated with gables accordingly; but from the road below, such an arrangement would have had a distorted, stilted look, and the roof was therefore lopped off on that front, and the upper rooms lighted by dormer windows. The effect of extra height is thus somewhat reduced.

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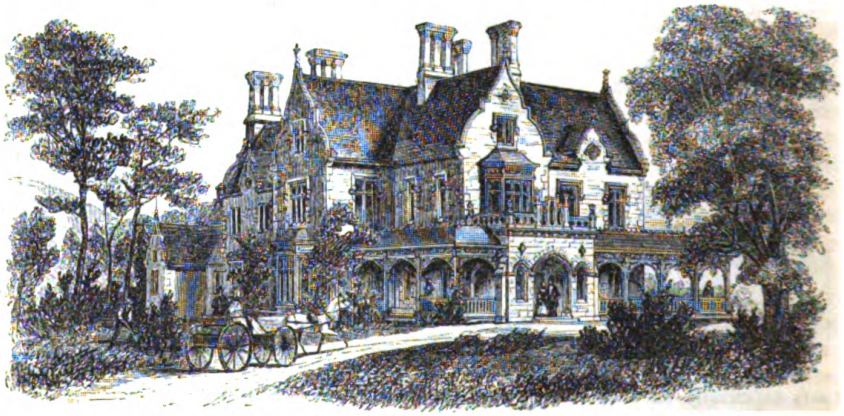


NO. XIV.—SUBURBAN HOUSE, WITH CURVED ROOF.*

individual buildings into prominent notice, is an evidence either of a vulgar desire for notoriety at any sacrifice, or of an ill-educated eye and taste.

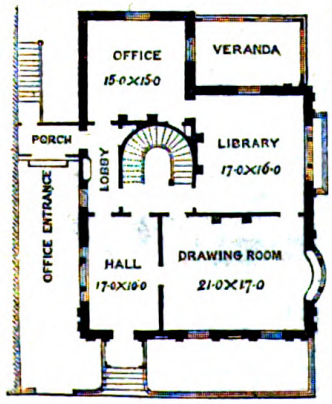
As for the colors of rural buildings, they should be carefully varied—often cheerful and light, sometimes neutral, seldom dark, and never black or white; and there is no end to the changes and combinations of tints that may be used in painting a house. The constant recurrence of about the same requirements will, of course, lead to much similarity in plan, particularly in small buildings; but the monotony that this would occasion may be agreeably relieved by variety in color, both in the interior and exterior. Different patterns of paper will make two rooms of the same proportions no longer look alike, and position are set forth to advantage. Pure white, even in large masses, is only disagreeable to the eye when it forces into prominent notice objects of secondary importance.

In country houses the design has to be adapted to the location, and not the location to the design; it is, moreover, undesirable, and generally impracticable, to make the natural subservient to the artificial. Woods, fields, mountains, and rivers *will* be more important than the houses that are built among them, and every attempt to force



NO. XV.—PICTURESQUE COUNTRY HOUSE, OF BRICK AND STONE.†

* No. XIV. illustrates a design for a suburban residence for a physician, and was erected of brick and brown stone for Dr. Culbert, of Newburgh. The plan [illegible] and [illegible] mun[illegible] con[illegible] The [illegible] app[illegible] pass[illegible] side [illegible] thro[illegible] side [illegible] out [illegible] the hall [illegible] by the family. The dining-room, in accordance [illegible] instructions, was placed in the basement. There are four bedrooms [illegible] a bath-room up-stairs, and several bedro[illegible]



PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

† No. XV. is a design prepared for Mr. Matthew Vas[illegible] of Poughkeepsie, and is proposed to be erected at his country place, called Springside, a little to the south of the city. The estate being full of easy sweeps and gentle undulations, and having fine trees scattered over its whole extent, is somewhat secluded and park-like in its character. The design was therefore made as picturesque and domestic as seemed consistent with its size, and was intended to be built of brick, with a free use of brown stone for the angles, the copings, and the window openings. The most harmonious arrangement of colors would be to use a soft, reddish-colored brick, and [illegible] as could be obtained. [illegible] sufficient variety of color to accord with the irregular outline, and the red would have a refreshing effect in a situation so secluded and sheltered among the green foliage. *Reddish* brick, however, must not be confounded with a red brick, for there is a vast difference between the two. The roofs are intended to be covered with [illegible] gray slates; the eaves, verandas, and other outside wood-work to be painted of a warm oak color.

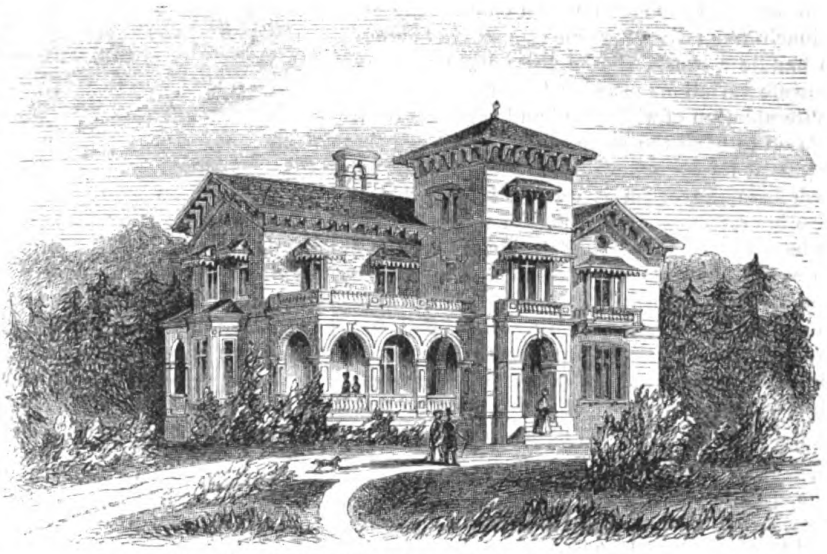
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NO. XVI.—VILLA, WITH TOWER AND ATTICS.*

the same result will be obtained on the exterior by adopting different tints for the color of the walls and wood-work. Another important point to be considered is, that it is entirely insufficient to use only one or two shades of color for each house; every rural building requires four tints to make it a pleasant object in the way of color. This variety costs no more than monotonous repetition, and adds much to the completeness of the effect. The principal walls should be of some agreeable shade of color; the roof-trimmings, verandas, and other wood-work being either of a different color or a different shade of the same color, so that a contrast, but not a harsh one, may be established. The third tint, not widely different from the other wood-work, should be applied to the solid parts of the Venetian blinds, while the movable slats should be painted of the fourth tint.—This last tint should be by far the darkest used on the premises, for the effect of a glass window or opening in a wall is universally dark when viewed from a distance, and if this natural fact is not remembered, the shutters being painted the same color as the rest of the house, a blank, uninteresting effect will be produced; for when the blinds are closed (which is generally the case), the house, except to a person very near to it, will appear to be without any windows at all. This error is often fallen into, and requires to be carefully guarded against.

It is, however, a very simple and easy mat-



NO. XVII.—VILLA WITH TOWER, AND WITHOUT ATTICS.†

* No. XVI. belongs to a gentleman in Worcester, and is intended to be erected on a favorable situation at some short distance from that thriving city. Its proprietor has no intention of building this year; but, unlike many of his countrymen, who never trouble themselves about their plans till a few weeks before breaking ground, he has chosen to give full time to the consideration of the subject, and to have his drawings before him for examination and modification. It would be well if this practice were more generally followed. Much disappointment would be avoided, if proprietors would study out designs for their houses a year or so before starting with the foundations.

† No. XVII. shows a view of a suburban villa designed for Mr. Frederick Dodge, of Georgetown, D. C.; and a variation of the same general idea was executed at the same time by Mr. R. P Dodge, also in Georgetown. It was at first intended that these houses should cost about $7000 or $8000 each, and a residence of this sort could probably be carried out in a very simple manner for that sum. In these buildings, however, the work was done throughout in first-rate style, and the materials and finish were more expensive than at first intended. On being applied to for particulars of cost some time after the work was completed (the work not having been superintended by the architects), one of the proprietors writes, "We find the cost of our houses to be much beyond what Mr. Downing led us to expect—say about $15,000 each—yet we have fine houses, and very comfortable and satisfactory in every respect. They are much admired. We built them in the very best manner, and of the best materials."

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NO. XVIII.—OLD HOUSE ALTERED.*

ter thus, in a few words, to lay down common-sense rules that may be advantageously followed in painting all country houses, but it is a very different affair to overcome the difficulties of ignorance and prejudice. In some cases the house-painters themselves show a laudable desire to escape from monotonous repetition, but, on the other hand, they are at times troublesome opponents to a reform in this matter. It is, indeed, scarcely surprising that a mechanic, who has been brought up on a chalk-white and spinach-green diet ever since he was old enough to handle a brush, should have little taste for delicate variations of color, because a perpetual contemplation of white-lead and verdigris is calculated to have the same effect on the eye that incessant tobacco-chewing has on the palate; in each case the organ is rendered incapable of nice appreciation. Any person who may wish to have his residence judiciously painted, will do well to depend on himself to make the selection of colors; and if he will but study the question simply and fairly, trusting to his real, natural, instinctive taste, and regulating his decision by his private feeling for what is agreeable or otherwise, instead of by what he finds next door to him, he will at once cut loose from conventional absurdity, and in all probability arrive at a result that will be artistic and pleasing.

It is highly satisfactory that, in this matter of color, which is so important to rural art, there is constant opportunity for improvement. The necessity for painting every two or three years fortunately compels the question to remain always an open one. Ill-planned roads and ugly houses are troublesome to alter, but an improved taste may readily satisfy its craving for harmonious color, which will give, in every instance, a most liberal return for whatever outlay of thought or money may be judiciously bestowed on it.



NO. XIX.—THE SAME BEFORE ALTERATION.†

There are so many different circumstances that affect the arrangement of actual designs for country houses, that it would be useless for any architect to publish plans with the idea that they could be completely followed, in all their details, on any other site than the one for which they were specially designed. But this is not at all the object proposed to be gained by submitting to general inspection the illustrations that accompany this article; the principles they

* No. XVIII. There are to be found all over the country solid, substantial, well-built, tolerably comfortable, and decidedly ugly old wooden country houses, which are too good to pull down, and too far behind the age, as far as taste is concerned, to be contemplated by the rising generation with any thing like satisfaction. It is of course impossible to make an ill-designed old house equal in comfort or beauty to a well-designed new one, but something may be done to compromise matters. This design shows the residence of Mr. Thomas Powell, of Newburgh. It was originally an old-fashioned homestead; but some years ago an addition was made, and this not being sufficiently studied at the time, was an eyesore. The chimneys, moreover, being below the other house, smoked incessantly, and it became necessary to do something to make the building habitable. Two extra rooms were also needed. In this case a projection was made in front, as shown, of the width of the veranda, to increase the size of the parlor, and add a dressing-room to the bedroom above —the old wall and floor being slung on iron suspension rods. A projection at the back gave the two additional rooms required. A slice was taken off from the top of the stiff old roof and a flat formed, so as to bring down the sky-line of the composition altogether, which was very necessary, as the house stands on the top of a high hill. Two of the chimneys were corbeled over, secured with iron ties, and grouped into one double stack. The roof of the addition was then remodeled, and the smoky chimney carried up to the same level as the others. The roof was projected all round, and bracketed. The verandas were improved a little, and the addition of a plant cabinet and ventilating turret completed the work. The family were not prevented from occupying the house during the progress of the alteration, and the composition now seems much more extensive than it was originally, not from the additional accommodation provided, which is trifling, but from the alteration in the arrangement of the roofs. The house is painted and sanded in very quiet, neutral shades, and thus all striking appearance of alteration or addition was at once avoided.

† No. XIX. is a view of the residence of Mr. Powell previous to the alterations above described.

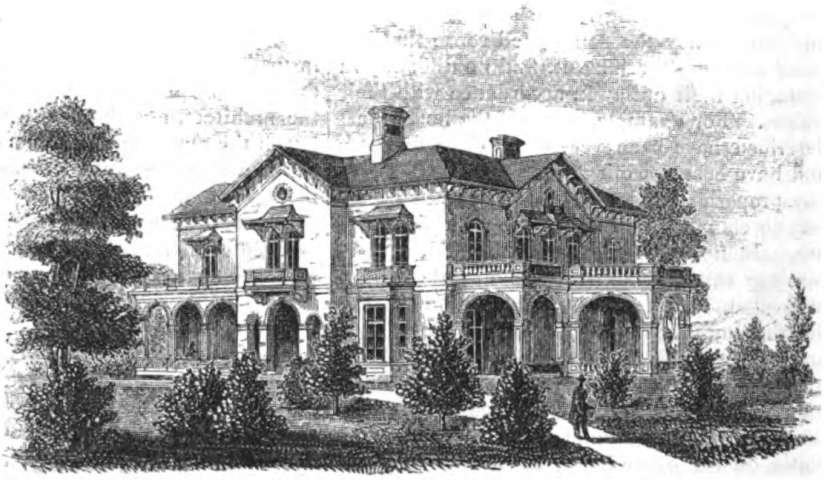
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involve, and the individual peculiarities they possess, can be combined, modified, and improved in many different ways. They are merely useful as hints and suggestions.

It may be worth while, in conclusion, to add a few plain words on the subject of expenditure. It is not unfrequently said that architects' designs cost in execution more money than their employers are led, in the first instance, to believe will be necessary; but such assertions are for the most part ill-grounded, and arise from there being here, as well as elsewhere, a class of employers who profess to want much less than they really require, and who positively assert that they need about



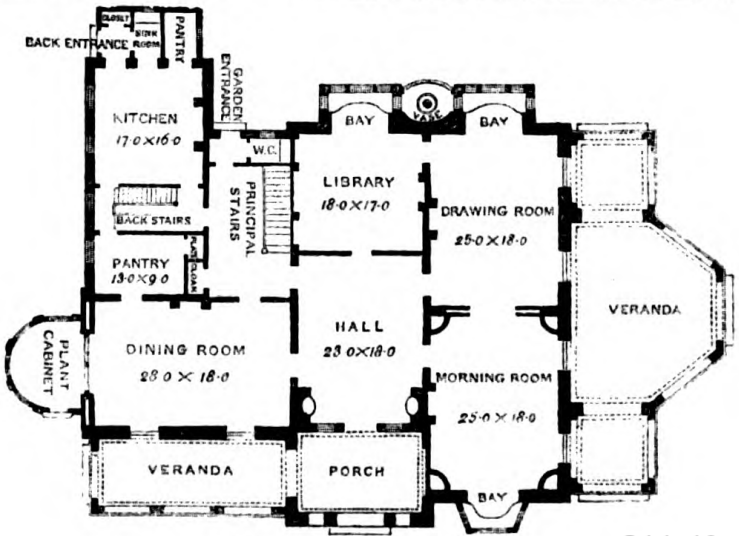
NO. XX.—IRREGULAR COUNTRY HOUSE, WITH WING.*



NO. XXI.—IRREGULAR COUNTRY HOUSE, WITHOUT WING.†

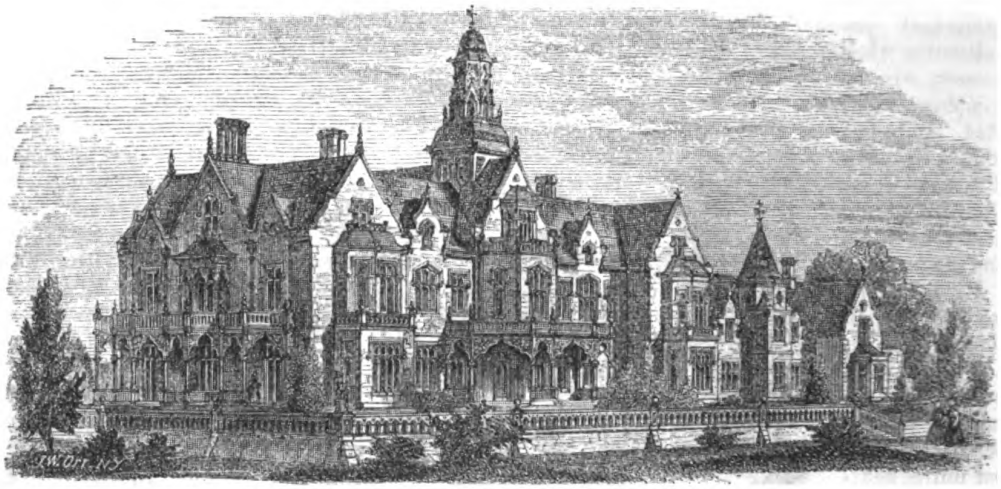
* No. XX. shows a design made for Mr. Nathan Reeve, of Newburgh.

† No. XXI. shows a villa on a liberal scale proposed to be erected by Mr. E. S. Hall on a beautiful site at Middletown, Connecticut. The grounds are now being carefully laid out preparatory to the commencement of the work. This house will be built of brick, and will cost about $16,000, finished in a simple, appropriate manner. The plan opposite shows the arrangement of the rooms on the principal floor.



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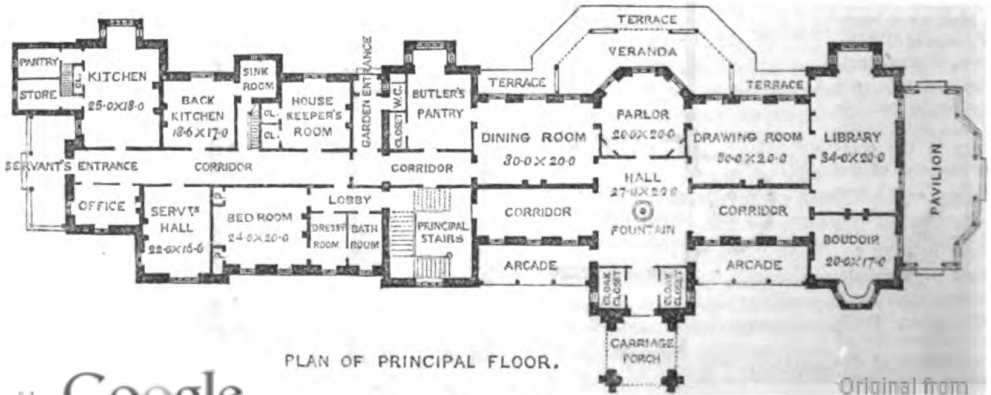


NO. XXII.—PICTURESQUE MANSION, ON A LARGE SCALE.

half of what they are determined to have. Such men easily find a corresponding class of designers, and, of course, are always disappointed, as they deserve to be; but reasonable men, who are prepared to bring to the subject of spending their money the same good sense that has enabled them to realize it, find no difficulty in arranging their outlay in accordance with their wishes. For example, some of the houses just described have been very completely finished, and have cost not only more than was originally proposed, but much more than was necessary to complete them in a simple rural manner. In no case was the additional expenditure any source of dissatisfaction to the parties interested. Such designs were carried out under the immediate inspection of their owners, and the desire for finish and refinement in detail increasing as the work proceeded, these gentlemen were well satisfied to enlarge, by degrees, their original intention as to cost. Some of the plans, on the other hand, have been executed for the exact sums specified in the contract; in these cases the proprietor having approved of the drawings and specifications has entirely ceased to interfere in the matter, except to pay the contractors' instalments when they have become due from time to time; and it may be stated, without any hesitation, that there are no insurmountable barriers to exactitude of estimate except loose instructions from the employer to the architect, and indefinite arrangements between the employer and his mechanics, both of which a proper amount of care at starting may readily avoid.

The buildings in which the public are really most interested are those that vary in cost from $3000 to about $15,000, and an incredible number of such houses must be erected in this prosperous country every year. In this article, our drawings and plans are almost wholly confined to dwellings of this class, reserving more costly designs and more minute specifications for an extended work upon Domestic Architecture, which is now in the press, and will soon be published.

* No. XXII. shows a design for a much larger villa residence. The plan comprises a hall with fountain in the centre, a corridor, which it was proposed to use as a picture gallery, a drawing-room, parlor, dining-room, library, and morning room. A family bedroom, with dressing and bath rooms, is also provided on this floor, and ample accommodation is prepared for the servants' department. This residence is larger than is often required in a country like this, but is introduced so that the leading variations of scale that arise in treating the subject of country residences may be slightly hinted at in our illustrations. This design would cost about $70,000. The gentleman for whom it was prepared died suddenly, before carrying out his plans.



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MY WIFE, AND MY THEORY ABOUT WIVES.

WE do not marry our own wives! We marry the wives of somebody, of any body else, and any body or somebody else marries our wives. It may sound very funny and very silly to say this, but it is the plain, hard truth, and nine out of ten married men will, in their secret souls, admit it. I repeat it, we don't marry our own wives; and all the lawyers, legislators, judges, jurists, statesmen, philosophers, physiologists, and phrenologists on earth can't make us do it, or devise a way by which we might do it, if we chose. And I believe we would choose, for I have a good opinion of human nature. This is a puzzle for the spirit-rappers—a riddle which even the Fourierites can not solve. Speculation, ratiocination, imagination—no mental faculty or process will avail us here. I doubt if that "external apperception at a depth within the penetralia of consciousness to which Kant never descended," of which Cousin boasts, will mend the matter. But the reason is very plain to *me*. It was not intended for us to marry our own wives; "God's last, best gift" is reserved unto another higher life; elsewise this earthly existence would of itself be Heaven.

And now you know what I mean by "wife." Not merely your wedded spouse and lawful mother of your children, but that woman-soul, fashioned by God himself as the one only partner and complement of your soul; truly the "better half" of your inmost self; with whom you are perfect man, without whom you are but an unhappy segment, more or less dimly conscious and complaining of your incompleteness. You see I am a believer in the exploded theory of "matches made in Heaven." Yes, I am; for I have seen four such matches in my life, and I do not exaggerate when I say that for them the millennium was already come. But I have been lucky; for such matches are exceedingly rare, most people never having seen them at all.

Not only do we not marry our own wives, but frequently we never so much as see them, or if we do see them, don't know them. On the other hand, a man may see his wife and know her to be his wife, but his wife may not know him, may never know him in this life; *vice versa*, the wife may know her husband and never be known by the husband, and so on. I wish to record my experience on this subject; and if I do so in a somewhat frivolous style, it must not be inferred that I am not in earnest; the inference might be false—"many a true word is spoken in jest."

It follows, or may follow, from what has been said, that we are *all* married. Yes, that is my opinion. Now, in the eye of the law and of society, I am a bachelor, with every prospect of remaining a bachelor; but in point of fact, and in the eye of reason, I am a married man—just as much of a married man as Brigham Young is; the only difference between us being that his wives are visible, or, to speak philosophically, phenomenal, while my wife is not, except, as before said, in the eye of reason—particularly my reason. I say again, and most emphatically, I am a married man; I say so because I know my wife, that is, I know her name, and have seen her twice. I have never been introduced to her, never spoke a word to her in the whole course of my life, and never expect to; she doesn't know me from a side of sole-leather, probably never heard of me; and if I were to go up to her and tell her she was my wife (which is the fact), would have me put in jail or a mad-house. But, poor thing! that's no fault of her's (she being entirely ignorant of my theory, and of the eye of reason also), and she is my wife, to the contrary notwithstanding.

The first time, which was the next to the last time, I ever saw her was about three years ago—three years ago exactly, next February. It was in the town of Plantationton—a little, old, drowsy town, situated on the banks of a little muddy river, with a long, ugly Indian name. The stage in which I was traveling at the eventful time stopped in Plantationton, and the stage-passengers dined there in a rusty old tavern, with a big worm-eaten porch, and a gangrenous, cracked bell. I got out of the stage, feeling very cramped-up and dirty, and straightway betook myself to a tin basin (there were half a dozen more on the old, hacked-up bench), full of clear, cold spring-water, by the help of which and a piece of slippery, turpentine soap, I managed to make a very respectable ablution. My face washed, I applied it for a few minutes to a long, greasy, ragged, old tow-linen towel, that hung up on a roller fastened to a scabby, old weather-boarding; then I parted my hair with the half of an old horn comb that was tied to a string, and smoothed it with a little, old, wiry, worn-out hair-brush, that was tied to another string; and then I was ready for dinner, which was not yet ready for me. Pending dinner, I sat down in a split-bottomed chair, elevated my heels, leaned back, took out my knife, and commenced paring my nails. I had seen the little old town frequently before, and didn't care to see it again, especially on a miserable, gummy, cloudy, damp, chilly day in February; and so confined my attention for some time to my fingers, of which I am rather proud. But, fortunately for me, I heard an old fellow behind me say, "By dads! she's beautiful;" and looking up, saw the young lady alluded to. I wish to Heaven I had never looked down! She was standing exactly opposite me, in the front door of a dried-up wooden store; her head was turned up the street as if she was looking for somebody, and her little foot was patting the sill with the sauciest, sweetest impatience imaginable. *That young lady was my wife!* I didn't know it then, but I know it now.

She was beautiful—bewitchingly beautiful—so beautiful that for a long time I did not know I was looking at her—didn't know I was looking at any thing—didn't know any thing. The joy

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of her presence was flowing in one uninterrupted stream through all the avenues of sense, and it was not until my soul became full to the brim of her beauty that I could say I saw at all. Whether she was dressed in silk, *barège*, delaine, or calico I could never tell, and never cared; I remember only her little bonnet of simple straw—neat, trim, and vastly becoming, as the bonnets of pretty women always are. She was young—not more than eighteen—rather above the medium height; of round and perfect figure; her hair was golden, and her eyes were blue; her complexion pure as light itself, fresh as the dew, and glowing as the dawn. She must have felt the many eyes feeding on her cheek and brow, for she turned presently, and how instantly the impatient little foot disappeared, how archly modest the smile that illumined her lightly-blushing face! I could read her character at a glance. She was warm, and tender, and true; good, wise, merry, healthy, happy, sweet-tempered, willing, patient, loving, tidy, thrifty, and sincere, and every thing a wife ought to be or could be. Why *didn't* I know she was my wife? Why didn't she come over and tell me so? Alas! we were both blind—and she remains so still!

There I sat, drinking my fill of beauty—inhaling bliss at every breath. How little did she dream of what was going on in my soul! How could she tell that her radiant image was effacing all other images from my heart, to be itself effaced for a time, but only to reappear in the hallowing and charmful hues of memory—the one solitary and sufficing ideal of my unblessed life! She saw me gazing at her, but only as she had seen hundreds gaze before.

> A primrose, mid the tavern's stir,
> A yellow primrose was to her,
> And it was nothing more.

I was only a sallow-faced young man, with a black mustache and a deal of impudence. I didn't look like her husband a bit; but I was her husband for all that—I know I was.

Fair reader, let us here moralize a little. But no; I am not good at that, and, besides, I am too prolix any way. Yet remember, beautiful maiden, and be watchful of your looks; for, all unknown to yourself, you may be shaping for life, and perhaps for life beyond life, the destiny of some ill-looking biped who glares at you from the opposite side of the street!

All the other stage-passengers, and all the tobacco-spitting loungers about the tavern, were gazing at her as well as myself; she knew it, too—the little rogue!—and was pleased, as she ought to have been. She ceased to look for that somebody up the street, who never came, and stole a sweet, bright glance toward us, as if to say: "I can't help being pretty, indeed I can't. I am glad you think me so, and you may look as long as you please; I sha'n't charge you any thing."

Bless her sweet little soul! Every man in that porch ought to have bent his knee in homage to so much beauty and goodness.

But the confounded dinner-bell rang, and the beasts in broadcloth rushed to their food just as any other beasts would have done. I am ashamed to confess it, but a most unromantic sense of propriety smote me the moment I heard that accursed bell. "It is out of the question," said I to myself, "for you to be staring that young lady out of countenance; get right up and go to your dinner. It is true you may never see so beautiful a face again, but then, you know, your health is delicate, and it won't do to neglect so important a meal as dinner. You have a long and wearisome ride before you; besides, she don't care any thing for you, and even if she did, you are in no condition to marry."

Thus did mere animal cravings prevail against the sweet appeals of beauty; and thus (as the last clause of my mental argumentation abundantly shows) did my mind unconsciously refuse to entertain the possibility of a rejection, and so assert the truth of the statement I have made, namely, that she was my wife. The world will call this vanity, but I call it intuition or spontaneous unconscious apperception. With great reluctance I rose up as if to go; she saw that all except myself had gone, but still stood in the front door of that dried-up old store, patting the sill once more with the tip of her tiny little slipper. She was so good she could not refuse to gladden even one poor mortal with the light of her blessed countenance. It flashed across my mind that I might save fifty cents by missing my dinner; avarice had come to the aid of beauty, and I sat down again. But hunger (yes, miserable human that I am, it was hunger) defeated them both.

Ah! if I had only known then as much as I know now, how differently I would have acted. I would have dismissed the contemptible subject of dinner, and, having summoned a waiter, would have addressed him thus: "Boy, do you see that old red trunk in the boot of the stage yonder? Well, just take that trunk off; I am so pleased with your lovely village that I intend to stay here until I get married." The young lady on the opposite side of the street would have heard me; it would have produced a deep impression on her (and first impressions, you know, are every thing); I would have remained in my seat until the young lady left; I would have eaten my dinner in peace; afterward I would have donned my new doeskin breeches and my new black coat; then, by hook or by crook, I would have procured an introduction to my wife; and after a while I would have married her—there's no doubt about it. Although I was poor, her beauty and her love would have made me rich; my love for her would have made me strong and able to work; by this time I would have acquired a standing in society—I would have been happy.

But I sold my wife for a mess of red pottage—I went into dinner. When I reached the door of the dining-room I hesitated; went back to the porch and commenced gazing at my wife as before. She saw me, and gave me a smile;

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upon my honor she did. It was the sweetest smile I ever received. I may have valued smiles before, but it is certain I have never valued one since. What ever made me return to the dining-room after receiving so great a favor, I could never remember. It was so fated. I did go back to the dining-room, hurried through my dinner, which had become cold and indigestible, and hurried back to the porch. *She had gone!*

The stage was waiting for me; I jumped in, and it rattled out of the little old town. We had not gone many miles before the consequences of hasty eating brought on a terrible attack of dyspepsia. I became painfully aware that I had lost my dinner and my fifty cents; but I did not know I had lost my wife—*I forgot her!* I was returning, after a long absence, to my native city, to enter upon a new and untried profession; and there were a thousand things to occupy my attention to the exclusion not only of wives, but even of sweethearts. *So I lost my wife and didn't know it!* And so, I imagine, most of us lose our wives.

About a year and a half afterward—that is, about one year ago—having failed in business, as an aimless, unmarried—that is, phenomenally unmarried—man is very apt to do; though it doesn't make much difference if such a man does fail, especially after he has lost his wife—having failed in business, I say, and having nothing to do, I returned to Plantationton, not in the stage, but in the cars, the railroad having been in the mean time completed. So completely had my wife gone out of my mind, that I did not once think of her when I sat down in the old tavern porch and looked over at the dried-up little store, in the door of which I had seen her patting her little foot so prettily. I ordered a buggy and drove out to my uncle's, about three miles from town, and spent many pleasant weeks there during the hot summer months. Being a young man of a marriageable age, my relations very naturally offered to introduce me to the marriageable ladies of the neighborhood. I expressed my willingness. Which sort did I fancy; fair or dark, blonde or brunette? Fair, by all means; who ever heard of a sallow man fancying a woman of his own complexion? Oh! then, I ought to have been here a year ago; there was a young lady living in town, a great friend of ours, perfectly beautiful, and the very best girl in all the world, who would have suited me exactly. Ah, who was she? Miss Jenny So-and-so. Jenny! the very name I want my wife to have; describe her to me. They described her. It was the identical young lady I had seen standing in the old store. I became excited, and my pulse rose as I asked the question—"Where is she now?" "Oh! she has been married a long time to Mr. Thingamy, and lives now in the city of Jucksburg, about a hundred miles from here." My pulse sank; not because I knew she was my wife (*that* is quite a recent discovery), and I had lost her; but for the good and sufficient reason (which authors have but lately had the honesty to avow) that every bachelor feels himself defrauded when a pretty woman marries. From the bottom of my heart I wished Mr. Thingamy and the city of Jucksburg had been at the bottom of the sea before they ever had heard of the beautiful Miss Jenny. I felt indignant she should have displayed so much haste to get married; and I refused to be introduced to any body in the neighborhood of my uncle's. But whenever conversation (as it will often do, in the best of families) turned on the subject of young ladies, my uncle's family were sure to bring their favorite Miss Jenny forward as a paragon of beauty, sweetness, good-breeding, good every thing. As often as this would happen an unaccountable depression and feeling of loneliness and bereavement would come over me, and last for hours. I can now account for it—it was the as yet inarticulate, unintelligible premonition—a species of spontaneous, unconscious apperception—of nature, protesting against, and at the same time preparing me for, the full consciousness of the great loss I had sustained in losing my wife. My uncle had named a beautiful kitten after her; do you wonder that I petted Jenny, and fed her and caressed her every day I remained in the country? I do not. I am naturally fond of cats, and that, they say, is a sign I am going to be an old bachelor. Well, what if it is?

When the summer was ended, I left my uncle's and returned home; still ignorant that I had lost my wife, and forgetting her as before. For nearly a year I knocked about among the young ladies, falling now a little in love, and then falling out again; charging myself with fickleness and want of decision of character, and wondering greatly why I could not fall really in love with any body. Poor fool! I didn't know that there was nobody left to love; I was married and didn't know it. Many a man is in the same fix.

Things remained in this condition until about a month ago, when, having failed a second time in business, I concluded to spend another summer at my uncle's. The cars dropped me at Plantationton; I went to the same old tavern, sat down in the same old porch, in the same old split-bottomed chair, and looked over at the same old store, and there, by Heaven! stood my wife, in almost the very spot I had first seen her! She was waiting for her husband, who was following with the nurse and child. Her husband was a dark-skinned fellow—almost as dark as myself, and not very unlike me. I have since expended some severe thought on this resemblance between me, the spiritual husband, and Thingamy, the phenomenal husband of my wife, and it is perfectly plain to my mind that, under the influence of the same spontaneous, unconscious apperception, she was trying her very best to marry me; in fact, did marry as near me as she possibly could. How that fact has made me love her!

The whole party had come down on the same train with me, and I had not known it. Fate

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again. They stood opposite me for some time, apparently resting, and I had the second and last (I know it will be the last) long, good look at her. She was greatly changed. No longer the same buxom, blooming girl I had seen years before, patting her pretty foot against the sill, but a beautiful woman, infinitely lovelier than the girl; pale, but beautiful as the bright fulfillment of the perfect day is beautiful. More beautiful than the rosiest hues of the uncertain dawn; thin, but beautiful as thought and loving cares beautify and make delicate mere matter; older looking, but possessed of that ineffable charm which only the realization of woman's destiny can impart to woman. I gazed on her, not with breathless admiration as at first, but with calm, intelligent adoration. Positively, hers was and is the sweetest human face in all this world. Nothing, absolutely nothing was wanting from those pale and gentle features; they expressed all that a wife and mother ought to be. And even as I gazed, there came into my soul that strange pain of vacuity and deprivation—a numb and formless hurt—which needed only the light of reflection to assume the acuteness of thought, the permanence of knowledge.

From that day I have known she was my wife; how I knew it and why I knew it, has been told already, or if not told, never will be, for it never can be. The knowledge or conviction, if you prefer to call it so, grows on me; it increases with the increasing light of morning, is revealed in the splendor of high noon, deepens in the pensive summer twilight, and rises with the tutelary stars. The winds tell of it to the melancholy trees; the waters repeat it with their many liquid voices. It is written in cloudy hieroglyphs upon the distant sky; it is the shadow thrown upon the plain of life by the sun of hope which sinks behind my heart—enlarging and to enlarge, darkening and to increase in darkness until the night of death. It is—but I am getting absurd.

Shall I remain a bachelor? dwindle down and shrivel up into an *old* bachelor? Never! Since I can not marry my own wife, I'll marry the wife of somebody else; and if I could only find the wife of the man who married my wife, I'd marry her in spite of fate. And if I could only ride about in the cars with a plenty of nurses and children, and Thingamy could see me and know my theory, I should be perfectly satisfied.

Dear reader, take warning by me; study my theory; it was written for you, and for the whole human race. Try to cultivate your spontaneous, unconscious apperception. And if ever you sit down in an old tavern porch and see a beautiful young lady on the opposite side of the street, don't wait for dinner, but go right over and demand her in marriage. You may be mistaken; she may not be your wife; she may be already married; but no matter, it is your duty to make the effort. If you don't, you'll regret it; you will find yourself in my predicament. You may see me any day struggling through the weeds of my uncle's wheat-patch, looking like a sheep-killing dog, and feeling as mean as gar-broth. No wonder; I have lost my wife!

MARRYING A COUNTESS.

I.

JOSIAH JONES, Esq., or *Monsieur Shones*, to give him his French appellation, to which a few months' residence in Paris had fairly entitled him, had gone abroad, not to see the world, but to conquer it. With nothing to do, and fifteen thousand dollars a year to support the dignity of his position, there could be no question about Josiah Jones, Esq.'s, gentility; we, therefore, need make no secret of the fact that Josiah Jones, *Senior*, had been a tailor, and a very good tailor too. In the course of time, however, old age uncrossed the tailor's legs and stiffened his limbs. Disease took the needle from his trembling hands, gave him a terrible cough and a stitch in the side, sewing him up completely; and at last merciless fate bit off the thread of destiny, and there was no more of Josiah Jones, *Senior*, beyond the delicate allusion to his memory on the part of his affectionate son, who would occasionally and reverentially speak of "the large fortune his old man had accumulated by commercial pursuits." This was the large fortune that had made a gentleman of Josiah Jones, Esq.

With fifteen thousand a year, secured by real estate, and the tailor sunk in the abyss of the past, there were no obstacles to young Jones's ambition in his native city of New York. He came, saw, and conquered. He was welcome every where, and was the very central point, the bull's eye of the target at which sharp-shooting mothers were ever discharging their quivers full of feather-trimmed, bright-eyed daughters. The discriminating Brown, who leads a funeral or conducts a rout, lays out a bonquet for the worms in Greenwood, or a feast for beauty in Fifth Avenue, with the same genteel tact, which has earned him the well-deserved pre-eminence of the *arbiter elegantiarum* of New York society, headed the list of fashionables with Josiah Jones, Esq. Mothers bowed reverentially at the name; daughters eagerly caught at the sound, and traced in genteel running-hand the familiar letters which politely announced to Josiah Jones, Esq., that "the honor of his company is requested on —— night, at — Fifth Avenue." Josiah was conscious of his value, and liked to have it appreciated, and therefore never hesitated to respond to the summons, presenting himself without fail, in the perfection of his faultless dress-coat, white tie, virgin kids, and dauntless self-reliance, at every party of the season. The doughty conqueror invested the whole fashionable world as soon as he made his appearance. There was no Sebastopol for him; the outer walls of beauty waved their signals of surrender at the approach of the irresistible Jones. Jones, however, re-

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strained himself, satisfied with the consciousness of reserved power, and continued the siege without making an assault.

The formidable Jones did not appear to a disinterested observer by any means an Apollo. With a body too long for his legs, and with legs too short for his body, there was an evidence of disproportion in parts very disagreeable to a correct eye; while, in consequence of this curtailment of legs, there was a brevity of size upon the whole by no means imposing upon the general observer. The cynical Jacks, whose father was an attorney, and who accordingly had good reason to pride himself upon his descent, used to say that the peculiarity of Josiah Jones, Esq.'s, conformation was hereditary, and that his long body and short legs came from the constant active use of the former, and disuse of the latter, in the course of a long race of tailors. To do Jones justice, he, in spite of his shortness of stature, held his head with the highest, and never seemed to be conscious of his longitudinal inferiority. A spasmodic twitching of his head upward, and a nervous lift of his gait when he walked, proved him possessed of a soul aspiring far beyond his inches; and though substantially but a small man, Jones, in his own ideal point of view, was a very lofty personage. The tall Walker used to remark, that Jones seemed always to be computing his six feet and upward, as if he would climb to his shoulders, and retiring from the attempt with the complacent conviction upon his self-assured countenance, that as all things were possible to the omnipotent Jones, so even the height of Walker might be scaled, were it worth the effort. His rival beaux in the fashionable world indulged their envy at Jones's triumphs by sneers at his insignificant appearance, and took a wicked delight in asking him who made his high-heeled boots, or what he was looking for in the ceiling, and in offering him a lift to the mantle-piece, when sent in search of his dancing partner's bouquet. Jones, however, consoled himself for these taunts by his own exhaustless self-sufficiency, and by the encouraging appreciation of the fair sex. Sympathetic woman received him with open arms; in her discriminating appreciation, quality, not quantity, prevailed. She saw in him, not the insignificant Jones with the short legs, but Josiah Jones, Esq., with fifteen thousand dollars a year, secured by real estate, and no encumbrances. Jones had the ladies on his side, and could bid defiance to the envious of his own sex, and strode among them with loftier head and higher-heeled boots than ever.

There was but one Josiah Jones, Esq., therefore, since, at the date of our present veritable history, *anno Domini* 185–, social morality had not—although its progress was encouraging, and full of promise for the future—reached the perfection of seraglio-enjoying Turkey or polygamous Utah, it was quite impracticable that all the women could have Jones, even if there had been enough of the rogue to divide among so many applicants for his diminutive person. The wealthy Miss Griggs was ready to join her fortune with his; the respectable Miss Von Trouserloon was prepared to deface the escutcheon of all the Von Trouserloons with a sinister Jones; while the beautiful Miss Smith thought fifteen thousand a year a fair price for her charms, and was eager to sell and deliver for such a consideration. Josiah Jones, Esq., was conscious of his conquests, and was satisfied *quoad* New York. He had conquered, and, like Alexander, who having reveled in the havoc of a world, longed for other worlds to conquer and destroy, Josiah Jones, Esq., eagerly sought a wider field of conquest. Bidding farewell to New York, or, in other words, leaving his P.P.C. cards at the houses of the Griggs, the Von Trouserloons, and the Smiths, the redoubtable Jones went abroad. The hearts of his fair victims at New York fluttered for a while over the announcement of Josiah Jones, Esq.'s, departure in the morning paper, and indulged in a tender regret at the disappointment of the past, until a new constellation, in the shape of the millionaire Brown, a nabob from the Indies, shone in the horizon of the Fifth Avenue, with all the golden glory of the East, and opened up a glorious matrimonial expectation for the future.

II.

The grand *Hôtel des Princes, Rue Richelieu*, was naturally the chosen abode, from its title, if from no other consideration, for the lordly Jones. And there he had been since his arrival in Paris. A suite of rooms *au premier* was very appropriately chosen, at the earnest solicitation of Madame. Madame was in reality the landlord, although there was a nominal Monsieur the *maitre d'hôtel*, whose chief occupation was putting his snuffy fingers upon his white waistcoat, in the supposed locality of a heart, swearing to the justice of every item of Madame's exorbitant charges, and making love to the *femmes de chambre* at home, when Madame, going out with her lover, to make love abroad, left Monsieur in possession of the grand *Hôtel des Princes, Rue Richelieu*. Madame, notwithstanding the instinctive acuteness of the Frenchwoman, had not appreciated Josiah Jones, Esq., at first sight, and accordingly, on his announcement at the great gates of the grand *Hôtel des Princes, Rue Richelieu*, and after a rapid glance through her usual look-out on the opposite side of the porter's box, at his by no means lordly person, thought that she knew her *monde* at once, and, with a shrug of her stout shoulders, handed him over to the *portier*. The hurried ringing of the bells, and a shrill nasal cry of *au cinquième*, which immediately ensued, seemed to settle the quality and the quarters of our hero inevitably.

Jones, however, was not to be defrauded of his claims to the consideration which the fact of his being an American gentleman, who did nothing and had fifteen thousand dollars a year, fairly entitled him. Joachim, the *portier*, after having deliberately loosened the last from his knee, and untied his leathern apron—for he al-

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ternated occasional cobbling with the duties of drawing the *cordon* and the other labors of his office—took down the key with its brass label and number, which ranged among the highest, in the progressive arithmetic registered along the whole wall of Joachim's contracted kennel, and presented himself to the new-comer. "*A votre service!*" says Joachim, touching the long front of his leathern cap, and bowing to Josiah Jones, Esq., while he jingled the key, that that gentleman, whose knowledge of the French language was limited, might have the benefit of an intelligible action to assist him in the interpretation of his words. "Monsieur will please mount," continues Joachim; and Josiah Jones, Esq., obeys the polite request; but long before he had reached *au cinquième*, the short legs of this gentleman had so far exhausted their agility that, unable to explain himself any better, and getting no answer to his repeated protestations against the lofty journey he was undergoing, but Joachim's perpetual "*toujours montez, Monsieur!*" "higher, higher still!" he at last came to a stop, and burst forth with all the breath that was left him in a volley of Anglican oaths, which convinced Joachim that there was a very evident mistake in the quality of the guest, and he forthwith reiterating "*Pardon, Monsieur!*" retraced his steps, while Josiah Jones, Esq., recovering his breath, slowly followed him. Joachim, eager to repair his error for the honor of the grand *Hotel des Princes Rue Richelieu*, hurried in breathless haste to Madame, and uttering a thousand *sacrés* against himself for being ten thousand times a *bête*, an old fool, declared that Monsieur, who had just arrived, was a Grand Marquis at least, for he swore like a *Milord Anglais*, and uttered his oaths with all the heart of a gentilhomme.

Monsieur *the Maitre d'Hotel*, shifted his spectacles, and preparing to lay aside the *Débats*, of which, like a true *bourgeois* and friend of order, he was a faithful reader, fortified his courage with a pinch of snuff, and offered his services in the emergency. Madame, with a contemptuous toss of the head at the presumption of her incompetent spouse, nervously threw aside the pen with which she had been inditing the note of *Numero* 4, quickly moved to the glass which mirrored the full rotundity of her portly person, smoothed her black hair, twitched her boddice and skirt into close conformity with her ample development, retouched with rouge her checks which the labors of the morning had somewhat paled, and with artistic grace adjusting a blushing red ribbon to her expanded throat, rushed out into the court-yard, and, in her rapid movement, nearly overthrew Josiah Jones, Esq., who, with raised head and lofty gait, was ventilating his rage at the foot of the grand staircase which led to the apartments above.

"*Mille pardons, Monsieur!*" exclaimed Madame, as Jones was recovering his equilibrium, and just saved himself from being completely overcome and crushed by the overpowering weight of the landlady, who might have been the first of her sex to boast of an advantage gained over our redoubtable hero. "*Que nous sommes bêtes tous!*" we are all fools in this house, and *le vieux*, the old Joachim, *le plus grand*, the greatest *bête* of all," continued Madame, as she went on in a full strain of voluble apology seasoned with compliment. "Is he blind, the *vieux* Joachim? Where were his eyes, the *bête*, that he could not see that Monsieur was *un homme tres distingué*, a gentleman of the first distinction?" This, enforced with a very humble courtesy and a reverential smile, healed the wounded dignity of Josiah Jones, Esq., and lifted him at least an inch in height to the observer, and many feet in his own self-consciousness.

Madame now led the way to the apartments *au premier*, the first floor, which she declared were very magnificent, and alone worthy of so distinguished a personage as Monsieur. With a harsh turning of the key which seems inevitable in French locks, and the usual resistance of French doors, which required all the combined force of Madame's stout arms and powerful knee to overcome, she threw open the wide folds of the entrance, and ushered Jones in with a grand air, stretching out her arms with a view to direct Monsieur's attention to the superb general effect. Josiah Jones, Esq., was not overcome with the splendor, for he was familiar with gilt and gingerbread at home, and had not judgment enough to discern the superior French taste. Madame was evidently disappointed, and struggled to make up, by renewed attacks, for her first defeat, as she led the cool Jones from *salon* to *salle à manger*, and from *salon* to *salle à coucher*, adjusting narrowly a faded damask curtain here, rubbing a glass there, or arranging a broken China vase of artificial flowers on the mantles, and otherwise freshening up the general air of the apartments. "*Voila une vue magnifique!* There is a fine prospect, Monsieur!" exclaimed Madame, as she threw open the window of the *salon* and shifted her capacious person that Jones might take a look. Josiah Jones, Esq., had no very cultivated eye for the picturesque, so it was not surprising that the view of the court-yard of a French hotel, bounded on all sides with whitewashed walls pierced with innumerable windows shaded with striped curtains, should not have struck him as impressive. Nor was the sight of the old *bête*, Joachim, in his kennel, pounding his last, or that of the yellow-faced Savoyard, in his frowzy velveteen jacket, grinding his organ, or the burly French cook, in his white bonnet and expansive apron, ventilating himself at the kitchen-door, or the bustling *garçon* fluttering his napkin and flitting rapidly across the court-yard, or the seedy gentleman *au cinquième* opposite, varnishing his boots for a promenade in the Champs Elysées, very magnificent, so Josiah Jones turned round to Madame perfectly unmoved. Madame continued her peregrinations through and through the apartments

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with Jones nervously sliding after her along the slippery waxed floors. Madame was now conscious that a grand *coup d'état* was necessary to overcome the cool indifference of Monsieur. With a triumphant air she exclaimed, "*Comte Palmerstone*, the *grand ministre* of Grand Bretagne, the brave ally of *la belle France*" (the time of our history dates from the siege of Sebastopol, as our readers will observe), "was *charmé* with the magnificence of these apartments, and declared on his *parole d'honneur* that Vindsor, the grand *palais* of *La Reine*, was nothing, absolutely nothing in comparison." Jones threw up his head, and eagerly listened to Madame with glistening eyes and expanding ears. Madame was conscious of her advantage, and continued: "The *Comte Palmerstone*, *quel bel homme!* What a fine-looking man! he has the grand air of *tous Milords Anglais*, like you, Monsieur (with a courtesy to Jones). He lived in these magnificent apartments two weeks, and gave me his *parole d'honneur* that he was so *charmé* that he would have preferred to have remained *toujours*, but his *devoirs*, his duty to his country—he is a grand *patriote* the Comte Palmerstone—forced him to return to Londres." This was irresistible, and Josiah Jones, Esq., succumbed at once. Seventy-five francs a day, service included, he did not think at all exorbitant for apartments that had been consecrated by the presence so lately of a live lord. Madame walked off majestically, and with a smile of triumph at the success of her skillful strategy.

No sooner had Marie, the *femme de chambre*, presented herself, at the bidding of Madame, to put in order *Monsieur Shones's* apartments, than our hero, who was of a warm complexion, was inflamed at first sight. Marie was a skillful coquette, as she might well be, with twenty gentlemen's apartments to make a day, and with the raking fire of that number of ardent admirers threatening her frailty. Marie's strength was, however, in her alliance with Pierre, the water-carrier, to whom she had long since given her heart, and was ready to give her hand, when she and her *cher* Pierre had by their economies saved enough to buy a rood of earth among their native vine-clad hills of Bourgogne. Jones could not resist, any more than any other mortal man, the attractiveness of Marie, the queen of *femmes de chambre*. She was young, bright, cheerful and wholesome; and these natural advantages were set off with the perfection of French tact in dress. A coquettish lace cap, with its blushing row of ribbons on one side, pinned to the back of her full head of black hair, a neat gown, gathered in folds about her uncorseted waist, by a cord which came in front, and which Marie was ever tying and untying, a white apron with cunning little pockets, and that perfect adaptation of the whole, in taste and propriety, to the wearer, made Marie by art, as she was by nature, the most charming of *soubrettes*. Jones commenced the attack at a distance with a fire of amorous glances, which Marie bore with the steady endurance of a veteran. On coming to close quarters, Jones was gratified with the easy victory of a kiss upon the blooming cheek of the *femme de chambre*, who contented herself with the show of a faint struggle, a slight tap on Jones's lowly shoulder, which felt more like encouragement than dissatisfaction, and the declaration, "*Que vous êtes méchant, Monsieur!*" (What a wicked gentleman you are!) Jones strode about, triumphant with success, while Marie, watching her chance, beat a retreat at the earliest moment. Marie, however, having fortified herself with a supply of perfumery from the shop of the *coiffeur* opposite, with whom she was in league, soon returned to the attack, and putting on her cunningest and sweetest smile, bantered Monsieur for his wickedness, and displayed before him, with an irresistibly winning air, the contents of her apron, which she had gathered up with her ruddy hand, consisting of cakes of perfumed soap and bottles of Cologne water, enough to stock a barber's shop. Jones was completely *hors de combat*, and paying down his fifty francs, which the clever *femme de chambre* said was nothing, absolutely nothing, for so magnificent a purchase, dropped his diminished head, and no longer congratulated himself upon his conquest. His gallantry was somewhat dashed by the cost. A kiss of Marie's blooming cheek, even, was dear at the price, thought Jones, who was chary of all expense for such vulgar successes.

III.

Jones was now fairly installed in Paris, with due dignity. His importance appropriately set in all the tarnished gilt and splendor of the grand *Hotel des Princes*, *Rue Richelieu*, his dapper little person reflected a dozen times in the multiple mirrors of the apartments *au premier*, and his pale, pasty face reddened into an artificial glow by the pink reflection of French glass, gave Josiah Jones, Esq., an air of self-satisfaction that palpitated all over his small person, from the summit of his glossy French hat to the toes of his varnished boots and the extreme tips of his white gloves. Jones had fortified himself, at the earliest moment, with a *chapeau* of the exquisite finish of Meugnier, in the Place de la Bourse, a pair of *warnished* boots, as the English spokesman of Clercx, *bottier*, in the Rue Vivienne, persisted in calling them, and a dozen of the purest kid, from the hands of the pretty blonde girl, in Privat's *ganterie* in the Rue de la Paix, where Jones, as he submitted to the pleasant operation of the trying on, and the enticing fingering of the soft hands of the seductive shop-woman, could not resist a knowing wink, nor object to a double charge for his dozen pairs of gloves.

The experience of our hero, during his first month at Paris, did not vary much from that which is usual with all our distinguished travelers abroad. There were certain formalities which Josiah Jones, Esq., was forced to submit to like any other mortal man. As a patriotic American should, he called, at the very first moment, upon the American Minister with a

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letter of introduction from Alderman O'Flannagan of his ward, a profound civic politician of great authority in the —— party, which we do not care to specify; it was not, however, the *Know Nothing*. He was not admitted, it being understood that his Excellency, who had been sent to France not to perform services abroad, but to obtain a reward for political services performed at home, did not receive company, for he could not afford it, nor venture outside of his house to return a visit for fear he should meet with a Frenchman, and be reduced to the necessity of exposing his total ignorance of the language. Our hero, however, was honored through the post-office, a few days subsequent to his visit, with an imposing square card, bearing the impressive name and title of his Excellency the American Minister, which Josiah Jones, Esq., ostentatiously fastened into the corner of his mirror, that all comers might be conscious, at first sight, of the intimate relations he had with so distinguished a diplomatist.

Jones's dignity was somewhat appalled by the summons to the police, where, in consequence of his common mortality, he was obliged, like all the rest of the world, to obtain his passport, which had been taken from him, at the very moment of his arrival, by a fellow with cocked hat, a long blue military frock-coat, all buttons and lace, a rattling, trailing sword, and a pair of long mustaches, which might have been readily tied under his chin. Jones was very politely disposed, at first sight, toward this formidable gentleman, for he took him for a field-marshal, at least. Josiah Jones, Esq., had already offered his distinguished military friend one of his finest regalias, which he had smuggled ashore on his arrival at Havre, and was about asking him to dine with him, when he learned he was only a *gendarme*, a French policeman, and his warm disposition to fraternize was suddenly reduced to the coolest contempt. He had a savage hatred of the French Government ever after, which was not at all diminished by his experience at the police, where he went for his passport.

"*Decoiffez vous! decoiffez vous!*" reached Jones's ears in fierce accents, hissed through the teeth and mustache of the *gendarme* at the door, as our hero crossed the threshold of the police and strode in, with his hat on his head, and which he was making spasmodic efforts to elevate to the greatest height possible to Jones. Our distinguished countryman, who, although he had made considerable progress in the French, was quite unconscious of the meaning of the fierce words of the French Cerberus in the cocked hat at the door, who continued to reiterate "*Decoiffez vous! decoiffez vous!*" until his face turned blue, and his mustaches were scattered to all the points of the compass by the storm. Josiah Jones, Esq., strode on, followed by the savage *gendarme*, who, finding that his summons was not obeyed by the imperturbable gentleman, drew his sword and knocked off with the hilt Jones's new French hat, which went rolling the whole length of the sanded floor. Jones bristled up with fierce indignation, and would have done battle at once, had not one of the officials, of whom there was a long range at their desks on either side of the extended hall, who spoke English, politely picked up his hat, bowed respectfully, and explained that it was the rule for all gentlemen to take off their hats in presenting themselves before the august police. Jones had learned the meaning of a new French word which he would never forget; but he was not consoled by this addition to his knowledge, and determined that the matter should be laid before the American Minister, not doubting that Louis Napoleon would be forced to answer for this indignity offered to an American citizen, and that a war with France would ensue, or a decline in Government stocks, at least.

Jones was now directed to a bald-headed official behind one of the desks, and, with hat in hand, presented himself before the dignitary.

"*Quel nom, Monsieur?*"

"Josiah Jones," answered our hero.

"Monsieur Shones," repeated the dignitary, shifting his spectacles and taking down an immense book.

"*Jones*," repeated Josiah.

"*Oui, oui, Shones*," nervously repeated the official, as he turned to the letter S in the record. Puzzled by not finding the name, the bald-headed official queerly scrutinized our little hero over his spectacles, as if he suspected that he was a pickpocket or a runaway tradesman, and repeated inquiringly, "*Shones?*"

"J-o-n-e-s," loudly answered our little hero, distinctly enunciating each letter.

The bald-headed gentleman had, at last, his cue, examined the record, and casting his eyes first on the book and then on Jones, seemed to be measuring every inch of his diminutive person. "*Quel état, Monsieur?*"—(What is your business?)

"A gentleman," replied Jones.

"*Oui! rentier*," was the answering remark of the official, who turned round to his neighboring dignitary with the sneering observation—"*Que c'est drôle tous les Americains sont rentiers!*"—(How odd, all the Americans are gentlemen of property!)

"Jones was now politely bowed out, after having been duly noted in the book, with a private mark which probably indicated that the American *rentier*, although all seemed to be *en règle*, was a suspicious character, as Josiah Jones's insignificant looks were not in accordance with his great pretensions.

Jones appreciated the gayety of Paris, and loved to stroll upon the asphalt pavement of the Italian Boulevard, and mingle with its gay crowd from all parts of the world. The flashing eyes of beauty every where, the inviting glances of the *petites maîtresses*, the coquettish, sparkling transit of the pretty little grisettes, and the steady gaze of the fashionable Parisian women as they descended from their gorgeous

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equipages and entered the gay shops of the Boulevard, seemed a deluge of delight in which Josiah Jones, Esq., was eager to steep his whole being. Along the Boulevard, down the broad avenue of the Rue de la Paix, to and fro, in the Champs Elysées, with its ever-flowing streams, glittering with beauty, fashion, and gay life, our hero coursed daily, with his small American feet in the most perfect of French boots, with a pair of fresh kid gloves, and a choice regalia. Jones admired the French women, in common with the rest of the male portion of the world, but had a perfect contempt for French female virtue, and, like a good many other of his countrymen, thought all he had to do was to open his arms and the prettiest and the most virtuous French woman would fly to their embrace. Jones thus, as he walked from day to day, had an impudent leer in his eye, of which he was hardly conscious, and no sooner saw a pretty face than he involuntarily insulted it. A *lorette* or a virtuous mother, provided she was a French woman, was all the same to the ignorant coxcombry of Josiah Jones, Esq.; and he was only saved by his apparent insignificance from frequently suffering the penalty of a horsewhipping for his impudence and want of discrimination.

The fashionable promenades, where Jones might see the women and be seen of them, were his only resorts. The creations of art, the glorious architecture, the galleries of painting and statuary, the world of books in the libraries, and the life of thought in the mind of Paris, were, of course, as unmeaning to Josiah Jones, Esq., as the Egyptian hieroglyphics. He declared the Louvre a bore, and came away from that glorious temple of art with the recollection only of a roguish minx of a little Jew girl, with wicked black eyes, who was copying the Madonna of Guido, and had amused herself and some of her neighbors by returning impudent glance for glance with the coxcomb Jones, which she could do with impunity, as she was so far out of the reach, upon her lofty platform, of our diminutive hero.

IV.

Jones, with four weeks passed in Paris, and a tolerable growth of his yellow mustache, now considered himself a perfected Frenchman, an opinion in which he was strongly confirmed by being asked by a newly-arrived countryman of his own if he spoke English. Our hero had certainly made good use of his opportunities. He had worn out more than one pair of French boots in his promenades along the Boulevards and in the Champs Elysées; had reflected his dapper little person daily in the mirrors of the Café de Paris, the Trois Frères, and in the other delectable symposiums of the epicurean capital; was well known to all the coquetting goddesses who sit enshrined, as the *dames des comptoirs* in those establishments consecrated to the culinary art, and his pert coxcombry endorsed by his golden Napoleons which he profusely paid out, obtained a ready currency, and was received every where with a familiar and encouraging smile. Under the guidance of his cousin, who was studying medical science in Paris, Jones had waded through the mud of the dark, narrow streets of the *Cité* at early morning, and beheld with shuddering dread the horrors of the *morgue*, where his aristocratic sympathy had been instantly excited by the sight of a coronetted handkerchief, which hung up in strange contrast with neighboring rags, while he puzzled himself in vain, as he looked upon the two decaying bodies washed to equal purity by the perpetual fountain (the cold tears of Paris) which poured over the pallid, glistening surface of death an undiscriminating shower, to distinguish to whom belonged the coronet and to whom the shreds of poverty: who the prince, who the beggar—both alike in death?

Jones did not share in the enthusiasm of his professional relative when Standish rapturously detailed the beautiful cases in the Hotel Dieu, or the fine cuts in the human shambles of La Charité, and preferred very much the night experiences of the medical student at La Chaumière and Valentino, among the vivacious grisettes, to the sad realities of the dull performances in the hospitals by day. Jones, however, did not linger long either in the halls of science or the gardens of pleasure, sacred to the *étudiant de Paris*. He was eminently an American gentleman, who did not care to fatigue himself in the arduous paths of science, or soil his elegant propriety in the soft muddy sloughs of low delight. He aimed at loftier game, and eagerly sought an opportunity to enroll himself in the ranks of the European aristocracy.

Jones was a lucky dog, and chance threw in his way an opportunity which more skillful tacticians might have intrigued in vain a life time to obtain.

All American travelers in France—we mean distinguished travelers—have paid, once in their lives at least, eight francs and submitted to the enticing and never-ceasing delight of the endless courses of the dinner at the *table d'hôte* of the *Hotel des Princes, Rue Richelieu*. Josiah Jones Esq., the distinguished proprietor of the apartments *au premier*, was, of course, always sure of a high seat whenever he announced the intention of honoring with his distinguished presence that august conclave of all the *haute aristocratie*, which Madame assured him, and Monsieur the *maître d'hôtel* confirmed with a *parole d'honneur*, and an impressive blow upon his white waistcoat, daily assembled to do ample justice to the artistic excellence of the unequaled cuisinier of the *Hotel des Princes, Rue Richelieu*. Whenever Jones thus honored the *table d'hôte* with his presence he devoted an additional half-hour to his toilet, and his little person shone with unexampled splendor of the finest broadcloth, the glossiest boots, and the most gorgeous of waistcoats, when he strutted in and took his seat amidst the assembled aristocrats who gathered about the table, reflected in all their brilliancy by the walls of glass which bounded the *salle à manger*. Jones could now,

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with his two months' experience in Paris, assume the air of an *habitué*, and as he looked with contempt upon the freshly-arrived American in black dress-coat and satin vest, who was puzzling the progressive order of the *garçon* by repeated demands for the *entremets* where the *piece de resistance* should be, and asking for the dessert where every one else had got no farther than the salmon; and at the resolute and capacious Briton, who, damning all French vinegar, persisted in stupefying himself with draughts of potent and muddy port; our hero deliberately yielded with inward satisfaction to the "order the first law" of a French dinner, and sipped his Burgundy with the conscious dignity of superior knowledge. Jones warmed with his wine, and the cheerful scene, the table with its glistening show of plate, variegated glass and flowers, the well-dressed guests all a-glow with the good cheer and the flowing wine, the smiling *garçons* in white aprons and fluttering napkins, flashing through the room in rapid transit, the chandelier with its innumerable wax lights, and all glistening to the eye in multiple forms, with a warm tinge of the pink reflection of the mirrors. Josiah Jones Esq., was happy, and ordering a second bottle of *chambertin*, increased his elevation to a pitch of immeasurable delight. Opposite to our hero sat two distinguished-looking personages, who lingered, like Jones, behind the most of the company, to finish their renewed supplies of wine. They were dressed in the height of the fashion, and the taller of the two had an air of unquestionable high breeding, although there was a worn look in his pale, wan face, more blanched in appearance by the contrast of a heavy black beard and an unsteady glance of his eye, which betokened a want of repose, which hardly accorded with that air of self-composure which is thought to indicate the man of well-assured position. The smaller was much more at his ease, and was as vivacious and happy as all Frenchmen are, under even less favorable circumstances than a dinner at the *table d'hôte* of the *Hotel des Princes, Rue Richelieu*. These two gentlemen, who were evidently nice judges of character, observed Josiah Jones, Esq., closely as he poured out his abounding Burgundy, and seemed to take an interest in that gentleman's movements which was as flattering as it was noticeable. Jones availed himself of the auspicious prospect of opening up an acquaintance with gentlemen whose appearance he so much admired, and who were evidently of the first quality; and mustering his best command of French, in the use of which his Burgundy had emboldened him, passed his bottle across the table and asked the distinguished personages if they would honor him by taking wine with him. The taller of the two accepted, with a complimentary acknowledgment in the purest English, of which the fact of his being an Englishman accounted for his perfect knowledge, and filling his glass passed it to his neighbor.

This was the commencement of a friendly hobnobbing between the three, which was pleasantly prolonged and heightened by bottle after bottle of the best wine in the cellars of the grand *Hôtel des Princes, Rue Richelieu*. Jones was always frank, and now became unusually communicative, so that his newly-made friends were soon on the scent of our hero's respectable position, his gentlemanly leisure, his traveling for pleasure, his possession of fifteen thousand a year, the fortune accumulated by his late respectable parent "by commercial pursuits," as Jones modestly confessed. What he did not acknowledge, his distinguished acquaintances, by their own shrewd conjectures, could readily fathom. That Josiah Jones, Esq., was a conceited coxcomb, that he thought infinitely better of himself than of all common mortals, that although born in a republican country he dearly loved a lord; and that although he prided himself upon his shrewdness and knowledge of the world, he was, in truth, as verdant as the greenest, and as thorough a flat as any sharper ever tried his cunning hand on, were facts as transparent to the acute perceptions of the distinguished men of the world who were facing him, as the glasses through which the ruddy wine sparkled, and which the party continued to circulate with increasing energy.

Jones, excited and vivacious, talked of his triumphs in New York, and spoke with an intrepid familiarity of the Griggses, the Von Trouserloons, and the Smiths, which, had it been heard, might have even raised a blush upon their well-assured faces, and certainly would have brought down upon his little person, with all the vigor of an indignant manhood, the canes of their elder brothers. "Hang it," exclaimed our hero, "I might have had the finest or the richest woman in New York for the asking;" and we fear, when we consider the irresistible attractions of fifteen thousand a year, secured by real estate, and no encumbrances, that Jones was not far from the truth. He acknowledged, however, that he disdained all such small successes, and let it be understood that nothing less would satisfy him than a European alliance with the aristocracy, for he thought himself worthy of a countess at least.

Jones was encouraged in his revelations by his friends, who passed the wine freely, and confirmed in his aspirations for high society by their assurances of his certain success in the aristocratic world, to which his perfectly well-bred air fully justified his pretensions. Moreover, the tall Englishman politely offered his aid in introducing him to the ranks of the aristocracy, of which he confessed himself an humble member, and taking out his card, which bore the impressive name of the "Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge, Colonel B.A.," handed it to our hero, and presented his Parisian friend at the same time as the "Baron de Coquin." Jones rose, flushed with wine and delight, and acknowledged the honor, with an exchange of his own card, bearing the magnificent super-

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scription of "Josiah Jones, Esq.," in bold letters, with "*Hôtel des Princes, Rue Richelieu, No. 1 au premier,*" duly recorded in one corner.

Jones now invited his friends, with conscious pride, to smoke a regalia with him in his apartments, where they finished the night with cigars, coffee, and *Curaçoa*. On rising to depart, the "Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge, Colonel B.A.," invited Jones, on behalf of himself and his friend, the Baron, to a dinner at Very's next day, at six o'clock, after which our hero was promised that he should be introduced to a countess and her beautiful daughter. Josiah Jones, Esq., went to bed a happy man; but what with the endless succession of the courses of the *table d'hôte* of the *Hôtel des Princes, Rue Richelieu*, the successive bottles of Burgundy, the strong coffee, and the potent regalia, slept uneasily, and woke in a dozen frights during the night, fighting and struggling with the tall Englishman, who grinned fearfully at him, through his black beard, for the possession of a beautiful countess.

V.

On the next day Jones had made his exquisite toilet with unusual care, and eagerly awaited the arrival of his friends, who were to dine him at Very's, and lead him to what his conscious invincibility induced him to believe must be the conquest of a coronet. Punctual to the appointed time, the Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge, with his friend the Baron de Coquin, presented themselves at the grand *Hôtel des Princes, Rue Richelieu*, and Josiah Jones, Esq., was soon arm in arm with his noble friends on his way to the Palais Royal. Our little hero was superb, in pride of his aristocratic company, and in the magnificence of his perfected toilet, as he strove with ambitious eagerness to keep pace with his high-towering companions, who bore him on in triumphant expectation of his prospective conquest. We all have seen one of those glossy, variegated dogs nimbly pattering its paws between the legs of two high-stepping coach-horses, and can form from the comparison a clear idea of the brisk movement of the nimble patent-leather boots of the diminutive Jones as he stepped quickly between the strides of his distinguished companions.

The Palais Royal was in all the glory of gas light; the windows of the brilliant restaurants and cafés brightened up with a warm splendor, which was attracting within its blaze a throng of the gay butterflies of Paris, and cast upon the outside crowds a light which made the contrast of poverty and wealth, want and abundance, intensely startling. Jones and his friends elbowed aside those who were in his way—a pale, whiskered fellow, a Frenchified Brutus, in a slouched hat, with a pretty grisette, in lace cap and French cashmere shawl, leaning on his arm and smiling blandly into his scowling face, as he muttered "*Sacré Anglais!*" a supplicating little Savoyard, with his box and hungry white mice; a meagre and diminutive French soldier in his defiant cap, bluish-gray coat, and red trowers, who was sharpening his hunger over the dainties, so near and yet so remote, displayed within the plate-glass of Very's appetizing window—and the three aristocrats strode within the brilliant precincts of the noted restaurant.

Jones yielded condescendingly to the superior *savoir faire* of his companions, and found nothing to regret in the sumptuousness of the repast. Savarin himself would have declared the dinner worthy of Talleyrand. The Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge, of the British Army, powerfully seconded by his French ally, the Baron de Coquin, displayed perfect generalship on the occasion, and the dinner was as brilliant in conception as it was satisfactory in execution. From the first Ostend oyster to the last olive there was no faltering of the eager attack, and the crackling of the marrowy bones of the ortolan was effected with no less vigor than that with which the onset had been made upon the *pièce de resistance*, the *dindon aux truffes*. Hock, Champagne, and Burgundy flowed in unabated streams, until Jones's weak head was whirled in a torrent of vinous excitement, and his heart so warmed, that he indulged in a thousand protestations of his own wealth and importance, and of his affectionate devotion to his new friends. When the perennial *garçon*, perpetually blooming in white waistcoat, white gloves, and white napkin, presented—with a conciliatory smile and reverential bow—the bill to the Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge, and while that gentleman, with the deliberate composure which became so aristocratic a personage, was slowly fumbling his pockets for the money, of which so eminent a nobleman could not fail to have an abundant supply, Josiah Jones, Esq., seized the opportunity of distinguishing himself, and with precipitate generosity threw down a heap of Napoleons, the cost of the magnificent banquet at which he had the honor of being a guest. He would not listen to the protests of the Hon. Augustus or of the noble Coquin, who continued, with repeated "'pon honors" and "*mille pardons*," to vociferate against Jones's generosity, which, while it raised that gentleman's respect for the rank of his companions, never resulted in any addition to his purse.

Our hero now eagerly assented to the proposed introduction to high society which his titled friends had promised him; and with a parting wink at the elegant *dames de comptoir*, which they received with a welcome smile, and rejected with a contemptuous laugh as soon as our little hero's person had fairly passed through the glass-door of Very's into the street, Jones took the arms of his friends, and majestically strode away to see and to conquer.

In the neighborhood of the Madeleine, that magnificent heathen temple dedicated to Christian worship, there are some quiet streets, which are reached by a few steps from the gay Boulevards, which are easy of access from that flowing current of brilliant life, yet sufficiently remote to serve as hiding-places for the tarnished

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splendor of decayed grandeur, and the showy brilliancy with which Paris debauchery gilds her nightly revels. The dignified marchioness consoles herself there with reminiscences of her ancient fashionable triumphs, and sustains her fallen fortunes with the hope of a future restoration, by the side of the loose *lorette*, who, with no thoughts of the past or dreams of the coming time, plunges headlong into the present torrent of folly, and dashes on in the revelry of wild enjoyment amidst the foam of excitement and dissipation, perfectly heedless of the threatening rocks of retributive judgment.

In a hôtel situated in the neighborhood we have described, in a handsome suite of apartments on the first floor, set off with all the cheerful gayety of French glass, gilded furniture, and those thousand perfections of Parisian art, statuettes, bronzes, and trifling *nick-nackeries* and pretty toys which French taste delights in, sat two dames, in eager expectation of Josiah Jones, Esq.'s, visit, of which they had been duly informed by their friends, the Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge and Baron de Coquin. The rooms were in a glow of light, and reflected, in the mirrors which covered their walls, the two ladies in all the perfected lustre of the last finish of their toilets for the imposing visit. The difference of ages between the two was such as might have been naturally expected between a mother and her daughter, but there was no such striking resemblance either in person or features as to impress the casual observer with the relationship. The elder was a brisk little woman of about fifty, with gray hair, keen black eyes, and sharp features; while the younger was a large, languid beauty, whom, from her matronly development and full figure, a stranger, who did not know that she was *Mademoiselle*, the daughter of the old lady with the keen black eyes, would have immediately addressed as Madame. The elder dame was all movement, and kept glancing her glistening eyes to the door at every sound, or briskly starting up and ringing the bell for Rigolette, the *femme de chambre*, to readjust a hair here or a pin awry there. The younger lounged carelessly upon the sofa, with an air of wearied indolence, which was in character with the worn, languid expression of her face and her temperament, which was indicated by her pale complexion and her fatigued eyes, surrounded by deep-set rings of purplish color. Her person was handsome, and was set off attractively by her dress, which, perhaps, to a prudish eye of her own sex, would have appeared too flowing in its ease and free in its revelations.

Rigolette, the *femme de chambre*, now ushered in the three visitors, fresh from their dinner at Very's, flushed with wine and redolent of cigars, the Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge leading the van, our little hero forming the main body, and the Baron bringing up the rear. *Josiah Jones, Esq.*, was duly presented to *Madame la Comtesse de Gammont*, and her daughter, *Mademoiselle Clotilda Ernestine de Gammont*, the former of whom welcomed him with a brisk *feu-de-joie* of complimentary phrases, while the latter turned upon the little exquisite her somnolent eyes, brightened up to an unusually wakeful expression, and gave him a tender look, which went to the heart of Jones at once. Our hero's heart leapt with joy at the warm welcome he received in such dignified society, and was surprised as he was delighted with the ease such aristocratic personages yielded to the social enjoyment of the hour. Jones was hardly a half hour's acquaintance when, with the usual ready appreciation of his advantages, he had seated himself on the sofa where Mademoiselle Clotilda Ernestine de Gammont was lounging, and had ventured upon a compliment to the handsome foot which had boldly strayed from the precincts of that lady's dress, in the course of her graceful and easy movements.

As is customary in high ranks, we believe, cards were proposed in the course of the evening, and Jones was initiated into the highly fashionable amusement of *lansquenet*. The keen-eyed Countess shuffled the cards with the skill of a practiced hand, and was the banker on the occasion, while Josiah Jones, Esq., the Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge, and Baron de Coquin, played against the bank. Mademoiselle refused to join the game, but offered her assistance to "*Monsieur Shones*," who was a stranger and a novice at *lansquenet*, and that happy rogue accepted the proffered aid with many thanks and a smile of grateful recognition of Mademoiselle's exquisite kindness. Jones commenced with great success, and all welcomed him upon *la bonne fortune* of Monsieur. Mademoiselle stood behind our hero, and as she put her delicate finger upon a card, indicating the suit to be played, the artful and tender-hearted Jones pressed it with seeming unconsciousness, in an apparent endeavor to grasp his cards with firmer hand. Jones's luck, however, soon took an unfortunate turn, and in spite of Mademoiselle's continued assistance, he found, that when the hour of twelve ticked from the bronze clock on the mantle, that his pocketful of Napoleons had been transferred to the heaped-up treasury which glistened in its golden abundance in front of Madame the Countess. Jones now rose, flushed with excitement, to depart, and as he believed himself to have made great progress toward the conquest of a heart, he did not grieve much over his defeat at *lansquenet*, and promised, in answer to the pressing invitation of Madame la Comtesse de Gammont, to renew his visit.

Next night Jones was again by the side of the attractive Mademoiselle Clotilde Ernestine De Gammont, who continued with unwonted energy to bring the fire of her coquetry into play against the heart of our hero. Jones had withstood the comparatively undisciplined feminine forces of the American Republic, but was evidently fast yielding to the steady and skillful siege of a French tactician, schooled in the aristocratic discipline of Imperial France. "*Qu'il*

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resemble notre brave Auguste—(How much he looks like our brave Augustus)—*ne c'est pas Mama?*" exclaimed the clever Clotilde, as Josiah Jones, Esq., jerked up his head and lifted his little legs to an unusual height. And then Mademoiselle went on to detail with great spirit how Auguste, her only brother and the sole hope of *mama*, had died *pour la gloire* of *la belle France*, at the head of his brave troops in an attack upon those *infâmes* Algerines. "He was as tall as the column in the Place Vendôme, rode his horse like Franconi, and wielded his sword with the strength of a Hercules," continued the enthusiastic Frenchwoman, which piece of information, though flattering to Jones, did not seem to strengthen the resemblance of the brave Auguste to our little hero. "Ah! the brave Auguste! he was full of the tenderest sentiments for his *pauvre mère* and his broken-hearted sister, and with his last breath sent us home, with a thousand kisses, all that he left in the world—his pipe—which he had smoked through many a campaign, and which the cruel bullet of the infamous enemy had broken in two pieces, one of which *mama* always wears next to her heart, and the other I, his poor sister, cherish as a memorial forever, of the brave Auguste," exclaimed the pathetic beauty, with wringing hands and upturned eyes.

The Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge and his inseparable companion, the Baron de Coquin, entering at this moment, put an end to these tender sentiments; and after the usual gossiping, in which our titled friends talked of the news of the day, and what the Emperor had confidentially told them of the result of his conferences with Lord Palmerstone, and how a French army was to march into Poland, and another into Hungary, and how Austria and Russia were to be *écraséd*, by a simultaneous blow, in their most vulnerable points, cards were again proposed, just to *engager* the company, and to divert it from the sad facts of the war.

Mademoiselle Ernestine again seconded Josiah Jones, Esq.'s efforts at *lansquenet*, but with a result even more disastrous than on the previous occasion, for his pockets were not only emptied out, but Jones had passed over, in addition, to the bank of the keen-eyed Countess, a draft for a considerable sum upon his bankers in Paris. Jones lost with great equanimity, for he was soothed by the indefatigable kindness of his sympathetic Ernestine, and encouraged by the compliments of his friend, the Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge, upon his pluck, and the aristocratic coolness with which he lost, which reminded him, the Honorable gentleman declared, "of his friend Metternich, who when I," said the Hon. Augustus, "was attaché to the English legation at Vienna, lost ten thousand pounds at a sitting, and was so indifferent, that half an hour after, 'pon honor, he forgot all about it, and never could be made to recollect the debt, which proved a dead loss, in consequence, to the winner."

For a week Jones continued his visits, losing his Napoleons and distributing his obligations to pay, on the one hand, but gaining daily, as his proud soul assured him, in the affections of the aristocratic heart of the beloved Ernestine. Our hero was, however, somewhat checked in his triumphs by the cost of his victims, and began to think, like the Allies after Inkermann, that many such successes would prove his ruin. His banker, in fact, had notified him that his account was already overdrawn, and refused his drafts until secured by further remittances from New York, and Jones accordingly determined to intermit his visits for a while, and had been thus absent from his usual resort behind the Madeleine two evenings in succession, during which his heart was on the rack of despair, for every day of his compulsory absence added fuel to the flame of his love for the charming Clotilde Ernestine de Gammont.

On the morning of the third day, after a night of broken slumber, during which our hero tossed uneasily about his French bed, tortured with the agony of his unhappy condition, he arose warm and excited, and having hardly tasted his *café au lait* and *omelette*, drank a deep draught of brandy, of which, highly appreciating the genuine distillation, he had taken care, since his arrival in Paris, never to be without a supply, and began puzzling his brains, with the aid of his pocket-dictionary, in an effort to indite a *billetdoux*, in French, to his beloved Ernestine, to whom he wished to pour out his heart, confess his devoted love, and apologize for his absence, which, although only for a few days, he was ready to declare appeared an age to his agonized soul. Repeated turnings over of the dictionary from page to page, glass after glass of brandy, a succession of regalias, contortions of his *robe de chambre*, rapid movement of his diminutive boots pattering about the waxed floors, nervous surveys in the mirrors of his agitated face, with his yellow mustache all awry with emotion, showed the whole body and soul of Josiah Jones, Esq., in an agony of parturient struggle; but, alas! barren of all result.

He was about giving up his epistolary attempts in hopeless despair, when a boisterous knock at the door of his salon, a rude bursting opening of its folds before Jones could utter an "*entrez*," and the voice of the Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge thundering out, "Damme, you are a villain, Jones!" and echoed by a tiger-like hiss through the mustache of the Baron, in which that gentleman of ferocious appetite confessed his desire "to eat up the heart of Monsieur Shones!" frightened our little hero, until he turned as pale as the paper before him, and quaked sensibly in his French boots. The Honorable Augustus, twisting his mustaches defiantly, and grinning awfully, with his teeth looking unnaturally rabid and white through the dark perspective of his black-bearded mouth, strode toward Josiah Jones, Esq., and denounced him for what he was pleased to term his base trifling with the affections of a lady of distinction, of whom he had the honor of being a most intimate

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friend, and declaring, "by gad," that he considered our hero personally responsible to himself, as he had been the means of the acquaintance. The Baron de Coquin, in the mean time, assuming a sentimental attitude, with one hand on his embroidered waistcoat, and fumbling his handkerchief, which exhaled a very evident odor of stale cigars, in the neighborhood of his watery yellow eyes with the other, joined in with a pathetic lamentation for the sufferings of the broken-hearted Clotilde Ernestine de Gammont, whose tender sentiments had dissolved in such copious tears, that, said the Baron, "they would have filled at least a dozen flaçons of eau de Cologne," and were, according to the same authority, "ten thousand times more precious and sweet than that odorous compound distilled by the veritable Jean Maria Farina himself; and," added Coquin, altering his accents of pity to those of stern indignation, "Monsieur shall be forced to shed a drop of blood for every tear of the charming Clotilde, whose noble heart had been as cruelly trampled on as if it had been nothing but *le cœur ordinaire* of a grisette."

Jones was appalled by this outburst of indignation on the part of his distinguished friends, and began to consider himself a monster of iniquity. He could only whimper out that he loved the noble Ernestine to distraction, and utter a thousand apologies for his apparent neglect, which he declared was owing to an attack of illness (for the proud soul of Jones did not care to acknowledge the state of his finances), and the pallor of his face, and the nervous agitation of his whole person, consequent upon the formidable charge of Legge and Coquin, seemed to confirm his assertion. He expressed himself willing to come to terms at once, and declared his intention of giving his hand at the earliest moment to Mademoiselle. He was accordingly borne off in triumph by the chivalrous defenders of the noble Ernestine, who were mollified by our hero's penitence, explanations, and glasses all round of brandy and water, to fulfill on the instant his pledge, which, to tell the truth, he was too happy to have an opportunity of doing, for his ambitious soul eagerly aspired to enroll itself in the ranks of the aristocracy.

On their arrival at the house of the distinguished ladies behind the Madeleine, there was such an air of studied coolness in the manners of the Comtesse de Gammont, and such a woe-begone expression of suffering in the haggard face and the slumbering eyes of Mademoiselle, that Jones reproached himself more than ever, and almost despaired of reconciling the offended mother, or consoling the grieving daughter. His friend, the Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge, however, came at once to the rescue, and explaining the honorable intentions of Josiah Jones, Esq., placed every thing on the most satisfactory footing. Madame then gave our hero a maternal kiss of forgiveness upon his forehead, and Mademoiselle rushed to the embrace of the repentant Jones, who was nearly overcome by the overwhelming feeling of the moment, and almost borne to the ground by his own impassioned emotions and the weight of the sobbing and ponderous Ernestine, upon his by no means Atlantean shoulders.

The preliminaries having been settled, and Jones having in the mean time received abundant remittances from New York, the ceremony of marriage was duly celebrated at the American embassy. We would have liked to describe, for the benefit of the ladies, the bridal dress of the noble Clotilde Ernestine De Gammont, if we could have done justice to the splendor; but one thing we can state on the very best of authority, that Josiah Jones, Esq., footed all the bills, and there was not an inch of silk, lace, or linen on the noble person of the Countess, and they were of the finest and costliest, which was not paid for by that gentleman, who was thus mulcted in a very handsome sum in addition to the ten thousand dollars which the fond bridegroom paid for a necklace of diamonds of the first water and presented to his noble bride. We might have told how affectingly the Rev. Dr. Dozer read the service. The Doctor happened to be in Paris, in the course of his travels for the benefit of his health, which was suffering from an attack of bronchitis, in consequence of which he was forced to intermit his pastoral duties in New York, and was enabled to give Josiah Jones, Esq., in holy wedlock, and to receive twenty Napoleons in a French tortoise-shell *porte-monnaie* for that operation. We might also have pictured to the sympathetic reader the pathetic tears which flowed from the sharp eyes of the aged and noble Comtesse de Gammont in her bereavement, and the patriarchal manner in which the Hon. Augustus Fitzroy Legge gave away the bride, and bestowed upon her in the most generous and handsome way—his blessing. But these are tender subjects which are better left to the sentimental imagination to conceive than for the matter-of-fact pen to record. Jones was now in full possession of his heart's desire—a live Countess—and he took care that the world should know it; so he had cards printed on which might be read, "Mr. and Mrs. Jones, *née* Clotilde Ernestine Comtesse de Gammont," and all his linen was marked with a coronet in red with a beautiful cipher, which gracefully entwined in connubial union the initials "J. J." of Josiah Jones, and "C. E. de G." of those of Clotilde Ernestine de Gammont. The wedding was so private that our hero did not invite his cousin Standish on the occasion, who by-the-by was not in the highest favor with his distinguished relative, since he was so given to the loose and vulgar ways of the Latin Quarter; and being a low republican and an unbelieving Yankee, had ventured to jeer our hero about his aristocratic pretensions, and speak disrespectfully of his titled friends. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, *née* Clotilde Ernestine Comtesse de Gammont, now embarked in the next Collins steamer for New York.

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VI.

The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, *née* Clotilde Ernestine Comtesse de Gammont, created a great sensation in New York. They had slept but one night in their magnificent brown stone house in the Fifth Avenue, which our hero's agent had purchased, with all its gilt and gorgeousness of furniture, at a bargain, in consequence of a sudden decline in the Grand Submarine Oceanic Central Railroad, and the rapid disappearance from Wall Street and the fashionable world of its president, Jonas Sharp, Esq., when the Countess was overwhelmed with a torrent of congratulatory visits. The white gloves of Antoine, the French valet whom Jones had brought with him from Paris to give a foreign smack to his American gentility, were worn out in a day by his never-ceasing offices at the front door, perpetually opening and shutting and receiving the complimentary cards of the New York world; and our gentleman's gentleman was so fatigued and badgered by his first day's duty that, on emptying at night the silver salver of its heaped up offerings of fashionable courtesy into the silken lap of Madame the Countess, he could not restrain a sigh for Paris, and, vowing with his hand upon his waistcoat, he would rather be a *chiffonnier* in that charming capital, gave notice to quit.

In due time the Countess was fairly mounted in a superb *coupé*, emblazoned with the De Gammont arms, driven by a coachman in the green liveries of the same noble family, and guarded behind by a tall *chasseur* born in Cork, but clothed in green and gold, aiguilettes, cocked hat, and feather from Paris, and drilled by the indefatigable Antoine. The admiration of Broadway as the grand *coupé* rolled along that avenue of dirt and gilt, splendor and beggary, was divided between the distinguished Countess and her magnificent *chasseur*. As our young bloods touched their hats in admiring courtesy to the distinguished noblewoman, when she grasped with firm hand the arm of her *chasseur*, and stepped with bold foot and unhesitating revelation of stocking upon the pavement, so the more democratic offshoots of our republic gazed with open mouths at the tall Patrick magnificently disguised in all the splendor of green and gold; and when that gorgeous gentleman broadly hinted in Hibernian accent to the thronging multitude, that "they had better be off, or by the powers he'd smash them!" there were not wanting some disrespectful democrats to attach their thumbs to their nose, and call out in ironical accents, "Gineral, why don't ye ride inside?"

While the Countess was making her round of visits, Josiah Jones, Esq., was displaying his Parisian toilet, and waving in triumphant pride his coroneted cambric at the Union Club. Our hero did not see some of his old acquaintances; whether it was owing to an unusual elevation of his head and of the heels of his French boots, or in consequence of his having risen to aristocratic ranks, we can not say, but there were not wanting some persons, as is usual in this envious world, to declare that it was owing to the latter. "Curse his conceited pride!" exclaimed old Spiteful, whose condescending bow had been unreturned, and whose vinous face in consequence inflamed with fury, "his father made with his own hands my first coat." Our hero was ever after politely asked, whenever he made his appearance at the club, about the Countess, and was dubbed universally Count Jones.

The career of Mrs. Jones, *née* Clotilde Ernestine de Gammont, could not be otherwise than triumphant in a city where hospitality to all distinguished visitors is so proverbial. A coronet was a sure passport to the discriminating sensibility of our fashionable world, and all New York that is worth speaking about—we allude to the Fifth Avenue and its aristocratic tributaries—palpitated with genteel emotion. No party of the season was complete without the distinguished presence of the noble Countess. She led the fashions, as her high birth fully entitled her. De Gammont hats crowned the proud heads of all the fashionable women, De Gammont robes draped their persons, De Gammont *chasseurs* opened their coaches; in fact, De Gammont ruled the town, and republican New York yielded submissively to the dynasty, by the divine right of fashion, of the aristocratic Mrs. Jones, *née* Clotilde Ernestine de Gammont. This noble lady was soon conscious of her supremacy, boldly wielded her sceptre, and ruled her submissive subjects with arbitrary sway. The malleable society of New York, with no Puritanic scruples to stiffen the conglomerate mixture, and no principle to resist the freedom of touch, yielded readily to the plastic art of the clever French woman.

We can not dwell upon all the innovations introduced by the daring Countess. There was nothing which her audacious imagination conceived, that her obedient satellites in New York were not courageous enough to execute. The *matinées à la mode de Louis XV.*, introduced by Madame, were hailed with acclamation. At the hour when husbands are "on 'Change," and idle beaus, having breakfasted, are at leisure, Madame, having excluded the garish sun's rays and brightened her boudoir with the mellow effulgence of wax lights, and adorned herself with all the tempting coquetry of morning-cap, flowing *robe de chambre*, and the unreserved manners befitting the inner shrine of beauty, reclined upon her couch, and receiving her visitors—the young men of the town and the fashionable women of society—who talked over their chocolate and inflammatory *liqueurs*, about the last new bonnet or the freshest piece of scandal. The *matinées*, of course, became the rage.

Nor did the reckless steps of Madame the Countess linger here; she took a bolder stride, and inaugurated a series of masked balls, in which she displayed her rotund development in the masculine costume of a *debardeur;* and, in the course of her spirited enactment of that character, amidst the wild intoxication of social delight and flowing Champagne, sprang upon

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the supper table—a feat which was hailed with the applause of all, save excepting the maiden Miss Spice, whose best blue satin was spoiled by the pyramid of ice-cream which was overturned by the manœuvre and fell in ruins upon that amiable young lady's glistening skirt. Masked balls and *debardeurs*, of course, became the rage.

Madame was surrounded every where by the young New York beaux, who proudly flaunted their gorgous toilets and buzzed their small talk in the rays of the gay Countess. Her most devoted satellite, however, was a countryman of her own—a mysterious stranger whom no one knew, and whose intimacy with the Countess was a source of wonder to all. Young Dalliance, who looked daggers at this foreign rival, exclaimed, "Damme! what the deuce does she see to admire in that yellow-faced Frenchman?" The "yellow-faced Frenchman," however, was always at the elbow of the Countess, ever joining her in her promenade along Broadway, constantly on hand to give her his arm as she alighted from her gorgeous *coupé*, and turning up at every moment in the most unexpected places, and dogging her steps with unremitting vigilance. It could be seen by a scrutinizing observer that the Countess rather endured than encouraged this perpetual suitor. Her eye would waver anxiously, her lips grow white with fear, and her whole person tremble, as her countryman approached; and yet she would receive his bold advances with a forced effort of composure. There was evidently a strong bond which united the destinies of the two. The man was all bold presumption, the woman was all timid compliance. Months passed thus, the one becoming more eager and importunate, the other more timid and yielding, until, at last, the Countess, driven as it were at bay, nerved herself, in an agony of emotion, to a great effort, and was heard to exclaim with fierce disdain, "*No, never!*" The Frenchman went scowling away, with clenched hands and a heart steeled to vengeance.

Josiah Jones, Esq.'s, pride in his noble connection never flagged, but he began to be alarmed at the enormous sums which Madame's display of her aristocratic grandeur and her profuse extravagance cost; and, finding that his fifteen thousand a year could not by any means be made to pay for the expenditure of double that sum, he nerved himself sufficiently to resist the Countess's drafts, which frequently amounted to such large amounts that, with all his arithmetic, and notwithstanding the extravagant show Madame was making, he was puzzled to discover how the money was spent. The privy purse of the Countess was thus deprived of its ordinary profuse supplies; but Josiah Jones, Esq., still encouraged the public expenditure, for he loved to make a display of his wealth, and the pride of the De Gammonts remained untarnished in the eye of the fashionable world.

The Countess, always in the ascendant, continued her social triumphs, and her bold innovations, which promised so favorably for the progress of her empire in the Fifth Avenue, toward the highest civilization of her native Babylon. She was, although personally writhing in torture from the impassioned emotion, and the impending terror, engendered by her last interview with the mysterious Frenchman, the same gay, dashing woman before the world, and the same sacred idol at the feet of which fashion prostrated itself. The servile herd of flatterers and imitators who had harnessed themselves to the triumphal car of the reckless Frenchwoman, were being still driven on by her guiding hands to bolder flights and more dangerous leaps, when an event occurred which, as faithful historians, it is our duty to record.

Josiah Jones, Esq., sat in what he termed his library, but for what reason was by no means obvious, reading a lugubrious homily in his morning paper on the prevailing luxury of the times, and smoking his regalia, with an air of comfortable composure, engendered by a substantial breakfast and that feeling of conscious pride and self-sufficiency which never abandoned him, when he was suddenly startled by a loud shriek, and the words "*Mon mari!* my husband! my husband!" which seemed to invoke his immediate aid. Throwing aside the paper, and clenching his cigar with desperate energy between his teeth, he hurried to the rescue, and springing down the stairs, found the Countess, alas! in the arms of the French baker in the hall. Hastening to untwine the plebeian arms from the aristocratic waist of his swooning wife, he looked with angry contempt upon the low fellow, and demanded an explanation. The baker, with great presence of mind, explained that the Countess had tripped and fallen, and he, being at hand, had supported her. "*Viola tout, Monsieur,*" continued the Frenchman, who touched his hat and took his departure, not before, however, having received from the Countess a warm grasp of the hand, and the whisper in his ear, "to-morrow—two o'clock."

The morrow came, and the hour of two struck from the *ormolu* clock, just as Pierre Gerdy, the baker, leading his little daughter by the hand, entered the gorgeous drawing-room of Josiah Jones, Esq. The Countess soon entered, her wan face looking more wan and pale than ever, and her first impulse was to seize the little child, who had clung to the humble skirts of her father in timid surprise at the scene of gorgeous splendor which now first opened upon her sight, and the mother burst forth in an agony of maternal feeling which had been for years bound up in the icy embrace of heartless dissipation. "My child, my beloved," she cried, and pressing the little girl to her heart, with violent emotion burst into tears! At this moment a quick and familiar step was heard, and Jones, pale and haggard, flung open the door, and confronting the unhappy woman, uttered, in tones of fierce indignation, "Impostor! base woman! *I know all*, that fellow is your husband, and that brat is your child!"

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He did *know all;* the mysterious Frenchman, who was the *ci-devant* Baron de Coquin, had told him all. That gentleman, driven desperate by the last interview with the Countess, in which she had refused to comply with his proposition to plunder all she could lay her hands on and fly with him, had, in his revengeful vexation, and with the hope of reward, hurried to Jones, and revealed the imposition of which he had been so long the victim.

AN EARTHQUAKE OR TWO.

ONE hundred years ago, on this first of November, the people of Lisbon rose joyfully from their beds at an early hour of the morning. It was All Saints' Day, and the Church had resolved that it should be kept with unusual splendor. The quarrel between king and Church had already begun; the latter were not above resorting to shows and pageants to retain popular favor. Large sums were accordingly lavished to celebrate the feast in imposing style. The churches were decked out with unaccustomed bravery. Twice as many tapers as usual were blessed and lit on the altars. The whole of Mother Church's effective army—priests, monks, nuns, ecclesiastics of every stripe—was mustered for the occasion, from the Grand Inquisitor to the choristers recently imported from Rome. Foremost among the holy tribe were the dark-browed Jesuits, then at the height of their power and arrogance. Nor were the people backward to follow the lead of their priests. Though the Court and the more enlightened citizens of Lisbon were breaking loose from the fetters of the Inquisition, the masses were stanch in their fidelity to the Church. They did not conceal their hostility to the liberal policy of the Marquis of Pombal. In their hearts the priests came first, the king second; and when the clergy called upon them to celebrate the day as became the first Christians in the world, they made ready to obey with more than usual spirit. For a moment, on the afternoon of the 31st October, the priestly managers had feared that the weather would defeat their hopes. The atmosphere was gloomy, the sun had set in a dark, dun cloud. As a long drought had prevailed, there was some ground for anticipating rain on the morrow. But when day broke on the 1st, the ground was dry, the air free from moisture. Over the river and bay hung a dense, dark fog. The sea was smooth as glass. Not a breath of wind stirred, and the dawn promised a lovely day—a day, said the priests, suited to the anniversary, and to the devout plans of the faithful. As the sun rose, the fog gradually gathered itself from the sea and earth level, and rose into the air. Glad crowds issued forth from the houses, and ere the day had fully broken, the town began to witness that peculiar combination of religious ceremony with profane amusement, which usually marks the high days of the Romish Church on the European continent. On that day, every one wore his best. The ladies were ravishing; never had their beauty and grace been set off to better advantage. Appareled with scarcely less care, the men sauntered gayly through the streets; or, assuming a graver aspect, followed the lead of the priests toward the church-doors. It was pretty well known that certain eminent Jesuit fathers would take an opportunity of launching ecclesiastical thunder-bolts at the heads of high personages; a large portion of the people had promised themselves not to miss the sermon. His majesty, Don José, and the infamous Pombal, would hear the truth at last.

And now, the bells are ringing merry or solemn chimes; on one side, the slow, thick tread of a procession, preceded by the tinkling of censers and the monotonous chant of choristers, breaks the morning stillness; on another, gay voices are mingling joyously, maidens are laughing and blushing at bold pleasantries, and dashing caballeros, with impudent air, are swaggering through the throng; all Lisbon is afoot, all Lisbon has promised itself a happy day on this first of November, one hundred years ago. But hark! Above the dull tramp of the friars, above the bright laughter of the maidens, a new sound strikes the ear—a dull, hoarse, rumbling sound—a sound not to be compared to any thing on earth—such a sound, perhaps, as the Israelite stragglers may have heard when the Egyptian war-chariots rolled heavily over the stones in the bed of the Red Sea. 'Tis not thunder, for 'tis beneath our feet. Nor the report of distant cannons, for 'tis close at hand. Nor the rattle of wheels, for it comes from the sea. Yet it resembles all three. Small leisure have the startled people to speculate on its cause.

The friars have just looked up from their breviaries, the choristers have missed the note in their plain-chant, the men and maidens have suddenly grown serious—when, in the space of a second, the hoarse, low sound swells, swells, swells till it deafens the ear, and at the same moment a swift earth-wave sweeps through the city. With a stunning crash, walls and houses, steeples and monuments, fall heavily to the ground. The air is darkened by the clouds of dust, and none can see before him. A foul sulphureous gas impregnates the atmosphere. To breathe is scarcely less fatal than to be deprived of breath.

Then begins a headlong rush of people no one knows whither. Men fly from their houses into the street, to be crushed by the very walls and roof which just now sheltered them. Others crouch down where they are, and pass noiselessly, insensibly out of existence in the general ruin. Groups gather round the priests and the painted symbols of religion, and pray wildly for *misericordia.* Some one cries, "The end of the world has come!" Another, rousing himself from despair, shouts, "To the quay! to the quay!" And to the quay the frightened concourse run, trampling the weaker in their blind haste.

Two or three minutes have elapsed, and the

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quay of the Tagus is overloaded with human beings. Again the awful rumbling is heard, and again the earth-wave flies through the city, and crash, crash fall walls and edifices. This time the earthquake moves with short, quick jerks. Nothing resists it. In the midst of the crowd on the quay the priests are offering thanks for their preservation from this second shock, when all eyes are suddenly turned to the water. In the air a dead calm prevails, but the sea is lashed into fury by some unknown force. Far out from the shore, a huge wave is seen approaching. "The sea is coming in upon us—we shall all be lost!" cries the agonized crowd. The words have scarce been spoken when the spray is dashed over the quay, and the wave follows. Over quay and shore, through the streets and squares, into the houses, and over the smoking ruins, the huge wave—fifty feet high—rushes furiously, carrying every thing before it. Ships are landed on the roofs of fallen houses, smaller craft are whirled to the very outskirts of the city. When the wave subsides, the survivors look in vain for the quay and the throng which stood there two minutes ago. All are gone. The quay itself has sunk to unknown depths, and neither any fragment thereof, nor any trace of the thousands who had sought refuge on its surface is ever seen again. The submarine chasm which had gaped to receive them, must have closed upon their living bodies, and buried them fathoms and fathoms deep. Even the few vessels which were moored to the quay were submerged with it, and buried in like manner.

Six minutes had elapsed since the rumbling sound was first heard, and 60,000 souls had perished. Again the survivors thronged the open spaces, which now—as the neighboring edifices had already fallen—offered a refuge that might reasonably be considered safe. In prayer and agony they waited for the next shock. But the earthquake had expended its strength. Minutes, then hours elapsed without fresh shocks. Lisbon began to breathe again. About noon a vibration was felt, and a wave once more swept through the city, but there was little left to destroy, and its only effect was to close several chasms which had opened in the wall of the houses. Fires had burst forth from the churches; smoke mingled with the dust, and darkened the sky.

A volume has been filled with accounts of the tragic incidents which marked that dreadful morning. Dr. Davy, an English clergyman, then resident in Lisbon, relates how, as he was sitting in his room, he heard the rumbling noise, and almost immediately the shock followed, the house shook and cracked, and the room filled with dust. When it cleared away he saw a young girl crouching in one corner of his room. He spoke to her, but she seemed to have lost the power of speech. There was no time to be lost. Seizing her by the hand, Mr. Davy led her out of the house into the street. For a short distance he succeeded in advancing without injury. Meeting a heap of ruins, he found he could not mount it without helping himself with his hands. He let the girl's hand go, called to her to follow his example, and climbed up. When he reached the summit he turned round to help the girl. A huge stone from a neighboring edifice had just fallen upon her and crushed her to death.

A hundred such stories are in print. For more than a week stupor paralyzed the survivors of the earthquake. The fire raged six days, and was only extinguished by the exertions of the Marquis of Pombal, who, like all great men, drew courage and energy from the greatness of the peril. Thieves swarmed over the ruins, until the king erected a score or more of scaffolds, on the outskirts of the city, and decorated each with the corpse of a robber caught in the act. The priests earned undying infamy by their conduct. Instead of aiding the civil authorities to re-establish order, they devoted their whole energy to persuading the people that the earthquake was a manifestation of Divine displeasure at the Royal interference with the Church. They pointed to the heap of ruins which covered the ground where the palace had stood, and ominously remarked that it had been the first building to fall. A happy thing it was for Portugal that the ecclesiastical rogues found their match in Pombal. He answered that, for the matter of the palace, that signified nothing, as the Inquisition had fallen as well; even, as some said, a moment or two before the royal domicile. For the time he let the Church have its say, and only contended with it by redoubling his exertions to raise the city from its ashes; but this done, he rested neither by day nor by night until he had broken the backbone of the papacy in Portugal—how thoroughly, history is there to tell.

This earthquake is the most wonderful on record. Humboldt estimates that it was felt over an area four times greater than that of Europe. The Portuguese mountains rocked. On the southern shore of the Mediterranean the earth-wave was as fatally experienced as at Lisbon. A town near Morocco is said to have been swallowed up, with all its inhabitants. Strange phenomena appeared in the Alps and interior of Europe. Springs were dried up, and the water of lakes violently agitated and discolored. On the coast of Sweden the sea rushed upon the land with extraordinary fury. England was shaken in some places with such violence that men were thrown from their seats. A heavy wave rolled into the harbor of Cork, in Ireland, washing the vessels from their moorings, and submerging the quays. At Antigua, and several of the West India islands, the sea rose suddenly twenty feet, and the water was black as ink. Travelers on the Western lakes, and some of the French officers who were on the line of the Ohio (it was the year of General Braddock's defeat at Fort Duquesne), report that they felt an earthquake in the afternoon of the day. Ships at sea in the Atlantic felt it distinctly.

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and the sailors sprang from their berths in the belief that the vessel had struck on a rock. So well established are its travels, that philosophers have been enabled to specify its rate of progress at twenty miles an hour.

Our own writers say nothing of this earthquake—a fact that would be more surprising if observers had been more numerous. But a few days afterward, on the 18th of the same November, the earth was perceptibly shaken from the coast of Maine to Philadelphia. Professor Winthrop sent an account of the phenomenon to the Royal Society. He says: "The first sensation was like a pulse or an undulation resembling that of a long-rolling swelling sea; and the swell was so great that a man was obliged to lay hold of something to prevent being thrown down." This changed afterward to "a quick vibratory motion, with sudden jerks and wrenches." It was no new phenomenon. Similar earthquakes had frequently been noticed in Massachusetts; eleven are enumerated by Dudley between 1638 and 1755, including the great earthquake of 1663, which is believed to have been very severe in Canada, and to have altered the bed of the Saint Lawrence in some places. So far as is known, all these earthquakes followed a southeasterly course. They were never accompanied by fatal accidents. A few chimneys were occasionally thrown down, and on the Merrimac the earth opened once or twice, and "scores of cart-loads of sand" were vomited through the cleft. But though the shocks were accompanied by the usual rumbling noise, and the people were "smitten with the terrors of death, by reason of the roar and quaking," no serious mischief appears to have been done.

If any human science was moderately satisfying to the student, one might experience some disappointment at the reflection that we know absolutely nothing of the causes of earthquakes. Since the one we have described, learned men have observed and recorded their phenomena in every quarter of the globe. Large volumes have been filled with accounts of earthquakes, and it would seem we have little to learn respecting their usual characteristics and effect. But when we seek to explore their origin or discover their source, we can not but feel humiliated by our own ignorance. On the philosophy of earthquakes the student may consult with almost equal profit Strabo or Humboldt, Seneca or Sir Charles Lyell. The moderns have the advantage in respect of materials whereon to theorize; but with all their facts, they have never evolved a philosophical theory to account for them. We know that the crust of the earth is almost incessantly in motion at some point or other. Mr. Meriam, of Brooklyn, who is justly entitled to a leading rank among contemporary observers of geognostic phenomena, has recorded no less than 365 separate and distinct earthquakes during a period of 753 days; and as more than half the earth is unexplored, and at least three-fourths of the explored regions unprovided with observers, the real number of shocks during this period is likely to have been far greater. Humboldt says: "If we could obtain daily information regarding the condition of all the earth's surface, we should probably discover that it is almost always undergoing shocks at some point of its superficies." We know, also, that earthquakes occur more frequently, and produce more terrible effects, in the vicinity of volcanoes, and near the seashore than elsewhere. It seems, moreover, that on many occasions a succession of earthquakes have culminated in a terrible eruption from a neighboring volcano. Beyond this we know nothing, so to speak, that can help us in searching for the cause of earthquakes.

Pliny supposed that they arose from a confinement of the winds in caverns in the centre of the earth; but how the winds got into the caverns, unless Æolus whistled them in, after the fashion commemorated by the poets, the philosopher is careful not to explain. He was probably collecting facts in support of his theory when the eruption of Vesuvius overwhelmed him. His idea floated down the stream of time, and was favorably received by Shakspeare. Hotspur says:

> "Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
> In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
> Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
> By the imprisoning of unruly winds
> Within her womb; which for enlargement striving,
> Shake the old beldame Earth, and topple down
> Steeples and moss-grown towers."

But Pliny belongs to the age of facts. In the age of fiction, the earthquake was personified. Hesiod describes how the latest born child of earth was Typhous, who, after the defeat of his elder brothers the Titans, continued to wage war with the gods by means of earthquakes. Typhous, or Typhon, is quite a familiar personage with the Greek poets and mythologists. Homer seems to indicate that he resided near the Dead Sea, which, as the catastrophe of the Pentapolis proves, must have been at one time the seat of terrible volcanic action. The same poetic fancy prevailed among the Asiatic nations. The Persians say that in olden time the tyrant Zohag was overcome by the hero Feridoun, and imprisoned under the mountain Demavend; that the captive constantly endeavors to burst his prison walls, and in doing so, shakes the earth for thousands of miles around. A similar legend is current among the Tartars and the Hindoos.

Modern observers agree upon two points. First, they ascribe earthquakes to movements of elastic gases underground. Secondly, they consider that volcanic eruptions proceed from the same cause and centre of action as earthquakes. This last proposition was questioned by Stukeley; but since the writings of Bischof and Daubeny, it has generally been adopted by philosophers. The main point on which opinions differ is as to the source and origin of the elastic gases. Whence do they spring? What gives them birth?

Doubtless the grandest of all the theories that

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have been advanced to explain their origin is that which supposes the centre of the globe to be a sphere of liquid fire. This theory sets out with the assumption that the world was originally an incandescent mass; that with rotation condensation commenced; that a portion of the heat was radiated from the surface into the atmosphere; and that thus a cool and solid crust was formed, covering a vast sphere, which, being unaffected by radiation, retained its original temperature. The only natural fact that has been adduced in support of this idea is the usual increase of heat in mines and Artesian wells in proportion to descent into the bowels of the earth. A number of experiments have been made, with a tolerably uniform result, to show that such an increase of heat does take place. According to those of Monsieur Fourier, the rate of increase is equal to one degree Fahrenheit for every 45 to 50 feet of descent. Hence it has been inferred that at twenty-four miles below the surface the temperature must be equal to that of molten iron, and that it must increase at the rate of some 100° per mile throughout the remaining 3976 miles of the earth's radius.

This theory is adopted implicitly by many French writers of eminence, and Baron Von Humboldt in his Kosmos awards it his approval. With his usual candor, the latter has anticipated the objections that the experiments establishing the gradual increase of heat are not conclusive, and that the exploration of the earth's volume to a depth of half a mile even does not warrant the formation of a theory to govern the rest of the sphere.

Supposing them explained away, as they may be, the awful fact would be revealed that we—the people of this world—inhabit a crust not thicker than the distance from the Battery to Yonkers, and that beneath us, close under our feet, seethes a caldron of everlasting fire, in which a cannon-ball would melt in a second. Our crust is like the film which forms upon the surface of liquids in the sun. On the surface, perhaps, we shiver in the midst of cold and ice—our rivers are frozen over—the soil becomes solid as rock—and below us, at a distance which we might travel in an express railway train in half an hour, mountains of granite and iron are bubbling in a vast lake of liquid fire. If a roadway were cut, and the law of gravity overcome, a man might walk in a day from the eternal icebergs of the pole to the eternal fire-sea of the earth's centre. Such a theory is too fearful for weak minds to contemplate. The imaginative Biblical student may find in it materials for the fulfillment of prophecies regarding the final destruction of the world; but the mere thinker stands aghast at the magnitude of the peril, and scarcely convinces himself that a world, so precariously planted, can possibly have existed for so many centuries.

If, indeed, we do float on an ocean of madly boiling matter, we can not wonder that the molten mass should generate gases which ever and anon burst their prison doors, and tear open an orifice in the roof which covers them. With the Plutonian theory, volcanoes and earthquakes are easily explained. We can readily fancy this boundless ocean roaring and hissing beneath us — hostile elements meeting in the raging whirlpool, and vapors flying round and round the cavity in search of an exit, heaving the superincumbent dome as a man would heave a blanket thrown over his head, till at last they find some existing or half-closed aperture, through which they can rush with mighty force, tearing their way through the rock, and hurling the fragments, with masses of molten lava, high into the air above. Such may have been the story of the Lisbon earthquake, and the motive-power may either have exhausted itself and been condensed into a fluid, or have found vent through a submarine crater.

Other famous earthquakes may be still more easily reconciled with the theory. South of Borneo and east of Java lies the island called Sumbawa. Forty years ago, a portion of that island was well cultivated and rather thickly populated. On the 5th April, 1815, an earthquake began. It was not destructive at first, and the inhabitants of the town of Tomboro, who were accustomed to similar phenomena, paid but little attention to it. It continued without intermission and without increase of violence for six days. On the 11th the rumbling subterranean sounds became louder, and resembled thunder-claps. The ground heaved more violently. On the 12th, the earthquake acquired unprecedented force. It swept over the island like a tornado, tearing up trees by the roots, and hurling them into the sea. It dashed the whole town to atoms. Out of a population of 12,000 only twenty-six persons escaped alive. The sea rushed in upon the land in a single wave, varying from two to twenty feet in height. In some places it receded after having overflowing the soil. In others it submerged it permanently to a depth of eighteen feet, showing that the ground must have sunk to that extent. At the same time an adjoining volcano burst into eruption, with a roaring sound which was heard distinctly at Sumatra, 970 miles distant on one side, and at Temate on another side, at 720 miles distance. It threw out lava in huge streams which hid the ground, and such immense clouds of ashes, that Sir Stamford Raffles, then governor of Java, positively certifies that they darkened the air till the day seemed as dark as the darkest night. These ashes rose in the air above the lower regions of the atmosphere in which the monsoon prevailed at the time, and were carried as far as the island of Amboyna, 800 miles distant. Masses of ashes, cinders, and lava fell into the sea near Sumbawa in such quantities as to form a cake two feet thick on the surface, through which ships forced themselves with difficulty.

This earthquake is one of the most remarkable on record, both from the extent of surface over which it was felt, and the tremendous character of its culminating explosion. Were the

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facts not certified by Sir Stamford Raffles, and endorsed by Sir Charles Lyell, some of them would appear almost incredible.

Another earthquake, which the advocates of the theory of central heat are fond of quoting, is that which lasted from January, 1811, to May, 1812, and extended over nearly half of the American continent, ranging from the State of Missouri to the Republic of Venezuela.

The disturbance began, in this case, by the sudden appearance of a new island in the Azores. On the 30th of January, 1811, the inhabitants of St. Michael were surprised to see ashes, and dust, and fragments of rocks bursting forth from the ocean. The eruption continued for several days, at the end of which time a solid island was formed, chiefly covered by a volcanic mountain, with an active crater in the centre. The discharge did no injury, and the island *anadyomene* was christened Sabrina.

Five months afterward an earthquake took place in the next link in the volcanic chain—the island of St. Vincent in the West Indies. It was not violent or very destructive; but like the volcano Sabrina, its activity was incessant. Other five months elapsed without particular change, when in November and December, 1811, shocks were felt in the Valley of the Mississippi, in the vicinity of New Madrid. They were sharp, frequent, and often very destructive. At times a wave swept over the soil, as though it had been fluid, bending trees till their branches touched the ground, first on one side then on the other. In parts the soil was rent by deep fissures, out of which mud and water and steam were vomited to a great height. Pools of water were suddenly seen to cover what had always been dry land; then, after an hour or two, to subside and disappear. In some places the soil subsided in like manner to a depth of some eight or ten feet: in others, hilly ridges were thrown up. Thirty-five years afterward, Sir Charles Lyell visited the locality, examined the "sunk ground," and saw the "sink holes" out of which the eruption had taken place; he agrees with Humboldt in considering the phenomenon as one of the most curious on record, considering the isolation of the locality, and the distance which divides it from any active volcano.

At the very time New Madrid began to be shaken, a sharp shock was felt at Caracas, a sea-port town in Venezuela. It was not much noticed, and business went on as usual.

During the following three months, the ground near New Madrid, the island of St. Vincent, and portions of the Venezuelan shore never ceased to quake. Tremblings were experienced daily. Still no one seems to have looked for any greater disaster. Immemorial security from earthquakes explains the confidence of the dwellers on the Mississippi, and as for the Venezuelans, the authorities in the Spanish countries have always discountenanced any thing like apprehensions of this kind. In Mexico, for instance, as Humboldt tells us, those who fled to escape an earthquake were heavily fined or imprisoned; the magistrates used coolly to announce that "they, in their wisdom, would know when there was actual danger, and would give orders for flight."

Reassured perhaps by some similar consolatory announcement, the people of Caracas and La Guayra spent the morning of the 26th of March in the ceremonies and processions peculiar to Holy Week in Catholic countries. "Business," says Walker, who was an eye-witness, "was entirely suspended; the inhabitants appeared in their gayest attire; the females and children were loaded with jewelry; the streets were swept and partially strewed with flowers. The weather was peculiarly fine; the sun shone brightly, but not oppressively, from the deep-blue sky, on the wide expanse of which not a cloud was to be seen. The streets were gay with passengers, who sauntered along in careless groups: no sounds were heard but those of amusement and hilarity." Upon this glad scene, suddenly, at twenty minutes past four, broke a low, rumbling noise, coming evidently from the bowels of the earth. Still, so blindly confident of security were the people, that they quietly observed to each other that the sound was that of a troop of horse galloping down a neighboring street. Soon, however, the noise increased, and the ground began to tremble. Then the cry arose from the terrified crowd: "*Terramoto!*"

At the same moment the walls of the houses began to crack, and the plaster to fall. The wiser of the inhabitants rushed to the open squares and the centre of the crossings; but many, paralyzed by fear, fell on their knees where they stood, and prayed wildly. Shock succeeded shock with increasing rapidity and vehemence. Mr. Walker saw an old man and his daughter—a beautiful young girl—fall on their knees outside their house, and clasp their hands in agonized prayer. At the same moment he noticed the wall of the house totter; he shrieked to them to fly; they heard him not; louder he called, even rose to drag them away; but before he could run a yard, the huge wall slowly leaned over and fell with a deafening crash before his eyes, crushing them beneath its *debris*. Such imprudences were common. The priests, with the peculiar courage of their order, energetically called upon the faithful to take refuge in the churches, as they assured them the earthquake could not injure the sanctuaries of God. Numbers obeyed the appeal, and flocked round the altars. They were still thronging in when the earthquake culminated in one terrific crash. Half the city crumbled; the churches, being the highest buildings, falling among the first, and burying priests and faithful together. For a few moments after this last shock, the air was so darkened by the clouds of dust which arose from the ruins that nothing could be seen. When the dust blew away, desolation stared the survivors on every side, and to the hoarse rumbling of the earth-

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quake had succeeded the shrieks and moans of the unfortunates who lay buried under the ruins. Mr. Walker noted that from the first subterranean noise to the final crash *not more than one minute had elapsed*—a minute in which disasters to fill a century had been condensed! Over fifteen thousand persons had perished. Caracas was destroyed. La Guayra was partially respited, only to meet the same fate a week afterward.

But the convulsive force had at length found an exit. The earthquake at Caracas took place on the 26th March; that which overwhelmed La Guayra on 4th April; on the 30th April a new volcano burst into activity on the island of St. Vincent, and ashes from the eruption were carried to windward as far as Barbadoes. The island itself was completely destroyed for agricultural purposes.

An apter illustration of the theory of internal heat could not well be imagined. Nothing easier, in fact, than to conceive the agglomeration of subterranean gases from the central furnace in the first days of the year 1811; their partial liberation through the volcanic island Sabrina, which proving too small a vent, was soon abandoned, and submerged by the waves; their wanderings to the Antilles, shaking the earth as they went; their vain search for a valve on the banks of the Mississippi, where, as in parts of Central America, they succeeded in relieving themselves of a quantity of fluid and solid matter; their increased virulence as they roamed vainly round their deep caverns, until they absolutely shook the sphere in the explosion of their fury at Caracas and La Guayra; and, finally, their liberation by the tremendous eruption of St. Vincent. One of nature's epics, truly!

The theories which dispense with a central fiery sphere to explain volcanic phenomena are neither so clear nor so interesting as the one which we have mentioned. Many of them ascribe the generation of hydrogen or other elastic gases to the admission of water to unoxydized matter in the interior of the earth. Sir Charles Lyell vaguely hints at magnetic or electrical agency as well, but he wisely abstains from propounding an intelligible, and therefore assailable theory.

Dr. Daubeny, one of the leading authorities on volcanic phenomena, is a convert to the water theory. He supposes that the water of the sea forces itself through crevices in the rocks, and thus gains access to the unoxydized nucleus of the earth. Those who follow him in this belief rely, in a great measure, on the geographical position of the known volcanic regions. Of the two hundred active volcanoes which have been laid down in the explored regions of the world, all but two or three are in close proximity to the ocean. They form a girdle round the earth. Starting, for instance, from the volcanoes in Kamtchatka, the chain passes through the Japanese and Loo Choo islands into the Eastern archipelago. Most of these isles are of recent volcanic origin, and all are subject to frequent earthquakes. The chain goes as far south as New Zealand, where they have earthquakes once a month; it then ascends, through New Guinea, to the Moluccas, Java, Sumatra, and the neighboring isles. We find the next link on the island of Ceylon, and the next in the Gulf of Cutch, where the violent earthquake of 1819 took place, overthrowing several villages and a large town, and submerging the Fort of Sindree, on the Indus, to the depth of several feet below the surface of the water. Hence to Persia, where the destruction of Shiraz, which took place on 21st April, 1853, attests the power of the volcanic force. We trace the chain across the Euphrates and the Tigris to Palestine, where the ruins of the Pentapolis mark its path. Even at the present day the whole coasts of Asia Minor and the Levant are subject to earthquakes. Stromboli, Ætna, and Vesuvius follow in regular order, and the destruction of Lisbon furnishes a link between them and the Azores, or Teneriffe. Crossing the Atlantic with a bound, we find the chain continued in the Antilles, most of which have been subject to earthquakes. On touching the coast of America the chain may be said to divide itself into two branches, one going north and the other southward. The latter, starting from St. Vincent and Caracas, pursues its fatal course, between the shore of the Pacific and the Andes, through Quito, Peru, and Chili, to the very Terra del Fuego. The former, taking its rise at the same point, traverses Central America and Mexico, and probably the whole of California and Oregon. With the single exceptions of Java and the neighboring islands and Iceland, these two branches have been more frequently and cruelly visited by volcanic accidents than any other portions of the world. Finally, the circle is completed by the Sandwich Island and a few other insular volcanoes, or perhaps still more directly by the volcano at the mouth of the Columbia, and possibly some smaller fire-mouths in Russian America and the islands of the Sea of Kamtchatka.

It will be noticed that this line follows the sea-coast. The few seats of volcanic action which are not included in it, such as Iceland, are likewise in close proximity to the sea. And it is confidently asserted that marine fossils have been found near or on every explored site of extinct volcanoes, proving that the sea once flowed there. It is true that volcanoes exist, and earthquakes have been felt in a particular region of Tartary which is 260 miles from any known large body of water; but the advocates of the water theory deny that this tract has been sufficiently explored to certify the non-existence of lakes. In like manner they argue that Jorullo, in Mexico, which is 120 miles from the sea, is obviously connected with Tuxtla on the Atlantic, and Colima on the Pacific shore.

Hence, say Daubeny and his school, it is not at all unnatural to suppose that sea-water may have something to do with volcanic action. The hypothesis derives additional plausibility from the fact that the same elements are found in volcanic exhalations and sea-water.

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A third and older theory than either of the two mentioned, is that of spontaneous combustion. This was suggested by an ingenious experiment, which any youthful reader may repeat for his own amusement. If a quantity of clean iron filings be mixed with an equal quantity of sulphur, formed into a paste with water, and then buried, in a cloth, in the earth, a mimic earthquake will be produced. Sulphureous vapors will force their way through the ground. The adjacent earth will grow warm, and at night flames may be seen issuing from the surface. If the quantity of filings used be large, and the ground well trodden down around and above the package, an explosion will sometimes take place. Arguing from analogy, Lemery and other philosophers supposed that similar combinations might be effected by nature in the bowels of the earth, and that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions might be the result. But this theory is now generally rejected.

Attempts have been made to evolve a formula from the movement of the earthquake. But on a close examination this has always been abandoned as impossible. The ordinary movement of earthquakes is horizontal. It has been compared by Mr. Mitchell to the wave which is produced in a carpet when it is held at the four corners and shaken at either end; the shake admits beneath the carpet a certain volume of air, which travels without material loss of bulk across the whole expanse of the carpet, and escapes at the further extremity. In like manner, says Mr. Mitchell, the elastic gas which rushes through the subterranean cavity raises a wave in the surface of the earth, and carries it along till it subsides, is absorbed, or escapes. Of the height of this earth-wave we can form no accurate idea. During the earthquakes on the Mississippi, credible persons affirmed that the trees had been swayed from side to side, like a ship in a heavy sea, till their topmost branches touched the ground, first on one side then on the other. This would suppose a wave of many feet in height. Observers in Quito estimated the height of their horizontal wave at eight inches only. The sea-wave, which follows or accompanies the earth-wave, has been known to vary from ten to fifty feet in height.

But besides the horizontal movements, earthquakes often proceed in a vertical and rotatory direction. A lady, writing of a late earthquake in Chili, described her sensations as "feeling as if she was jumped up and down several inches at a time." The changes which earthquakes have effected in the level of the earth at various places—as in Chili and Calabria—confirm this impression. Humboldt calls it the "mine-like movement," comparing it to the explosion of a mine charged with gunpowder. The rotatory movement is perfectly established by the ruins of monuments destroyed by earthquakes in Calabria and South America. After the earthquake of 1783 in Calabria, columns composed of blocks of stone were found twisted round, the blocks, which had formerly been placed squarely one upon another, being left at all sorts of angles to each other. The same phenomenon is constantly presented by the furniture in a room. A sofa will be whirled round and left fronting the wall. At Caracas, some of the chimneys were turned round. How such a movement can be imparted to loose objects—and especially how stones and bricks cemented together by mortar can be made to spin round independently of each other—is not easily understood.

The astonishing rapidity of the earth-wave is doubtless the cause of these strange evolutions. According to the records of earthquakes, twenty miles a minute is no unusual speed for the wave. The earthquakes observed in this part of the world have moved more slowly; that which occurred at Simoda in Japan last December crossed the Pacific ocean at the rate of seven to eight miles a minute. But earthquakes have been noted whose speed defied all calculation. Thus the shock of 22d January, 1855, is said to have been felt *simultaneously* at Constantinople in Turkey, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and in New Zealand. If we are to suppose that these shocks were one and the same, the earth-wave must have traveled thousands of miles in a second.

One of the most curious experiments that have been made with a view to discover the cause of earthquakes is that of Mr. Meriam. He connects them with local atmospherical phenomena, and is endeavoring to deduce a law of relative attraction or influence between the two. Experience has taught him that whenever what he terms an "equilibriation of temperature" takes place here—that is to say, whenever the temperature does not vary two degrees for a period of seven hours—an earthquake is indicated. Whenever this equilibriation occurs, therefore, he notes the indication in his record-book; and in a surprising number of cases it has been verified. One of the most striking of these occurred last December. On the 24th Mr. Meriam wrote to the *Journal of Commerce*, that from his observations he had reason to believe that a severe earthquake had taken place in the East Indies the day before; and sure enough, it was on that very day that Simoda was so nearly destroyed. He does not, we believe, hazard any philosophical theory to account for the coincidence.

All the world is subject more or less to earthquakes. In this country the convulsions at New Madrid in 1811 and 1812, which were felt from the Valley of the Mississippi to the sea-coast, are the most severe examples of the phenomenon of which we have any record; but slight vibrations are of constant occurrence. Newburyport, Massachusetts, has been visited by several hundred distinct shocks: at New Orleans there is no record of an earthquake ever having been felt. The Indians told Dr. Mather that they expected an earthquake every quarter of a century. The colonial records mention five "great earthquakes," viz., in 1638, 1663, 1668,

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1727, and 1755; besides several minor shocks, of which there were an abundance between 1660 and 1669, vastly to the terror of the superstitious New Englanders. Nowadays we record these matters more carefully. Thus we find that between 1st January, 1852, and 16th June, 1855, no less than eighty-four shocks of earthquake were experienced in the United States, exclusive of some forty to fifty which were felt in California. Of the Atlantic States, Virginia and Georgia appear the most frequently favored by earthquakes; in the period mentioned, eight were felt in each. New York and New Hampshire come next with seven apiece. Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, Arkansas, Connecticut, and Illinois are said to have been only visited once; and Alabama, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, and New Jersey not at all. But the difference is probably due to the vigilance of observers in the former States and their negligence in the latter. It is hardly necessary to remind the American reader that none of these shocks were serious.

Abroad, the earthquakes of the past year or two have been unusually disastrous. They will be known in Central America as the years of earthquakes. On 15th July, 1853, a shock partly destroyed the city of Cumana, which is said to have been the oldest city in America. On the 19th a second shock, more violent than the first, completed its destruction; and a succession of shocks during the whole month of August and part of September baffled every attempt to repair the havoc wrought by the former ones. In April, 1854, shocks were felt at San Salvador. They increased in violence till the night of Sunday 16th, when a single earth-wave destroyed the whole city, and buried over a hundred persons in the ruins.

The story of San Salvador is one of the most striking in the history of earthquakes. The city was built in 1528, nearly a hundred years before New York; it was accounted one of the finest sites in the country. Recent travelers describe it as a paradise. Nestled behind cactus hedges, and shaded overhead by thick groves of orange and palm trees, the houses of the inhabitants were secure from the fierce tropical sun, while their elevation—they were 2000 feet above the sea—insured them a regular night breeze. The loveliness of the scenery, with its deep-green background of plantain, loaded with golden fruit, and yet farther back the grand mountain line, with the majestic volcano of St. Salvador reposing massively against the sky—the delightful country paths, completely covered in by intertwined foliage—the pretty red-roofed cottages, built low and solidly for fear of earthquakes—compose a picture oftener dreamed of than seen. Of earthquakes it had known several, but having always withstood their shocks without material injury, the inhabitants thought of them without uneasiness. Such was the city which ceased to exist in April, 1854. When the earthquake commenced the springs dried up, and the people and cattle, half choked with the dust, could not procure a drop of water. The strongest walls, five or six feet thick, crumbled to the ground. In view of this proof of the increased violence of earthquakes, and the example of the Guatemalans, who abandoned their old capital, Antigua, in 1773, in consequence of a violent earthquake, the people of San Salvador determined to choose a new site for the city they were to build. It would seem as though nature intended to efface all the landmarks of the early Spanish settlers.

Throughout Central America and Mexico the earth quaked all summer, doing more or less injury in the cities. Guatemala, Costa Rica, and the Southern Mexican States, suffered considerably, and the inhabitants spent a summer of fearful anxiety. The convulsion appears to have culminated in the revival of activity in the extinct volcano of Zacana, in Guatemala, on 12th January, 1855. In a more romantic age, poets would have feigned that the Spanish races were being punished by Fate for their ungrateful misuse of the blessings of political liberty.

We, who hardly notice the slight vibrations which are called earthquakes in these latitudes, can form but a very imperfect idea of the sensations to which a Southern convulsion of the earth gives rise. Travelers say that nothing can be compared to the impression which the first earthquake produces on the mind. "It is not," says Humboldt, "the result of a recollection of those fearful pictures of devastation presented to our fancy by the historical narratives of the past, but is rather due to the sudden revelation of the delusive nature of the inherent faith by which we had clung to a belief in the immobility of the solid parts of the earth. We are accustomed from early childhood to draw a contrast between the mobility of water and the immobility of the soil on which we tread; and this feeling is confirmed by the evidence of our senses. When, therefore, we suddenly feel the ground move beneath us, a mysterious and natural force, with which we are previously unacquainted, is revealed to us as an active disturbance of stability. A moment destroys the illusion of a whole life; our deceptive faith in the repose of nature vanishes, and we feel transported, as it were, into a realm of unknown destructive forces. Every sound—the faintest motion in the air—arrests our attention, and we no longer trust the ground on which we stand. Animals, especially dogs and swine, participate in the same anxious disquietude; and even the crocodiles of the Orinoco, which are at other times as dumb as our little lizards, leave the trembling bed of the river, and run with loud cries into the adjoining forests."

The premonitory noise is peculiarly terrifying. In Mexico they call it the "*bramidos y truenos subterraneos;*" and at the sound all nature trembles with fright. An observer in Chili has left us a vivid picture of the dismay caused by a severe shock. "A herd of several hundred black cattle swept by from seaward, and rushed toward the hills with horrible moan-

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ings. The horses also, goaded to madness by insupportable terrors, burst their bridles and fled after the cattle, snorting as they went; while their owners heeded not the probable loss of their property, which at another time would have driven them half crazy. The bellowing of the cattle as they rushed through the trees, the clattering of the horses' hoofs up the hillside, the shrieks of the women, the groans of the men, and the discordant notes of the wild birds, which began to add their sounds of terror to the din, all created a scene of horror not easily to be forgotten."

The shock occasionally produces fine moral effects among the superstitious Spaniards. At Caracas, after the earthquake, "marriages were contracted between persons who for many years had neglected to sanction their union by sacerdotal blessing. Children found parents in persons who till then had disavowed them; restitution was promised by individuals who had never been accused of theft; and families who had long been at enmity, were reconciled by the common evil." The lesson has been as fruitful of profit in Quito. But this is by no means invariably the case. We have seen how the Marquis of Pombal was obliged to girdle Lisbon with gibbets to check the robberies which followed the great earthquake. In Calabria, in 1783, Sir William Hamilton states that the peasants fell to robbing with such fury that they did not even wait till the earthquake had leveled the houses, but rushed into the rooms in anticipation of the shock, and stripped them of their contents. Fear is, after all, a sorry teacher. When a ship strikes a rock, some fall to praying, certainly, who perhaps never prayed before; but full as many make for the spirit-room.

JIMMY ROSE.

A TIME ago, no matter how long precisely, I, an old man, removed from the country to the city, having become unexpected heir to a great old house in a narrow street of one of the lower wards, once the haunt of style and fashion, full of gay parlors and bridal chambers; but now, for the most part, transformed into counting-rooms and warehouses. There bales and boxes usurp the place of sofas; day-books and ledgers are spread where once the delicious breakfast toast was buttered. In those old wards the glorious old soft-warfle days are over.

Nevertheless, in this old house of mine, so strangely spared, some monument of departed days survived. Nor was this the only one. Amidst the warehouse ranges some few other dwellings likewise stood. The street's transmutation was not yet complete. Like those old English friars and nuns, long haunting the ruins of their retreats after they had been dispoiled, so some few strange old gentlemen and ladies still lingered in the neighborhood, and would not, could not, might not quit it. And I thought that when, one spring, emerging from my white-blossoming orchard, my own white hairs and white ivory-headed cane were added to their loitering census, that those poor old souls insanely fancied the ward was looking up—the tide of fashion setting back again.

For many years the old house had been unoccupied by an owner; those into whose hands it from time to time had passed having let it out to various shifting tenants; decayed old towns-people, mysterious recluses, or transient, ambiguous-looking foreigners.

While from certain cheap furbishings to which the exterior had been subjected, such as removing a fine old pulpit-like porch crowning the summit of six lofty steps, and set off with a broad-brimmed sounding-board overshadowing the whole, as well as replacing the original heavy window-shutters (each pierced with a crescent in the upper panel to admit an Oriental and moony light into the otherwise shut-up rooms of a sultry morning in July) with frippery Venetian blinds; while, I repeat, the front of the house hereby presented an incongruous aspect, as if the graft of modernness had not taken in its ancient stock; still, however it might fare without, within little or nothing had been altered. The cellars were full of great grim, arched bins of blackened brick, looking like the ancient tombs of Templars, while overhead were shown the first-floor timbers, huge, square, and massive, all red oak, and through long eld, of a rich and Indian color. So large were those timbers, and so thickly ranked, that to walk in those capacious cellars was much like walking along a line-of-battle ship's gun-deck.

All the rooms in each story remained just as they stood ninety years ago, with all their heavy-moulded, wooden cornices, paneled wainscots, and carved and inaccessible mantles of queer horticultural and zoological devices. Dim with longevity, the very covering of the walls still preserved the patterns of the times of Louis XVI. In the largest parlor (the drawing-room, my daughters called it, in distinction from two smaller parlors, though I did not think the distinction indispensable) the paper hangings were in the most gaudy style. Instantly we knew such paper could only have come from Paris —genuine Versailles paper—the sort of paper that might have hung in Marie Antoinette's boudoir. It was of great diamond lozenges, divided by massive festoons of roses (onions, Biddy the girl said they were, but my wife soon changed Biddy's mind on that head); and in those lozenges, one and all, as in an overarbored garden-cage, sat a grand series of gorgeous illustrations of the natural history of the most imposing Parisian-looking birds; parrots, macaws, and peacocks, but mostly peacocks. Real Prince Esterhazies of birds; all rubies, diamonds, and Orders of the Golden Fleece. But, alas! the north side of this old apartment presented a strange look; half mossy and half mildew; something as ancient forest trees on their north sides, to which particular side the moss most clings, and where, they say, internal decay first strikes. In short, the original resplendence of the peacocks had been sadly dimmed on that

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north side of the room, owing to a small leak in the eaves, from which the rain had slowly trickled its way down the wall, clean down to the first floor. This leak the irreverent tenants, at that period occupying the premises, did not see fit to stop, or rather, did not think it worth their while, seeing that they only kept their fuel and dried their clothes in the parlor of the peacocks. Hence many of the once glowing birds seemed as if they had their princely plumage bedraggled in a dusty shower. Most mournfully their starry trains were blurred. Yet so patiently and so pleasantly, nay, here and there so ruddily did they seem to bide their bitter doom, so much of real elegance still lingered in their shapes, and so full, too, seemed they of a sweet engaging pensiveness, meditating all day long, for years and years, among their faded bowers, that though my family repeatedly adjured me (especially my wife, who, I fear, was too young for me) to destroy the whole hen-roost, as Biddy called it, and cover the walls with a beautiful, nice, genteel, cream-colored paper, despite all entreaties, I could not be prevailed upon, however submissive in other things.

But chiefly would I permit no violation of the old parlor of the peacocks or room of roses (I call it by both names), on account of its long association in my mind with one of the original proprietors of the mansion—the gentle Jimmy Rose.

Poor Jimmy Rose!

He was among my earliest acquaintances. It is not many years since he died; and I and two other tottering old fellows took hack, and in sole procession followed him to his grave.

Jimmy was born a man of moderate fortune. In his prime he had an uncommonly handsome person; large and manly, with bright eyes of blue, brown curling hair, and cheeks that seemed painted with carmine; but it was health's genuine bloom, deepened by the joy of life. He was by nature a great ladies' man, and like most deep adorers of the sex, never tied up his freedom of general worship by making one willful sacrifice of himself at the altar.

Adding to his fortune by a large and princely business, something like that of the great Florentine trader, Cosmo the Magnificent, he was enabled to entertain on a grand scale. For a long time his dinners, suppers, and balls, were not to be surpassed by any given in the party-giving city of New York. His uncommon cheeriness; the splendor of his dress; his sparkling wit; radiant chandeliers; infinite fund of small-talk; French furniture; glowing welcomes to his guests; his bounteous heart and board; his noble graces and his glorious wine; what wonder if all these drew crowds to Jimmy's hospitable abode? In the winter assemblies he figured first on the manager's list. James Rose, Esq., too, was the man to be found foremost in all presentations of plate to highly successful actors at the Park, or of swords and guns to highly successful generals in the field. Often, also, was he chosen to present the gift on account of his fine gift of finely saying fine things.

"Sir," said he, in a great drawing-room in Broadway, as he extended toward General G—— a brace of pistols set with turquois. "Sir," said Jimmy with a Castilian flourish and a rosy smile, "there would have been more turquois here set, had the names of your glorious victories left room."

Ah, Jimmy, Jimmy! Thou didst excel in compliments. But it was inwrought with thy inmost texture to be affluent in all things which give pleasure. And who shall reproach thee with borrowed wit on this occasion, though borrowed indeed it was? Plagiarize otherwise as they may, not often are the men of this world plagiarists in praise.

But times changed. Time, true plagiarist of the seasons.

Sudden and terrible reverses in business were made mortal by mad prodigality on all hands. When his affairs came to be scrutinized, it was found that Jimmy could not pay more than fifteen shillings in the pound. And yet in time the deficiency might have been made up—of course, leaving Jimmy penniless—had it not been that in one winter gale two vessels of his from China perished off Sandy Hook; perished at the threshold of their port.

Jimmy was a ruined man.

It was years ago. At that period I resided in the country, but happened to be in the city on one of my annual visits. It was but four or five days since seeing Jimmy at his house the centre of all eyes, and hearing him at the close of the entertainment toasted by a brocaded lady, in these well-remembered words: "Our noble host; the bloom on his cheek, may it last long as the bloom in his heart!" And they, the sweet ladies and gentlemen there, they drank that toast so gayly and frankly off; and Jimmy, such a kind, proud, grateful tear stood in his honest eye, angelically glancing round at the sparkling faces, and equally sparkling, and equally feeling, decanters.

Ah! poor, poor Jimmy—God guard us all—poor Jimmy Rose!

Well, it was but four or five days after this that I heard a clap of thunder—no, a clap of bad news. I was crossing the Bowling Green in a snow-storm not far from Jimmy's house on the Battery, when I saw a gentleman come sauntering along, whom I remembered at Jimmy's table as having been the first to spring to his feet in eager response to the lady's toast. Not more brimming the wine in his lifted glass than the moisture in his eye on that happy occasion.

Well, this good gentleman came sailing across the Bowling Green, swinging a silver-headed ratan; seeing me, he paused, "Ah, lad, that was rare wine Jimmy gave us the other night. Sha'n't get any more, though. Heard the news? Jimmy's burst. Clean smash, I assure you. Come along down to the Coffee-house and I'll tell you more. And if you say so, we'll arrange over a bottle of claret for a sleighing party to Cato's to-night. Come along."

"Thank you," said I, "I—I—I am engaged."

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Straight as an arrow I went to Jimmy's. Upon inquiring for him, the man at the door told me that his master was not in; nor did he know where he was; nor had his master been in the house for forty-eight hours.

Walking up Broadway again, I questioned passing acquaintances; but though each man verified the report, no man could tell where Jimmy was, and no one seemed to care, until I encountered a merchant, who hinted that probably Jimmy, having scraped up from the wreck a snug lump of coin, had prudently betaken himself off to parts unknown. The next man I saw, a great nabob he was too, foamed at the mouth when I mentioned Jimmy's name. "Rascal; regular scamp, Sir, is Jimmy Rose! But there are keen fellows after him." I afterward heard that this indignant gentleman had lost the sum of seventy-five dollars and seventy-five cents indirectly through Jimmy's failure. And yet I dare say the share of the dinners he had eaten at Jimmy's might more than have balanced that sum, considering that he was something of a wine-bibber, and such wines as Jimmy imported cost a plum or two. Indeed, now that I bethink me, I recall how I had more than once observed this same middle-aged gentleman, and how that toward the close of one of Jimmy's dinners he would sit at the table pretending to be earnestly talking with beaming Jimmy, but all the while, with a half furtive sort of tremulous eagerness and hastiness, pour down glass after glass of noble wine, as if now, while Jimmy's bounteous sun was at meridian, was the time to make his selfish hay.

At last I met a person famed for his peculiar knowledge of whatever was secret or withdrawn in the histories and habits of noted people. When I inquired of this person where Jimmy could possibly be, he took me close to Trinity Church rail, out of the jostling of the crowd, and whispered me, that Jimmy had the evening before entered an old house of his (Jimmy's), in C—— Street, which old house had been for a time untenanted. The inference seemed to be that perhaps Jimmy might be lurking there now. So getting the precise locality, I bent my steps in that direction, and at last halted before the house containing the room of roses. The shutters were closed, and cobwebs were spun in their crescents. The whole place had a dreary, deserted air. The snow lay unswept, drifted in one billowy heap against the porch, no footprint tracking it. Whoever was within, surely that lonely man was an abandoned one. Few or no people were in the street; for even at that period the fashion of the street had departed from it, while trade had not as yet occupied what its rival had renounced.

Looking up and down the sidewalk a moment, I softly knocked at the door. No response. I knocked again, and louder. No one came. I knocked and rung both; still without effect. In despair I was going to quit the spot, when, as a last resource, I gave a prolonged summons with my utmost strength, upon the heavy knocker, and then again stood still; while from various strange old windows up and down the street, various strange old heads were thrust out in wonder at so clamorous a stranger. As if now frightened from its silence, a hollow, husky voice addressed me through the keyhole.

"Who are you?" it said.

"A friend."

"Then shall you not come in," replied the voice, more hollowly than before.

"Great Heaven! this is not Jimmy Rose?" thought I, starting. This is the wrong house. I have been misdirected. But still, to make all sure, I spoke again.

"Is James Rose within there?"

No reply.

Once more I spoke:

"I am William Ford; let me in."

"Oh, I can not, I can not! I am afraid of every one."

It *was* Jimmy Rose!

"Let me in, Rose; let me in, man. I am your friend."

"I will not. I can trust no man now."

"Let me in, Rose; trust at least one, in me."

"Quit the spot, or—"

With that I heard a rattling against the huge lock, not made by any key, as if some small tube were being thrust into the keyhole. Horrified, I fled fast as feet could carry me.

I was a young man then, and Jimmy was not more than forty. It was five-and-twenty years ere I saw him again. And what a change. He whom I expected to behold—if behold at all—dry, shrunken, meagre, cadaverously fierce with misery and misanthropy—amazement! the old Persian roses bloomed in his cheeks. And yet poor as any rat; poor in the last dregs of poverty; a pauper beyond alms-house pauperism; a promenading pauper in a thin, thread-bare, careful coat; a pauper with wealth of polished words; a courteous, smiling, shivering gentleman.

Ah, poor, poor Jimmy—God guard us all—poor Jimmy Rose!

Though at the first onset of his calamity, when creditors, once fast friends, pursued him as carrion for jails; though then, to avoid their hunt, as well as the human eye, he had gone and denned in the old abandoned house; and there, in his loneliness, had been driven half mad, yet time and tide had soothed him down to sanity. Perhaps at bottom Jimmy was too thoroughly good and kind to be made from any cause a man-hater. And doubtless it at last seemed irreligious to Jimmy even to shun mankind.

Sometimes sweet sense of duty will entice one to bitter doom. For what could be more bitter than now, in abject need, to be seen of those—nay, crawl and visit them in an humble sort, and be tolerated as an old eccentric, wandering in their parlors—who once had known him richest of the rich, and gayest of the gay? Yet this Jimmy did. Without rudely breaking him right down to it, fate slowly bent him more and more to the lowest deep. From an unknown quarter he received an income of some

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seventy dollars, more or less. The principal he would never touch, but, by various modes of eking it out, managed to live on the interest. He lived in an attic, where he supplied himself with food. He took but one regular repast a day—meal and milk—and nothing more, unless procured at others' tables. Often about the tea-hour he would drop in upon some old acquaintance, clad in his neat, forlorn frock coat, with worn velvet sewed upon the edges of the cuffs, and a similar device upon the hems of his pantaloons, to hide that dire look of having been grated off by rats. On Sunday he made a point of always dining at some fine house or other.

It is evident that no man could with impunity be allowed to lead this life unless regarded as one who, free from vice, was by fortune brought so low that the plummet of pity alone could reach him. Not much merit redounded to his entertainers because they did not thrust the starving gentleman forth when he came for his poor alms of tea and toast. Some merit had been theirs had they clubbed together and provided him, at small cost enough, with a sufficient income to make him, in point of necessaries, independent of the daily dole of charity; charity not sent to him either, but charity for which he had to trudge round to their doors.

But the most touching thing of all were those roses in his cheeks; those ruddy roses in his nipping winter. How they bloomed; whether meal and milk, and tea and toast could keep them flourishing; whether now he painted them; by what strange magic they were made to blossom so; no son of man might tell. But there they bloomed. And besides the roses, Jimmy was rich in smiles. He smiled ever. The lordly door which received him to his eleemosynary teas, knew no such smiling guest as Jimmy. In his prosperous days the smile of Jimmy was famous far and wide. It should have been trebly famous now.

Wherever he went to tea, he had all of the news of the town to tell. By frequenting the reading-rooms, as one privileged through harmlessness, he kept himself informed of European affairs and the last literature, foreign and domestic. And of this, when encouragement was given, he would largely talk. But encouragement was not always given. At certain houses, and not a few, Jimmy would drop in about ten minutes before the tea-hour, and drop out again about ten minutes after it; well knowing that his further presence was not indispensable to the contentment or felicity of his host.

How forlorn it was to see him so heartily drinking the generous tea, cup after cup, and eating the flavorous bread and butter, piece after piece, when, owing to the lateness of the dinner hour with the rest, and the abundance of that one grand meal with them, no one besides Jimmy touched the bread and butter, or exceeded a single cup of Souchong. And knowing all this very well, poor Jimmy would try to hide his hunger, and yet gratify it too, by striving hard to carry on a sprightly conversation with his hostess, and throwing in the eagerest mouthfuls with a sort of absent-minded air, as if he ate merely for custom's sake, and not starvation's.

Poor, poor Jimmy—God guard us all—poor Jimmy Rose!

Neither did Jimmy give up his courtly ways. Whenever there were ladies at the table, sure were they of some fine word; though, indeed, toward the close of Jimmy's life, the young ladies rather thought his compliments somewhat musty, smacking of cocked hats and small clothes—nay, of old pawnbrokers' shoulder-lace and sword belts. For there still lingered in Jimmy's address a subdued sort of martial air; he having in his palmy days been, among other things, a general of the State militia. There seems a fatality in these militia generalships. Alas! I can recall more than two or three gentlemen who from militia generals became paupers. I am afraid to think why this is so. Is it that this military learning in a man of an unmilitary heart—that is, a gentle, peaceable heart—is an indication of some weak love of vain display? But ten to one it is not so. At any rate, it is unhandsome, if not unchristian, in the happy, too much to moralize on those who are not so.

So numerous were the houses that Jimmy visited, or so cautious was he in timing his less welcome calls, that at certain mansions he only dropped in about once a year or so. And annually upon seeing at that house the blooming Miss Frances or Miss Arabella, he would profoundly bow in his forlorn old coat, and with his soft, white hand take hers in gallant wise, saying, "Ah, Miss Arabella, these jewels here are bright upon these fingers; but brighter would they look were it not for those still brighter diamonds of your eyes!"

Though in thy own need thou hadst no pence to give the poor, thou, Jimmy, still hadst alms to give the rich. For not the beggar chattering at the corner pines more after bread than the vain heart after compliment. The rich in their craving glut, as the poor in their craving want, we have with us always. So, I suppose, thought Jimmy Rose.

But all women are not vain, or if a little grain that way inclined, more than redeem it all with goodness. Such was the sweet girl that closed poor Jimmy's eyes. The only daughter of an opulent alderman, she knew Jimmy well, and saw to him in his declining days. During his last sickness, with her own hands she carried him jellies and blanc-mange; made tea for him in his attic, and turned the poor old gentleman in his bed. And well hadst thou deserved it, Jimmy, at that fair creature's hands; well merited to have thy old eyes closed by woman's fairy fingers, who through life, in riches and in poverty, was still woman's sworn champion and devotee.

I hardly know that I should mention here one little incident connected with this young lady's

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ministrations, and poor Jimmy's reception of them. But it is harm to neither; I will tell it.

Chancing to be in town, and hearing of Jimmy's illness, I went to see him. And there in his lone attic I found the lovely ministrant. Withdrawing upon seeing another visitor, she left me alone with him. She had brought some little delicacies, and also several books, of such a sort as are sent by serious-minded well-wishers to invalids in a serious crisis. Now whether it was repugnance at being considered next door to death, or whether it was but the natural peevishness brought on by the general misery of his state; however it was, as the gentle girl withdrew, Jimmy, with what small remains of strength were his, pitched the books into the furthest corner, murmuring, "Why will she bring me this sad old stuff? Does she take me for a pauper? Thinks she to salve a gentleman's heart with Poor Man's Plaster?"

Poor, poor Jimmy—God guard us all—poor Jimmy Rose!"

Well, well, I am an old man, and I suppose these tears I drop are dribblets from my dotage. But Heaven be praised, Jimmy needs no man's pity now.

Jimmy Rose is dead!

Meantime, as I sit within the parlor of the peacocks—that chamber from which his husky voice had come ere threatening me with the pistol—I still must meditate upon his strange example, whereof the marvel is, how after that gay, dashing, nobleman's career, he could be content to crawl through life, and peep about among the marbles and mahoganies for contumelious tea and toast, where once like a very Warwick he had feasted the huzzaing world with Burgundy and venison.

And every time I look at the wilted resplendence of those proud peacocks on the wall, I bethink me of the withering change in Jimmy's once resplendent pride of state. But still again, every time I gaze upon those festoons of perpetual roses, mid which the faded peacocks hang, I bethink me of those undying roses which bloomed in ruined Jimmy's cheek.

Transplanted to another soil, all the unkind past forgot, God grant that Jimmy's roses may immortally survive!

THE POT OF TULIPS.

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago I went to spend the summer at an old Dutch villa which then lifted its head from the wild country that, in present days, has been tamed down into a site for a Crystal Palace. Madison Square was then a wilderness of fields and scrub oak, here and there diversified with some tall and stately elm. Worthy citizens who could afford two establishments rusticated in the groves that then flourished where ranks of brown-stone porticoes now form the landscape; and the locality of Fortieth Street, where my summer palace stood, was justly looked upon as at an enterprising distance from the city.

I had an imperious desire to live in this house ever since I can remember. I had often seen it when a boy, and its cool verandas and quaint garden seemed, whenever I passed, to attract me irresistibly. In after years, when I grew up to man's estate, I was not sorry, therefore, when one summer, fatigued with the labors of my business, I beheld a notice in the papers intimating that it was to be let furnished. I hastened to my dear friend, Jasper Joye, painted the delights of this rural retreat in the most glowing colors, easily obtained his assent to share the enjoyments and the expense with me, and in a month afterward we were taking our ease in this new paradise.

Independent of early associations other interests attached me to this house. It was somewhat historical, and had given shelter to George Washington on the occasion of one of his visits to the city. Furthermore, I knew the descendants of the family to whom it had originally belonged. Their history was strange and mournful, and it seemed to me as if their individuality was somehow shared by the edifice. It had been built by a Mr. Van Koeren, a gentleman of Holland, the younger son of a rich mercantile firm in the Hague, who had emigrated to this country in order to establish a branch of his father's business in New York, which even then gave indications of the prosperity it has since reached with such marvelous rapidity. He had brought with him a fair young Belgian wife; a loving girl—if I may believe her portrait—with soft brown eyes, chestnut hair, and a deep, placid contentment spreading over her fresh and innocent features. Her son, Alain Van Koeren, had her picture — an old miniature in a red gold frame—as well as that of his father; and in truth, when looking on the two, one could not conceive a greater contrast than must have existed between husband and wife. Mr. Van Koeren must have been a man of terrible will and gloomy temperament. His face —in the picture—is dark and austere, his eyes deep-sunken, and burning as if with a slow, inward fire. The lips are thin and compressed, with much determination of purpose; and his chin, boldly salient, is brimful of power and resolution. When first I saw those two pictures I sighed inwardly, and thought, "Poor child! you must often have sighed for the sunny meadows of Brussels, in the long gloomy nights spent in the company of that terrible man!"

I was not far wrong, as I afterward discovered. Mr. and Mrs. Van Koeren were very unhappy. Jealousy was his monomania, and he had scarcely been married before his girl-wife began to feel the oppression of a gloomy and ceaseless tyranny. Every man under fifty, whose hair was not white and whose form was erect, was an object of suspicion to this Dutch Bluebeard. Not that he was vulgarly jealous. He did not frown at his wife before strangers, or attack her with reproaches in the midst of her festivities. He was too well-bred a man to bare his private woes to the world. But at night, when the guests had departed and the

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dull light of the quaint old Flemish lamps but half-illuminated the nuptial chamber, then it was that with monotonous invective Mr. Van Koeren crushed his wife. And Marie, weeping and silent, would sit on the edge of the bed listening to the cold trenchant irony of her husband, who, pacing up and down the room, would now and then stop in his walk to gaze with his burning eyes upon the pallid face of his victim. Even the evidences that Marie gave of becoming a mother did not check him. He saw in that coming event that most husbands anticipate with mingled joy and fear, only an approaching incarnation of his dishonor. He watched with a horrible refinement of suspicion for the arrival of that being in whose features he madly believed he would but too surely trace the evidences of his wife's crime.

Whether it was that these ceaseless attacks wore out her strength, or that Providence wished to add another chastening misery to her burden of woe, I dare not speculate; but it is certain that one luckless night Mr. Van Koeren learned with fury that he had become a father two months before the allotted time. During his first paroxysm of rage on the receipt of intelligence which seemed to confirm all his previous suspicions, it was, I believe, with difficulty that he was prevented from slaying both the innocent causes of his resentment. The caution of his race and the presence of the physicians induced him, however, to put a curb upon his furious will until reflection suggested quite as criminal, if not as dangerous a vengeance. As soon as his poor wife had recovered from her illness, unnaturally prolonged by the delicacy of constitution induced by previous mental suffering, she was astonished to find, instead of increasing his persecutions, that her husband had changed his tactics and treated her with studied neglect. He rarely spoke to her except on occasions when the decencies of society demanded that he should address her. He avoided her presence, and no longer inhabited the same apartment. He seemed, in short, to strive as much as possible to forget her existence. But if she did not suffer from personal ill-treatment it was because a punishment more acute was in store for her. If Mr. Van Koeren had chosen to affect to consider her beneath his vengeance, it was because his hate had taken another direction, and seemed to have derived increased intensity from the alteration. It was upon the unhappy boy, the cause of all this misery, that the father lavished a terrible hatred. Mr. Van Koeren seemed determined, that if this child sprang from other loins than his, that the mournful destiny which he forced upon him would amply avenge his own existence and the infidelity of his mother. While the child was an infant his plan seemed to have been formed. Ignorance and neglect were the two deadly influences with which he sought to assassinate the moral nature of this boy; and his terrible campaign against the virtue of his own son, was, as he grew up, carried into execution with the most consummate generalship. He gave him money, but debarred him from education. He allowed him liberty of action, but withheld advice. It was in vain that his mother, who foresaw the frightful consequences of such a training, sought in secret by every means in her power to nullify her husband's attempts. She strove in vain to seduce her son into an ambition to be educated. She beheld with horror all her agonized efforts frustrated, and saw her son, and only child, becoming, even in his youth, a drunkard and a libertine. In the end it proved too much for her strength; she sickened, and went home to her sunny Belgian plains. There she lingered for a few months in a calm but rapid decay, whose calmness was broken but by the one grief; until one autumn day, when the leaves were falling from the limes, she made a little prayer for her son to the Good God, and died. Vain orison! Spendthrift, gamester, libertine, and drunkard by turns, Alain Van Koeren's earthly destiny was unchangeable, The father, who should have been his guide, looked on each fresh depravity of his son's with a species of grim delight. Even the death of his wronged wife had no effect upon his fatal purpose. He still permitted the young man to run blindly to destruction by the course into which he himself had led him.

As years rolled by, and Mr. Van Koeren himself approached to that time of life when he might soon expect to follow his persecuted wife, he relieved himself of the hateful presence of his son altogether. Even the link of a systematic vengeance, which had hitherto united them, was severed, and Alain was cast adrift without either money or principle. The occasion of this final separation between father and son was the marriage of the latter with a girl of humble, though honest extraction. This was a good excuse for the remorseless Van Koeren, so he availed himself of it by turning his son out of doors. From that time forth they never met. Alain lived a life of meagre dissipation, and soon died, leaving behind him one child, a daughter. By a coincidence natural enough, Mr. Van Koeren's death followed his son's almost immediately. He died as he had lived, sternly. But those who were around his couch in his last moments, mentioned some singular facts connected with the manner of his death. A few moments before he expired he raised himself in the bed, and seemed as if conversing with some person invisible to the spectators. His lips moved as if in speech, and immediately afterward he sank back, bathed in a flood of tears. "Wrong! wrong!" he was heard to mutter, feebly; then he implored passionately the forgiveness of some one who he said was present. The death struggle ensued almost immediately, and in the midst of his agony he seemed wrestling for speech. All that could be heard, however, were a few broken words. "I was wrong. My—unfounded— For God's sake look in— You will find—" Having ut-

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tered these fragmentary sentences, he seemed to feel that the power of speech had passed away forever. He fixed his eyes piteously on those around him, and, with a great sigh of grief, expired. I gathered these facts from his granddaughter, and Alain's daughter, Alice Van Koeren, who had been summoned by some friend to her grandfather's dying couch when it was too late. It was the first time she had seen him, and then she saw him die.

The results of Mr. Van Koeren's death were nine days wonder to all the merchants in New York. Beyond a small sum in the bank, and the house in which he lived, which was mortgaged for its full value, Mr. Van Koeren had died a pauper! To those who knew him, and knew his affairs, this seemed inexplicable. Five or six years before his death he had retired from business with a fortune of over a hundred thousand dollars. He had lived quietly since then; was known not to have speculated, and could not have gambled. The question then was, where had his wealth vanished to? Search was made in every secretary, in every bureau, for some document which might throw a light on the mysterious distribution that he had made of his property. None were found. Neither will, nor certificates of stock, nor title deeds, nor bank accounts, were any where discernible. Inquiries were made at the offices of companies in which Mr. Van Koeren was known to be largely interested; he had sold out his stock years ago. Real estate that had been believed to be his, was found, on investigation, to have passed into other hands. There could be no doubt but that for some years past Mr. Van Koeren had been steadily converting all his immense property into money, and what he had done with that money no one knew. Alice Van Koeren and her mother, who at the old gentleman's death were at first looked on as millionaires, discovered, when all was over, that they were no better off than before. It was evident that the old man, determined that one who, though bearing his name, he believed not to be of his blood, should never inherit his wealth, or any share of it, had made away with his fortune before his death — a posthumous vengeance, which was the only one by which the laws of the State of New York, relative to inheritance, could be successfully evaded.

I took a peculiar interest in the case, and even helped to make some researches after the lost property, not so much, I confess, from a spirit of general philanthropy, as from certain feelings which I experienced toward Alice Van Koeren, the heir to this invisible estate. I had long known both her and her mother when they were living in an honest poverty, and earning a scanty subsistence by their own labor; Mrs. Van Koeren working as an embroideress, and Alice turning to account, as a preparatory governess, the education which her good mother, spite of her limited means, had bestowed on her.

In a few words, then, I loved Alice Van Koeren, and was determined to make her my wife, as soon as my means would allow me to support a fitting establishment. My passion had never been declared. I was content for the time with the secret consciousness of my own love, and the no less grateful certainty that Alice returned it, all unuttered as it was. I had, therefore, a double interest in passing the summer at the old Dutch villa, for I felt it to be connected somehow with Alice, and I could not forget the singular desire to inhabit it which I had so often experienced as a boy.

It was a lovely day in June when Jasper Joye and myself took up our abode in our new residence, and as we smoked our cigars on the piazza in the evening, we felt, for the first time, the unalloyed pleasure with which a townsman breathes the pure air of the country.

The house and grounds had a quaint sort of beauty that to me were eminently pleasing. Landscape gardening, in the modern acceptation of the term, was then almost unknown in this country, and the "laying out" of the garden that surrounded our new home would doubtless have shocked Mr. Loudon, the late Mr. Downing, or Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. It was formal and artificial to the last degree. The beds were cut into long parallelograms, rigid and severe of aspect, and edged with prim rows of stiff, dwarf box. The walks, of course, crossed always at right angles, and the laurel and cypress trees that grew here and there were clipped into cones, and spheres, and rhomboids. It is true, that at the time my friend and I hired the house some years of neglect had restored to this formal garden somewhat of the raggedness of nature. The box edgings were rank and wild. The clipped trees, forgetful of geometric propriety, flourished off into unauthorized boughs and rebel offshoots. The walks were green with moss, and the beds of Dutch tulips, which had been planted in the shape of certain gorgeous birds, whose colors were represented by masses of blossoms, each of a single hue, had transgressed their limits, and the purple of a parrot's wings might have been seen running recklessly into the crimson of his head; while as bulbs, however well-bred, *will* create other bulbs, the flower-birds of this queer old Dutch garden became in time abominably distorted in shape. Flamingoes with humps; golden pheasants with legs preternaturally elongated; macaws afflicted with an attack of hydrocephalus, each species of deformity being proportioned to the rapidity with which the roots had spread in some particular direction. Still, this strange mixture of raggedness and formality—this conglomerate of nature and art, had its charms. It was pleasant to watch the struggle, as it were, between the opposing elements, and to see nature triumphing by degrees in every direction.

Then the house itself was pleasant and commodious. Rooms that, though not lofty, were spacious. Wide windows and cool piazzas extending over the four sides of the building; and a collection of quaint old carved furniture, some

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of which, from its elaborateness, might well have come from the chisel of Master Grinling Gibbons. There was a mantle-piece in the dining-room with which I remember being very much struck when first I came to take possession. It was a most singular and fantastical piece of carving. It was a perfect tropical garden, menagerie, and aviary in one. Birds, beasts, and flowers were sculptured on the wood with exquisite correctness of detail, and painted with the hues of nature. The Dutch taste for color was here fully gratified. Parrots, love-birds, scarlet lorys, blue-faced baboons, crocodiles, passion-flowers, tigers, Egyptian lilies, and Brazilian butterflies, were all mixed up in the most gorgeous confusion. The artist, whoever he was, must have been an admirable naturalist, for the ease and freedom of his carving was only equaled by the wonderful accuracy with which the different animals were represented. Altogether it was one of those oddities of Dutch conception whose strangeness was, in this instance, redeemed by the excellence of the execution.

Such was the establishment that Jasper Joye and myself were to inhabit for the summer months.

"What a strange thing it was," said Jasper, as we lounged on the piazza together the night of our arrival, "that old Van Koeren's property should never have turned up!"

"It is a question with some people whether he had any at his death," I answered.

"Pshaw! every one knows that he did not or could not have lost that with which he retired from business."

"It is strange," said I thoughtfully; "yet every possible search has been made for any documents that might throw some light on the mystery. I have myself sought in every quarter for the traces of this lost wealth, but in vain."

"Perhaps he buried it?" suggested Jasper, laughing; "if so, we may find it here in some hole one fine morning."

"I think it much more likely that he destroyed it," I replied. "You know he never could be got to believe that Alain Van Koeren was his son, and I believe him quite capable of having flung all his money into the sea, in order to prevent those whom he considered not of his blood inheriting it, which they must have done under our laws."

"I am sorry that Alice did not become an heiress, both for your sake and hers. She is a charming girl."

Jasper, from whom I concealed nothing, knew of my love.

"As to that," I answered, "it is little matter. I shall in a year or two be independent enough to marry, and can afford to let Mr. Van Koeren's cherished gold sleep wherever he has concealed it."

"Well, I'm off to bed," said Jasper, yawning. "This country air makes one sleepy early. Be on the look-out for trap-doors and all that sort of thing, old fellow. Who knows but the old chap's dollars will turn up. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Jasper!"

So we parted for the night. He to his room, which lay on the west side of the building, I to mine on the east, situated at the end of a long corridor, and exactly opposite to Jasper's.

The night was very still and warm. The clearness with which I heard the song of the katydid, and the croak of the bull-frog, seemed to make the silence more distinct. The air was dense and breathless, and although longing to throw wide my windows, I dared not, for without the ominous trumpetings of a whole army of mosquitoes sounded threateningly.

I tossed on my bed oppressed with the heat; kicked the blankets into every spot where they ought not to be; gradually got the sheets twisted into a rope; turned my pillow every two minutes in the hope of finding a cool side; in short, did every thing that a man does when he lies awake on a very hot night, and can not open his window.

Suddenly, in the midst of my miseries, and when I had made up my mind to fling open the casement in spite of the legion of mosquitoes that I knew were hungrily waiting outside, suddenly I felt a continuous stream of cold air blowing upon my face. Luxurious as the sensation was, I could not help starting as I felt it. Where could this draught come from? The door was closed—so were the windows. It did not come from the direction of the fire-place; and even if it did, the air without was too still to produce so strong a current. I got up in my bed and gazed round the room, the whole of which, though only lit by a dim twilight, was still sufficiently visible. I thought at first it was a trick of Jasper's, who might have provided himself with a bellows or a long tube; but a careful investigation of the apartment convinced me that no one was there. Besides, I had locked the door, and it was not likely that any one had been concealed in the room before I entered it. It was exceedingly strange; but still the draught of cool wind blew on my face and chest, every now and then changing its direction—sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. I am not constitutionally nervous, and had been too long accustomed to reflect on philosophical subjects to become the prey of fear in the presence of mysterious phenomena. I had devoted much of my leisure time to the investigation of what are popularly called supernatural matters by those who have not reflected or examined sufficiently to discover that none of these apparent miracles are *super*natural, but all, however singular, directly dependent on certain natural laws. I became speedily convinced therefore, as I sat up in my bed peering into the dim recesses of my chamber, that this mysterious wind was the effect or forerunner of a supernatural visitation, and I mentally determined to investigate it as it developed itself with a philosophical calmness.

"Is any one in this room?" I asked, as distinctly

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as I could. No reply; while the cool wind still swept over my cheek. I knew, in the case of Elizabeth Eslinger, who was visited by an apparition while in the Weinsberg jail, and whose singular and apparently authentic experiences were made the subject of a book by Dr. Kerner, that the manifestation of the spirit was invariably accompanied by such a breezy sensation as I now experienced. I therefore gathered my will, as it were, into a focus, and endeavored, as much as lay in my power, to put myself *en rapport* with the disembodied spirit, if such there was, knowing that on such conditions alone would it be enabled to manifest itself to me.

Presently it seemed to me as if a luminous cloud was gathering in one corner of the room—a sort of dim phosphoric vapor, shadowy and ill-defined. It changed its position frequently, sometimes coming nearer, and at others retreating to the farthest end of the room. As it grew intenser and more radiant, I observed a sickening and corpse-like odor diffuse itself through the chamber, and despite my anxiety to witness this phenomenon undisturbed, I could with difficulty conquer the feeling of faintness which oppressed me.

The luminous cloud now began to grow brighter and brighter as I gazed. The horrible odor of which I have spoken did not cease to oppress me, and gradually I could discover certain lines making themselves visible in the midst of this lambent radiance. These lines took the form of a human figure—a tall man, dressed in a long dressing-robe, with a pale countenance, burning eyes, and a very bold and prominent chin. At a glance I recognized the original of the picture of old Van Koeren that I had seen with Alice. My interest was now aroused to the highest point; I felt that I stood face to face with a spirit, and doubted not that I should learn the fate of the old man's mysteriously-concealed wealth.

The spirit presented a very strange appearance. He himself was not luminous, except some tongues of fire that seemed to proceed from the tips of his fingers, but was completely surrounded by a thin gauze of light, so to speak, through which his outlines were visible. His head was bare, and his white hair fell in huge masses around his stern, saturnine face. As he moved on the floor, I distinctly heard a strange crackling sound, such as one hears when a substance has been overcharged with electricity. But the circumstance that seemed to me most incomprehensible connected with the apparition, was that Mr. Van Koeren held in both hands a curiously-painted flower-pot, out of which sprang a number of the most beautiful tulips in full blossom. He seemed very uneasy and agitated, and moved about the room as if in pain, frequently bending over the pot of tulips as if to inhale their odor, then holding it out to me, seemingly in the hope of attracting my attention to it. I was, I confess, very much puzzled. I knew that Mr. Van Koeren had in his lifetime devoted much of his leisure to the cultivation of flowers, importing from Holland the most expensive and rarest bulbs; but how this innocent fancy could trouble him after death, I could not imagine. I felt assured, however, that some important reason lay at the bottom of this spectral eccentricity, and determined to fathom it if I could.

"What brings you here?" I asked audibly; directing mentally, however, at the same time, the question to the spirit with all the power of my will. He did not seem to hear me, but still kept moving uneasily about, with the crackling noise I mentioned, and holding the pot of tulips toward me.

"It is evident," I said to myself, "that I am not sufficiently *en rapport* with this spirit in order for him to make himself understood by speech. He has, therefore, recourse to symbols. The pot of tulips is a symbol. But of what?"

While reflecting on these things, I continued to gaze upon the spirit. While observing him attentively, he approached my bedside by a rapid movement, and laid one hand on my arm. The touch was icy cold, and pained me at the moment. Next morning my arm was swollen, and marked with a round blue spot. Then passing to my bedroom-door, the spirit opened it noisily and went out, shutting it behind him. Catching for a moment at the idea that I was the dupe of a trick, I jumped out of bed and ran to the door. It was locked, with the key on the inside, and a brass safety-bolt, which lay above the lock, shot safely home. All was as I had left it on going to bed. Yet I declare most solemnly, that as the ghost made his exit, I not alone saw the door open, but *I saw the corridor outside*, and *distinctly observed a large picture of William of Orange that hung just opposite to my room.* This to me was the most curious portion of the phenomena I had witnessed. Either the door had been opened by the ghost, and the resistance of physical obstacles overcome in some amazing manner—because in this case the bolts must have been replaced when the ghost was *outside* the door—or he must have had a sufficient magnetic *rapport* with my mind to impress upon it the belief that the door was opened, and also to conjure up in my brain the vision of the corridor and the picture, features that I would have seen if the door had been opened by any ordinary physical agency.

The next morning at breakfast I suppose my manner must have betrayed me, for Jasper said to me, after staring at me for some time,

"Why, Harry Escott, what's the matter with you? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"So I have, Jasper."

Jasper, of course, burst into a loud fit of laughter, and said he'd shave my head and give me a shower-bath.

"Well, you may laugh," I answered; "but you shall see it to-night, Jasper."

He became serious in a moment—I suppose there was something earnest in my manner that convinced him that my words were not idle—and asked me to explain. I described my interview as accurately as I could.

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"How did you know that it was old Van Koeren?" he asked.

"Because I have seen his picture a hundred times with Alice," I answered, "and this apparition was as like it as it was possible for a ghost to be like a miniature."

"You must not think I'm laughing at you, Harry," he continued, "but I wish you would answer this. We have all heard of ghosts—ghosts of men, women, children, dogs, horses, in fact every living animal; but hang me of ever I heard of the ghost of a flower-pot before.

"My dear Jasper, you would have heard of such things if you had studied such branches of learning. All the phenomena I witnessed last night are supportable by well-authenticated facts. The cool wind has attended the appearance of more than one ghost, and Baron Reichenbach asserts that his patients, who you know are for the most part sensitive to apparitions, invariably feel this wind when a magnet is brought close to their bodies. With regard to the flower-pot about which you make so merry, it is to me the least wonderful portion of the apparitions. When a ghost is unable to find a person of sufficient receptivity, in order to communicate with him by speech, he is obliged to have recourse to symbols to express his wishes. These he either creates by some mysterious power out of the surrounding atmosphere, or he impresses, by magnetic force on the mind of the person he visits, the form of the symbol he is anxious to have represented. There is an instance mentioned by Jung Stilling of a student at Brunswick, who appeared to a professor of his college with a picture in his hands, which picture had a hole in it that the ghost thrust his head through. For a long time this symbol was a mystery; but the student was persevering, and appeared every night with his head through the picture, until at last it was discovered that, before he died, he had gotten some painted slides for a magic lantern from a shop-keeper in the town, which had not been paid for at his death; and when the debt had been discharged, he and his picture vanished forevermore. Now here was a symbol distinctly bearing on the question at issue. This poor student could find no better way of expressing his uneasiness at the debt for the painted slides than by thrusting his head through a picture. How he conjured up the picture I can not pretend to explain, but that it was used as a symbol is evident."

"Then you think the flower-pot of old Van Koeren is a symbol?"

"Most assuredly, the pot of tulips he held was intended to express that which he could not speak. I think it must have had some reference to his missing property, and it is our business to discover in what manner."

"Let us go and dig up all the tulip beds," said Jasper, "who knows but he may have buried his money in one of them?"

I grieve to say that I assented to Jasper's proposition, and on that eventful day every tulip in that quaint old garden was ruthlessly uprooted. The gorgeous macaws, and ragged parrots, and long-legged pheasants so cunningly formed by those brilliant flowers, were that day exterminated. Jasper and I had a regular *battue* amidst this floral preserve, and many a splendid bird fell before our unerring spades. We, however, dug in vain. No secret coffer turned up out of the deep mould of the flower-beds. We evidently were not on the right scent. Our researches for that day terminated, and Jasper and myself waited impatiently for the night.

It was arranged that Jasper should sleep in my room. I had a small bed rigged up for him near my own, and I was to have the additional assistance of his senses in the investigation of the strange phenomena that we so confidently expected to appear.

The night came. We retired to our respective couches, after carefully bolting the doors, and subjecting the entire apartment to the strictest scrutiny, rendering it totally impossible that a secret entrance should exist unknown to us. We then put out the lights and awaited the apparition.

We did not remain in suspense long. About twenty minutes after we retired to bed Jasper called out,

"Harry," said he, "I feel the cool wind!"

"So do I," I answered, for at that moment a light breeze seemed to play across my temples.

"Look, look, Harry!" continued Jasper in a tone of painful eagerness, "I see a light—there in the corner!"

It was the phantom. As before, the luminous cloud appeared to gather in the room, growing more and more intense each minute. Presently the dark lines mapped themselves out, as it were, in the midst of this pale, radiant vapor, and there stood Mr. Van Koeren, ghastly and mournful as ever, with the pot of tulips in his hands.

"Do you see it?" I asked Jasper.

"My God! yes," said Jasper, in a low voice. "How terrible he looks!"

"Can you speak to me, to-night?" I said, addressing the apparition, and again concentrating my will upon my question. "If so, unburden yourself. We will assist you, if we can."

There was no reply. The ghost preserved the same sad, impassive countenance; he had heard me not. He seemed in great distress on this occasion, moving up and down, and holding out the pot of tulips imploringly toward me, each motion of his being accompanied by the crackling noise and the corpse-like odor. I felt sorely troubled myself to see this poor spirit torn by an endless grief; so anxious to communicate to me what lay on his soul, and yet debarred by some occult power from the privilege.

"Why, Harry," cried Jasper after a silence, during which we both watched the motions of the ghost intently, "why, Harry, my boy, there are *two* of them!"

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Astonished by his words I looked around, and became immediately aware of the presence of a second luminous cloud, in the midst of which I could distinctly trace the figure of a pale but lovely woman. I needed no second glance to assure me that it was the unfortunate wife of Mr. Van Koeren.

"It is his wife, Jasper," I replied; "I recognize her, as I have recognized her husband, by the portrait."

"How sad she looks!" exclaimed Jasper in a low voice.

She did indeed look sad. Her face, pale and mournful in its cast, did not, however, seem convulsed with sorrow, as was her husband's. She seemed to be oppressed with a calm grief, and gazed with a look of interest that was painful in its intensity, on Mr. Van Koeren. It struck me, from his air, that though she saw him, he did not see her. His whole attention was concentrated on the pot of tulips, while Mrs. Van Koeren, who floated at an elevation of about three feet from the floor, and thus overtopped her husband, seemed equally absorbed in the contemplation of his slightest movement. Occasionally she would turn her eyes on me, as if to call my attention to her companion, and then returning, gaze on him with a sad womanly, half-eager smile, that to me was inexpressibly mournful.

There was something exceedingly touching in this strange sight. These two spirits so near, yet so distant. The sinful husband torn with grief and weighed down with some terrible secret, and so blinded by the grossness of his being as to be unable to see the wife-angel who was watching over him; while she, forgetting all her wrongs, and attracted to earth by perhaps the same human sympathies, watched from a greater spiritual height, and with a tender interest, the struggles of her suffering spouse.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jasper, jumping from his bed, "I know what it means now."

"What does it mean?" I asked, as eager to know as he was to communicate.

"Well, that flower-pot that the old chap is holding—" Jasper, I grieve to say, was rather profane.

"Well! what of that flower-pot?"

"Observe the pattern. It has two handles made of red snakes, whose tails twist round the top and form a rim. It contains tulips of three colors, yellow, red, and purple."

"I see all that as well as you do. Let us have the solution."

"Well, Harry, my boy! don't you remember that there is just such a flower-pot, tulips, snakes and all, carved on the queer old painted mantle-piece in the dining-room."

"So there is!" and a gleam of hope shot across my brain, and my heart beat quicker.

"Now, as sure as you are alive, Harry, the old fellow has concealed something important behind that mantle-piece."

"Jasper, if ever I am Emperor of France, I will make you chief of police; your inductive reasoning is magnificent."

Actuated by the same impulse, and without another word, we both sprang out of bed and lit a candle. The apparitions, if they remained, were no longer visible in the strong light. Hastily throwing on some clothes, we rushed down stairs to the dining-room, determined to have the old mantle-piece down, without loss of time. We had scarce entered the room when we felt the cool wind blowing on our faces.

"Jasper," said I, "they are here!"

"Well," answered Jasper, "that only confirms my suspicions that we are on the right track this time. Let us go to work. See! here's the pot of tulips."

This pot of tulips occupied the centre of the mantle-piece, and served as a nucleus round which all the fantastic animals sculptured elsewhere might be said to gather. It was carved on a species of raised shield, or boss, of wood, that projected some inches beyond the plane of the remainder of the mantle-piece. The pot itself was painted a brick-color. The snakes were of bronze color, gilt, and the tulips—yellow, red, and purple—were painted after nature with the most exquisite accuracy.

For some time Jasper and myself tugged away at this projection without any avail. We were convinced that it was a movable panel of some kind, but yet were totally unable to move it. Suddenly it struck me that we had not yet twisted it. I immediately proceeded to apply all my strength, and after a few seconds of vigorous exertion, I had the satisfaction of finding it move slowly round. After giving it half a dozen turns, to my astonishment the long upper panel of the mantle-piece fell out toward us, apparently on concealed hinges, after the manner of the portion of escritoirs that is used for writing upon. Within were several square cavities sunk in the wall, and lined with wood, like the pigeon-holes of a desk. In one of these was a bundle of papers.

We seized these papers with avidity, and hastily glanced over them. They proved to be documents vouching for property to the amount of nearly two hundred thousand dollars, invested in the name of Mr. Van Koeren in a certain firm at Bremen, who, no doubt, thought by this time that the money would remain unclaimed forever. The desires of these poor troubled spirits were accomplished. Justice to the child had been given through the instrumentality of the erring father.

The formulas necessary to prove Alice and her mother sole heirs to Mr. Van Koeren's estate were briefly gone through, and the poor governess leaped suddenly from the task of teaching stupid children to the envied position of a great heiress. I had ample reason afterward for thinking that her heart did not change with her position.

That Mr. Van Koeren became aware of his wife's innocence, just before he died, I have no

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doubt. How this was manifested, I can not of course say, but I think it highly probable that his poor wife herself was enabled at the critical moment of dissolution, when the link that binds body and soul together is attenuated to the last thread, to put herself *en rapport* with her unhappy husband. Hence his sudden starting up in his bed, his apparent conversation with some invisible being, and his fragmentary disclosures, too broken, however, to be comprehended.

The question of apparitions has been so often discussed, that I feel no inclination to enter here upon the truth or fallacy of the ghostly theory. I myself believe in ghosts. Alice, my wife—for we are married, dear reader—believes in them firmly; and if it suited me to do so, I could overwhelm you with a scientific theory of my own on the subject, reconciling ghosts and natural phenomena. I will spare you, however, for I intend to deliver a lecture on the subject at Hope Chapel this winter, and if I disclosed my theory now, some one of our "gifted lecturers" would perhaps forestall me, and make "his arrangements for the season" on the strength of my ideas. Any one, however, who wishes to investigate this subject, will find an opportunity by addressing a note to Mr. Harry Escott, care of the publishers of this Magazine.

THE OLD PASTOR.

HE was an old man. A very old man. Not that he had added up so many years. Not that so many winters and summers had passed over him—not that he had seen so many changing suns, and winter constellations. For it has been often said, until it has become a trite saying, that time in the life of man is not to be measured by the dial, or by events out of his own immediate experience. From very childhood he counts on days as the dates of joys and sorrows, and eagerly hastens forward to or shrinks back from a coming hour.

Doctor Winslow had been an old man ever since I had known him, and that is more years than I will here acknowledge. Older men than I have said the same thing; and I have sometimes puzzled myself with the effort to add up the years of his life and give the sum of them. That he was over eighty, there can be no doubt; and yet his voice was clear, his eyes were not in any manner dimmed—his whole aspect, except at particular times, was that of a stout, strong man.

He was of medium height for a man—not tall nor yet short, not thin nor yet very heavy, not quick in his movements, nor was he feeble or slow. He was very deliberate in all that he said and did, with one only exception, which was this:

When in the pulpit on Sunday he was a different man from any other day. Then all was activity, eloquence, fervor. His whole soul was in the work of the day, and he looked like a different being. He read the morning chapter with a full, sonorous voice. He gave out the psalms, and he sang them too, with fervor. But when he opened his Bible and lifted his eyes for a moment for help from Heaven, and then proceeded to expound the passage he had selected, he warmed up, and his words glowed, and his hearers were carried away with his simple, fervid, and yet grand utterance.

His parsonage (it was his own; the church built one, but he used his own house) was the perfection of simple comfort. His library it was a luxury to enter. All the fathers looked out from oak shelves, and all the learning of all ages was there with them. Many a rare old volume that it would please an antiquary or a book collector to pay a small fortune for, was there, in the quiet and unpretending collection of the village pastor. He had no mania for old books, but he loved them, and he loved to take one in hand that he never saw before, and sit down for an hour and talk with the author, long since dead and forgotten.

But the social qualities of the Doctor were his most winning. Where he received his doctorate I did not for a long time know, as there was no manifest inducement to any college to confer it; for there was no money, and there were no students likely to come from our village, and we all know that one or the other of these expectations is ordinarily necessary to lead a college board to confer a degree. But I learned, at length, that it was one of the oldest institutions in the country which, for once, was led to honor talent and learning, and that astonished the pastor in his quiet village home with the official letter that announced to him that they had seen fit to recommend him to the world as fitted to teach the mysteries of sacred theology.

But in the library every person in his congregation loved to pass an hour with the clergyman; old and young alike found him their companion and friend. I think he best liked the presence of the young; and he would sit for hours among them, telling quaint old stories, or personal recollections, or curious things he had picked up in his reading, and they never tired of listening to him.

He was a widower, but no one knew his wife. He had been the pastor of that church for forty years, but no one had ever heard him name her. He came there a man of middle age. They asked him if he were married, and he replied that he was a widower. That was the only time it was ever spoken of. He had ministered to them for a long time; he had baptized their children and buried their fathers; he had married their young maidens, had counseled their erring sons, had been father, brother, friend, in joy and sorrow; had been the constant, steadfast visitor in days of affliction; had watched with them many nights of agony; had pointed them often to the far-off heaven, where alone there was rest and peace for even the dwellers of that peaceful village, and yet no one had penetrated the old man's soul, or knew from what fountain in his own breast he drew those consolations which experience alone can supply.

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Men laugh at love. Men sneer at human affection. Well, let them laugh, let them sneer. There are hours in the experience of every man when he longs for the infolding of a woman's arms, for the kisses of a woman's lips, for the soothing of a woman's voice, with unutterable longings. Wait for that hour. Do not attempt to argue with the poor fool of the world, who, in his ignorance of bliss, denies its existence.

It is not necessary to relate the manner in which I became acquainted with the early history of Doctor Philip Winslow. The old man, I think, never knew that I had heard it; and after I had become acquainted with it, I could appreciate a great many quiet things that he said, and many more that he did.

I could understand his long evenings in the still moonlight, his lonesome walks along the bank of the river, his smiles while he sat thinking, his pauses in prayer when he spoke of the reunions of the other world. Doubtless the starlight of his young love had been steadfastly shining through all the twilight years of his later life.

The first passage in his early life that I shall refer to is a letter.

"Never again, Philip, never again. My hand does not tremble as I write it, my heart does not beat one pulsation the faster for this last letter. Although this is the end of many pleasant hopes, many brilliant anticipations, yet I am very calm in saying that it must be the end. I do not love you. That is all the story. Do not seek to change my resolution. You will fail, and but increase the pain of this final separation. So good-by now forever, Philip Winslow. Think no more of Mary Pierson."

He read it over a second time, but it was the same cool, deliberate, final answer. He studied it to extract, if it were possible, some other meaning out of the brief sentences. But he failed in that. He examined the writing to see if there might not be some hesitation in the penmanship, some indication of vacillating thought, uncertain decision, but he found nothing of the sort; every letter was the familiar, firm hand that he knew of old; every curve was regular, every dot and cross was in its place.

There was one word on which he paused long. It was the word "pain." What did she mean by that? Was it of herself she spoke or of him? Was it painful to her thus to dismiss him, because she thought he would suffer, and she did not wish to give pain, even to a worm; or was there no such feeling whatever, but only the conviction that he would suffer, and no care on her part whether he did or not?

Whatever it was, it was vain for him to seek any evidence of a willingness on the part of Mary Pierson to be sued for any change of purpose. He knew her heart—the inheritance from a stern old father of revolutionary times, which was as firm as a rock in its determinations—and he yielded, though it was like yielding life-blood to the knife, for she was of noble nature, and one from whom it was terrible to part.

For fifteen years he had loved her with abounding love. They were children together, had grown up together, had—he believed it in his heart of hearts—loved each other all that time. Not all her asseverations now could convince him that she had not loved him for those years; and on calm reflection he was satisfied, even now, that she did not know herself, and that she loved him now. He even smiled now when he read her letter again, and saw how coolly she said she did not love him. His smile became bitter when he reflected that she was just as determined, and that even a knowledge of her own heart would never serve to effect a change of resolution in that stern woman. I have used the expression "stern woman," for though exceedingly beautiful, and young almost to girlhood, yet she had all the dignity and severity of full-grown and experienced womanhood. It was the peculiarity of her nature which distinguished hers from all others, and none knew it better than he.

She was the daughter of on old soldier, and was educated to old ideas and old ways. Born of a wealthy and honored family, she was the admiration of the county, but she was not the admiration of the young men in the county. She was too cold, too far above them, too distant and unapproachable. She never mingled in their merry-makings, never danced at their balls, seldom joined their winter assemblies. She lived constantly with her father, surrounded by books and music, in the old house among the pines, taking her daily ride on horseback, accompanied by an old servant when Philip Winslow was at college, or by Philip when he was at home, and seeing only so much company as formality required. She was one who, while living in a busy, active world, was actually a denizen of another life, and was no more one of us than the inhabitant of a star might be supposed to be.

She was a strange person altogether, and yet very lovely. Her soul was full of fresh, outgushing feelings that she did not seek to restrain. Had you seen her in company, in her own drawing-room receiving her guests at the hour of morning calls, or in the evening among the gay, most splendidly attired, sweeping through the crowd with all the majesty of a queen, you would have said she was a cold, haughty beauty, the creature of fashion and society, the automaton of the stiffest rules of social life. But had you seen her by the fire in the library of the old place, when Philip Winslow sat by her side, and her father dozed in the large chair, with his claret bottle close to his hand, you would have called her the impersonation of mirth and loveliness, of ease and gentle beauty.

But she dismissed Philip Winslow. And why?

She said it was because she did not love him.

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He said it was because she did not know herself. It happened on this wise:

There was a dinner party at the old place, known in the county, from the grove in which the house stood, as "The Pines." The Colonel's dinner invitations were by no means to be declined. He did, it is true, invite a large majority of bachelors, and there was danger of a serious headache the next morning to any one who did not follow Mary very early from the dining-room; but the Colonel's *cuisine* was perfect, and his cellar had warm spots to ripen the Lafitte, and cool spots to make the Chambertin delicious, and withal there was always wit, intelligence, and humor at his table; and, above all, there was a beauty at its head that men might go across oceans but once to look at, and be satisfied.

After one of these dinner parties, when Mary had left very early, and the gentlemen were at the table still, Philip Winslow followed her up the staircase, and when she was in the drawing-room, and before she had rung for lights, he was at her side and led her to a window, in the deep seat of which he placed her and took his place at her side.

"Mary, I wished to see you to-night before that crowd of fools comes up."

"You are complimentary to our guests."

"I haven't time to talk of that. I am going away to-morrow, or the next day, to be gone one, two, or three years. I know not how long. I can not go without—without—without—"

"Without what, Philip?"

"We have been friends very long, Mary."

"Many years."

"Can we ever be more than friends?"

She looked into his face. It was very dark, but his eyes were fixed on hers. She knew that. He was close by her. She felt his head bend down to hers. His cheek touched her cheek. It had touched it a thousand times before just so, but she never before trembled as she now did. She was silent; his arm stole slowly around her, and yet she was silent; he drew her to his side, he kissed her forehead, her cheek, her lips, but she did not kiss him or notice it at all.

She was thinking—a flood of thought was pouring through her soul. It might have been one, two, three minutes, or not so many seconds, while they sat thus, and then a servant's step on the stair aroused them, and they separated.

Neither was satisfied. He knew her too well to suppose she was conscious of his caresses, and she, though she remembered them, was unable to satisfy herself that she loved him, or should longer permit them.

He did not go the next day. They rode together as usual, and he renewed the conversation. She was prepared for it.

In vain did he argue, and beseech, and implore. Her mind was fixed. She did not love him, except as the dear friend of many years. She would be kind to him, would love him just so always, but he must not ask for any thing more.

That evening he wrote to her a long, mad letter, full of all his love, and ended all with saying that he could not be her friend; he must be her husband, or never see her again on this earth. There was no other future for him, and he left her to pronounce the decree of their eternal separation.

And it came in the letter from which I have given the extract.

He was the son of the village clergyman—a poor man, but one of the excellent of the earth, and the fast friend of Colonel Pierson from youth. Some said they were natives of the same village on Long Island, and they certainly had been boys together at school. Philip had no prospects but in his intellect, and no future except such as he was to carve out for himself.

The Colonel had never viewed his intimacy with Mary with any dislike, and it would have been the pleasantest day of his life, that on which he should give his daughter to the son of his friend.

But—be it said without reproaching her, and let no one form an evil opinion of her for it—there was in the heart of Mary Pierson a great ambition, which she had never confessed to herself, and none else ever dreamed of. In her silent hours of thought she was given to building castles in the air, such as few maidens build. It was not of beauty and its power, or of the homage it could command, that she dreamed. It was not of wealth and its magnificence, nor of any of the ordinary limits of female desire. But she looked to the power of a queen. She was not content with the life of a loving woman, reigning in one heart and one circle, nor yet with the realm of beauty and wealth, which were all her own. But secretly, unknown even to herself, she was filling her brain with pictures of the most unsubstantial sort, and wasting the present and its joys in fancies about what could never be realized.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that she indulged herself in any fixed plans or thoughts of such a future. I wish distinctly to explain that all these thoughts were but unbidden fancies, which had their day and vanished, to be succeeded by others as wild and unreal, and that she let them come. Her error was in not forbidding them. Many who read this will understand what I mean, and how with all these strange fancies forming the undercurrent of her thoughts and life, she was nevertheless a very gentle, very lovely woman.

But she rejected Philip Winslow, and it was because she thought she did not love him. She would not have believed any one who told her that she had looked on her love for him calmly and steadily, and weighed it in her secret soul against those wild fancies and ambitious views; and yet she did just so, and she could not, strive as she would, she could not believe she loved him well enough to be his humble wife.

For to-day, for to-morrow, for this little while

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just before her, it would be delicious. She almost sprang into his arms as she thought of it. But after that, and for a long life—just the calm, steadfast life of his wife and nothing more—she could not believe that was her destiny.

But enough with motives and let us proceed with our story.

The week after that letter was written Philip Winslow was on the sea. Here are extracts from two letters, written a year later:

"Has a year produced any change? It is vain to conceal the simple truth from you, Mary, that I am miserably lonesome without the hope of your love; and I do not see before me one spot so bright as the light that shines through my grave. I have believed that you loved me. I have convinced myself that I can not be mistaken. I have hoped against all your calm assurances. And now, once more, and for the last time, I come and ask for love. Give! give! or I perish!"

Her reply:

"I said forever, Philip, and it must be so. You are right in believing that I love you. I was wrong in saying that I did not love you. But I do not love you as you wish. We can never be more than friends. Forgive me, Philip, if I sadden you again. You would not let it rest as it was. It must be even so. Seek no further to change me—look for no change in me. I have searched my heart through for you, carefully, faithfully. I have removed myself out of myself for the sake of looking at my soul, and Philip, it must be—it must be! I do not even weep on this page in writing it, so cold am I in all this. And when I know that pain is wringing your heart, my own beats steadily as before. God keep you, Philip. Good-by!"

Let us pass over a space of six years that followed the date of the last letter.

It is the afternoon of an August Sunday in one of the most quiet and retired portions of —— County, among the Highlands. The day has been oppressively warm, and the air is sultry, giving indications of the coming of thunder-storms.

The little church of —— stood at the very entrance of the mountain glen, where the brook, after dashing down rocks for half a mile, flows peacefully out into the meadow lands.

The church stands among trees, which shade the peaceful groves that are around it, and which darken the windows even at mid-day, so thick and heavy is their foliage. The building itself is old. The oak timbers, that were never covered nor painted, are somewhat worm-eaten, but very curious and ancient in appearance, and the entire aspect of the interior of the church is that of old times.

In one of the large square pews, around which are curtains that exclude the vision of neighbors and even of the clergyman himself, two ladies, strangers in the village, are sitting with bowed heads, waiting the commencement of the afternoon service. The village has been not infrequently the resort of invalids from the city, and one of these ladies is of this class. The other, her niece, a young and very beautiful woman, in the perfection of health, has accompanied her for the sake of companionship.

There was a strange fascination to the younger lady in the voice of the clergyman. It was singularly musical in the ears of any stranger, but to her there was something more than she could describe in its power. At the first sound of his voice she sprang from her seat and looked toward him. But the obscurity of a coming storm darkened the church, and she sought in vain to recognize his features. It was a familiar voice, and yet she could not place it. She had heard it before, yet it seemed rather that she had heard one like it. The service proceeded, and she sat in the corner of the pew and buried her face in her hands, and seemed to be sleeping.

But she was not sleeping. There was a tempest in the mind of the proud and elegant lady, sitting in the little up-country church, with her face hidden from her companion.

The sermon was on the pomp and vanity of the world. It was strange to hear the young clergyman preaching on such a subject to his little congregation in that retired village. What temptations had the world to such villagers and livers among the hills. If they ascended to the highest peak of the mountains, they could but dimly discern the smoke of a large town. But few of their young people had ever seen it. And yet the temptations of the world had entered that hamlet, and the clergyman was as eloquent to them in simple, strong language, as was the great Augustine in his denunciations of sin.

After the service was over the ladies left their pew, and stood for a few moments, with their vails drawn over their faces, while the congregation passed out.

And then the clergyman came down the aisle, and as he passed the first pew, he opened it, and a young, slender, but very beautiful lady took his arm and walked slowly with him, leaning heavily on him for support.

They passed the door where the ladies stood, and he bowed politely. The elder lady returned the bow. The younger looked steadfastly in the face of the lady on his arm, and when she had passed, turned rapidly to her aunt and said: "Ask some one who that lady is."

The question was put to a parishioner, who replied, wondering that any one could be so ignorant, "It is Mrs. Winslow, the minister's wife."

"She is ill."

"Yes, ma'am—yes—she is dying, poor lady!"

"Dying! and with what?"

"Consumption, ma'am. They have only been married a few weeks. She is the daughter of Mr. Green, the richest man in the county."

So Mary Pierson learned that Philip Winslow was married. But she did not learn all that day. The landlady of the village inn was communicative at the table on Monday morn-

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ing, and what with her story, and Mary's knowledge of his character, she learned the true history well enough to satisfy herself. We who know more of it can relate it briefly.

He had been the constant visitor at the house of Mr. Green, ever welcome, and especially to Susan, the only child of the house, a flower of rare grace, beauty, and delicacy. I shall not pause to relate the growth of her love for Mr. Winslow, or its purity and strength. He did not dream of it till it was too late. Then he awoke to the startling fact that his long evenings at the hall, his brilliant wit, his love of all the beautiful, his admiration of certain books, and certain styles of thought, his walks and talks, had won the love of this fragile child, whose days on earth were manifestly almost numbered.

And now came a fierce struggle in his mind as to what was the course of duty under these circumstances. She was beautiful and very lovely, but did he love her? No, he did not. Could he love her? Doubtless yes. It would be vain to try not to love one so very gentle, trusting, and dependent. Her father had evidently seen all, and was willing that it should be so. Her brief life might have this one bright day of sunshine, this one hour of gladness, and then all would be over. He would give all he had to buy her life; but since that might not be, he would buy her happiness while she lived at any price. And the young clergyman saw all this, and then came across his memory the splendid beauty of Mary Pierson, the magnificent dream of his younger days, and it fought with him; but he conquered it.

None but he who has once experienced it knows the tremendous power of a memory. It takes entire possession of the soul like a storm, sweeping over all that has grown there and taken deep root—all the flowers that have been cherished, all the great trees that have grown up in might and strength, all the webs of fancy that hang here and there covered with dew drops.

And to oppose and overcome such a power is a victory that a strong man may be proud of. Such he achieved, and there was then a calm after the storm.

Deep peace was in the house and heart of the clergyman after he had married his young wife, and peace like a river flowed through her soul.

She was fainting, failing out of a beautiful world, in which she had found nothing but joy till now. All her life long she had been the child of ease, pleasure, and luxury. No wish had been denied. All that she wanted she had, and when it became evident to her own unwilling reason that the end was come, it was hard, very hard. But love was now made perfect in enjoyment, and she lay calmly on her husband's breast for the few weeks that were to intervene between the blessed moment when she called him her own, and that moment when she must give away every thing, even his hand, his arm, his love; no, not his love, she would take that to heaven with her, to make it even more glad and hopeful there.

And he was happy, perfectly happy. There was no shadow on his heart. More and more each day he grew to her, and as he so increased in his love for her, there did begin to come over him a dark cloud. He looked to her death with more and more fear, and sorrow, and apprehension. Perhaps it was selfish. Perhaps he felt that he should again be delivered over to the terrible power of that memory that he had once so well conquered. Perhaps he did love his wife with single love, and therefore shrank more and more from the moment of parting.

Whatever it was, it grew on him, and he looked fondly on her face and forgot all the past in her presence, that became more holy as she approached the hour when she should be an angel. And he did not know, that Sunday afternoon, that the little church contained within it all the hopes of his life, all his dreams, all that he had valued in boyhood or in the maturer affections of manhood.

A year after Philip Winslow stood by the bedside of his dying wife. Her black eyes, overflowing with love of him and hope of heaven, were fixed with unutterable joy on his calm countenance. Her white hand, white and thin as the hand that the phantom of a dream waves at us, lay in his calmly, confidingly.

"Philip, my husband, say once more that we shall meet again."

"We shall, dear wife, we shall! Thank God that he has promised us that."

"Oh, Philip! I will wait for you in the happiest valley of that happy country. Do you love me, Philip?"

"Dear wife!"

"May God reward you for your love. I have not been worth it, but oh, how you have blessed me with it! It has been the breath of Heaven over me even here."

"A letter for you, Sir." It was a servant entering the room with a light step, who handed it to him. He glanced at the direction, and a sharp pang shot through his frame, and a visible pallor was on his face. He turned from the bedside, grasping it convulsively in his hand, and staggered rather than walked toward the window where the last rays of the sunshine were streaming in through the half closed shutters. He looked at it again, and sat down feebly, as if in pain.

Again the tempest was up. Again the wild floods were over his soul.

Stern and terrible was the resistance he offered, but it would have been all in vain, had not the voice of his wife come to his aid.

"Philip, Philip, come to me!"

He knew not out of what a remote distance, what far off wandering she was calling him. But he heard her voice. He was not too far away. It was in time, and he came. He sprang to her, and in an instant he was hers

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again, and all was forgotten save the peaceful, joyful face that lay before him, looking so lovingly into his eyes.

She was dying. Swiftly now the silver cord was slipping from the knot. She grew paler, and more heavenly in appearance, while she fixed her eyes more and more intensely on him. She never varied her gaze. Father, mother, friends who were around her—none caught that look of love, save he whose its all was here and forever. And, at length, whispering, "Philip, hold me close!" and nestling her head in his bosom, she closed her eyes on his beloved countenance—last vision of earth, last thought of time—and took it with her to the unseen world, as all she wished to take from earth to heaven.

Three days afterward they buried her. And when the lonesome man, with bowed head and solemn step, entered his library, and gazed around him sadly, he saw an unopened letter lying on his desk, where a servant had placed it three days before, when he dropped it from his hand to the floor.

He sat down calmly and looked at it. He was in no haste to open it. He did not think of it as sacrilege, not for a moment. He had no thought that there could be any such thing as sacrilege to her memory. He regarded her as wholly, only his, and he thought he had finally overcome the last enemy to her perfect reign in his heart—overcome it, now that it was too late.

He opened it at length as a business matter, coolly, calmly, without (so he said to himself) one throb of heart quicker than usual.

"Philip, come to me. I am dying!" (They were almost the very words in which his wife had called him back to her.) "How I have wasted all the blessedness God offered to me! How I have deceived you, cursed myself! I do love you, Philip. I have loved you every hour since I was old enough to love. I have loved you with superhuman—why should I not say inhuman?—love. And now I, the widow of another man, lonesome, miserable, dying, call you back to me, Philip, to see me die!"

He went to her. He found her in the splendid home she had inherited from her husband, one whom men called great, the representative of a great power. He was a man of no affections, who had married her for the sake of a wealthy alliance, and had died leaving her wealth she did not want, and disappointment to all her ambition—and now she was dying.

Philip Winslow would not have gone to her but for the feeling that he might be useful to her in the hour of her extremity. It was not love that carried him back. It was the duty of a Christian minister—nothing else; at least, so he said to his own heart, and doubtless it was true.

She lay on a splendid couch, surrounded by all the evidences of wealth and ease. She drank from crystal goblets set in gold, and the coverings of her couch were of the finest and most costly fabrics. The ceiling of her room was frescoed in exquisite colors, and the walls hung with tapestries of quaint and expensive beauty. All that was around her was characteristic of her tastes; all was beautiful, superb, magnificent. It dazzled the eyes of the young clergyman when they showed him into her chamber, as she had directed.

He had come very late. She had watched hour by hour for his coming, and wondered whether her messenger could have failed. And at length she had become restless, and she gave him up on the fourth day, and fever took hold of her, and delirium followed. All her ravings were of him, and the secret of her proud heart was known to all the servants in her house. And when he came they knew him, and smiled as he passed up to her chamber, marshaled by the aunt who was with her in the country village.

She lay there, the wreck of all her splendid beauty, and he looked on her, and the past came before him—again and again the storm came, and he bowed his head and yielded to it now.

Yes, she was gloriously beautiful. It was she—his young love—the idol of all his years of agony—she that lay there, sleeping now, calm, quiet, like a statue. He gazed on her face, and his heart beat now wildly, fiercely, with the passion of youth. He bent over her, and his breath was on her forehead, and she smiled and opened her eyes.

"Philip, Philip!" and she lifted her arms to his neck, and he knelt by her and buried his face out of her sight while he sobbed aloud. And then he put his arms around her and held her to his breast, and strove to recall the vanishing powers of her young, great heart. But all in vain.

When did human love avail to hold back those departing on the last journey? That night they were married, and the next day she died, and when her dust lay in his arms—his at last, but worthless dust—he felt once more, and now for the last time, the great storm in his soul; and having yielded once, he resisted now and conquered bravely and forever.

He left a kiss on her forehead, but no tear fell in her grave. He went to his village-home. None there knew of his struggle, and no man appreciated his victory. Doubtless the angels did.

She left him her immense wealth, but he never touched one farthing of it. There was a small property belonging to Susan, which had been left to him, and which, with some strange preference, he was willing to use, and which afforded him the means of increasing his library and living in ease. He removed to a village where his history was not known, and where he spent his life in earnest works of love.

He died in the winter time, and I have sometimes wondered what angels waited on the old man's departure, and have been thankful at the blessed assurance that there is no such thing as disappointment in heaven. For if it were not so, one of those two would have been sadly astonished, and lonesome, in the solitary places

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there, while the old man, with his young wife, sat down on a hillside by the river of peace. But I confess I have often doubted whose arm infolded him when he entered the unknown country.

BIRD GOSSIP.

TO study the habits of birds in an unscientific way, I hold to be the most delightful of pastimes. I can conceive no higher pleasure than to have time and money enough to enable one to go wandering through the woods of the world watching birds. I confess I have little sympathy with those men who hunt after a bird for the purpose of giving it a long name, describing its structure in so learned a manner as to be wholly unintelligible to ordinary readers, and gratifying us with but a meagre account of its ways of life. It may be heresy to say so, but I love the peasant names of birds. Does not Thrush sound better than *Turdus*, and who could love the plaintive Whip-poor-will so well under the magnificent appellation of *Caprimulgus vociferus?* I have no doubt it is very necessary, for the interests of science, that birds should be embalmed in the mausoleum of a dead language; but it was to the Saxon skylark that Shelley wrote his glorious hymn, and Keats thought not of the *Luscinia* when he poured out his heart to the shaded nightingale.

A man after my own heart is Charles Waterton, of Walton Hall, Yorkshire, England. Waterton spent his life bird-hunting. He has contributed some of the most valuable papers on ornithology that have ever been given to the world; and although a perfect classical scholar and scientific ornithologist, he seldom, if ever, bestows on any bird any other than its native name. His essays are written with the freedom and simplicity of a child, and in spite of a little pleasant egotism, I know no more delicious reading than his books on birds.

Waterton is—for I believe he yet lives—a Roman Catholic gentleman of good family and ample fortune, who was born in the year 1782. He was educated at Stonyhurst College, where he distinguished himself more by climbing trees than by ascending the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and was famous for knowing the private history of every bird's nest within three miles of the college. After leaving college Waterton was sent to travel in Spain, and was unlucky enough to be at Malaga during the great plague, which in that vicinity alone swept away 36,000 souls. In 1804 he proceeded to Dutch Guiana, nominally for the purpose of overseeing some family estates, but in reality, I suspect, to gratify that insatiable love of wandering which possessed him. Accordingly we find him shortly after surrendering his charge, and rushing away into the pathless forests of the interior of Guiana on a most extraordinary mission. This was nothing less than the discovery of a deadly poison called "Wourali," said to be used by the Macoushi Indians, and possessing very singular qualities. As Mr. Waterton was entirely successful in his quest, I will give the reader the benefit of his discoveries, the more so as "wourali" has much to do with birds.

Wourali poison is composed of the following ingredients: A species of vine that grows in the woods of Guiana, called Wourali—hence the name. A bitter root, and the stems of two kinds of bitter bulbous plants, of all of which Mr. Waterton did not learn the names; the latter contain a green, glutinous juice. A large black ant, with a most venomous bite, and a small red one, equally favored by nature. To these must be added Indian pepper, the pounded fangs of the Labarri snake, with ditto ditto of the Counacouchi snake. There's a recipe for you! Shakspeare's brew in Macbeth is nothing to it. If witches were still in fashion, how their mouths would water over this diabolical mixture.

The preparation of this poison corresponds to the devilish nature of the ingredients. The Macoushi Indian first scrapes the wourali vine and the bitter root, and puts the shreds into a colander made with leaves. Into this vegetable vessel he pours some water, which, as it strains through, becomes coffee-colored. He then adds the glutinous juice of the bulbous plants, seasons with the black and red ants, the snakes' fangs, and the Indian pepper, all pounded together; then simmers in a small earthen pot over a slow fire. As the liquid boils away more wourali is added, until the mixture becomes like a thick brown sirup. While boiling the Indian skims the broth with a leaf, and as soon as the precious distillation is of the required strength it is poured into a calabash, covered with leaves and deer's hide, and hung up in a dry place. After this lucid description of the way to cook it, I think that wourali poison is within the reach of every young housekeeper.

Among the Macoushi Indians, however, there is an awful mystery hanging over the preparation of this deadly poison. Women are not permitted to be present while it is making, lest Yabahou, who is the evil deity of that part of the world, should destroy them. The shed in which it is brewed is looked upon as polluted and accursed, and is abandoned forever. He who concocts the poison must eat nothing that morning, and fast as long as the operation lasts. The pot in which it is boiled must be new, and innocent of any previous stew, otherwise the poison would be entirely deficient in strength; and the operator has to be very careful about exposing any part of his person to the noxious fumes of the poison, which are capable of seriously injuring the health. Altogether the associations connected with the wourali—the strange country in which it is concocted, the horrible ingredients, and the mystery of its fabrication—are as necromantically awful as the greatest lover of "Fetich" could desire.

The effects of the wourali poison are very singular. It kills some animals in five, some in ten minutes. They die drowsily, and it produces no pain. Neither is the flesh at all in-

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jured by the circulation of the poison through the blood. This last quality is the one which renders it so valuable to hunters. The most singular thing connected with the wourali, however, is the fact that its victims can be recalled to life by inflating the lungs. In experiments made by Mr. Waterton before Earl Percy and other members of scientific societies in London, he applied the poison to three asses. The first died in twelve minutes after the wound was inflicted. The second had its leg bandaged below the knee, and the poison applied beneath the bandage. The animal walked about, apparently unconcerned, until the bandage was removed; it then died in ten minutes. The third ass had the poison inserted in her shoulder; she apparently died in ten minutes. All pulsation ceased, and several medical men pronounced her dead. An incision was now made in her windpipe, and the nozzle of a large bellows being introduced, her lungs were inflated for two hours without intermission. At the end of that period animation returned; she opened her eyes, raised her head, and made a faint effort to regain her legs. The inflation was then discontinued, and she immediately sank back into apparent death. The inflation of the lungs was again renewed, and continued for two hours more, at the end of which time she rose up, and walked feebly about. She seemed in no pain, but was exceedingly weak. She continued to live. The wound in the shoulder, where the poison was inserted, healed rapidly, but her constitution was greatly shattered. She had the air of a donkey ruined by dissipation; but being sent down by Earl Percy to Mr. Waterton's place, Walton Hall, she soon recovered her good looks grazing on the fat Yorkshire fields, and became a remarkably corpulent and frisky donkey. She lived many years, and went by the name of Wouralia.

The wourali poison is used by the Macoushi Indians almost entirely for hunting. Their weapon is the blow-pipe, a singular and deadly instrument. It is made from a hollow reed that grows on the banks of the Rio Negro, and the portion the Indians use is eleven feet in length. It has no joints, is of the same thickness at both ends, is of a bright yellow color, and is naturally polished inside and out. It is called by the natives Ourah. As the ourah is too slender to be used alone, it is inserted in another tubular reed called Samourah; the mouth-end is bound with silk-grass cord to prevent its splitting, and the other end is feruled, as it were, with the hard seed of the acuero, which is perforated, and so thrust on the end of the blow-pipe. The sight on the blow-pipe is about two feet from the mouth, and is made with two teeth of the acouri. The arrows used with this weapon are formed from a species of palm-leaf called Coucourite, and are sharp as needles. About an inch of the point of each arrow is poisoned, and the other end is hardened by fire, and feathered, so to speak, with a piece of wild-cotton floss. The Indians can kill with these blow-pipes at a distance of three hundred feet; and none but those birds that seek the lofty tops of the mora-trees are beyond their reach. Waterton tells a most affecting story of an Arowack Indian who, armed with his blow-pipe, went with a comrade into the woods to hunt. He soon spied a red monkey seated near the top of a lofty mora. The Indian got directly under his carrotty majesty, and, taking aim, blew forth a poisoned arrow. The monkey was, however, a little too high, and the arrow falling short descended vertically, and wounded the Indian in the shoulder. He immediately laid down his weapon, turned to his frightened comrade, saying, "I shall never hunt again," and stretching himself on the ground, was dead in five minutes.

I confess that I envy Waterton his bird acquaintance in the forests of Guiana. There are to be found some of the oddest birds possible—birds that I would travel any distance for the pleasure of being introduced to. Commonplace birds I do not so much care about, but the oddities of the feathered tribe I love to meet, though it be only in books. I would give worlds to have been on terms of intimacy with a dodo. One of Waterton's most distinguished friends is the *Campanero*, called Dara by the Indians, and Bell-bird by the English. There is in the Guianian forests a marvelous old tree called the Mora, that rises to the height of 200 and 250 feet. For two-thirds of their height these noble old trees are covered with a profuse vegetation, which, however, is not all their own. In the crevices of their giant limbs the wild fig takes root, and growing to be itself a goodly tree, flourishes at a height of fifty feet from the ground. Lianas trail through the mora's boughs, and a thousand other parasites cover the old tree with a deceitful bloom. But look aloft, and you will see that this gorgeous vegetation is but a mask. The top of the mora is bald and white; not a single leaf waves upon its blasted summit. It is upon this withered peak, that towers whitely over the surrounding forest like one of the horns of the Bernese Alps—it is upon this almost inaccessible pinnacle that the campanero loves to sit. There, throned in safety, he tolls his morning and evening chime, until the woods echo, like the aisles of some vast cathedral, to the vibrations of his solemn bell.

The campanero is about the size of a jay. His plumage is as white as Alpine snow. From the centre of his forehead rises a spiral tube three inches in length. This tube is jet black, spotted all over with white feathers. An air-passage, which communicates from the palate with this tube, enables the campanero to inflate it at will. When inflated, it stands erect on his head, but when the bird is not tolling it hangs flaccidly down. It is by means of this tube that the campanero produces his singular call. The notes of this call are loud and clear, and are precisely similar to the sound of a deep-toned cathedral bell. Mr. Waterton says that the tolling of the campanero can be heard at the distance of three miles. As the morning dawns

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you hear a solemn toll sounding through the woods. Then a pause of a minute; then another toll. Then a pause, and the toll comes again. Then a silence for six or eight minutes, and the forests echo once more to the bell of the campanero. One might think that, Moslem-like, he sounded the time of prayer morning and evening, for at those hours only does he disturb the silence of the woods.

Those who travel in the Guiana wilderness will find that dandyism is not confined to the human species. We laugh at the South Sea Islanders for putting rings in their noses, and the Chinese laugh at us for the tufts of hair we wear on our cheeks, and the big feet of our women. So all people have their own ideas of personal decoration, and some of the bird tribe endeavor to improve their looks quite as assiduously as we do. Every one has read of the quezalé, a Mexican bird, who is so proud of his tail that he builds his nest, which is covered, with two entrances, so that he can pass in and out without the necessity of turning, thereby insuring his tail from any accidental twists or bruises; but the quezalé must yield the palm to the houton of Guiana. The houton is an exceedingly handsome bird, with a green body, bluish wings and tail, and a splendid crown on the top of his head. The houton is, however, not content with his tail. It is in every respect a handsome as well as a useful tail; nevertheless, no houton of any pretensions could think of wearing it in its natural state. As soon as the tail is full grown, the houton goes to work to get himself up in what he considers proper style. He is gifted with a sharp serrated bill, which answers the purpose of scissors, and with this instrument he does his tailoring. This consists, however, in cutting two large gaps, each an inch long, in the web of the two longest feathers in his tail. Having achieved this mutilation, the houton is fit to go into the best society, and I have no doubt that among the tribe there is much emulation as to who has the most modish gap in his caudal ornament.

As I before hinted, I am now dealing rather with the oddities of the bird tribe, than with birds in general, so I will leave Mr. Waterton, still wandering in Guiana, catching caymans and fevers, and extracting snakes from their dens, and chegoes from his feet; I will pass over George Sand's charming chapter on birds, in her lately published Memoirs, where for the first time I discovered the germ of her charming bird-romance, "Teverino." I will salute as I go by, M. Toussenel's exquisite work, *Le Monde des Oiseaux*, and leaping over Audubon, Buffon, Wilson, and others, I will introduce you to some Australian birds, favored by Mr. Gould, whose magnificent ornithological works entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the student. Few of my readers, I will venture to say, have seen an apteryx. It's a desperate name, but not quite so desperate as that of the *Ornithoryncus Paradoxus*, which is a species of duck-billed platypus. I wish from my soul that these animals had easier names, as I doubt not they have in their own country; but we who stay at home, as I said before, are at the mercy of naturalists who travel. But to resume our apteryx. The chief beauty, as an Irish ornithologist would remark, the chief beauty of an apteryx is that all his feathers are hairs. He presents somewhat the appearance of a camel on two legs, and in this somewhat resembles the emu of New Holland. This queer bird haunts the dense beds of fern that clothe the Australian slopes. It feeds by night, and the way in which it obtains the worms on which it subsists is exceedingly curious. Selecting a piece of ground favorable to worms, the apteryx commences to belabor the earth with its powerful feet. This extraordinary noise overhead naturally awakes the worm, who has gone to bed hours ago. The noise continues. Worm can not get a wink of sleep. "What the deuce can be the matter?" thinks worm. "I'll go and see." So he puts on his drawers, and creeping to the surface of the earth, pops out his head to discover the author of this nocturnal row. Apteryx, who has been watching impatiently for this moment, seizes the opportunity and the worm, and the latter is soon sleeping where no drumming will waken him.

An apteryx hunt must be rather a singular sight. Owing to the nocturnal habits of the bird, the natives pursue it at night with dogs trained to the chase, and holding torches, that shed a wide light over the plain. That queer, hairy bird, with its long legs, and almost invisible wings, scudding through ferns, over marshes, where it vainly seeks refuge in the muddy cracks, up over stony hills, where it skulks behind rocks, with the wild Australian dogs at its heels, and the wilder Australian Bushmen screaming and waving their torches, with all these features, I feel safe in asserting that an apteryx hunt must be very singular sport, nor do I hesitate to say that I should like exceedingly to see one.

Australia possesses a bird of great acrobatic talent, called the Garrulous Honey-eater, or *Myzantha Garrula*, for those who like Latin. This honey-eater is the Ravel of the ornithological world, and charges nothing for his performance. If you happen to get into a wood where our friend honey-eater is nesting, he immediately proceeds to entertain you with his performances. I will not say that he has the selfish end in view of leading you away from his nest; but whatever his object is, he is very amusing. He first bursts upon you with a cloud of summersaults, at the end of which he stands on his head in the air. Before you have quite recovered from your astonishment at this *tour de force*, you see him revolving like a catherine-wheel, on the end of a twig, with his wings spread out horizontally. This over, he stands on one leg, with his head cocked on one side, and looks at you attentively, as much as to say, "Stranger! I guess I've rather astonished you somewhat, eh?" And you are astonished; so as you have had enough of it, you march on your way, but

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you don't get rid of your acrobat. Oh no! He twirls, and twists, and summersaults along with you, making the woods resound with his piercing note, until—if you are in pursuit of game, which of course you are—you curse the little egotist, who has wakened every living thing for miles around.

In the luxuriant bush that stretches between Port Philip and Moreton Bay, resides the gem of Australian birds. His holiday title is of Castilian length, being nothing less than *Ptilonorhyncus Holosericeus;* you will perhaps feel relieved when I inform you that you call him the satin bower bird if you choose. He has two cousins who resemble him in habits, but I will confine myself to the *Ptilonorhyncus Holosericeus.* To a man fond of polysyllables, I can conceive no greater pleasure than the acquisition of this title. One might become president of a college in Tennessee on the strength of pronouncing it correctly and with fluency.

The satin bower bird lives in the thick bush, feeding on the fruit of the gigantic wild fig, that springs up to the height of two hundred feet and more above its home. Its nest is built in tall trees, and it is of exceedingly shy habits. But it is neither its splendid robe of glossy black satin, nor its lofty nest, nor its loud liquid call, that renders the bower bird so distinguished among all other birds. Nothing less than an excursion to that clump of cedar bushes will explain satisfactorily the claim of the bower bird to notoriety. See how anxiously he watches us from the top of that huge eucalyptus! See how he scatters the golden pollen of the blossoms with angry sweep of his tail! Never mind him, though he knows we are bent on discovering his secret. Now as we pierce to the centre of the cedar-clump, behold the open space that suddenly presents itself! behold the strange edifice reared upon this lonely site!

An extensive elevated floor, of irregular form, and made of shapely sticks firmly interwoven. This platform is slightly convex, and in its centre rises the chief structure. A long arcade, built of twigs and delicate tree-tips strongly interlaced, with their ends curving inward, so as to form a plain Saracenic arch. You will observe that all the twigs are so placed that their forks curve outward, leaving the interior of the arcade entirely free from obstructions. The wattled floor is paved with a mosaic of small gay-colored stones, bivalve shells, the crania of small mammalia; and here, at the entrance of the arcade itself, we find a small stone tomahawk laid on the floor. The roof and sides of the arcade are decorated splendidly. The blue tail feathers of the rose-bill and Pennantian parrots wave like banners in the wind. The walls within are hung with a varied tapestry of colored grasses, and from each end of this fairy-like bower narrow, straight avenues diverge, each floored with smooth white stones.

What elf of the forest inhabits this fairy bower? is your first question. Have the Pixies fled from Devonshire, or the Leprechawns from Ireland, and founded new homes in this virgin land? There, my friend, there sits the fairy architect of this charming bower, perched on the top of the lofty eucalyptus, wasting the golden pollen in his anger at our invasion of his pleasure-house. Like Kubla Khan, our bower bird doth a stately pleasure dome decree. In the solitude of this cedar clump he builds himself a "golden house," where he plays all the day long. To no earthly use does the bower bird put this palace. It is not a nest, nor even is it a refuge for the male during the critical moments of his wife's *accouchement.* It is simply a play-ground. A colosseum, where friendly and athletic bower birds court and sport in Olympic games. Those who have seen the bower birds at play, describe the sight as very singular, the birds taking the greatest delight in scampering up and down this elaborate arcade, now and then stopping to change some decoration to a more ornamental position, or to add a new one in the shape of a piece of red rag, or a pipe-bowl, which they had stolen from some native camp; for it grieves me much to say, that the satin bower bird is an inveterate thief, who will steal any thing he can lay his bill on.

Putting his moral habits out of the question, it is a charming piece of bird romance, this building a pleasure-house in the midst of the wild Australian bush, hanging it with native tapestry, and paving it with precious stones. There is something royal and sultanic in this luxury, and I can well fancy the days of rapt delight that the bower bird passes in his secluded palace.

Had I all the space I could wish for, there are many birds on whose habits I would like much to expatiate. There is the sifilet, with his emerald crest, and mosaic shield of metallic blue, gold, red, purple, and rose-color, shining on his breast, not to mention the curious thread-like plumes that surround his head like a golden nimbus. There is the cloud bird, who, seen at a little distance with his feathers spread, seems like a mass of white smoke; and the loriot, whose blinding plumage glows like a lump of molten gold. Then there is the toucan, with his wondrous beak, and the curl-crested aracari, from the banks of the Amazon, whose head looks as if it had been dressed by a French barber for an evening party; and last, though not least, our own Central American cock of the rock, who, in spite of his flaming plumage, lurks in the darkest holes in the mountains, where he burns in the gloom like a subterranean fire.

Though I may not have time to talk about these, like a true gossip, I have time to talk a little about myself and my own birds. I treat you very unceremoniously, as you will see, for after whisking you from Guiana to Australia, and thence back to our own American continent, I am now about to transport you to Ireland, which, if you are a Know Nothing, will indeed be a penal settlement. Although I have not had such a remarkable raven as Charles Dick-

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ens gives us such a delicious account of in his preface to Barnaby Rudge, I have at various times, when living in Europe, been the possessor of marvelous birds. Like the Bird Tamer in Teverino, I have, since boyhood, exercised a singular power over three species of animals, birds, dogs, and horses. My empire over the two latter I attribute to my sporting education, having been at an early age introduced to gun and saddle, but for the control which I have at times possessed over birds I am entirely unable to account. As a lad, I was singularly fond of the fields, and spent many an hour, I hope not unprofitably, in lying under the broad sky watching the birds. I soon attained a singular proficiency in imitating their cries, and I blush to say that my skill in this line was the destruction of many a flock of golden plover and whistling teal. As I just now happen to be touching on sporting topics, I think I may with propriety dove-tail in a curious adventure which I once had with a flock of curlew.

I was prowling one day, gun in hand, round my father's place, ready to sacrifice every thing but a robin red-breast or a sky-lark, when I thought I discovered a flock of stone-curlew feeding in the meadows that lined the river. The stone-curlew, in the months of May and June, is a delicious and succulent bird, and this chance was too tempting to forego. In a moment I was racing down the lawn in order to get under shelter of a quick-set hedge, by means of which I could crawl into a trench that drained the lower meadows, and which led into the bosom of the unsuspecting flock of curlews. In a very brief space of time I was crawling on hands and feet along the low hedge, occasionally stopping to peep, so as to fix the position of the flock more thoroughly. It struck me two or three times during these stealthy observations, that there was something very singular in the demeanor of these curlews. They hopped about the field in a most eccentric fashion, and it seemed to me that many were doing what I had never seen curlew do before—that is, feeding on one leg. It was no time, however, for any prolonged scrutiny, so I stole into the drain, crept stooping along until I felt certain I was within shot, and then suddenly showed myself. There was an instant fluttering of wings, a faint pipe or two, such as these birds always give when abruptly disturbed, and when they had all risen I gave them both barrels. Three birds fell; but what was my astonishment on picking up my victims to find that they were all minus one leg! It was now evident to me that the oddity of movement I had before noticed in the flock was occasioned by this mutilation, and that the majority of them were so disabled I am positive. Why these one-legged curlews all banded together, like Chelsea Pensioners, I can not of course make out. It is easy to surmise that their legs were carried off by the murderous discharges from shore guns and duck boats, with which these birds are saluted, on their arrival in the country by men who call themselves sportsmen; but whether they formed a sort of sacred band of their own accord, or were driven from general curlew society in consequence of their crippled condition, is more than I can settle. I leave the question to be decided by those gentlemen, who, studying natural history out of books, are always able to confute the statements of the poor devils who only study nature.

Before I entirely quit the subject of the fascination so frequently exercised by the human being over inferior animals, permit me to relate a little incident of which I was one of the witnesses. I once formed one of a shooting party at Adare Manor, the seat of the late Earl of Dunraven. Our main object was the pheasants which abounded in the Earl's splendid preserves, but we were also prepared to be enlivened in the pauses by much rabbit-shooting, that active little animal being wonderfully abundant in the thick fern cover of the upper park. While at breakfast in the morning, I had heard much of a certain young game-keeper who was said to possess the power of charming rabbits. None of us guests put much faith in the stories of this keeper's singular gift, yet we agreed to put him that day to the test. About noon, when we were thinking of getting back to luncheon, we requested him to give us a specimen of his art. We were all standing in a sort of wild, grassy avenue, about twenty feet wide, bordered on either side by the tall ferns, through which it had been cut in order to give the sportsmen a vista to mark the game. The game-keeper—a tall, handsome fellow, not unlike Tregarva in Charles Kingsley's "Yeast"—sent a lurcher into cover. In a few seconds we heard a sharp yelp, and the next moment a rabbit bolted out of the ferns about fifteen paces from where we stood. He had scarcely broke cover when our game-keeper held out his right hand toward him, and stooping forward, seemed to look earnestly at the little gray fellow, who, to our great amazement, sat up on his haunches and stared steadily back at the game-keeper. Mr. Wyndham Quin, Lord Dunraven's youngest son, now went slowly up to the rabbit, who permitted him to take him by the neck, but the instant he was grasped commenced kicking violently. By some violent gymnastic effort he slipped out of his captor's hand, and the next instant flitted like a gray shadow into the thick ferns. We had, however, seen enough to convince us of the game-keeper's power, and letting those who choose disbelieve it, I relate it here.

But rabbits are not birds, and a glance at page number one of my manuscript reminds me that the title promises ornithological conversation. It is not the first time in my life that I have been beguiled from my duties by the rabbits; so let them be.

I once was seized and possessed of a bull-finch, and I think his rare talents and shining virtues demand a notice at my hands. He was no common bull-finch. I know not, unhappily, his birth-place or his parentage, but I feel con-

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fident that if the last could be discovered, my hero would be found to have been descended from a race of extraordinary bull-finches. When first I saw him, a dirty little boy had him in his pocket, and I bought him for a shilling. So far our acquaintance commenced under rather unromantic circumstances. At this period of his life "Bully"—he is known to fame by that appellation—presented rather a ruined aspect. His feathers were of a dirty gray, and his crown was entirely deficient in that sable glossy crest so dear to the well-formed bull-finch. He was ragged and shabby; but this was owing to his youth, for in due time he shed his dusky feathers. His breast glowed with roseate splendors. The slate color of his back contrasted charmingly with the tuft of snowy feathers on the upper side of the tail, and the gloss and jetty blackness of his crest were not to be surpassed.

A very short time after his induction into our family and a huge cage, he singled me out as the special object of his friendship. He soon became so tame that his cage door was always left open, and he issued from or retreated to his abode just as he thought proper. He shared our table, always making his appearance with the fruit and preserves after dinner, and impudently disputed with us on the very edges of our plates. He soon came to distinguish my step from all others. He was usually kept in a large sitting-room on the ground floor, and while playing about the apartment, though numbers of persons passed up and down the stairs, the sound of their footsteps never disturbed him. The instant, however, that my step was heard in the halls, or on the stairs, he flew continually to the door, and croaked impatiently until I entered, when he would enthrone himself proudly upon my shoulder.

One of Bully's most singular fancies was the desire by which he was consumed to make a nest in my hair. He would steal off into dark corners of the room, gathering wool out of the carpet, with any stray fibre he might come across, then, with crest erect, he would fly croaking upon my head, and after singing a song of triumph, he would proceed gravely to form a nest, until sent off with a wave of my hand. Seeing that this fruitless ambition to make a nest had become with him a fixed idea, I obtained a bride for him, dusky and like an ornithological negress, as all female bull-finches are, but domestic and amiable. The absurd pride and self-glorification of Bully on the celebration of his wedded happiness were positively transcendent. He croaked and sang, and puffed out his feathers, until he bore a ridiculous resemblance to a cardinal in full robes, and slightly intoxicated. The pair soon built a nest in the large cage, and the anxiety with which Bully would go a hundred times a day and peer into the empty cup was exceedingly amusing. At last the eventful moment arrived, and Mrs. Bully laid an egg. Bully went on the instant into a state of frantic joy, from which, however, he suddenly recovered on inspecting the offering in question. It was an entirely absurd and abnormal egg. Semi-transparent, soft, and without even a hope of vitality in it, it was an egg to be rather ashamed than proud of. So Bully evidently thought, for he paid little attention to the nest, and as Mrs. Bully, apparently satisfied with that one effort, never produced another egg, his hopes of a family vanished. He used sometimes, however, to sit in the empty nest himself long afterward, and at those moments I think he used to dream of being a father.

His affection for me was astonishing and entirely singular, for he favored no one else with it. He was drooping and melancholy when I was absent, and equally joyous on my return. Once, in order to test his powers of recognition, I disguised myself in female apparel, and putting on a thick vail, entered the room. As was his custom, he immediately flew toward me as the door opened, but the moment he saw me in this strange guise, his flight was arrested. He hovered round and round my head, puzzled, unconvinced, yet not daring to alight. After a few moments of fluttering uncertainty I flung off the vail and bonnet, and never did I see such human joy expressed by one of the lower animals as Bully then exhibited. He instantly sang a triumphal song on the very summit of my cranium. That he recognized me after a fashion, and by some peculiar instinct, under all my disguise, I could not doubt for a moment, and it was the conflict between his sensations and his perceptions that kept him undetermined.

Poor fellow! his fate has the usual dark features that attend the fates of pets. There is the sunny garden; the joyous bird preening his feathers in the golden day; the sudden swoop of the sparrow-hawk from the cloud; the flutter, the faint "quirk," and then a little bleeding, lifeless body lying at the bottom of the cage.

He is buried at the foot of a peach-tree, and when the fruit knits, the blossoms he loved in life fall on his grave.

AUTUMN LEAVES FROM THE SOUTH: A FOREST DREAM.

I.—UNDER THE TREES.

"OH! Messieurs, memory is a noble gift! Many persons only know what it is to live once, and that with difficulty; others continually recommence the days that are past."

So says the good Sir Agenor, and what was true in the fourteenth century is still the truth to-day. Yes, memory is a noble gift! and happy is that man who can go out of the present, whether that present be clouded or brilliant with sunshine, and, retiring into the domain of memory, live again through the old days which dowered him with so many roseate recollections. For such a man there is little real unhappiness, for the breezes blow again for him over the beautiful champaign of youth, and the blue canopy drooping down upon the far horizon smiles upon him ever with the tender smile of the dead past

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—that glittering and brilliant past which fled by like a dream, but lives still in imperishable memory.

Observe how my idle pen runs on, interpreting the idle thoughts which come to me; but how could I suppress these profound moral reflections, looking out upon the golden glories of the magnificent autumn—*splendidior vitro, auroque*—flooding you, as you gaze, with that smiling, pensive influence which brings up all the old days with their pristine glory? Not useless is it for the slave of the lamp—and worse still, the city lamp—to look thus with such eyes upon the noble year. These perishing glories brim with meaning, and, like the grove of Anacreon to which Bathyllus was invited, all the autumn trees resound inaudible but sonorous poesy, opening at once, and without effort, the full heart, with that other heart—the memory.

The pines—how they wave! See my emperor yonder, like the mast of some tall admiral, shooting his shapely trunk into the azure skies. A white cloud hangs like a mass of snowy smoke upon his forehead, and the tassels murmur of the past. Below him all the woods are red and blue and golden; all the banners of the nations clash and rustle in the autumn wind. The frigid zone will soon settle down upon them, and strip forcibly those splendid garments from the haughty oaks. Let us, then, enjoy them while we may—grasp the secret to be happy, and so, dream!

Here, in the brilliant country, with the October landscape murmuring its poetry, one gets a better view of life, and begins to understand what the thinker meant when he said, "Art is long, life short." How we lose sight of it in cities, where the breezes never blow—where all that is true, and fresh, and beautiful, is ground down and obliterated by a merciless conventionality. Yes! Art is long—until the end comes it will reign. Because Raphael Sanzio knew it he dowered the world with those Madonnas of his dreams—Raphael, who, as says a great writer, never raised his pencil but "something gracious fell upon the paper." If only, like Sanzio, the hand tracing these lines could shape his ideals!

Still they live untold, and the breath which brings them out upon the mirror of the mind is this beautiful and brilliant forest! It is the ripe and majestic autumn which infuses into the heart those influences, flowing to us from the land of youth and dreams.

So many lines, so many rhapsodies have been drawn forth by autumn! Why not one more "flight?" Whatever is beautiful and sorrowful lives again for the heart, in these quiet days, when the leaf slowly glides away, and the rabbit pattering over the dry carpet of the forest, comes and goes like a shadow or a dream, pensive and sad, and pondering on winter. The crows—how they caw yonder from the waning forest, and sweep on their flapping wings over the fields, and sink into the hazy distance. Then comes the wind, and sobs and sighs through the splendid trees, waving the lordly pines, and shaking from the oaks their stars and princely decorations with remorseless hand, and then the sobbing dies away into the distance; and when the sound comes again, lo! it is laughter! All the gay leaves clap joyful hands, and laugh, and sing, and cry out clearly, "Autumn! autumn! autumn! you are powerless—you but reap our glories to collect and bind them into sheaves for higher uses. Spring will come again for us, with tender green and warmth—beautiful spring!" And all the forest banners flap together with a thousand laughing echoes, waving their rich folds of red and blue, and gold and yellow, in the merry brilliant sunshine!

In the lowland here, as in the mountain land, the golden autumn speaks with voices full of tenderness and joy: happy the man who, hearing the gay jubilant madrigal of the rich winds, can drink in all its light and overflowing love and poesy!

II.—AN AUTUMN PAGEANT OF THE ELDER POETS.

"Old songs come back to memory."—*Thackeray.*

I wander out upon an autumn morning to the woods, and with a volume of the elder poets on my knees, go back with them to the fresh, vigorous past, which they illustrated with such fervor and magnificence of coloring. The voices of those "morning stars of song, who made their music heard below," come clearly to me, and with all the variegated woodland round me, I fancy that their utterances take a fresh and finer delicacy and truth. The lyrics of those giants, Shakspeare and the rest, are perhaps, after all, their sweetest poesy. The kind, pure music flowing from the lips, gone now so long into the dust, is again heard with marvelous distinctness, and the voices have a reality and life-likeness which is not always found in their greater periods and buskined tragic or comedial utterances. The old rich blood courses again through living veins, and those men whom we almost worship now, and look upon as statues, "solid-set, and moulded in colossal calm," are again living, breathing characters, with loves and hatreds, hopes and joys and griefs, and like passions with ourselves. The dignified and stately robes of history fall from them; they are no longer myths, uttering with stony countenances their great thoughts; they are men as we are, and if greater, as they are, still made of the same clay. They rise before me here in the peaceful forest, over which the autumn haze broods, like a dream; and yonder they defile along, a beautiful and glittering procession, full of life and reality—sighing or laughing.

We know him well—the foremost: deer-stealer, actor, and dramatist; at least we have heard tradition speak of him so often, that he is unmistakable. He wears the wide white ruff and buttoned-up doublet, and has rings in his ears, as perhaps Othello had. His beard is peaked, and the knightly fringe droops over lips from which pearls fall, or rather, what no pearls

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have ever equaled in serene lustre and beauty. He is not the dramatist now—only the man; and with that pensive, wistful smile, which resembles sunshine on a mountain full of the golden ore, he murmurs:

"Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

"Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains to thee!"

And taking out his tablets, he inscribed the words upon them, and his next page will hold these gems, with all the rest encrusted in it.

Marlowe succeeds him, fresh from the horrors and the agonies of Faustus: and what does he sing, the skeptical, infidel, dangerous thinker, living upon food which healthy minds should cast away—treading on dizzy ground, where the step falters and the giddy brain whirls at sight of the horrors at the bottom of the abyss?

"Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
The woods, or steepy mountains yields.

"And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered o'er with leaves of myrtle.

"A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me and be my love."

So they pass onward, noble phantoms, singing; and their faces are transfigured by the light of poesy, which hides the poor and mean. You forget Ben Jonson's shaggy lion's head and rugged countenance, furrowed by his midnight tippling—at the Boar's Head, perchance—and you would say that some splendid and chivalric Sir Philip Sydney murmured:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

And others follow him—the gallant Lovelace, singing of "Althea," and caroling his merry "Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind"—and the bard of "Cherry ripe," with

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow,
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow."

And others, murmuring, "The dew no more shall weep," and "I prithee send me back my heart!" and "Phillis is my joy!"

There they go, those merry old revelers and great souls, who sleep so tranquilly in their island graves; and we hear them plainly, telling all their griefs and joys, their happinesses and misfortunes. On their foreheads burn those lights of poesy, which shine through all the past like stars, and gliding onward—one long, brilliant line—they pass away into the distance, smiling and singing with joyous lips, or sighing and sorrowing with pale, wan faces—the actual living men which they were before the hand of time had placed them, like marble statues, in the niches of fame, and set their most careless utterances round with gold and jewels, as the suns of songs, lighting the dim tracts of the past with glory. Yes, here alone in the silent forest, I see all these pass before me, real as reality; and know Shakspeare, with his bright countenance and great look, and all the rest, as though we clasped actual hands and spoke together here with living lips. I take those flowers of poesy, scattered carelessly over the splendid and elaborate landscapes of their dramas, from their white, warm hands. I see them smile—I learn from breathing lips a philosophy which is dead.

I can afford to turn my eyes away even from the beautiful autumn oaks and pines, with all their bravery, to look upon these monarchs of the forest in the domain of poesy, clad in their singing robes, and sweeping onward on the path to immortality. I can close my volume, and arise and go. The air is fresher and more joyous for the voices which but now were heard upon it: all the face of Nature beams and smiles; and so I draw near home.

III.—THE PINES: ALWAYS THE PINES!

One of my favorite haunts is this glade of the forest, and here I often sit and dream, as well befits a free denizen of the country. The city denizen is hampered by the bonds of convention—I am free. For what is that gay compound of so many glittering but unworthy aims and aspirations, city life, to me? I hear the breeze rustling in the deep woods yonder, and the red fires of evening hang like a crimson fringe upon the pines which rise from my velvety hillock; the birds are soaring and singing high up in the orange sky; the day is dying like some old Tyrian king, in royal pomp; and the organ voices of the pines chant solemn requiems for his spirit.

The pines! always the pines—musical—beautiful—every thing! Walter Scott knew what the pine was, and how mysterious a beauty was shaken from its leaves, for eyes which were not dimmed to it.

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,
Honored and blessed be the evergreen pine,"

sing the boatmen, bending toward the foam on the wild loch; and again, as they pass onward, you hear ringing in the distance, like the "horns of Elfland faintly blowing," the thoughtful yet rejoicing chant:

"Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!
Oh that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!"

and then the distance swallows up the loud triumphant chorus:

"Roderigh vich Alpine dhu ho ieroe!"

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Yet that Highland pine was not as beautiful, I fancy, as my own. It rises here above me like the splendid palm-tree of Arabia, shooting its slender, swaying trunk into the golden sky, and rearing proudly above the surrounding woodland a crown of emerald, which never yet has been touched by mortal hand. You might imagine, as the summit is agitated by the wind, that nothing in the palm could be as beautiful, even though its long plumes waved grandly in the ocean breeze, and streamed aloft as if to hold communion with the friendly stars! In this emerald tuft, hovering on the summit of my pine, birds flutter and sing—a dove sails from the blue east toward the sunset sometimes, and alights to breathe a moment; or a red-winged woodpecker flaps his bright vans, and darts aloft—and then away again, ere the cattle in the distance have had time to send their mellow lowing across the hills again.

As my eye falls from the fine landscape, it rests upon an open volume lying by my side—the "Golden Legend." The poem interprets the bright scene, the scene gives beauty to the poem. All gentle fancies come at sunset when the day is fading; and the lines before me are those gentle fancies put in words of pure gold:

> "His gracious presence upon earth
> Was like a fire upon a hearth:
> Like pleasant songs at morning sung,
> The words which fell from his sweet tongue,
> Strengthened our hearts, or heard at night,
> Made all our slumbers soft and light."

That beautiful outline is thrown away upon the prince: rather is the minstrel entitled to it—Walter of the Vogelweid, whose heart, we are told, was

> "——— like a nest of singing birds
> Rocked on the topmost bough of life."

But I wander from my lines, which, indeed, are jealous mistresses, and claim the whole heart. For me, that fealty shall never be withdrawn: soothed by the sighing music of their boughs from childhood, what have I besides to love, at least here in the forest, with more tenderness and devotion? They spoke to me, long ago, as they did to Theocritus, who heard their ψιθύρισμα, and rejoiced: pleasant old Hellenic wine-bibber, who had such a taste for rural life, and had already, in those old first days of art, divined the German ideal of Reynard, dragging his tell-tale feet through the purple grapes, upon the goblet's side!

I do not wonder at the fondness of Theocritus for the sad murmur, thoughtful and breathing of the gods; and am convinced that the grove he sang of waved irreproachable pine tassels in the breezes of the Ægean. Every where they have spoken with their silver voices. What they speak of I can not tell; but the whisper of the wind in them seems to possess a mysterious memorial character, as if somewhere—in another world perchance—they had looked down on bright beings stretched beneath their shade, of whom discourse was not permitted now. Listen! they are talking now! The august wind comes gamboling through the forest from the distant purple hills, and bends my slender palm until the tuft upon its summit waves again. A flock of little birds then dart from it, shaken from the green depths like cones, and glide away on flapping wings, chirping and singing as they go. A low melodious murmur falls from the summit, and—the red sun streaming forth—that summit changes suddenly from emerald to orange, till the whole rejoiceful pine resembles some old lance of chivalry bearing off the golden robe of Ingebord, that "child of kings"—the prize of knightly conquest!

Ah! but whither do we wander? Greece is very far, and Scandinavia—Theocritus and Ingebord are dead; but the pine lives! It crowns this hillock like a banner-staff, and silent as the spot is now in the soft hours of evening, you may yet hear a thousand voices on the air—echoes of the old revelry which once passed onward there below over the forest road. A heavy wagon, with four horses, slowly drags itself along there now, with its whistling wagoner, who, with his whip beneath his arm, is going home from work. Ah! in other days a pageant passed there; one of those bright and beautiful cavalcades which, dead and gone so long, still strike their splendor with their old joy and laughter through the present. I think there never was a fresher face than that of the young bride; her kind eyes seemed to bless you, and one of the company at least felt their presence was a blessing. The horses, with their snowy favors, pranced on gayly through the stately pines, over the narrow road, which was full of merriment and laughter. Gallant kinsmen sat on fiery horses, and exchanged smiling words with the fair ladies, who, with answering smiles, and blushes, and gay glances, gave a splendor to the time, and made the old pine forest fairy-land. I watched them from the hillock here, and saw the cavalcade pass onward, with its white silks rustling gayly, and its horses prancing—with its brilliant laughter and fine revelry, which left behind it, as it went, a trail of splendor, as a ship its path of foam. The foliage took them finally; but still I heard the laughter and the hoof-strokes—to the last felt those kind eyes of the young bride shine on me from the orange flowers.

Snow had weighed down my pine, and spring had cheered it once again, when a far different cortége went along through the summer woods. I saw this too, and shall never forget the sad, sad spectacle which even now affects me strangely. The year which had slipped away, had withered the bright orange flower, and quenched the light in those kind, tender eyes—the hopes of a noble-hearted youth were drowned in tears for that much-loved form, which passed now under raven plumes to the place whence it came. They said she died at evening, with the sunset on her white, pure forehead, and with trusting smiles. I know not, but if she is not an angel now, who shall be?

So with its weeping mourners, and those other sable "mourners" waning sorrowfully, all

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that was left of her on earth passed from me; life and death mixed together—gloom and brightness; and the death and gloom seemed to conquer for a time, but fled away, and all was bright!

I can look again upon the blue sky with its golden isles, and smile now: and lo! those islands turn to ships, or say to swans, which spread their roseate plumes, and sail away beyond the shores of evening, and are gone!

As I go from the evening toward the east, all gentle thoughts and memories speak to me, and the great light is plain.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

NO events of special interest have taken place since our last Record. In several of the States the preliminary movements for elections which are soon to take place engross a good deal of the public attention, in consequence, mainly, of the attempt to organize a new political party in the Northern States upon the sole principle of restoring the Missouri Compromise, and resisting the alleged aggressions of the slaveholding sections of the Union. In Massachusetts, New York, and Ohio, such a party has been organized—the Whigs generally abandoning their own party and joining with it. In Vermont this new party, at the September election, carried the State by a very decided majority: in Maine, on the other hand, it was defeated.——In Georgia, at an election for State officers and Members of Congress, the Democratic candidate, Johnson, was elected Governor; the contest was between the Democrats and the new American, or Know Nothing party. The Congressional delegation will probably consist of seven Democrats and one American; the Legislature is strongly Democratic.——President Pierce visited Harrisburg on the 25th of September, to attend the celebration of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. He was welcomed by the President of the Society, and made a brief address in reply, expressing his pleasure at being able to visit the State, his high appreciation of the value of such celebrations in expelling jealousies and prejudice, and infusing generous and friendly sentiments into the public mind, and especially in promoting the agricultural interests of the country. He spoke of Pennsylvania as being the political and social centre of the Union, and hoped that her citizens would ever realize the importance of the position which their State occupies, would ever be mindful of their immense responsibilities, and, as ever in their past history, so for the future continue loyal and faithful to the Constitution and their common country. "See to it," said he, "that no infringement of the spirit or letter of the Constitution ever receive your sanction. You stand here to-day as freemen, rejoicing in equal rights and equal privileges, separated by no disqualifications, social or political, upon the broad platform of the Constitution: see to it that you maintain this stand. Hold to the rich legacy left you by the self-sacrificing patriotism of your forefathers. Signatures may fade, and parchments may decay, but the principles of these precious documents should have an immortal memory."

Public attention has been very generally directed to certain legal proceedings which have been had in the State of Pennsylvania, in connection with the case of Williamson, to which we have already referred. After the refusal of Chief-Justice Lewis to grant a writ of *habeas corpus* to inquire into the legality of Williamson's imprisonment, application was made to the Court in full bench, and was elaborately argued on both sides. The decision was adverse to granting the writ, on the ground that the Court had no jurisdiction to warrant its interfering with the judgment of the Federal courts; that such courts have the exclusive power in deciding cases of contempt, and that the State Court could not go behind the record to ascertain the fact whether the commitment was legal or not. The case remains in this position at present.

A trial has taken place at Philadelphia in the District Court, of two persons named Hertz and Perkins, on charge of violating the Neutrality Laws of the United States, in endeavoring to enlist recruits in this country for the allied armies in the Crimea. It was clearly proved on the trial that such attempts had been made under the direct sanction and authority of the British Minister. Judge Kane, in charging the jury, alluded to this feature of the case, and expressed his surprise that, at the very time when eminent public men in England were accusing the United States of unduly engaging in military enterprises with which they had no concern, eminent English functionaries should be seeking to evade the laws designed for the protection of our neutrality. He said that hiring any person here to go beyond the United States, that person having the intention to enlist when he arrives out, and that intention known to the party hiring him, and being a portion of the consideration therefor, was the offense forbidden by our law. One of the parties accused, Hertz, was convicted; Perkins was acquitted.

The Expedition sent out in search of Dr. Kane has returned, bringing his entire party, with the exception of three who had died. Dr. Kane sailed from New York May 31, 1853. On the 10th of September they were frozen in on the coast of Greenland at the most northerly point ever reached. Here they passed the winter. The next summer was spent in exploring the shores, their vessel remaining all the while fast in the ice. The winter of '54-'55 was of unexampled severity; and their stock of fuel was exhausted. In May, 1855, it was decided to abandon the vessel and return home. They set out in open boats, and reached the Danish settlements on the 6th of August, having performed a journey of 1300 miles in 81 days. Here they were on the point of taking passage for England, when they were fallen in with by the Expedition sent for their relief. On the 18th of September they all sailed for New York, where they arrived on the 11th of October. The results of the Expedition are important in a geographical point of view.

From *Kansas* we have reports of a Convention of persons friendly to the exclusion of slavery from the Territory, held at Big Springs, on the 5th of September. G. W. Smith was chosen president. On the second day of the Convention a series of resolutions was adopted, declaring their conviction that their true interests demanded that Kansas

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should be a Free State, and that they would do every thing in their power to secure the adoption of a constitution which should exclude slavery; that they would resist all non-resident voters at the polls from Missouri or elsewhere; and that they would also oppose the admission into the Territory of free negroes or mulattoes. Another series was also adopted declaring the Legislature lately in session to have been forced upon them, and utterly unauthorized to make laws for the Territory; declaring their determination to submit to their laws only until they could resist them successfully, and calling upon the people to prepare for armed resistance. The 2d of October was fixed upon as the day for electing a delegate to Congress, and ex-Governor Reeder was nominated as their candidate. He accepted the nomination, and urged the people to lay aside all other issues except that of resisting the dictation that had been attempted toward them.

From the *Nebraska* Territory we have news of a sharp battle of the United States troops with the Sioux Indians. General Harney, in his official report of the affair, says, that hearing of the encampment of a large portion of this tribe under Little Thunder, he ordered a portion of his force to take such a position as would cut off their retreat, and marched toward their camp to attack them. They began to retreat, but soon halted, and commenced a parley, in which General Harney told them they must either immediately deliver up those of their young men who had been concerned in the massacre of our troops or take the chances of a battle. Not being able to comply with this demand Little Thunder withdrew, and an attack was at once ordered. The Indians were driven back upon the party sent to intercept their retreat, and were completely routed, with 86 killed, 5 wounded, and about 70 women and children captured. Of the United States troops 4 were killed, 4 severely and 4 slightly wounded.

MEXICO.

Very little progress has been made toward extricating the government from the confusion into which it was thrown by the abdication of Santa Anna, and the other events recorded in our last Number. General Carrera has resigned his position as the head of the government; while he remained he administered its affairs with a certain degree of rigor and energy, but he was opposed by the great body of those who were leaders of the revolutionary movement in the several departments, on the ground that he was not elected in accordance with the plan of Ayutla, by which it had been agreed the revolutionists should abide. That plan provided that, upon the accomplishment of a revolution, a temporary President should be elected by a convention of delegates, consisting of one from each State and Territory. Carrera, on the contrary, was appointed by the army in the city of Mexico, which also pronounced in favor of the plan of Ayutla, but violated its very first article in their election of a temporary President. Their excuse was that the plan of Ayutla contemplated a revolution achieved by the departments against Santa Anna, sustained by the city of Mexico; and that, inasmuch as the city consummated the revolution without the aid of the departments, she was entitled to name the temporary head of the new government. Carrera himself was restrained from resigning earlier by the moderate and quiet portion of the population, who represented, and doubtless with truth, that his withdrawal would be the signal for universal anarchy and disorder. Upon his accession he issued a message to the people, dated August 15, declaring that nothing had induced him to accept the office but the fear that his refusal would prolong agitation, and render still more difficult the establishment of order and the consolidation of liberty, and reminding them that peace and order, which were the first necessities of the country, could be secured only by the co-operation of the whole Mexican people with his efforts, and especially by a close union of the people with the army, which was a component part of the nation, and must be the defender of its independence and the protector of its liberty. He said the first thing to be done was to create a Home Department; economy must be practiced, malfeasance in office punished, revenue increased by a revival of business, and reform effected in the army. To these objects he pledged his devotion, and promising to be guided by public opinion, said he hoped there would be, during his administration, no necessity for the effusion of blood or the shedding of a single tear. General Carrera followed up this declaration by various acts intended to carry its promises into effect. He had annulled several of the most odious acts of Santa Anna, and abolished sundry taxes; and although his rule was not generally acknowledged, he succeeded in maintaining order in the capital. On the 12th of September, however, finding that the chiefs of the revolutionary party held themselves aloof from him, that there was no money in the treasury, and that he was not likely to be sustained by the departments, General Carrera issued a proclamation resigning his post, and confiding the preservation of public order to General de la Vega, who was also elected chief of the garrison by its officers. Meantime an active canvass was maintained for the Presidency, General Alvarez having apparently the best chance of an election. In the department of Vera Cruz, General De la Llave refused to acknowledge the administration of Carrera, and after some little fighting with Señor Corona, who opposed him, he took possession of the city. On the 6th of September he published a decree confiscating all the real estate belonging to Santa Anna within his jurisdiction. Throughout all the departments great energy, activity, and a determination to relieve the people from excessive burdens, seemed to prevail; every where the settlement of the Government on a sound basis is proclaimed to be of the highest importance. The Federal form of government is approved by all the revolutionary chiefs, and seems certain to be adopted. Efforts made to get up excitements in various cities, after their adoption of the plan of Ayutla, every where failed. In Puebla, General de la Rosa took possession of the government with very little opposition. Jalisco was occupied by Comonfort on the 25th of August, and Guadalajara two days before. On the 18th Colonel Gonzales took quiet possession of Toluca.——The invading movement on the Northern frontier, under Captain Henry of the United States army, noticed in our last, has ended in smoke—the company having dispersed.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

From Central America we have further news of considerable interest and importance. At San Juan del Norte a meeting of citizens and property-holders, convened by a public call, was held on the

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6th of September, at which a series of resolutions was adopted, deciding to commit the government of the Territory to a civil and military Governor and a Council of Five, to be chosen by the people —the Governor having power to establish such laws as he might deem proper, and the Council having concurrent powers with him in this respect. In conformity with these resolutions, Colonel H. L. Kinney, whose landing there as the leader of a colonizing expedition we have already mentioned, was elected Governor. The former Constitution of San Juan, or Greytown, is adopted as the basis of the new government. Colonel Kinney was sworn into office on the 7th, and on the 12th issued a proclamation accepting the post, expressing his gratitude for the confidence placed in him, and for the refutation afforded of the slanders which preceded his arrival, and saying that, to carry out the objects in which they were mutually interested, it would be necessary to be united, and to establish such a constitution and such laws as would gain respect and consideration abroad and at home.

From Walker's expedition the intelligence is equally stirring, as it reports the success of the revolutionists who had invited him there to aid them in their civil contest with the government forces. After landing at San Juan del Sur, Walker, on the 3d of September, with one hundred and fifty men, sixty of whom were Californians, came to Virgin Bay, where he was immediately attacked by General Guardiola, the Indian chief, who had under his command about four hundred government troops. The battle was brief, but desperate, and resulted in the rout of the Legitimists, who retreated to Rivas, with a loss of fifty-one killed and a large number wounded, while the Liberals lost but four, one Californian and three Nicaraguans. Walker gained some popularity by his kindness to the wounded troops, but his severe exactions at San Juan created violent dissatisfaction. The government party, at the last advices, was preparing to attack him again.

From *Honduras*, which is at war with Guatemala, we learn that the greatest alarm and distress prevails. The wealthy inhabitants of Truxillo had fled before the invading forces, who, to the number of about four hundred men, were only some twenty miles distant from the city. Captain Kostelet, with a small force of government troops, had full possession of the principal passes to the city, and was endeavoring to stop the approach of the revolutionists; but such of the people of the town as had means were flying in all directions to avoid pillage and massacre. The poorer classes alone remained.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From *Chili* we have news to the 1st of September. Don Antonio Garcia Gayes has been appointed Minister to the United States. It was expected that the Santiago railroad would be opened on the 18th. During the fortnight ending August 14, very severe norther storms had occurred, raising the waters in some of the ports and rivers, forcing ashore a great many vessels and lighters, and destroying several flour-mills and many cattle. In the port of Constitution, sixteen native vessels were driven ashore. Among them were a steamer, a bark, and brig, all loaded with flour—vessels and cargoes total loss. The American steamer *Eudora*, formerly of California, and the Chilian bark *Carolina*, shared the same fate. Fourteen lives were lost. The Chilian transport *Indefatigable* was blown up in the harbor of Valparaiso on the 3d of August, caused by carelessly leaving a broken lantern in the powder magazine. Four of the crew were killed and several badly wounded. The losses were estimated at half a million dollars.——Both Chambers have authorized the President to subscribe one million of dollars toward the construction of a railroad between Valparaiso and Tacna. The projected line, two hundred miles in length, traverses the most fertile and populous portions of the south, through a level country, with plenty of wood, and its cost will consequently be small in comparison with the great benefits expected from it.——In Santiago, the capital, the Government has established a Free School for the education of young ladies, and has also granted $25,000 toward the erection of a Church and Convent for the Capuchin Friars.

In *Peru* the National Convention was still in session, laboring at the formation of a Constitution. A new Ministry has been formed.

From *Brazil* and *Paraguay* our intelligence indicates the prospect of continued hostilities. It appears that Brazil not only rejects the pacific treaties which her plenipotentiary agreed to, but is preparing to reinforce her invading squadron. Those movements are indicative of a more hostile spirit than she has hitherto shown; and as Paraguay is prepared for a vigorous resistance, it may reasonably be feared that both nations will break out into open hostility. The Brazilian press is discussing the expediency of annexing to the Empire the Republic of Uruguay, which is now under its protection.

From *Buenos Ayres* we learn that measures were on foot to trace the accomplices in the late conspiracy against the Government, but without success. The position of the new Ministry was precarious, and it was currently reported that the militia forces on the southern frontier against the Indians had disbanded themselves. Rumors were also in circulation of a combination of all parties in Montevideo against the Brazilians.

THE EASTERN WAR.

We have at last to record an important and decisive step in the progress of the war. The most important part of Sevastopol, the southern half, against which the attack of the Allies has been so long directed, has fallen, and is now in the hands of the Allies. The attack of the Russians upon the lines at the Tchernaya, mentioned in our last, proved to be a final effort on their part to break the power which they felt was fast closing around their forts. The Russian force consisted of over 50,000 men, with 160 pieces of artillery, and cavalry to the number of 6000. The attack was made on the 16th August, led by Prince Gortschakoff, and directed against the French and Sardinians, numbering together about 30,000 men. The fight lasted several hours, and was very sharp, but it resulted in the repulse of the Russians, with a loss estimated at over 5000, while that of the Allies did not reach half that number.

After this action the siege was vigorously prosecuted by the Allies, and great activity was observed in the garrison, especially in the transport of great quantities of munitions and provisions across a newly-erected bridge to the north side of the town. All preliminary arrangements having been completed, on the recommendation of their engineers, it was decided by the French and English generals that a general assault should be attempted on the

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8th, after an active bombardment for the two preceding days. On the morning of Wednesday, the 5th, the fire from the batteries was opened, and was continued with only occasional intermissions until the 8th. On Friday afternoon a bomb had set fire to a Russian frigate, which afterward sunk in the harbor, and during the night a part of the middle town was seen to be in flames. At noon on Saturday the assault was made; it had been arranged that the English were to storm the Great Redan, while the French assailed the Malakoff and the Little Redan of Careening Bay. The assaulting columns of the French, at the signal, left the trenches, and commanded by General Bosquet, marched against the Malakoff with the greatest impetuosity; and in spite of a heavy fire in front and a flanking fire from the Little Redan, the ditch was passed, and after a murderous struggle of an hour the Russians were driven out and the French flag was planted on the tower. Batteries were immediately placed in position, which poured down on the Russian fleet a perfect storm of shells; three of their ships were set on fire, and the next morning those that were not destroyed by the fire were sunk by the Russians in the harbor. The Little Redan was also taken and occupied by the French, but they were driven out by the severe fire to which they were exposed. The English troops, to whom was assigned the assault of the Great Redan, left the trenches at the preconcerted signal, and moved across the ground, preceded by a covering party of 260 men, and a ladder party of 320. On arriving at the crest of the ditch, the ladders were placed, and the men immediately stormed the parapet of the Redan, and penetrated into the salient angle. A most determined and bloody combat was here maintained for nearly an hour, and although supported to the utmost, and though the greatest bravery was displayed, it was found impossible to maintain the position. The loss of the Allies in this final assault is set down at about ten thousand killed and wounded.—During the night which followed the fall of the Malakoff, the Russians exploded the mines under the fortifications which remained in their hands, retired from the southern part of the town, and withdrew their whole army to the north side, destroying the bridge upon which they crossed. At our latest advices the two armies remained in this position, no new movement having been made on either side. An immense quantity of military stores, including cannon, balls, with powder, grapeshot, and other munitions of war, fell into the hands of the Allies.

The importance of this event, is of course, differently estimated by the opposing parties. By the Allies it is regarded as a very important step toward closing the campaign in the Crimea, since they will now be able to meet the enemy in the open field, where they count confidently on a victory. By the Russians, it is treated as simplifying the operations of the army by concentrating its force, and giving it freedom of movement as well as all the advantages of a position beyond the range of the siege guns of the Allies. The Czar, in his order of the day, commends in the warmest terms the courage and constancy with which the defense of Sebastopol has been conducted, and says that the commander-in-chief, after the Allies had succeeded in getting possession of the Malakoff tower, desirous of sparing the blood of his troops, who under the circumstances would only have shed it uselessly, decided upon passing over to the north side of the fortress, "leaving only blood-stained ruins to the besieging enemy."

GREAT BRITAIN.

Very little has been done in England except to rejoice over the fall of Sebastopol. The War Minister telegraphed, immediately on receiving the news, the Queen's letter of thanks to the army, congratulating her troops on the triumphant issue of the protracted siege, and thanking them for the cheerfulness with which they have encountered its toils, and the valor which has led to its termination. The guns of the Tower, and those in St. James's Park, were fired, and bells were rung throughout the city in token of exultation; and similar demonstrations were had in every part of the island. In Dublin and other parts of Ireland the rejoicing was equally enthusiastic and boisterous. Lord Palmerston, replying to a congratulatory address in Derbyshire, spoke of the event as a mortal blow struck at an enemy whose aggressive policy threatened the whole country, and particularly the interests of Great Britain. With regard to the future, he said he regarded final success as certainly assured by the valor of the English and French troops, and by the good faith of the Emperor Napoleon, who was heart and soul with them in this contest.——The Queen and royal family were in the Highlands when the news of the fall of Sebastopol was received. Prince Napoleon was on a visit to England.——The Bank of England has raised its rate of discount to four and a half per cent.

THE CONTINENT.

In *France*, rejoicings over the fall of Sebastopol engross public attention. Salutes were fired, cities illuminated, and Paris, to use the expression of one of her journals, was drunk with joy. Another attempt has been made on the Emperor's life. On the 8th, it was known that he would visit the Italian theatre; as the second carriage of the *cortège* approached, a young man fired a pistol into it; but no one was injured. It contained only the ladies of honor, the Emperor being in another. The assassin proved to be a noted swindler, named Bellamare, and was adjudged insane.——General Pelissier has been created a Marshal of France. It has been officially announced that the crop in France is nearly ten per cent. less than usual; intimations are thrown out that the Government will seek to supply the deficiency only by inviting importations.——From *Austria* we hear that the Emperor has sent his congratulations to the Allies on their victory at Sebastopol. Hints are thrown out of fresh attempts at negotiation.——In *Italy* matters are in a very disturbed condition. An address of Mazzini to the young men of Naples has been widely circulated there, calling on them to take up arms against their oppressors. The King of Naples has dismissed M. Mazza, his Police Minister, by whom most of the recent outrages have been ordered.——In *Holland* the Chambers were opened on the 17th of September by a speech from the King.——In *Portugal* the new King, Don Pedro V., was inaugurated on the 16th of September at the Cortes.——In *Spain*, it is said the attempt of England and France to induce the Government to join the Allies has failed, Espartero taking strong ground against it.——From *Prussia* it is announced that the King has received a dispatch from the Russian Emperor, notifying him of the fall of Sebastopol, and adding, that Russia never makes peace after disaster.——From *Russia* the only news is that the Czar was on his way to the Crimea.

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Literary Notices.

A Memoir of S. S. Prentiss, edited by his Brother. (Published by Charles Scribner.) Not many forensic or political orators in this country have enjoyed a more brilliant fame during their lifetime than the subject of this memoir. His name is identified with the popular eloquence of the Southwest, and had begun to fill a much wider sphere when he was snatched from the world by a premature death. Impulsive and erratic in his disposition, with a genius eminently adapted to oratorical display, easily seduced by his social temperament into an excess of conviviality, and impatient of the drudgery of written composition in proportion to his almost miraculous fluency of speech, he has left few records of the more substantial qualities of his character, and might have passed away in the meteoric brightness which irradiated his comparatively brief career. The hand of fraternal affection has here gathered up the memorials of his sterling excellence. With fond partiality, though not with indiscriminate eulogy, his biographer has portrayed the more intimate features of his character, describing him in the relations of private and social life, and revealing an attractive example of chivalrous honor, rare, and sometimes almost reckless generosity, and in the family circle of devoted and tender affectionateness. No one can peruse the inartificial sketches presented in this memoir without admiration of the private graces which were interwoven with the brilliant and imposing qualities by which Mr. Prentiss was chiefly known to the public. Whatever the faults which may have reminded his friends that he was not free from human frailty, the brighter phases of his character are held up with equal truthfulness and beauty, presenting a genuine, lovable man, as well as the master of consummate and almost matchless eloquence.

Though a favorite son of the South by adoption, and sharing largely in the characteristics of that susceptible and impetuous race, Mr. Prentiss owed his birth and early training to the more ungenial clime of New England, and throughout his life cherished an ardent attachment to the land of his nativity. He was born at Portland, in the year 1808. His family belonged to an old New England stock. His father was a highly respected shipmaster, in prosperous circumstances, and a man of strong intellect, of lively domestic affections, and of great energy of character. While yet an infant, the subject of this narrative was seized with a violent fever, which nearly deprived him of life, and left an incurable defect in one of his limbs. For several years he was unable to use them at all, and for their partial recovery he was indebted to the assiduity of his devoted mother. Every day, for several hours, she would rub and bathe his torpid limbs, until after the lapse of years, one by one, they gained sufficient strength to perform their appropriate functions, the right leg alone remaining lame and feeble to the last. With this exception, his physical organization was admirable, displaying a strength and symmetry scarcely surpassed by an ancient wrestler.

His parents were members of the congregation over which the celebrated Dr. Payson, then in the full glow and splendor of his enthusiastic oratory, had recently been ordained minister. The impression made on young Prentiss by this remarkable man was strong and permanent. Apart from his veneration for the affectionate pastor, "he felt doubtless, the electric touch of that genius for which Dr. Payson was no less eminent than for his seraphic piety. One fond of tracing the subtile influences which shape and give tone to the development of the individual mind, could easily believe that in this close contact of the embryo orator with the ardent and eloquent divine, lay the secret cause of not a little that he afterward became."

During the war with Great Britain the family removed to Gorham, a romantic farming town eight or nine miles from Portland. The pleasant homestead, situated on a gentle elevation, commanded an attractive prospect, while a series of landscapes of more than ordinary beauty opened upon the eye of the spectator from a neighboring hill. His lameness prevented young S. Prentiss from walking for years after the removal to Gorham, and he passed the greater portion of his boyhood within doors, under the immediate eye of his mother. He was almost literally "the son of her right hand." His crippled state made him the object of peculiar affection. At the same time his singular beauty, sprightliness of mind, and amiable disposition arrested the attention even of strangers. Every one that saw him was struck with his noble brow, expressive eye, and frank, ingenuous countenance, which already showed something of the fire that shone in later years with electric brilliancy. His mental precocity at this time drew forth many predictions of a distinguished career in the future. Nor was he less endeared to an affectionate family circle by the rare sweetness of his disposition. From the first he was a tender-hearted, generous, loving boy, free from the ill-natured caprices which often cloud the face of childhood; and all his beautiful traits crystalized, as it were, into devotion to his mother. He was never so happy as when sitting by her side or nestling in her bosom. When on Sunday evening she retired for prayer with her younger children, he would always insist on kneeling beside the same chair with his mother. Precluded by his infirmity from exercise in the open air, he spent much time in reading such books as are usually found in the Puritan families of New England, devouring the works of John Newton, Bunyan's Holy War and Pilgrim's Progress, Baxter's Saint's Rest, Milton's Paradise Lost, Young's Night Thoughts, and other standard productions of English religious literature. Before reaching his tenth year he had mastered every work on which he could lay his hand. The Bible, especially, he had perused so many times, that a large portion of its contents was indelibly engraved on his memory. Until his eighth or ninth year he continued so lame that he could only walk by means of crutches. For several winters, accordingly, his elder brother was in the habit of drawing him to and from school in a little carriage. At length he so far improved as to be able to walk by the help of a single cane. This opened a new life on the suffering cripple. He at once conceived an ardent passion for the fields and woods, constantly shooting and fishing with the enthusiasm of a veteran sportsman. The partridge, wild duck, gray squirrel, and wild pigeon were common game, and fell in great quantities beneath his amateur zeal. But his greatest delight was in angling. He was hardly inferior to old Izaak Walton himself in his devotion to this treacherous art, or his practical skill in its

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pursuit. He became well acquainted with the favorite haunts of the trout, and was always able to allure the suspicious victim from his most secret hiding-places.

After completing his preparatory studies at Gorham Academy, he entered the junior class of Bowdoin College, then under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Allen, in the autumn of 1824. His collegiate course was a brilliant one, displaying talents which predicted eminent success in a Western or Southern career. He was remarked not only for peculiar facility in debate, and for sparkling wit and humor, but for his aptitude for metaphysical investigation. He mastered the contents of Butler's Analogy with no less ease than most persons would read a book of travels or a novel. Upon leaving college he commenced the study of law in the office of the Hon. Josiah Pierce, of Gorham. He quickly made himself familiar with the details of business, and at the same time gave proof of the qualities which subsequently raised him to such distinction as an advocate. In the morning he devoted the time to professional studies, but beguiled the monotony of the routine by a liberal indulgence in elegant literature in the afternoon. The writings of Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, Cooper, and Byron were constantly in his hands during these hours of recreation; but his favorite author was Shakspeare, and not a week passed without his perusing some specimens of the genius of the great dramatist. He read with wonderful rapidity, and seemed to gather by intuition the prominent facts and incidents of every book he looked through.

At the age of eighteen, young Prentiss set forth to seek his fortune in the Western world. After remaining a short time in Cincinnati, he proceeded to Natchez, with a view of obtaining a situation as tutor in a private family. He succeeded in his wishes, and remained in this employment for nearly a year and a half, when he resumed the study of law, and was admitted to the Mississippi bar in May, 1829. He obtained a moderate practice in Natchez, and after the lapse of about three years decided to remove to Vicksburg. Here he was at once taken by the hand, and soon made good his position among the most distinguished advocates of the day. The year 1834 found him in the full tide of professional success—his legal reputation was firmly established and widely spread—he became celebrated for his eloquence, wit, and remarkable character throughout the State—and wherever he went he was soon encircled by a crowd of curious and eager listeners. His journeys to attend the various courts in the interior were usually made on horseback. The scenery of Mississippi, though with little of the romantic beauty and grandeur which mark the landscapes of New England, could not fail to excite his imagination. "Its gorgeous flora—the wild splendor of its vegetation—the colossal forms and sombre aspect of its aboriginal forests, still inhabited by the red man, abounding in all sorts of game, and haunted by savage beasts—the lonely roads, traversing sometimes an old Indian trail, and memorable for tales of robbery, murder, or other fearful tragedies—the dark rivers and sluggish lakes, filled with alligators or suddenly crossed by a flock of noble deer—these things wrought upon his fancy in a singular manner. It was during these long rides through the forest that he was most apt to be in the mood for disclosing the stores of his wonderful memory, or discussing high questions of philosophy, government, and human destiny."

It was in the year 1836 that his public life may be said to have fairly commenced. He was elected to the State Legislature for that year, and, with occasional intervals, for the next eight years, was ardently engaged in the toil and strife of politics. When he first went to the Southwest, he took little interest in the current questions of party conflict. But it was impossible for a young lawyer of his talents, eloquence, and patriotic impulses to remain long an indifferent observer of public affairs. He became early a warm admirer of Henry Clay, and from his entrance on his political career, was a strenuous and enthusiastic partisan of the great Kentucky statesman.

After greatly signalizing himself in the legislative debates of his adopted State, he was returned as a representative to Congress in 1838. The election, however, was contested, and his claim to a seat on the floor was rejected. The result served only to raise him still higher in the public estimation. His manly bearing throughout the struggle secured for him the respect and admiration even of the more generous among his opponents. A second canvass confirmed his election, and in the following May he took his seat in Congress.

We have no space to follow the subsequent steps of his shining career, which was marked by equal splendor, energy, and popular influence until terminated by death in July, 1850. The narrative of his biography is filled with copious and exact details, and illustrated by liberal extracts from his correspondence and reports of his public speeches. In the former, the strength and loveliness of his domestic character are beautifully conspicuous. His letters to his mother are models of filial devotion and tenderness. Nothing could surpass the genial amenity of his intercourse with his brothers and sisters. In the bosom of his own immediate family he was the devoted husband and affectionate father. The speeches which are presented in these volumes place Mr. Prentiss in the very highest rank of American orators. They are no crude, superficial effusions of temporary excitement, but are as remarkable for their vigor of argument as for their copiousness of illustration. No one, after reading this memoir, can doubt that the subject was one of the most richly endowed men that distinguish the records of American biography.

The Newcomes, edited by ARTHUR PENDENNIS, Esq. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In the last number of the Magazine our readers were presented with the concluding chapters of the novel which for two years has occupied a large space in our monthly impression. Upon reperusing as a whole the work with which we have become acquainted by periodical installments, we are not unwilling to own that we gain a new feeling of admiration for its artistic symmetry and power, its profound insight into human nature, its keen and piercing, but not unkindly sarcasm, its exquisite humor, its large and generous sympathies, and its natural touches of irresistible pathos. In our opinion, *The Newcomes* takes the precedence of any of Thackeray's former productions. It is marked by many of the characteristics to which we are accustomed in the familiar creations of his pen, but it displays a more genial and mellow interest in human relations, a kinder tolerance of weakness and imperfection, and a greater degree of universality in the delineation of character, with a no less unrelenting scorn of

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affectation, hypocrisy, and fashionable worldliness, and an equally honest exposure of the vices which lurk beneath the soft manners and stately robes of social life in England. The style of this novel is in admirable harmony with the subject. It completely fulfills the design of the writer. In the form of a simple narrative—flowing with an inimitable, careless grace—less like a book than a verbal relation—with no effort for originality, but with a stamp of individualism which no one can mistake—it gives a life-like aspect to the personages of the plot, presenting them not so much as the products of invention as the reminiscences of experience. Indeed it is difficult to feel that we are reading a novel while following the fortunes of the various members of the Newcome family. It would seem that the author had enjoyed the rare luck of falling in with singularly fruitful materials for the composition of his narrative, instead of racking his brain for heroes of the imagination. Colonel Newcome, Hobson, Sir Barnes, Lady Kew, Clive, Fred Bayham, the Campaigner, and little Rosey, appear in the light of historical characters, who furnish no task to the writer but the faithful delineation of their features. Who has not known the frank, confiding, simple-hearted Colonel Newcome, exchanging the thoughtless follies of youth for the brave chivalry of manhood, so saturated with the sense of honor in his own heart as to be unable to suspect baseness in others, living in the very midst of the world without dreaming of the duplicity and heartlessness which it conceals, and so lost in the indulgence of some doting affection—noble save in its excess—as to suffer an eclipse of the best qualities of his intellect, and to damage the interests for which he would have sacrificed his life? The attachment of the Colonel to Clive is managed with consummate address as the passion on which the story hinges. Great as are the weaknesses in which he is involved by the exaggeration of the paternal sentiment, he is never placed in a ludicrous light—though often exciting pity, he never ceases to command respect. The description of his death-bed is one of the most moving pictures of the kind in English literature, and can not be read by any one who has traced his history thus far without a pang of sympathy. Ethel, the heroine of the story, is perhaps kept too much in the background. We scarcely see her but by glimpses. We are obliged to divine her character by obscure hints, rather than to behold it in the lucid mirror of continuous action. A vail is purposely thrown over her whole history, even to its final denouement. Ethel will never satisfy the readers of Thackeray who demand a perfect incarnation of womanly excellence in one of his heroines. She will not atone for the portraitures of female weakness and wickedness in which Thackeray has been accused of taking a malicious pleasure. But she fills precisely the place designed for her by the comprehensive artist. Brilliant in intellect, warm and impulsive in her affections, full of generous tendencies, but wayward, worldly, and dazzled with the splendors of wealth and station, she inevitably falls into the toils of her selfish, scheming, cast-iron old grandmother, with whom a splendid marriage for her favorite was the summit of her ambition, and the aim of her subtle, demoniac machinations. Under such pestilent influences the innate nobleness of her nature does not escape without soil—she yields to the temptation of her position—consents to a match where love is not, for the sake of a title; but in the end her true soul gets the better of evil counsels, revealing a genuine womanly strength as well as tenderness, and throwing off the worldly taint which was the effect of contagion, not of constitution. There is still ample room for Thackeray to do justice to the ideal of female character by examples whose prototypes are to be found in real life, and we trust it is not too late for him to accomplish the task.

The series of literal translations of the most eminent ancient authors, announced as *Harper's Classical Library*, thus far comprises Smart's Horace, Davidson's Virgil, and Watson's Sallust, Florus, and Velleius Paterculus. Each volume is furnished with biographical sketches of the original authors, with brief critical and explanatory notes, for the benefit both of teachers and pupils. In this edition the translations have been diligently revised, and great care has been taken in the typographical execution to produce a work equally distinguished for its accuracy and elegance.

The latest issue of Little, Brown, and Co.'s edition of *The British Poets* comprises "The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser," with an original biography and notes by Professor Francis J. Child. In preparing this edition, free use has been made of the labors of Mr. George Hiliard in the excellent Boston edition of Spenser, published in 1839. The convenient form of these volumes, as well as the brevity and terseness of the annotations, admirably adapts it to popular use. The students of the quaint and subtle poet will find in it a valuable aid to the intelligent enjoyment of his peculiar beauties.

Memoirs of Henry the Eighth, by Henry William Herbert (published by Miller, Orton, and Mulligan), presents a popular view of the reign, character, and fortunes of that monarch, together with copious notices of his six wives and their various fates. The style of the work is lively and graphic, not disdaining the embellishments of fancy, though closely adhering to the facts of history. Extensive research, just discrimination, and natural portraiture are the leading features of the composition, and distinguish it from the superficial, but pretentious compilations of the day.

Redfield has issued a new and revised edition of *The Life of Curran*, by his Son, with additional notices and anecdotes, by R. Shelton Mackenzie. The work is full of amusing incidents and pleasant gossip, both with regard to the subject of the biography and other brilliant celebrities of his time.

A new illustrated edition of Gray's *Elegy* is published by Fetridge and Co., containing a portrait and biographical notice of Daniel Webster, to whose memory this impression of his favorite poet is dedicated. It forms a convenient quarto volume, with numerous engravings, including a view of Stoke Pogis Church, the church-yard of which is the scene of the celebrated poem.

The Contrast between Good and Bad Men, by Gardiner Spring, D.D., is a series of discourses, illustrating the application of Christian truth to the distinctions of character by examples drawn from the biographical portions of the Old and New Testament. It is understood that these volumes complete the succession of works on practical religion which the author has from time to time given to the public. In their style of thought they are marked by earnestness, profound discrimination, and pious fervor, while their execution shows great clearness of statement, vigor of expression, and

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pungency of appeal. They can not fail to secure a permanent rank among the classical works on theology which form such a considerable portion of American literature. (Published by M. W. Dodd.)

The Private Life of an Eastern King (published by Redfield) gives a graphic account of the manners and customs of the petty native sovereigns whom the British Government still suffers to exercise a partial dominion in India. The monarch whose life is unvailed is Nussir-u-deen, king of that Oude where the outrages of Warren Hastings aroused the indignant eloquence of Burke. The author was for some time a member of the household of this sovereign. His book presents a vivid picture of the mingled effeminacy and ferocity which seem inherent in the Asiatic character, and the tyranny exercised by the native governments. It suggests grave doubts as to the course which should be adopted toward them by the English crown.

A new edition of RUSSELL'S *Pilgrim Memorials* is published by Crosby and Nichols. This popular antiquarian work is designed as a guide to the more prominent events and localities connected with the landing of the Pilgrims, to which the attention of visitors is directed on their arrival at Plymouth. It contains the fruits of much research, and of enthusiastic zeal for the olden times. No one should visit the venerable town of Plymouth, with a view to antiquarian exploration, without consulting its suggestive pages.

Indian Legends, and other Poems, by MARY GARDINER HORSFORD. (Published by J. C. Derby.) Most of these poems are founded on Indian and other historical traditions, which the author has embodied into smooth and pleasing verse. They all betray a pure vein of sentiment, great susceptibility to the influences of nature, and more than an ordinary degree of literary culture.

Of the novels of the month our space scarcely allows more than the mere enumeration of their titles. *The Deserted Wife*, by Mrs. SOUTHWORTH (T B. Peterson), describes a succession of scenes in plantation life, within a not far distant period, in the exuberant splendor of style for which that writer is remarkable. In *Isora's Child* (Derby) we have a complicated and exciting plot, wrought up with considerable vigor of execution, and at times with great felicity of conception and language. It is one of the most elaborate attempts among recent novels, and though often betraying the inexperienced writer, will doubtless make its mark. Mrs. STEPHENS'S new novel, entitled *The Old Homestead* (Bunce and Brother), is devoted to illustrations of city life and city government, and shows her well-known power of lively description and natural character-drawing. *The Old Farm-house*, by Mrs. LAING (C. H. Davis), is remarkable for its faithful rural portraitures, and its frequent scenes of simple pathos. *Cora and the Doctor* (Jewett and Co.) is an unpretending narrative of domestic life, distinguished for its truthfulness to nature and its soundness of sentiment. *Aspirations*, by Mrs. MANNERS (Sheldon, Lamport, and Co.), is an admirable record of experience, inspired by deep religious feeling, and of the purest moral tendency. *Ethel*, by MARIAN JAMES, and *The Elder Sister*, by the same author, are reprints, by Bunce and Brother, of popular English novels.

The London publishers, though the absorbing interest of the war continues injurious to book-producing, have lately exhibited some activity. The "Memoirs of Lieutenant Bellot" (the gallant Frenchman who volunteered to serve in the expedition sent in quest of Sir John Franklin, and unfortunately perished by accident), have excited more than ordinary interest. Russia continues to supply a subject for book-makers, and the latest issue on this head is entitled "Recollections of Thirty-three Years' Residence in Russia, by a German Nobleman." It is a translation on which the critics appear much at issue; one set declaring that it might have been, and probably was, compiled without the author's ever having touched Muscovite soil; while another declare that its every statement is reliable, as the author resided for some years at St. Petersburg as *chargé-d'affaires* of one of the smaller German powers. A volume of "Selections from Beaumont and Fletcher," carefully edited by Leigh Hunt, has appeared, and appears likely to obtain considerable popularity. Also, Whitelocke's "Journal of the English Embassy to the Court of Sweden" (during the reign of Cromwell), revised by Henry Reeve. This was first published in 1772, and is full of interest, not only as respects the politics of the Commonwealth, but the social aspect and condition of Sweden in the middle of the seventeenth century. "Phœnicia," by John Kenwick, on the plan of his "Egypt," may be said to exhaust the subject so important to history. Among the reprints of interest may be noticed the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, to be completed in four volumes. The first has appeared, forming the commencement of the complete edition of Professor Wilson's writings, edited by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier. The "Noctes" were originally commenced in August, 1819, but the new edition excludes all anterior to 1825—those in which "the fun grew fast and furious"—and excises every portion, songs and quotations excepted, not actually written by Wilson himself. The part thus removed constitutes more than a fifth of the whole work, and to that extent, therefore, the English is inferior to the last American edition.

A variety of works are announced as nearly ready for immediate publication. Among them are a new work on Canada by Mr. Kingston; the "Constitutional History of Jersey," by Charles le Querne; "Lives of Generals distinguished during the Peninsular War;" "Sporting Adventures in the New World;" a further portion of the "Stowe Papers," edited by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos; a translation of Dr. Veron's "Mémoires d'un Bourgeois," with much new matter which has not hitherto been published in Paris; the fifth and concluding volume of Tooke's "History of Prices," more particularly relating to the period comprising the gold discoveries and the outbreak of the war, from 1847 to 1855; a new "Biography of Fielding, the novelist," by F. Lawrence, a barrister; "Railway Morals and Railway Policy," by Herbert Spencer; two concluding volumes of James Montgomery's "Memoirs," by Holland and Everett.—The lady-authors will be in full force. Among the latest issues are novels by Mrs. Trollope and Miss Sinclair, and new works of fiction by the authoress of "Margaret Maitland," Miss Yonge, and Miss Dinah Maria Mulock, are announced. Mrs. Thompson and Miss Agnes Strickland are said to be completing historical works.—The author of

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"Lorenzo Bononi" (Signor Ruffini?) has a new story in the press, called "Doctor Antonio." We should not omit to mention that the "Biography of Philip the Second," by Prescott the historian, is announced for early publication in London.

The correspondent of a literary journal in London states, with reference to Tennyson's new poem, "Maud," that the greater part of the twenty-fourth section, beginning

> "O that 'twere possible
> After long grief and pain,
> To find the arms of my true love
> Round me once again!"

appeared in an Annual many years ago—perhaps a score. He adds, suggestively, "whether these lines, so long lying by, may have formed the kernel of the whole poem, is a question for those who delight in such investigations." The *name* of the Annual has not been mentioned. It is known that Tennyson has by him considerable portions of a poem which he commenced, several years since, on the "Morte d'Arthur."

There is no doubt, we understand, that the third and fourth volumes of Macaulay's "History of England" will appear before Christmas. It is said that they were almost ready for delivery nearly a year ago, but that their author unexpectedly came into possession of some most important matter, which necessitated the withdrawal and partial re-writing of the third volume.

The publication of Thomas Carlyle's "Life of Frederic the Great" is said to be postponed, *sine die*. He has repeatedly visited Berlin to obtain information, and had the Prussian archives placed at his disposal, but, after several years' labor, appears to have laid the work aside.

In the new edition of Lord Brougham's "Sketches of the Eminent Statesmen of the Time of George III.," which has lately been published in England, are to be found a number of letters addressed by George III. to Lord North (when Prime Minister), and others. There are some curious points and passages in these letters. Under date "7th March, 1780," the King thus moots the *questio vexata* of American Independence: "I can never suppose this country so far lost to all ideas of self-importance as to be willing to grant Amer. independence. If that c^{d} be ever universally adopted, I shall dispair of this Country being preserved from a state of Inferiority. I hope never to live to see that day, for however I am treated I must love *this Country*."

In a new introduction to these "Sketches," we find an announcement from Lord Brougham that, many years ago, he had begun a work, interrupted by professional avocations, which he describes as "the history of two reigns in our own annals, those of Harry V. and Elizabeth, deemed glorious for the arts of war and of government, commanding largely the admiration of the vulgar, justly famous for the capacity which they displayed, but extolled upon the false assumption that foreign conquest is the chief glory of a nation, and that habitual and dexterous treachery toward all mankind is the first accomplishment of a sovereign. To relate the story of those reigns in the language of which sound reason prescribes the use—to express the scorn of falsehood and the detestation of cruelty which the uncorrupted feelings of our nature inspire—to call wicked things by their right names, whether done by princes and statesmen, or by vulgar and more harmless malefactors—was the plan of that work, which will probably (at least as regards the author's name) be posthumous; it must, from its nature, be too dull to be patiently borne from a living writer."

The widow of Thomas Moore has presented her late husband's library (which was extensive and varied, and particularly rich in presentation copies), to the Royal Irish Academy. The collection has arrived in Dublin. The library of another distinguished literary man, John Gibson Lockhart, was bequeathed to augment the well known collection at Abbotsford.

An authorized contradiction has been given to a report, which lately appeared in the London journals, that the editorship of the *Quarterly Review* had passed into the hands of the Rev. A. P. Stanley, son of the late Bishop of Norwich, and author of the well-known "Life of Dr. Thomas Arnold," the historian. The *Review* continues under the superintendence of the Rev. Whitwell Elwyn, who was strongly recommended for the appointment by the late Mr. Lockhart. The *Quarterly Review*, commenced in February, 1809, has been under only four successive rulers—viz., Mr. Gifford, Mr. John Taylor Coleridge, Mr. Lockhart, and Mr. Elwyn.

In foreign literature there is little activity. A novel, called "Les Petits," has been published at Brussels as a posthumous work of De Balzac's, but its authenticity is doubted. Some of De Balzac's peculiarities are imitated rather too strongly for *vraisemblance*.—A History of the Reign of Louis Philippe, from 1830 to 1848, is announced from the prolific pen of Lamartine, as a continuation of his History of the Restoration. A History of Cæsar, from the same pen, is publishing in the *feuilleton* of *La Presse*, and is said to be dull and vapid—whole passages of Sallust's Cataline being bodily "conveyed" into it, and the hero's own Commentaries paraphrased, in the dullest manner, when his campaigns in Gaul are related.—A new volume of Dupin's Revelations, and a collection of the late Madame de Girardin's unpublished pieces are announced.—The elder Dumas stands sponsor to Dr. Félix Maynard's ambitious book, "De Paris à Sebastopol."—Madame Dudevant (George Sand) has completed the History of her Life—on the whole, an unsatisfactory composition.

In Germany, almost the only recent work of general interest is the first volume of "Unter dem Doppeladler," or Experiences of a German Surgeon confined in Sebastopol during the Bombardment.—In Holland, several literary and critical magazines of merit have lately appeared, with good prospects of success.—A new tale by Hendrik Conscience (called the Luck of being Rich) was creating some sensation. The hero is an Antwerp chimney-sweep.—In Italy, the long-neglected and almost forgotten poems of the Abate Parini have been collected and carefully edited, and a new and very complete edition of the tragedies of Alfieri, printed from the original manuscripts (which he presented to the Countess of Albany, widow of the last of the Stuarts), has been published by Félix Lemonnier, the eminent Florentine scholar.

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Editor's Table.

IS A MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS CONSCIENCE? It may seem a very odd question; some may say it is a very absurd one; and yet its propriety may be defended both from Scripture and experience. The Apostle speaks of a "good conscience," thereby implying that there may be such a thing as a bad one. Judas had a bad conscience when he said, "Why was not this sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" The weeping Mary had a "good conscience" when she poured the costly ointment on her Saviour's feet, and "wiped them with the hairs of her head." The scrupulous utilitarian condemned the waste, but we know on the best authority that in this case his "higher law," his vaunted "inner light," was the very "blackness of darkness." Paul had a bad conscience when he "breathed out threatenings and slaughter" against the disciples; he had a good conscience when he wrote those epistles that every where breathe charity, patience, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, submission to civil authority, union, peace, compromise, while they condemn the men "who are *puffed up*, doting, diseased, or" (as old Tyndale's translation has it) "*wasting their braynes* about questions and battles of words, from whence come envy, strife, profane speakings, evil surmisings, and malign disputes."

Experience teaches the same lesson. The varied aspect of the world, especially our modern world, is proof that there may be a great many different kinds of consciences, or else that there must be something very false which often goes under that sacred name. One man's conscience, or "higher law"—for the two terms are used as synonymous—makes him an ultra-radical; another man's conscience can only find repose in an equally ultra-conservatism. One man it makes a furious abolitionist, another it sends on a filibustering expedition. One is so exceedingly scrupulous that he would commit perjury rather than convict of a capital offense; another is so conscientious that he can not obey any law that disagrees in the least with his notions of personal human rights; while another feels irresistibly impelled to bear his testimony against the unrighteousness of property in land as so much interference with other men's freedom of locomotion. A higher or more interior illumination casts a conscientious doubt on the marriage state, and all the reciprocal rights and duties that are supposed to grow out of it. And so we may go on through the whole range of human relations. Strange principle! Is there any possibility of settling its true bounds? Can the empire of conscience be so defined as to determine what rightly falls within or lies without its legitimate domain? We think it can. Will our readers bear with us in making what some would regard so presumptuous an attempt?

But first, there are two distinct classes of men whose states of mind are to be considered. There are your exceedingly conscientious men who are ever making a parade of their conscience, ever coming in collision with something that impinges painfully on its tenderness. But this something is ever from without. There are no sores within, nothing that needs watching or healing there. The inner light is not needed in its own appointed realm. In that "well swept and garnished house" there are no spots or shadows to deflect the steady outgazing of the conscience upon things that lie wholly beyond its true domain. Such men *love* to be thought scrupulous. They have a strange passion for exhibiting this tenderness of soul on all occasions that will afford an opportunity for its display. We need not further describe them. Who has not met them in the jury-box, the school, the political gathering, the ecclesiastical council, and who that has once come in contact with them can ever mistake the noisy, pretentious, mischief-making class of whom we speak, and who are so rapidly multiplying in this age and land? The whole character may be given in a word. This artificial conscientiousness on which some men so pride themselves, is found, on careful analysis, to be the very opposite pole of that true fear of wrong whose very breath of life is the most self-distrusting humility, or that true "fear of the Lord which is the beginning of all wisdom."

Opposed to this is the truly conscientious man, who will ever be found to have the least to say of his conscientiousness. It is too sacred a state of soul to bear much talking about it. It shrinks from rude exposure because it draws its life so wholly from within. It studies itself in the inward conformity of its tempers to that higher law which is *the law of the conscience*, and hence it has little casuistical skill in the settlement of outward relations. It is the meek man alone who is truly conscientious. The one state enters into the very essence of the other. Its very spirit is diffidence and *self-distrust*. Now try your blustering, censorious, loud-talking conscientiousness by this test. It is a prompt and easy test. It is Scriptural, rational, infallible. Try it by this test, and how much of that strange, lying thing, the infidel scrupulosity, or the modern higher law Pharisaism, is at once blown to the winds.

But how is it, then, some honest inquirer may humbly ask, are we not to obey conscience, and profess publicly, if need be, our allegiance to its commands? If I feel that a thing is wrong, must I not act in accordance with that conviction? There is but one answer to this. Every man must act according to his convictions; every man must deal fairly with his conscience. But here is not the *chief* accountability. There is another, which, in the modern clamor about duty, and all kinds of outward responsibilities, is hardly thought of, but which the Scriptures make all in all. It is a man's responsibility for his feelings, his states of soul, his convictions, yea his very conscience itself. We are to see to it, most conscientiously, that conscience performs its right office within its own right sphere, and that it does not neglect this sphere by stretching itself out beyond its measure to the invasion of territory belonging to the reason judging by causes, consequents, and expediencies.

Let us endeavor to state the difference in the plainest terms. Conscience, then, we say, is imperative within its own domain. But this domain has two departments, or rather, there is attached to its exclusive realm, to its *sanctum sanctorum*, or "holy of holies," an outer court. In the first, or inner region, the decision is primary, absolute, and without appeal. In the other, it is ever conditional, ever modified by expediencies whose right consideration falls not within the conscience directly, but belongs to the reason or intellect judging, as in

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other rational problems, by data that lie wholly without the moral sense, and which may vary in each particular case. Within the first are embraced the *states* or dispositions of the soul in its relations to God and man, together with the immutable intuitions that pronounce one *state* good, righteous, holy, the other unrighteous, unholy, accursed. These lie, or ought to lie, right under the eye of the conscience. The true inner light shines, or ought to shine, and if not put out, or turned into darkness by being ever directed to things without its sphere, *will shine*, directly upon them. Thus the propositions—we *ought* to love God supremely as our Father and Creator—we *ought* to love man as our brother—we *ought* to make the moral glory of the Divine Being the highest aim of our existence —we *ought* to seek the best good of our fellow-men and their highest virtue, whatever that good and that virtue may be—these, and such as these, the conscience decides, or *ought* to decide, intuitively. We have known large volumes of theology written to prove them, but the conscience, the true inner light shining in its own inner sphere, does not need them at all. It affirms all these truths without ratiocination. If conscience does her true office no reasoning can make them clearer. If she is dead, or blind, no reasoning, in itself, can restore her to life, or heal her spiritual malady. In this higher region there is no modification by circumstances or expediencies, as when we judge of outward acts and relations. There is no lowering the standard of truth. A man may see it, and even rejoice in it, although at the same time he sees himself far below it. We must *come up* to it, says the healthy conscience; it can never *come down* to us. To these decisions of the higher law there is no dispensation or supersedeas possible. There is no writ of error, such as may be brought against every human judgment when rendered of outward rights and duties. Here we have our eternal and immutable morality. We may safely speak of it in as high terms as any of our higher law transcendentalists could desire.

And so, too, on the other hand, the decisions of the conscience as to what is wrong, are alike imperative, alike irrepealable, alike incapable of all modification, when kept within this field. Thus it says—and says intuitively—it is wrong to be selfish, or to love ourselves to the disregard of others; it is wrong to be cruel or tyrannical in disposition or practice; it is wrong to use men, whether we be employers at the North, or masters at the South, for the gratification alone of our selfishness, independent of what we see to be for their secular and eternal good. In all these cases it is the state of soul that conscience *looks at*. She will not decide, can not decide, as some would have her, that it is wrong for one man to be the monarchical, or, if you will, the despotic ruler of millions of other men (since that may, or may not, be a wise form of government under the outward expediencies of the case); but she does say, both to the governor and the governed, that for the temper, dispositions, and states of soul they may manifest in these relations, they will both be held accountable at the bar of Eternal Justice. She will not decide, as some would have her, that it is wrong for one man to own a large tract of land—that may be a wise or unwise political regulation, according to the general balance of advantages and disadvantages attending it; but she does say, at once, that it is wrong for a man, to whom the law has thus given the lordship of the soil, to be hard-hearted and selfish in its use, or let the poor around him suffer for bread. She says, promptly, it is wrong not to love our brother-man of every race and condition, or to fail in doing him all the physical and moral good compatible with his own and our circumstances. She tells us, too, just as imperatively (if we will but hear her voice amidst our noisy logomachies), that it is wrong to judge of those circumstances, and that we will be held accountable if we judge of those circumstances by any abstract rules, or abstract rights, while contemptuously ignoring the expediencies of actual present or probable future facts. The reason is given to us to judge of these. Conscience only holds us accountable that that intelligence be faithfully exercised in view of all the facts, while she herself is directly occupied with higher matters, even those higher moral intuitions which no expediencies can modify, no change of facts impair.

Here, we say, conscience is imperative, and the reason is, that in thus judging intuitively of states, and motives, and dispositions, or, in other words, the moral diathesis, she looks from her high place, her Heaven-appointed watch-tower, right down into the soul without media of any kind. The whole region lies before her. If the vision be healthy, it is a direct *beholding* of what is, in its true nature, whether that sight be pleasant or painful, beautiful or deformed. In such beholding, conscience has not to suspend her decision until she has consulted consequences, or reasoned about causes or effects. The judgment is as independent, and as immediate, as that of the æsthetic sense. This state of soul, it says, is fair, it is lovely, it is right; that is ugly, unlovely, unrighteous. It says this simply because it judges what it *sees*, and was made to see, as falling directly within its inner field of light.

But now present to it an outward act, and outward relation. Here it can not judge directly. Such act or relation lies without its telescopic range. It can only decide at all about it according as there is reflected from the outward act some clear evidence of the inner state, and for this end it has to call in aid from the reason; it must get from the intelligence a *verdict* on the facts, on all the facts; in other words, a careful induction of preceding causes, of attending circumstances, and probable future results. The real responsibility of conscience is that this induction be made with the utmost care, that nothing ascertainable be left out, that there be no rash jumping to conclusions on the ground of any assumed abstract rights to the ignoring of expediencies that might essentially affect them.

Let us, then, start another series of questions. Is monarchical government right under any circumstances? Can one man rightly have and hold power more or less stringent over another? Ought one man to be indissolubly bound in marriage to one woman? How long should the parent rule over the child? Should the wife have separate property or be in social subjection to her husband? Now these, it will be seen at once, are a very different class of queries, and their decision must belong to a different tribunal. The conscience has a duty indeed in respect to them; but it is only to obtain and follow the best outward or objective light, whether derived from experience, or history, or Scripture, or from all combined. It is evident, too, that if she steps at all from her appropriate sphere, she has as much right to decide intuitively, or *per se*, as it is called, on any one of these ques-

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tions, as on that one which the modern higher law doctrine claims so confidently as falling within her jurisdiction. And such a view is becoming every day more distinctly advanced. It is well known that the pioneers in this progress have already planted their standards on every one of these fields. Those of our religious men and clergy who have followed them thus far, must make a quick retreat, if they would not get into a position from which every old landmark of the Bible, as well as of history, bids fair to be swept away.

Conscience, as its very name implies, is *self-knowledge*. It can only judge of outward acts and relations according as they furnish evidence more or less clear of an inward state of soul. Hence it is only by an accommodation of speech that we can say it judges of such outer relations at all. An error in respect to them is not an error of the conscience, except so far as the perverted inward state has darkened the outward intelligence. This may be the case, but it is much more likely to be the other way. It is by far the more common fault that the continued habit of looking out has blinded the eye of the conscience to its true inner work, and made the soul itself, with its moral states, its dispositions, its ultimate motives and emotions, as dark as Plato's cave, where nothing is seen but ever passing, ever changing shadows dimly reflected from its outer wall.

Again, hardly any outward act is an exact representative of an inward state, so as to be an unfailing evidence of its moral character. A vast variety of preceding and attendant circumstances must be known to make it even an approximation to such evidence. There are, indeed, some that come so near to it as to have been regarded in all ages as crimes *per se*, such as the violation of the oath, a breach of solemn compact, but these are not the acts which most especially call out the modern higher law conscientiousness. It rather chooses to exercise itself upon those outer relations that involve the greatest difficulty in their political or social settlement. And hence it is, that this department of casuistical ethics is now, as it was in the Apostle's time, and ever will be while self-righteousness exists upon the earth, the fruitful field of endless abstract disputation, or what the sacred writer so significantly characterises as *logomachies*, or strifes of words. It is, at all events, a peculiar trait of our own age and land. The straying conscience sees, or thinks it sees, the exact right and wrong of acts and relations involving the most uncertain and complicated expediencies. It sees distinctly the dim, the obscure, the far off. It is, in other words, employing the inner light to see what it can not see, what it was not made to see. It is straining the inner eye to behold objects that lie quite beyond its range, and thus blinding it to those that approach the nearest to its appointed healthy vision.

And this thought is the key to what might otherwise seem a wondrous mystery. If conscience is only to see directly, or intuitively, what lies within the soul itself, or what we have called the subjective state, if she sees this by her own light, and without the aid of any reasoning from abroad, just as the bodily eye sees colors, or the æsthetic taste perceives beauty or deformity—if this be so, why does it make such strange mistakes? Why does it so much overlook what lies nearest to it, and right before it, in its own sphere, and on its own plane? How is it that men can be so mistaken, so widely mistaken, as to the state and temper of their own souls? Questions of property, of political power, of social relation, are confessedly among the most difficult. The fact that good men, wise men, Christian men, do differ, and differ widely, on all these points proves this, and shows beyond a doubt that they were never intended for the decision of the intuitive conscience. Error here falls certainly within the mantle of charity Men may be excused for not having clear judgments on matters which thus perplex the wisest and the most truly conscientious—the most truly conscientious we say, if tried by those unerring Scriptural tests, humility and self-distrust. Men may be excused for hesitation on moral questions which the Bible has left unsettled; they may be pardoned the want of a dogmatic assurance on social problems which history has as yet failed to solve. But how with conscience, the true conscience, for their guide, and the inner light shining steadily on its own plane, and the open Bible converging its focal rays for the more intense illumination of that plane —how is it, that with all these aids, men can so wretchedly mistake the temper of their own souls, and "know not what manner of spirit they are of." This is indeed a marvel, an astonishing marvel. And yet the explanation comes directly from the phenomena we have been laboring to set forth as the main moral mischief of our times.

"They that look out of the windows shall be darkened." It is, we admit, but an accommodation of Scripture intended for another purpose, but we may employ it as presenting the briefest illustration of our idea. It is this continual outgazing of the soul into the field of objective or extrinsic relation that has bleared the eye of the conscience, and dimmed the true inner light. Had it been ever faithfully employed within its own province, it would have been indeed "the candle of the Lord searching all the deep places of the spirit." It would have lit up all its "chambers of imagery" with a pure and growing illumination, driving out the malign shadows like evil birds that can not bear the day. But in the other process the soul is ever growing darker and darker. Men have looked abroad until they can no longer see themselves; and hence this exceeding conscientiousness—where conscientiousness strictly has little or no place—in the region of outward political relations. Hence the remarkable phenomena we witness every where around us, and of which it is hard to say whether the melancholy or the ludicrous forms the predominant feature. They are so absurd, yet furnishing such sad evidence of man's self-ignorance, as well as of his strange spiritual depravity. Hence these paroxysms of patriotism by multitudes in no ways distinguished for the exercise of the private and domestic virtues. Hence the resolutions of gatherings for social reform, and the platforms of political conventions. How they overflow with conscience! How vehement the indignation, the righteous, burning indignation with which they denounce and resolve against the selfishness, the corruption, the want of principle that belongs to all other reforms, and all other parties! How wrathful are they against unprincipled coalitions; how zealous for the fusion of all honest men! And yet trace these patriots to their homes; how many of them would we find at all distinguished for any good they have done in the small circle of their own neighborhoods? How zealous for the State or the Union; and yet how few of them can be

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suspected of having ever given much time or anxious care to the regulation of the inner spiritual organism especially intrusted to each man's moral guardianship! That will go well of itself, while he, the conscientious man, takes care of the nation or the world.

"Blessed is the man," says Socrates, *τὰ αὑτοῦ πράττων*, "who minds his own affairs." The maxim may seem, at first, to have a selfish or unsocial aspect, but it is pregnant with the holiest meaning It is very similar to that of the Apostle—"Let each man study to be quiet and do his own business." In both there is enjoined the care of the spiritual state, the inner *commonwealth* of each man's own soul, as the necessary preparation for any good he may ever do, or any true conscientiousness he may exercise, in his outward political or social relations. How refreshing the common sense of the Athenian preacher, "Go to, now Callicles, let us examine one another in our knowledge of house-building, and if we find that any private edifice has been well built by us, then may we betake ourselves to a more public kind of architecture; or suppose we put to ourselves the question, what private man among the Athenians has Socrates or Callicles ever *made better as to his soul?* and if we find, on careful examination, that such has been the case, either in respect to our own soul, or the souls of other men immediately around us, then may we, with some propriety, undertake the care of the State; for he is the true *statesman*, my friend, who thus first attends to his own republic." What a test for the modern politician! "What man has Callicles ever made better as to his soul?" How would many a caucus-spouter, or social philanthropist, whose zeal embraces the universe, be rendered speechless by the bare proposition of such a standard of fitness? The truth is, they do not believe that men are bad in their souls at all (unless, perhaps, it be some who belong to the other party in politics or reform), but that all moral evils somehow strangely come from a strangely vitiated society.

Carry this Socratic test into our public bodies. "Whom have you ever made better as to his soul?" What moral consternation would it spread among them! How silent would be many a seat in Congress, how vacant many an editorial chair, if none were allowed, *in conscience*, to occupy it until they could honestly answer, and answer aright, this most rational as well as searching query. History shows, too, the history both of the Church and the State, that such is the unerring test of the true reformer. No man has ever done much good in the world unless he has had experience of a deep and searching work in his own spirit. Many have tried, and are yet trying, to promote social reforms without this indispensable self-knowledge, but eventual moral mischief, however seemingly fair the beginnings, is ever the result of their blinded efforts. They have no root in the true conscience, no depth of earth in any true humility, no deep plowing in any self-probing discipline of the spirit, and, therefore, though they soon spring up, they speedily wither away, leaving not merely barrenness, but too often the most deadly poison in the place of their transient growth. And what else could be expected? These men have never fought with Satan; what right have they to commission themselves as reformers? They have never had any sore inward battles of the spirit; with what weapons shall they encounter sin on the broad field of the world? They know nothing of themselves; how vain, then, their boasted knowledge of human nature, and of the deep wants of humanity? They know it only on the outside; with them all the evils of society are but outside evils arising from wrong forms and institutions; of course their remedies are only outside remedies, as feeble in their results as they are false and superficial in their philosophy.

A striking evidence that there must be something spurious in this outward conscientiousness arises from the fact of its endless differences, so irreconcilable, yet all presenting equal claims to whatever merit there may be in this poor virtue of sincerity. We need not charge any of them with downright hypocrisy. There is an easier solution of the mystery in the blinding effects of this continual roaming of the conscience outside of its appointed bounds. Thus, for example, it might seem a superfluous, and even a ludicrous work, when one politician, or one political editor, labors so hard to prove that another is altogether unprincipled; but we need not believe that either is insincere—only that each sees too keenly what is without, while he is totally blind to all that falls within. Yes, all are sincere—equally sincere. What an enthusiastic zeal for principle, what a devoted love of righteousness pervades the ranks of all parties! And so, too, every class of reformers are sincere, however much they may impugn the sincerity of all patriots and reformers except themselves. Who that is familiar with the literature of platforms and resolutions can have any doubt of this? Even lynch-law mobs are sincere—very sincere. What an irrepressible love of justice fills their souls! how intense the working of their "higher law!" how very honest their fanatical hatred of fanaticism! Who are not sincere? If that saves us, then, indeed, are there few that be lost. A higher ethical authority than Wayland or Paley assures us that "every way of man is right in his own eyes, but the Lord trieth the spirits." There must be, then, a standard "which is higher than the highest." There is a law, a true objective *written* law, by which the conscience is to be judged, and its moral character—as a good or bad conscience—definitively determined.

Our modern society is certainly presenting, in this respect, a most remarkable spectacle. We are all so burdened with responsibility. Each man, and each woman, too, is responsible for every social evil, and every political measure. What is still more strange, the pressure on the conscience is generally in proportion to the remoteness of the cause. Not only, too, is there this responsibility for far-off sins, but each man is burdened with the comparative deadness of his neighbor's conscience. He is distressed that his clergyman does not every Sabbath bear his testimony against the particular offense, which seems to him to involve the essence of all evil. He will not hold Christian communion with such an offender. He will not commune with the man who would commune with him. Nay more, such is his moral heroism, he will not commune with the man who will not condemn the man who is willing to commune with him; and so on *ad infinitum*. Such a conscience is like the fabled house of the nursery rhymes. There is no end to its spacious stories, or the heavy bales of conscientiousness with which each apartment is crowded almost to bursting.

We are not making light of sacred matters.

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They do so who present the human conscience in a manner so different from that of the Divine Word. In the Scriptures, faithful self-searching, penitential self-humiliation, is set forth as its chief, if not its only office. In the modern reform, it becomes only another name for the most bitter railing against other men and other consciences. *They* make light of this sacred faculty of the soul who are ever allowing it to roam abroad, to the neglect of that spiritual home which God has intrusted to its care, and for which He has given it so full and clear a directory. They make light of it who, in the luxury of a false conscientiousness, hold themselves responsible for every thing but that for which alone a man is truly responsible, *his conscience itself*, or the state of soul which gives moral character to all outward acts.

But what a melancholy contrast to this universal sense of responsibility is presented in the actual condition of the world! How full of conscience, and yet how full of crime! How full of patriotism, and yet, from the politician's own showing, how fearful the amount and steady increase of political corruption! The most direful passions, too, are called out, and all in the name of truth and righteousness. How different from the spirit of the New Testament! How refreshing, after having listened to the heated harangues of one of our reform conventions, to turn to the pages of Paul and John! It is like emerging from the suffocating atmosphere of the sultry vault into the pure and balmy air of heaven. How serene the repose of the Scriptures to one who turns away in weariness from these chafing logomachies, these fierce battles of the spirit, in which, could we only see the invisible essences of things, there might be discerned a more bitter enmity, a more malignant strife of soul, than ever rose up to Heaven's eye from the blood-stained fields of the Crimea.

Let men study themselves. Let each man individually make conscience of doing this, and conscience would speedily be restored to health. It is this looking abroad makes all the darkness. Let men habitually turn the eye within, and every thing outward would inevitably come right. The state would be reformed; society would be reformed; the world would be reformed. There would, in that case, too, be a much more clear discernment of outward things. The healthy conscience would clarify the ethical intelligence. It would be "the anointing that shall teach us all things." Men would have, thereby, more correct views of the duties that spring out of our social relations. They would at length discover the folly of expecting the regeneration of the world, or of the race, in any magic power of forms and institutions—thus finding the secret of all good outward government in the right regimen of the inner realm.

Editor's Easy Chair.

RACHEL has come, and seen, and conquered. Here in New York we have all been talking about her. We have all rubbed up our French, and been to see her. We have grown suddenly familiar with French tragedy. "What a great poet is Corneille!" we have discovered; we, who had all thought the French drama to be only the synonym of stately stupidity. "How soft and sweet is Racine!" we have all murmured; we, who had supposed Racine to be only a rhymer of grand old Greek stories. Have we not had accurate and detailed descriptions of Rachel's wardrobe and jewels? Have we not read her letter declining to intone the Marseillaise? Have we not caught in the air flying rumors of her disappointment and disgust? Have we not encountered her suddenly in shops, and seen, with sympathy, Phedre buying muslin, and Marie Stuart surveying bonnets? Have we not seen and heard all the small retorts? but, ah! have we not felt the touch of genius, and owned its power, as Memnon owned the morning, by a strain of responsive music?

If you saw her first night, it is as if you had heard the first tone of morning-struck Memnon—the impression was so new and strange. We old Easy Chair (for editorial rigors require such a melancholy style of grammar) had often seen her in Paris, and, as you know, we speculated last month upon the probable chances of her success here.

Popular success is so incalculable! And we are so capricious! If Meyerbeer or Auber bring out an opera in Paris, the first night is an event, and the success is about as sure as any thing that has not yet happened. But we go and hear *Robert* and the *Huguenots*, and wonder who wrote such long operas, yawn, fall asleep, and go home. It is no event, but a pleasing refreshment of slumber.

Jenny Lind's first night was an event. Grisi's hardly. Alboni's and Sontag's not so. But with less tumult of excitement than at Jenny Lind's first appearance, Rachel's was a great event. Let all the Easy Chairs who were present rejoice. Let every summer bird, who flew home with the first days of September and perched for that evening in the Metropolitan Theatre, be glad that he had so fair a nest and a moment so memorable. How many first nights every man has seen! How much trying of the popular taste—how much hope, doubt, despair! Even Miss Grace Green, the young and lovely *débutante*, of whom, we are told in flourishing advertisements, every body has heard so much, to see whom, according to the same authority, the whole world is a-tiptoe—even the lovely Grace Green has her circle of admirers and devotees, who regard her first appearance as a memorable event. Alas! it is a newspaper immortality of a day! She appears, and her name is noticed. But the great shades of Siddons and Oldfield are undisturbed. The world does not discuss Miss Grace Green with its morning's coffee; and the walls are smeared to day with the placards of the lovely Belinda Brown's first appearance to-morrow evening.

But Rachel's first night was truly triumphant. Why can not paragraphists tell the truth? Above all, why can not correspondents of out-of-town journals occasionally venture to be correct? The house was full of as fine an audience as was ever assembled. Stars and garters were not, but had republican breasts and legs room for such adornments, there would have been a blaze of that kind also. It was a quiet, appreciative, sympathetic, and intelligent audience. It was, perhaps, not more than one-third American. The rest were French, and foreigners of other nations. There were many from the South. Among the crowd, here and again, there were the faces of known and unknown poets. The editors were there. The enthusiasts were there. Had we been Rachel instead of an Easy Chair, the curtain could not have risen upon an audience to which we should so willingly have played—by which we would so willingly have been

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judged. There was an intellectual atmosphere in the house. "This is a service of art," seemed to be the feeling of every one present. It had come round, in the inscrutable course of history, that Corneille and the old French drama was to make its appeal to America and a spirit the most different from its own. Good reader, when your dramas have become classic in your country, and a Feejee audience, of other manners and minds than ours, assembles to hear them, may some unborn Rachel be your interpreter, and teach the Feejees that your fame was not folly.

There was a long French play first. But that was witty, and performed with elegance. It was easy to see the different dramatic feeling. Our theatre is a gross Saxon tradition: the French is full of the fineness of French genius. Even the hard things are delicately insinuated; they are not coarsely flung as they are with us.

The audience behaved well. It listened with interest, because every body understood the play. But it was too long, and we were all glad to see the curtain drop, and know that it would rise upon Rachel. The orchestra, in the *entr'acte*, played the music of the last scene of *Lucia*. You know how sad and wailing it is. You know what morbid music it is. You may fancy, then, how every susceptible, enthusiastic mind was prepared — how plastic it must have been—how ready for every strong and passionate impression. The two chairs, rigorously demanded by the unities, were properly placed. The music ceased: there was a lull: the curtain rose and disclosed a scene in Rome. Two draped figures, like Romans in old pictures, entered and declaimed. They turned to go, but before they had left the scene—before the eye was quite ready—as if she had suddenly become visible, without entering, like a ghost — there was Rachel. She stood in full profile to the audience. Her dress was a falling white cloud of grace. You have seen such drapery in your idealized remembrance of the great statues. Her left hand, which was toward the audience, hung by her side; the right was muffled in her robe. Her head was cast forward, a golden band circling her black hair. The pose, the expression, the movement, were all prelusive and prophetic, as an overture holds all the sadness of the lyrical tragedy—as a bud folds all the beauty of the flower—so that first glance of Rachel was the touch of the key-note.

The audience received her with solid applause. There was no hooting, no whistling, no tumult of any kind. One indiscreet brother tried to yelp, and was instantly suppressed. The reception was generous and intelligent. It said, "We are here to judge you, and we are willing to grant every thing to which you have your right." It was the right reception for a great artist. It acknowledged her previous fame by courtesy. It expressed the intelligence which could approve or revise that fame.

Yes, astonished friend, approve or revise even a Parisian decision.

Rachel was equal to that reception and to her *rôle* of great artist. There was not so much as the lift of an eyebrow in condescension to the audience. "I will not buy success at any easy rate," she seemed to say. "Crown me for what I really am, or dethrone me. It is easy to rave, and rage, and wallow. Here I am, without accessory of scene or company—alone, upon a bare stage, declaiming verse in an unknown tongue — verse which you have been wont to consider absurd and stilted. But you show that you have a right to sit in judgment upon the thing itself, and you shall do so."

So simply she began. The artist and the audience were mutually worthy. Her action was symmetrical throughout. No one part was more perfectly done than another, but the varied importance of the parts made the differing excellence of the acting. The applause was as discriminating. It shifted from sensation to murmur, and ran all along the line of feeling until it exploded in enthusiasm. In the extreme moment of hearing her lover's fate, Camille sinks fainting in the chair, after a pantomime of fluctuating emotion which is the very height of her art. Just then some bewildered poet flung a huge bouquet upon the stage, which fell, shattered like a cabbage, at the very feet of the Roman who was declaiming. Perplexed for a moment—uncertain whether the laws of our theatre might not require some notice to be taken of the bouquet—unwilling, upon the first night, to do any thing contrary to courtesy, the Roman faltered and paused, made a halting step toward the smashed flowers, raised them doubtfully, and turned toward Rachel, when a sudden *No!* rang through the house like a gust, and the dismayed Thespian dropped the bouquet like a hot cannon-ball, and proceeded with his part.

For an hour and a half the curtain was up, and the eyes of the audience were riveted upon Rachel. For an hour and a half there was the constant increase of passionate intensity, until love and despair culminated in the famous denunciation; the house hung breathless upon that wild whirl of tragic force—and Camille lay dead, and the curtain was down, before that rapt and amazed silence was conscious of itself.

Then came the judgment—the verdict which was worth having after such a trial—the crown, and the garland, and the pæan. The curtain rose, and there, wan and wavering, stood the ghost of Camille, the woman Rachel. She had risen in her flowing drapery just where she had fallen, and seemed to be the spirit of herself. But pale and trembling, she flickered in the tempest of applause. The audience stood, and waved hats and handkerchiefs, and flowers fell in pyramids; and that quick, earnest, meaning "brava!" was undisturbed by any discordant sound. It was a great triumph. It was too much for the excited and exhausted Rachel. She knew that the news would instantly fly across the sea—that Paris would hear of her victory over a new continent—that perhaps Ristori's foot would be found, after all, too large for the slipper. She wavered for a moment—then some one rushed forward and caught her as she fell—and the curtain came down.

There was no attempt at a recall. There was something too real in the whole scene. The audience silently arose and slowly separated. Ladies sat in groups upon the benches with white faces and red eyes. They all thought her beautiful. They all forgave every thing, and they all denied every thing. It was a rare triumph. We so love what we greatly admire, that we all longed to love Rachel.

In a few moments nothing remained but a dark theatre—a vast, black, still space. A few men smelling of lemon-peel and talking eager French stood about. There was an odor of gas and heated hall. Do you call it a success? Where do you

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look for success? In the box-book or in the mind? Undoubtedly M. Raphael Felix would answer, in the box-book. Let us all answer, and believe, in both.

The last paragraph suggests the question of price, upon which all our managers are wrecked. Experience is so dear a teacher that nobody goes to school to him. He stands the forbidding Graybeard, and has stood since the world began, and nobody attends to him. But he deals his blows privately, in the pocket, in the heart, in the head, and we all feel and acknowledge him; we all suffer his insolence, and smile sweetly with our lips and sneer with our souls. Experience is the Old Man of the Sea, and we are all Sinbads. He rides us relentlessly, and we have to carry the odious burden. But who profits by him? What other crop than a most profane harvest of oaths and impatience does he reap? Then what hopeless Sinbads managers are! How dreadfully they are ridden by this detestable old monster of Experience, and how they won't learn! How they take the field with purple programmes every autumn, and retreat in universal dismay and defeat every spring. In the early September days, when the array of capitals, italics, small pica, large pica, minion, and whatever other kinds of type there are, is marshaled upon the fresh newspaper page, under the airy head of "Amusements," how like it is to the last fall's array—as like as the last new novel to the penultimate new novel. And how surely the coming spring is going to resemble the one that is gone!

The problem of prices has long since been solved in the older countries. But we new people are still struggling with the solution. The operas every where and the theatres have a regular tariff, a fixed rate. It is not difficult to discover what that rate may be in any community. It is not hard to find out whether people will pay one dollar or two as a general rule. And there is no mistake so great as that of constantly trying the experiment, and constantly proving it one way. The Academy of Music would be well filled at a dollar. It is empty, or full of dead-heads, at two dollars. Now let us suppose that the monthly expenses of the Academy of Music are two millions of dollars—let us have the card of the authorities to that effect—let it be stated that the opera relies in this country upon popular encouragement for support, and that in Europe it enjoys immense subventions from the Government. Let this be stated with peculiar eloquence. Well, who cares? Do you? Do we? An Easy Chair may, perhaps, afford two dollars a week during the season for opera, if it is a very musical Easy Chair. Do managers suppose that an Easy Chair having used up that amount on Monday, is going to double and treble it by Friday? A right-minded Easy Chair severely calls the manager's attention to Mrs., the Misses, and the Masters Easy Chair, and sternly asks if managers are physically as well as economically blind? The truth would seem to have been sufficiently demonstrated that in this country low prices, great sales, and moderate profits, must be the rule in general business. There are, indeed, great prizes that the lucky draw. But the great number are named Murad, and are the unlucky. If you choose to ask great prices, if you constitute your article a luxury, you will limit the sale. That is as true in Fourteenth Street, or even in Irving Place, as it is in Pearl Street or Broadway. Suppose that no ticket to hear Grisi had been more than a dollar, do you suppose that Grisi would have failed as she did? Suppose that the prices to hear Rachel had been no greater than a dollar for the best places, do you suppose there would have been any small houses? This Easy Chair supposes no such thing. Couldn't she have come for that? Then we can't have her, or only as a luxury. No man can expect to make a great fortune by her coming.

But mark a plain tale. Rachel's houses were not jammed at any time. There was an outcry against her prices in the papers. The houses continued thin, and grew even more attenuated. M. the Manager, sent a letter to the papers saying, that his expenses were so great that he must continue the rates of admission, and there was a fine flourish about the intellectual luxury. The public, totally regardless of luxuries of that kind at that price, staid away. The papers bombarded M. the Manager's box-office. There was a very poor house one night, and the next morning M. the Manager, sent another letter to the papers, coolly stating that his receipts had been much beyond his expectations, and that Mademoiselle yielding to this, and touched by that, had desired to have the prices reduced. Was this transparent? or was it very much like truth?

It was a capitulation to low prices, to the law of amusement of the country. But a surrender is always bad prestige. A royal concession is never heartily hailed, because a concession implies that a right has been withheld. If Rachel had commenced at one dollar, or even a little more, she would have been spared chagrin, and the public would have had no loss in its feeling concerning her.

The moral of all this is, that nobody will learn. The next Rachel will do the same thing. The next M. the Manager, will write a letter that nobody believes, and then eat his own words with a graceful smile. And the difficulty is, that if the words are true, nobody cares. A manager who proposes to make money out of the public, has no especial right to berate that public for want of generous taste, if he miscalculates his chances and fails. When M. the Manager, shrugs his shoulders and regrets that the love of intellectual luxury has been lost in the greed of money, does a pensive Easy Chair suppose that M. is really sad about the want of appreciation of art, or savage at his failure to exploit the public taste to his own private advantage? If a man has faith in the public, and a sincere desire to advance the interests of art, let him invite the co-operation of the public, and state fairly that it is impossible to secure certain artists unless people will really sacrifice an occasional bottle of Champagne. This makes a grave matter of it at once, and puts it upon a proper ground. There is, then, no reason of complaint if every thing be honorably and carefully managed; and if every thing fails, and the interests of art decline, the manager may fairly regret the want of public interest in art. But any man who proposes to make money himself by promoting the interests of art, and who has money for the first aim of his efforts, has debarred himself from the right of accusing the public. He simply proposes to amuse them, and they decline to be amused upon his terms. If a man invites us to sacrifice ourselves, let us know that he really means sacrificing, which can only be shown to us by his leading the way.

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But, apart from this, we think still, as we have constantly stated, that the best way, from every point of view, if we want to have an opera, or sustain any other kind of amusement among us, is to have it at a cheap rate. If it won't succeed cheap, it will certainly fail, dear. It's a good principle, though the grammar may be questionable. Therefore, why not try a cheap opera season? Why not give us Lagrange, and Hensler, and Brignoli, and Amodio—yea, and even Castellan, who will not make any furore—at one dollar? Have they subventions in Europe? Well, they have no subventions here. We must make our plans without subventions.

You, our country friends, will surely support us in this movement. Who is for cheap amusement? Who is for having the best thing at the lowest price? Do you remember how the Sontag opera at Niblo's flourished? And do you remember why? Do you know how the Pyne opera at Niblo's has flourished? And do you know why? Because they don't charge two dollars a seat; because they say nothing about subventions; and because they are silent about the public's indifference to art.

Probably we shall not learn. Probably the old man of the sea, Experience, will ride our unhappy managers this winter as he always has done. Afar his coming shines. Do you see those dreadful legs? Do you see that leering smile? Do you know how very heavy he is? How we all run, and shirk, and try to escape; and how remorselessly he straddles our shoulders, and rides us on to wisdom. But there is one trap that can catch him; there is one lever that can pry him off the managerial shoulders. It is a trap and a lever that all people scorn, especially managers. It is a sound that is not musical, except to men of genius who see their way clearly, like Barnumbo of the mermaids, and the woolly horses, and the quarterns. The trap is cheapness, and the lever is low prices. But who, of all the men who hold the winning cards, are going to win?

Alas! echo answers, "Nobody."

We Cockney people in the city fancy that you country people are very much interested in our doings. We suppose, at bottom, that you care much more for our affairs than you do for your own; that your own are very dull compared with ours. We imagine that our fashions arrest you; that you wonder, leaning on the plow, whether skirts are long or short this season; whether black satin waistcoats hold their own still; and as by the evening fire you look at the prints of the Empress Josephine, and the ladies of Queen Anne, and of Vandyck, we fancy you wondering whether those days can ever return again, and the ladies (God bless them! as the old toast says) be once more hideous in hoops, or lank in short waists and no crinoline.

Now you see the advantage of an Easy Chair of a contemplative and observant turn of mind; for sitting here in the heart of Babylon, and surveying the scene, we can tell you something you might not have dreamed.

Queen Anne has returned!

You remember, if you lived a century and a half ago, when Congreve was charming the town, and Sir Richard Steele was saying splendid things of women in general, how her gracious Majesty used to totter, or waddle, or by whatever other name you choose to describe the movement, along the Park, and graciously cure the King's evil by her gracious touch. Your old, fat, strabismic friend, Dr. Johnson, remembers to have been touched by her, but vainly.

To our eyes, both in the Park and in the pictures of her going in the Park, Queen Anne was mainly memorable for that puncheon of dress in which she was always packed. There was a continent of brocade, out of which rose a lofty peak of head. That was the Queen. There was no beauty of form, no grace of movement; only a circular gown with a head above and two uneasy feet beneath. How she sat down; what became of that bulge of brocade when she sat; what, in short, it was all for, surpassed our young imaginations to conceive. Yet that was our sole idea of the Queen to us. Queen Anne is only a great hoop. Put her in the lanky robe of the next century, of the first empire of France, and who would know her?

It was so, musing upon the sweet tyranny of fashion, so that at length a hoop becomes part of history, that we strolled up Broadway not long since, and gazed at the passers. It was one of those lovely mornings when the year, already fallen into its autumn humor, seems to be lost in a dream of spring. We say a dream of spring, because there is something so pensive and delicate in those days, that they more easily seem a dream than a reality. As we mused—for how could we help it?—upon all the young and pretty faces that went by, and told a hundred fortunes of a hundred beauties in our heart, we found ourselves suddenly driven to the very verge of the side-walk by a moving mass of millinery, or mantua-making, or whatever the technical term may be which describes a woman's dress. It was not only expansive, it was not only a heavy cloud of crinoline, against which at balls and other festive entertainments we have pushed and leaned with great satisfaction and without any real resistance, but it was a hard substance that we encountered, and we incontinently gave way.

Then we turned and looked, and behold Queen Anne!

She occupied the walk as she advanced. She no longer touched men for the evil, but she touched the side-walk for the dirt. And as the first Anne made the one clean, so the second Anne made the other. But as we turned, lost in admiration, we beheld another Queen Anne coming up the street. There was clearly no room to pass, and to step down among the carts and omnibuses was impossible. Both came sailing on, and we and the rest of the loitering world awaited with curiosity the moment of collision. The two queens approached, apparently unconscious, but it was easy enough to see how deeply concerned they were in the issue. Who could give? Who ever *can* give? Certainly, who ever *can* be generous, and hurry to do the noble thing. We are all vain, and call it modesty. We are proud, and call it honor. We are unfeeling, and call it principle. We are mean, and call it morality. Why was not either of those ladies lovely enough to be lovelier? Why could not either do that graceful act of self-denial which the heart always requires much more deeply and secretly than it requires any performance called honorable, and which comes from humility, and is therefore higher than pride?

Not they. They advanced serenely. With grace? with dignity? with maidenly modesty? Dear country friend, not at all—with style. Which

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springs from character? Dear Rusticus, you try our patience—from crinoline stiffened with wire and whalebone.

But the moment was imminent. They were about meeting, when Mrs. Buckram suddenly turned and disappeared in a shop, and Mrs. Fustian swept on without accident. We have seen greater problems less ingeniously solved. There is, after all, nothing like the instinct of necessity.

We pursued our way, and could not but remark that skirts had a circumference for which unassisted crinoline could not account. Long tottering upon the verge of hoops, Fashion had at length made the plunge, and, to tell truth, we are all drawn after. Into how many abysses of the kind have we not been drawn, and in each have we not been at home? It is in vain to quarrel with Fashion. It has a magic which persuades us all. We men are led through every whim of form. We wear waists short, then long; boots square-toed, then round; gaiters; knee-breeches and buckles; loose trowsers, tight trowsers; coats flowered in gold, with yellow and red skirts; round black hats, cocked hats, hats with feathers. Will you look through two centuries of costume, and then gravely sneer at fashion? Would the Reverend Hoarfrost Squaretoe dare to dress as John Calvin did or grim John Knox? Yet it does the naughty heart good to hear him denounce fashion. Was it Increase or Cotton Mather who preached those sour sermons against head-dresses in New England? Whichever it was, he was a good man, but—to that extent—an ass. Common sense is the first necessity with those who propose to mend morals or manners. Fashion is only a form of obedience to the temporary law of the world in the matter concerned. You think, perhaps, a slouched hat with plumes handsomer than a round hat of the stove-pipe pattern. Will you, therefore, walk down town in such a hat to-morrow? What! are you afraid of a sneer? Will you not suffer a sneer for the sake of appearing beautiful?

The force of fashion must be sought in our instinctive modesty and wish to stand well with men. A man eccentric in dress is usually a shallow man or a fanatic. No sane man wishes to be conspicuous for the sake of being conspicuous. If circumstances compel it, a wise man will yield. The old knee-breeches are quaint, but we are glad that the senior Easy Chair permitted his trowsers to fall to his ancles. On the other hand, our cousin Gustavus will wear the swallow-tailed dress-coat, because it used to be the fashion when he was young, and because it is so silly, says G., to be bullied by the fashion. The result is, that he is not only a ridiculous spectacle, but he has sacrificed good-temper, charity, and sweet manners in order to be ridiculous. Because he has held on to his swallow-tails so pugnaciously that the world has smiled at him, and treated him like a foolish child as he is, until he is morbid about those absurd skirts, and wears them defiantly, and passes along the street swinging them severely, with an air that says, "What fools you all are not to wear swallow-tailed coats!" The truth is, that cousin Gustavus is like Increase or Cotton Mather, whichever it was who preached against head-dresses. He is an ——, and you wish his swallow-tails would only fly away with him. Then they would be of some service to the world.

So, Rusticus, let us make up our minds to Queen Anne. It may seem ridiculous, but the ridicule is not in the fashion, it is in the opposition to it. Behold how we are wheedled! The beginning seems hard, but your eye will soon surrender. Hoops will very soon persuade you that hoops are handsome; or, even if they fail to do that, you will feel that hoops are, in some indescribable way, the thing; and you will be easier if you see your Jemima Ann hooped than if you saw her lanky and limp. If you doubt, just step up and look at your wife's wedding bonnet. She went to the church in it on the first Sunday of the honeymoon. Do you think the congregation could stand it now? Do you not know that the Reverend Hoarfrost Squaretoe would preach a pointed sermon upon the frivolities of fashion, just as he would have preached upon the same subject thirty years ago, if your wife had worn upon her bridal Sabbath the very bonnet which is quietly in the mode to-day?

It is a gentle tyrant, let them say what they will. It does not cost us much pains, and no new linen, Rusticus, to have our round collars sharpened, or our sharp collars made round. Then the toes of our boots change as gradually as the seasons, and our trowsers fill out no more rapidly than the waxing moon.

And if we are really weary, let us refresh our minds with the spectacle of the things that have no fashion, but enjoy an immortality of beauty and charm. Green leaves are always in fashion with the spring trees, and the autumn modes are pears and apples. The year has but a four-fold change of garments, nor does their style ever alter. Here comes Queen Anne: let us make our best bow to her Majesty. This Easy Chair is a monarchist for the nonce, and prays no fairer fate than to be touched by her.

Among our new song birds we must not forget Miss Hensler. Domestic nightingales are none the worse because they are domestic. Suppose a Florentine should scoff at the sweet singing of the Boboli gardens, and long for an American thrush. How incomprehensible it would be to Mr. and Mrs. Cerulean Blue, who have just come to Florence for their honey-moon! What a placid pity the Blues and all the rest of us would have for the Florentine who could not see the beauty of the Boboli, and could not hear the music of his own birds!

Are you quite sure that we are not that Florentine? Miss Hensler sang for two or three evenings at the close of last season. Shall we confess how charming her voice was, and her simple, maidenly manner, after the elaborate affectation of second-rate first-rate singers? The voice was so sweet and fresh. It had upon it the bloom of youth. It sounded less of green-rooms, and pasteboard crowns, and cotton velvet than of Boboli gardens and sunny skies.

"But it wants power?"

"Undoubtedly; so does a lark's voice."

"Oh, it is a sweet voice enough, and fresh, and flexible, and all that, if that's what you want."

"Exactly; that is what we want. In singing, it may never have occurred to you that music is a desirable thing. Sweetness in a voice is very much like color in a picture. Perhaps you prefer your pictures without color. Perhaps in your preferences roulades take the place of richness, and skill of sweetness. That is right enough, if your taste is so. In Paris they dispense with flowers now at great entertainments. The manu-

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facture of the artificial has attained such a perfection that no housekeeper, who regards cleanliness and dislikes litter, will ever cumber her tables and vases with green things that wither in water and make dirt. You can hire the most exquisite plants in immortal full flower. You can have sumptuous vases of the most tender devices gushing with roses, upon which you have only to drop an atom of the attar, and you have Cashmere itself. Art has successfully displaced nature. Garden roses that grow on bushes are entirely out. It was only a quaint old fashion of paradise."

Are we much behind? Hasten to the Academy and listen.

Miss Hensler had great success in Milan. It was the foreign nightingale. Besides, she was an American, and America is the symbol of something hopeful to the sighing Italians. They liked her simplicity and easy grace. They were less nervous about the height and force of a note than about its quality. Do you not know — they are children of the sun. They live in a lovely nature, in a gracious art; and a singer is worthy not according to her *chique*, but according to her charm.

Bland old Mrs. Bitumen, in the last century, went to see Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Siddons played Lady Macbeth, and when the thrilled theatre hung pale upon her movement as she strove with the damned spot, old Mrs. Bitumen took snuff and sneezed in the very crisis of the play. The impressible audience hissed. "How strange," said old Mrs. Bitumen as she replenished her nose, "that people should think a woman a great actress who dresses so abominably!" Old Mrs. Bitumen was a witty woman; but the moral of the story is not that Mrs. Siddons was a poor actress.

Miss Hensler is not a sweet singer because she is an American; she is a sweet singer *and* an American. When you go to see her, don't go to see Malibran, nor Pasta, nor Jenny Lind. And because you don't find any of those *artistes*, why turn the nose? Have you not listened to Truffi with enthusiasm? When you go to hear her, go as you would go to the woods and fields and hear the birds. The tears may not come to your eyes, nor your heart stop beating; but pleasure will drop into your heart. You will smell less orange-peel and more violets. Now oranges are good; but are violets bad? Are they naughty because they are not oranges?

We die in America as fast as we live. Diseases share the intensity of our life and our climate. What a wail has saddened the dying summer coming from the South! How fearful the daily story of malignant sickness in a few fated towns! There are certain things that we always unconsciously place in the past. War to us Americans is rather an antiquated fact. When any one fell in the Mexican campaign nobody could escape the feeling that it was a kind of irregular, melancholy cutting off. To have perished at Marathon, to have fallen at Waterloo, was to have a historical prestige. Even now to be killed in the Crimea is, from the military point of view, not so mournful, because the contest is really a great one, and the eyes of the world are fixed upon it.

But great wars seem to be obselete; at least civilization regrets them, and contemplates their necessity with a shudder; and great pestilences we thought, as children, were remote and historical. There was the plague in London and the plague in Egypt. There was also the yellow fever in America at the beginning of the century. But we thought it had gone out with the novels of Brockden Brown who wrote about it. Then came the cholera, and undeceived us as to pestilence, as afterward the Mexican campaign undeceived us as to war.

And early in the last spring, we remember to have heard wise men mutter about our Chair that the scourge of yellow fever would commence a Northern progress with the summer then coming; that it would advance slowly, and with deadly surety, and gradually, like an invading horde of barbarians, desolate the land as it passed. Then, subsiding with the season, like an invading horde of barbarians retiring to the silent gloom of winter-quarters, it would recommence its withering march with the growing season.

The prediction is so far fulfilled, that there seems no reason to doubt that it will be entirely so. We must calculate upon its sure arrival among us, or very near us, with the next summer. And what it will be, let Norfolk tell us. What it will be, let the history of the City fifty years ago tell us. If fearful in Norfolk, what will it be in New York? If fearful in New York in 1800, what will it be in New York in 1856? The length of the warning would seem to be an intimation of the intensity of the evil. Such a slow and imposing advance is like a solemn voice in the air, crying at midnight and at morning, "Prepare!"

But when did ever a people or a city prepare? We shall dance up to the edge of the abyss, until suddenly it crumbles beneath us, and we are gone. We play upon the edge of the rising tide. Its hollow, melancholy, fateful moan is but the music of our dancing. It rises and rises. We dance and dance. How soft the sky—how tender the gentle lights—and there! the moon is rising, and lifting a realm of romance out of the sea. The tide rises and rises. We dance and dance. The realms of romance are rising. But the sun is set, and the sea has consumed the children.

We shall see if our Mayor is still the good officer he promised to be. To guide the city of New York through the chaos of a pestilence is a task that the brave might fear. In all the necessary filth of a metropolis a plague finds its favorite pasturage. But will it be best to wait until it is firmly feeding there, or prepare to poison it now?

London has lighted all its fires, and France has been to sing *Te Deum* at Nôtre Dame, and the bodies of thousands of men are dust in the Crimea. If you read the newspapers you do not seem to have advanced in history. You might be a contemporary of Marlborough, and read of Blenheim; or of older days, and read of Mareschal Saxe. War is the same thing in sixteen hundred or eighteen hundred. "It was a famous victory," indeed; but a victory brings with it something else than bonfires and lights at the window.

There is always one house where there are no lights at the window, and in whose darkened silence the bursting bombs of popular joy have only a hateful sound. In every victory there are always eyes which do not see the pageant of to-day—the banners and the triumph—but which see, softened through the mist of their own tears, a placid Past full of youth and warm affection, tenderly painted with summer evenings, and winding riv-

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ers, and flowery fields; and over the ruins of that lovely time, for the beauty and the grace gone forever, why should there be lamps at the windows, or light in the eyes?

The Easy Chair knows that, in great public events, private interests and feelings must needs be lost. But you know, too, candid friend, that every private in the ranks is a great general to his wife; and although his name, even, will not get into print, while that of the general is blazoned, and a nation hurries to honor his family because they were his; yet the lonely widow, whom one black ribbon must suffice for mourning, does not grieve less in her way than the honored widow, and her sorrow is suffering quite as severe as the other. Through all the blazing spectacle of the triumph, can you not see that one black ribbon? Poverty, and woe, and despair hang out their banner also in the flaunting air. The proud drums rattle, and the martial music pours its majestic peals along all the streets, and fills the air with the resounding voice of victory; but behind the black ribbon she hears other men far away, and the bursts of a barbarous music, and as she listens, silence falls suddenly upon the revelry around her. It is grief that stops her ears, and shuts the happy day from her eyes. Roll gently, drums! Horns! call more softly! If we honor those who conquered and lived, shall we not honor those who fought and died?

Great victories are always dearly bought, particularly if you remember that they all have to be won over again. No question remains decided. There is no treaty so final that ambition will not question it, tear it, and let fly a broadside. The same old quarrels are always going on in the theatres, whether of public events, or private events, or the mimic scene itself. Has not Charles Reade told the most sparkling and lovely story of Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Bracegirdle? how they were each great and beautiful? how the town was divided? how Oldfield trusted in Nature, and Bracegirdle in art and tradition? and how, finally, they strove together upon the stage, and the town decided? It decided for Oldfield; but if Peg Woffington heard Mrs. Bracegirdle correctly, then Mrs. Bracegirdle was a nobler woman as well as a great actress, and as Mrs. Oldfield was not less, we have two beautiful characters to remember. Thanks to Charles Reade!

Therefore, since the old battles must be fought again, and the Crimea only changes its name with the century, being called at one time Marathon, and at another Waterloo, England should not let her lamps flare too high, nor France sing *Te Deums* too loudly. We, who only assist at the spectacle, and are not a part of it, see many things that the actors do not. And for our own humanity, and against the evil day that may be coming, let us remember not only the victors, but they who perished in victory—and not only the victors, but the vanquished. It is poor politics, but good humanity. It is poor finesse, but good religion. It is not common sense, but it is uncommon sense. When the claims of the individual are respected and acknowledged, the community, or the public, will be a thousand-fold more respectable. And he who, as the procession passes under his window, looks out between his lamps which burn for the victory, with a tear that falls over the victory—he is one of the ten men that save the city.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHO does not count on a first visit to Paris, among travelers or pleasure-seekers whose course has not yet led over-ocean? What European, indeed, starving among the cold sensations which relieve the tedium of other continental life, does not light up his future with brilliant fancies of the time when he shall pass the barrier, and open his eyes upon the glories of the continental capital?

Even the Italian, with Italian skies to bathe his soul withal, and Italian memories to feed his brain upon, is no sooner lifted, by a little purse-fullness, from the care which looks after the morrow's livelihood, than he pants to cross the mountains, and compare the new Imperial city with the relics of the old.

The sons of Austrian princes, born to the possession of the showiest of equipages and of mistresses, can not forego the hearing of music which outmelodies Strauss, and the sight of gardens which out-flower the loveliest parterres of the Prater or the Glacis.

The calculating Swissmen—those New Englanders of Europe—no sooner break through the trammels of the Genevese schools, than they seek to air themselves in the courts of the Sorbonne, or idle in the alleys of the Luxembourg.

It would be hard indeed to say whose traveling wish does not tend thither, or whose tastes can not find pleasant embalmment in the myrrhs and spices of Paris. We remember meeting, years ago—we dare not say how many—an American country clergyman upon the Boulevards of Paris; the old gravity and sourness which we remembered in him had given way to a joyous hilarity that almost shocked us; the closet man had wakened suddenly to an experience and a hearing of the outer world which charmed him by its variety, and in spite of his struggles, had wrought his sensations into a crazy boyishness of delight. Nor need a man of even the severest tastes or virtues find every thing a wickedness in the capital city. Our clergyman went home from his gay Boulevard ramble to the quiet family of a Genevese pastor living beyond the Seine, where the atmosphere wore the sober habit of his Puritan birth-place.

Why not, then, a Queen? A Queen, moreover, who has shown her rambling tastes in gadding about Scotland and Ireland, and along the Rhine, these ten years past—why should not she riot in the new experience of Paris-seeing as much as any of us all? We are in the way of forgetting that the Queen is, after all, a woman, with womanish curiosity and loves, with womanish whims and fancies, with womanish weaknessess and tea-drinking, with womanish resolves and skirts, with a womanish eye for colors and Paris hats. A woman with her own interests, too, and family connections; with her private memories of what her kinsfolk may have told her of the continental capital; with memories of some great great-grandsire who went there one day, long ago, as conqueror; with middle-age eagerness to look in Lucy Hocquet's shop-window, or to see the Tuileries garden.

Well, Queen Victoria has gone to Paris to realize there the fancies she brooded over, yet beleagured all the while with the cumbrous institution of monarchy. It was a grand visit, to be commemorated in Tennyson odes and by a hundred court historiographers; but did the quiet enjoyment belong to it which Mrs. Wondrous, who loves travel-

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ing, found when she first visited the great city, and under the guidance of a valet hunted up, week after week, all the quaintnesses and beauties of the metropolis?

Are not private eyes worth more, on the score of the pleasures they carry through to the brain, than the royalest of eyes? Is it so much, after all, to be a queen? What a trial (for one) to spend a week in Paris, and in that time never go shopping! What shall we say, too, of the charming saunter through the great Garden of Plants, with a stray cast of bread-crumbs to the brown bears or the Muscovy ducks? Or what of an unnoticed entrance upon the Opera saloon between the acts, with quick study of the toilets and a measuring of the new and strange faces? Or what of following the old beadle (as the world does) about the low corridors of Nôtre Dame, with mind brimming with memories of the Hunchback and the dancing gipsy-girl? Or what of loitering along the Boulevard all the way to where the Bastile stood—thinking how it was—alone?

Poor Victoria! none of this was for her; but instead of it triumphal arches, and ten thousand eyes gazing her out of countenance, and always the starched monarchy sitting with her and commanding her attention. Yet, for all this, it was a grand thing to have seen; the impersonated Rule of the two greatest nations sitting *vis-à-vis*, attended by a brilliant retinue, sweeping along at early dusk through the most magnificent street of the world, and every house a-glow with welcoming flame.

The story of the matter is old now; every body has read descriptions of the royal cortége, from the landing at Boulogne to the arrival at the St. Cloud palace, where Eugenie welcomed the comer. Yet our record could not be complete without a mention of that splendid pageant, which revived in our prosaic day the memory of that fabulous splendor which belonged to old heroic ages, when Plantagenets were kings, when men wore golden armor, and when fountains ran wine.

And yet no such glitter of lampions lighted up the chivalric feasts as dazzled the eyes of Victoria. How wonderful to the men of those times of torches would have been the miracle of gas! whereby, through the mere turning of a thumb-screw, the great *façade* of the Hôtel de Ville, with its population of marble heroes, was set on fire! How wonderful to the august profligates, men and women, who trod the Versailles corridors in the time of the Pompadour, would have been that master magic by which a stranger queen was greeted, as the night came on, with a sight of her own palace of Windsor traced in fire beyond the fountains!

How wonderful, even to our time, is the magnificent entertainment! and still more wonderful the ten-year change which has come over the Imperial entertainer. When our kindly reader, who jogs over the road of foreign mention, was regaling himself with the journals of '46 (no Harper Magazine in that day!), the Imperial host, who has just now outgilded the golden times of Louis XIV., was an escaped culprit wearing only the title of prince, with a few castaways for retinue!

Pray, what will those sterling English people of "good family" say, now that their Queen has visited the *parvenu*?

The matter is worth regarding in this light. It is, in some sense, a token of that advance in opinion which has undermined the outworks of old conventionalities. The British Queen visiting the Emperor of '51, is not only the seal upon a great alliance (without which Britain must have reeled on her island throne), but it is an assertion of the respect and of the place which energy, sagacity, and daring can command in our time, though they are illustrated in the action of an upstart.

High houses of England, and "first families" of Virginia can not blink the matter; men are growing to be men, and women to be women. Individuality is gaining voice; cliqueism, whether baronial, military, or political, is going to the wall. Action is never so much the test of worth as when action is freest; and the space is clearing for action. The dainty fellows of the "Blues" have sneezed over their cups (in the Crimea) at the low-lived officers of France; and yet the dainty fellows of the "Blues" found no comfort and no hope before the Redan until they saw the tricolor waving from the Malakoff.

We venture to drop upon our paper still another mention, growing out of this queenly visit and its adjuncts. France is gaining a new stand-point. The metropolitan character of her capital is being intensified. Her ruler, in winning the palm for sagacity and energy among European monarchs, is adding to the influence of the nation. Her armies are not only outranking all other European armies, but her treasury is outbalancing all other treasuries. The calm, stolid times of Louis Philippe's day have given place to a national glow under which French genius works its best issues. Fermentation is as much to France as to beer. Windy working ripens her power; quietude enslaves and tames her. Her armies are better for attack than defense; better in the field than on town parade.

A French monarch playing the host to the Queen of England seems, after a certain fashion, to illustrate the superiority of French force. The splendid guardianship of the royal visitor seemed, in a certain sense, only an imperial rendering of the same services to the Queen which, a year ago, the full-fed forces of Canrobert rendered to the needy army of Raglan. In the new aspect that grows upon us of things European, France is more and more the mistress of national destinies. If Poland would be herself again, or Kossuth regenerate Hungary, the road to either restoration lies across the Tuileries court. It may not be an imperial road—it may be a bloody one—but it lies in that direction. Two hundred thousand French troops must say yes or no.

But we forget, in this political drift which the Queenly visit has blown over our pages, the other and crowning topic which the last month's mails have brought to our hand.

It was worth a shout when the tricolor first streamed over the Malakoff tower, albeit ten thousand men were biting the dust below! Great achievement kindles admiration, however our sympathies may run; and after all that we had heard and known, through type, and plan, and picture, of the amazing strength of the Russian outworks, after so many tokens of the skill of the defense, every man must recognize, with a plaudit, the higher skill which annihilated the strength, and which made an end of the Russian power southward of the harbor of Sebastopol. An English corporal, writing home some time last August, before the final bombardment, gives this little home picture of quiet war:

"My dear Wife and Family,—In answer to

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your most kind and long-looked for letter, received yesterday, the last of July, nothing gives me greater pleasure than to hear that the children are all so well, and, moreover, that you received the thirty shillings all safe; and I now send you thirty more, so you may be on the look-out for it.

"Our regiment was in the trenches last week, when the Russians made a sortie, and *I dare say you will hear of our bravery in the newspapers.* But I am going to tell you about it. We laid still until the Russians came up, and they first fired a volley. I then jumped upon the trench *to meet my match*, when a Russian made one stab at me with his firelock and bayonet, but it was too low, and his bayonet went in between two barrels. I cocked my rifle and shot him through the forehead, when he fell. I then got over on the other side, when I saw a man catching the dead man by his leg to drag him off. He had no gun, and *I ran my bayonet through him*, and left the two dead; we charged the rest, but the bugler sounded the Russian retreat, and they disappeared.

"After this, I went back to the two dead men, and on searching the man I shot I found nothing worth sending to you but the inclosed purse, and I hope you will take care of it, as I do assure you that I had to fight hard. I could not search the man that I stuck, because the field-officer came up to me. As I saw him coming, I told him not to tread on the Russian, and he asked me where the brute was. I then showed him, and he asked me how the barrel came knocked down, and I told him all how it happened. He then asked me my name, and I told him; he said I was to go to him in the morning, and he would give me a dollar.

"This is the first man that I have killed with the bayonet, but I have shot many—as far as nine in one day. I have become a very good shot, and *I think no more now of shooting a man than I do of eating a bit of biscuit.*"

We cite this as showing a new view of the sort of training belonging to the war spirit which has just now wrought the Crimean conquest. We cite it, moreover, as giving a bit of the inner history of the campaigners, which will never be set down by any Alison or Thiers. What a marvelous piece of human history might be made up only out of the rude "letters home" from soldiers in the Crimea! If old history could only be thus illuminated, how its grandeur would diminish and its smallness grow! How the miserable brutalities would gain, in the summing up, upon the heroic actions which now live in poetic story!

And yet it would add greatly to our stock of historic truth if we could but lay our hands on the private "letters home" of some centurion or captain of a company in the time of Diocletian or of Constantine—telling his wife how many Scythians or Visigoths he had "stuck," and what were the contents of his camp-kettle, and sending his love to the little Roman children by the Tiber, and begging for a few postage-stamps by return mail—or (what amounted to the same thing in that day) praying his beloved Agrippina to send tidings of herself by Marcus when his cohort came next year to join the Imperial forces!

There was no *Times* journal, however, to record such letters as these. Captain Roman could never say to Agrippina, "I dare say you will hear of our bravery in the newspapers!" There is a touch of modernism and of reality in that observation which is worth more than forty pages of Alison. It is an epitome of the spirit of the war. Raglan might have said it after Alma, or Pelissier the other day, or Gortschakoff a little longer back, and the Emperor Napoleon is saying it, with his lampions and Invalid guns, to the next age.

They know how to make a festal rejoicing in Paris, whether it be on a queenly visit or for a victory. The *Te Deum* at Nôtre Dame, when the Emperor went with his court, was a scene worth the seeing.

The streets all fluttered with banners, and the sky was as beautifully clear as our best September weather at home. From ten in the morning the movement of the troops, appointed to take up positions along the processional line of march, began. On the right side of the way were the restored National Guard, and on the left the troops of the line.

The front of the old Cathedral, far up to the summit of its towers, was clothed with the mingled banners of the allied powers, and the arms of the allied nations were wrought upon colossal shields, which hung above the gates of entrance. In the open square before the Cathedral three tall masts bore immense banners, on which the arms of France were embroidered in gold.

The interior was also magnificently decorated, and within two days' time its sombre arches of stone had given place to a gorgeous canopy of crimson velvet, looped up with cords of gold. Beneath was erected the high altar, on which were displayed all the riches of the sacristy. An armchair for the Emperor stood before it, the Prince Jerome sat at his left, while a vast tribune for the ladies of the court and of the friendly embassadors swept around the transept.

The Paris journalists exhaust all their terms of exaggeration in describing the Imperial progress from the Tuileries to the altar of Nôtre Dame. Eight beautiful horses drew the Imperial carriage, in which were seated Napoleon and the Prince Jerome. The drums beat, the trumpets sounded, the people shouted, and ladies waved their kerchiefs from the overhanging balconies.

A half hour past noon, when the church was already filled, save the near space about the altar, the Archbishop, wearing his mitre, met the Emperor at the door of the Cathedral, and greeted him thus:

"Sire! I hasten to receive your Majesty at the portal of this august temple, which resounds with the glory of France. Let our solemn thanksgivings ascend to God for the brilliant success with which he has crowned our arms! So much of heroism will soon receive its recompense; the great object which your Majesty, in accord with your Allies, pursues with so much firmness and wisdom, will soon be attained—a glorious and solid peace will be achieved."

And the Emperor replied:

"I come here, Monsigneur, to thank Heaven for the triumph which he has vouchsafed to our arms: for the skill of generals and the courage of soldiers can achieve nothing without the protection of Providence."

We can not follow the service, although the Archbishop presided in person, and the anthems were executed by the first operatic talent of the capital. It would be harsh to inquire, in the dazzle of so much pomp, how much of religious fervor entered into the ceremony—how much the Emperor was thinking of the "north forts" and his

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new orders to Pelissier, and how little of his humility before God.

It is odd, indeed, how this vexed religion of ours is made to play the consolatrice in disaster to one party, and the helper of thanksgiving to another!

Far away in northern Petersburg, perhaps at the very time of the Paris *Te Deum*, the mitred officers of the Greek Church—less Papal and more earnest in their devotions—were praying God to discomfit those ambitious worldlings of the West, who, with no reverence for the cross and the Christian's God, had banded together for the upholding of the damnable heathenism and lusts of the Osmanlee, and were committing ravage and sack within the domestic borders of their sovereign father, the Emperor Alexander.

It would seem, indeed, that a man could pray with more fervor for God's help who was fighting in defense of his own fireside, than he who goes some thousand miles away to carry desolation into a neighboring monarch's domain. It would seem that the crescent, and the many wives, and the drownings in sacks, were less hopeful oblations for Christian altars than the rude Russian sacrifice.

Of course, however, we keep our sympathies stoutly as we can upon the civilized side, and only note these little incongruities to show how oddly civilization will sometimes mate itself with heathenism and licentiousness, and yet pray all the stronger (as need is) for God's help. Indeed the religious element in this war, as in most wars, is the most unfortunate one, and appears to be so mixed with political chicanery, as to serve only as a support for weak minds to steady their war-faith withal; bearing no distant resemblance to the Lentan black of a city lady, who redeems a whole year of riot by a plethoric Good Friday of fast.

While speaking of Russian religion, it may be worth while to jot down this little picture of Russian masters and servants; remembering, however, that it comes from the jaundiced pen of a British observer. We clip it from a late number of *Blackwood:*

"The servants, for the greater part, are the serfs of their masters, or when the latter do not possess any of their own, they hire them from those who do. In the northern governments, where the population is much denser than in the south, I believe it is a very common thing for the proprietor to give his serf a kind of ticket of leave, on condition that he pays him a certain sum annually for this privilege; the serfs then become domestic servants, or possibly knowing a trade, become journeymen, and sometimes masters themselves. When the latter case occurs their owners frequently recall them to the village again, which, of course, they object to, and are made to pay a good price for their freedom. When a servant is a serf, and is guilty of any thing that may appear to his master against the rules of his house, the police are sent for, and the delinquent is walked off to receive a good flogging —not with the knout, however, but simply with a bunch of rods like a schoolboy; or he is put into solitary confinement, according to the request of his master, no inquiry whatever being made as to why he is punished, if the order for punishment be accompanied by the present of a rouble to the police officer. Men are punished in this way by mistake, and no notice taken of it. The men themselves do not consider it as any disgrace to be flogged, and they even boast of how much they can support. I could never see that this system produced any beneficial result; on the contrary, it only hardened the men, who said that if they were flogged for nothing this time, it should be for something the next. A coachman who was driving into a gateway met another coming out, and as neither the horses of the one nor the other could be made to back, there was a stoppage for foot-passengers that lasted two or three minutes. An officer of police happening to be passing at the time, ordered his soldiers to take one of them off to the police, where he was severely flogged for what was no fault of his. If a droshky-driver overcharges or is impudent, you have only to tell him to drive to the police, and he falls at your feet, and will not only return you the overcharge, or beg your pardon, as the case may be, but offer to buy you off with a present, because he knows he will not only receive his flogging, but be made to pay smartly too, and perhaps lose one of his horses. The servants frequently conduct themselves badly, on purpose to be sent to the village again. Some masters are notorious for ill-using their servants, knocking them about, pulling their hair, merely for their amusement. The servants are also rarely to be depended on, being much addicted to petty theft, so that nothing can be left about the room that is not under lock and key. They rarely, however, attempt any thing on a grand scale. Sometimes they will, when pushed to extremity by the cruelty they have experienced at the hands of a master, revenge themselves by trying to take his life, and generally effectually. One must be specially careful with servants who are very obliging, as they have frequently an interested motive in gaining the confidence of their masters—they are police spies. There is a much greater degree of familiarity between master and servant than elsewhere. This arises from the fact of the servants being slaves, and about their master's person from infancy; but they are not the more to be trusted for that. This, however, is not asserting that all servants are spies, but there is known to be a large proportion among them. This is the cause why the French language is so extensively employed in society, for, with that language, one has no necessity for learning Russian (which few foreigners do), except to speak to the servants. Within the last four or five years, however, the Russian language has come into more general use, from a feeling of patriotism—real or pretended; but it is no uncommon thing to meet people, ladies especially, who speak French much better than their own language, which they term barbarous, and always give the preference to the elegant stranger. The late Emperor was always pleased when he found a foreigner who could speak Russian, which is really a very fine language, though at present little cultivated; it contains all the elements of a fine tongue, though very difficult for both natives and foreigners. The nobles keep a great number of servants in their houses, especially in the villages; chiefly men and boys, who are very often extremely ragged, but that matters not if every one in the house have his servant, who does little else all day than sleep, for nowhere is one so badly waited on as in Russia. It seems a general rule, that the more numerous the servants, the worse the attendance. I am quite convinced that whoever has been in the interior of Russia will bear me out in this assertion. On entering a house you have a servant given you, whose sole duty is to attend to your wants, which he understands to mean presenting you all your clothes

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while dressing, at the same time assisting you to put them on if necessary, taking them off when you undress, and sleeping outside your door in the *entr'actes* of these operations. They do, however, pretend to make your bed and clean your room, but it is only a pretense. If you should be so unfortunate as to have for an attendant a son of nature fresh from his native fields, you must expect to have a great amount of trouble with him, for he will know nothing of the uses of the utensils necessary in civilized life, and will frequently make the most ludicrous application of them."

Will there be new observers in the interior of Russia now? Shall we have British pleasure jaunts in the Crimea? Is the work all done thereabout with bombs and cavalry; or shall we have a winter's record of doubts and slaughter?

Editor's Drawer.

NOW it is November. Now the leaves have fallen, or are falling, one by one—"the last hold upon the tree." Now the fruits are all gathered in. The apples are in the bin. The golden-yellow pumpkins, that have been for two months "turning up their fair round bellies to the sun," are safely housed, awaiting resurrection in pies of matchless flavor. Now the white frosts crisp the pale-green grass blades, what time "the boys" drive up the cows in the morning for early milking, in the blessed and quiet country. Now do boys, with bare feet, much desiderate the warm spot on which the milch-kine have slept over night, on which to kneel and "press the yielding udder." Now in the great metropolis do citizens meet who have been sojourning at watering-places, in various haunts afar. "Tom, how well you look! You are positively fat!" "Jim, you are raising whiskers, I see. They become you *now*—but you were *very* thin in July!" Now is the step rapid, and the eye bright, and the voice clear and sonorous in Broadway. "Now"—look here: read what we have to say in our Drawer.

IT is a curious thing, and one which has sometimes been spoken of by men of observation in great cities, that when their long-residents their eminent citizens die, whose early lives have been passed in the country, their remains are almost always removed, by river or by railroad, to repose near, or in the very spot of the "home of their childhood."

There is something almost affecting in this, and certainly there is something very instructive in the lesson which the fact imparts. "I like," said an old citizen to us the other day, whose childhood had been passed in the country, but who had lived all his life, and accumulated an ample fortune, in the Great Metropolis—"I like to see a *whole man* in the country. He is like the old homestead in which his father, his father's father, and his 'greatest' of grandfathers have lived before him. The approaches to it are over worn footpaths, or 'old familiar roads', over planks with splintery cracks, and shrunken crevices, and obstinate knot-holes, which are eloquent in their reminiscences to *his* eye of the dead and gone who have walked along and over them once, and are now no more. But it is the old place, as he is 'the same old sixpence' still. I think," said our old friend, "I think I must go up to old B——, and take *another* look-round. I was up there last year, and the year before—been up there *every* year, in fact, for the last forty years. Perhaps I shall lay my bones there, when I am called hence."

No doubt, old friend—no doubt.

"WHY is it," said an "inquiring mind" to Dr. Franklin on one occasion, "that when you take a pail of water, and continue to drop pins into it until the pail is full of pins, that the water will not overflow the top of the pail?"

"Why, that is my own supposition," said the Doctor; "it was to show the mysteries of science, which seem wonderful only until explained."

To say nothing of Dr. Franklin's simple exposition of the supposed phenomena, with which we shall assume that the readers of the Drawer are familiar, we will cite another, which comes to us from an editorial friend of a Massachusetts village philosopher:

"A friend of ours was arguing in favor of buying large pigs in the spring, declaring it to be very much better than to buy small ones, as they would eat but little more.

"A neighbor differed from him in opinion, whereupon he told a story, which, in the language of the day, 'took down' his opponent, and all hearers decided that small pigs eat '*some*.'

"'Last spring,' said he, 'I bought a little pig from a drover, and he was good for eating, but wouldn't grow much. He got so, after a week or two, that he would eat a bucketful at a time, and then, like Oliver Twist, would call for more.'

"'Well, what of it? What has that got to do with—?'

"'Hold on! I was goin' to tell you. One morning I carried out a water-bucket full of provender, and after he had swallowed it all, I picked up the pig and put him in the same bucket that I had fed him from, *and he didn't half fill it up!*'"

Curious, isn't it? And can *real* "science" explain the phenomena?

Until we see a man in a mixed company of *savants* illustrate a "scientific principle" by taking hold of the waistband of his trowsers, and lifting himself clear from the floor, carry himself, without touching, out of the room, we shall "feel a doubt" about the above.

NOT a little like the sly satire of "Poor Richard," in his famous almanac, is the subjoined, which comes from—we know not where:

"Why is *thirty-nine* the number of lashes which the Christian selects as the maximum for Christian flogging?" asked the Brahmin Poo Poo of old Roger.

Old Roger thought a moment. The question was a keen one, and conveyed a severe reproof:

"I suppose," said he, "it is to keep it within the limit of *forty*-tude."

The Brahmin stroked his long beard, and the tassel of his cap vibrated like a pendulum.

THERE are few readers but will remember the affecting song, or ballad, mentioned in the interesting extract of a letter from a soldier in an English regiment in the Crimea, which we append below. The song itself is very beautiful, and will bear a hundred repetitions. It was said in the hearing of a friend by Washington Irving, that when a boy he remembered weeping over it, when his mother or his old nurse sung it to his sympathetic ear. It commences:

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"The moon had climbed the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from its eastern summit shed
A silver light on tower and tree,

"When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

"She from her pillow gently raised
Her head to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e.

* * * * * *

Sandy, his "first appearance" in the character of a ghost, goes on to state that he is a dead man, having been wrecked, and, as Burton in Captain Cuttle would say, *d-r-o-w-n-ded:*

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain,"

and so forth. The close was very picturesque:

"Oh, Mary dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more.

"*Loud crow'd the cock—the shadow fled,*
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
'Dear Mary, weep no more for me!'"

And now for the incident to which we have alluded. It is contained in an extract from a soldier's letter printed in the *Kilmarnock Chronicle:*

"The other night I was on the entrenchments, and a good number of us were sitting together amusing ourselves. One was singing a song called 'Mary, weep no more for me,' in which occur these beautiful lines:

'Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me,'

when a shell came in and burst among us, and killed the man while he was singing the song. I never was so vexed for any one in my life. It opened his skull completely, and he died in an instant."

"Never was so *vexed!*" That is a very strong expression, under the circumstances! Almost as much so as the French gentleman who told the poet Longfellow, at a party in Boston, in answer to an inquiry why he seemed so sad and unhappy: "I am ver' moch *dissatisfied:* I jus' hear that my father, *he dead!*"

It required some exertion to prevent laughing even at the melancholy intelligence, when so ludicrously announced.

In many of the newspapers of our larger cities—and if we may instance one above all others, we might indicate Baltimore—the daily journals have a long column filled with obituary notices, to almost every one of which a verse or more of "original poetry" is appended, sometimes, notwithstanding the grave nature of the theme, of the most ludicrous character. We can not find it in our heart, however, to ridicule, even by quotation, that which was intended as a tribute of affection. But if one of our little ones should be called heavenward, we should cause to be engraved on the tomb-stone which marked the resting-place of its poor earthly remains these beautiful lines of Bryant:

"Oh! we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss;
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns, and stammered phrases sweet.

"And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye;
All these will haunt us, till the heart
Shall ache and ache—and tears shall start.

"The little bow shall fall to dust,
The shining arrows waste with rust;
But he who now, from sight of men,
We hide in earth, shall live again.

"Shall break these clouds, a form of light,
With nobler mien and clearer sight;
And in the eternal glory stand,
With those who wait at God's right hand."

Who can read this and not say, with Bulwer, when speaking of the "Death of the Young," "Why mourn for the young? Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness and in storm!" In the depth of bereavement it may be well to ponder and to say, "Our beloved sleeps: he has been taken from the evil to come."

"Once there was a rich farmer in the country" (that is the way in which all old-fashioned stories used to begin when we were a boy, "and our old cap was new")—once there was a rich farmer who had four or five orchards of apples, pears, peaches, and other the like fruits. He had taken up amateur farming after having been a "larned man," and a successful, money-making "lawyer-at-law" in the city. Now he was of a "close" nature, and did impart but little of his fruits or his substance to his friends and neighbors in the region round about him. He would walk about with his "men" in the mellow autumn time, picking his luscious fruits, but seldom would he offer any to the hungry passer-by who might look longingly upon his luscious treasures. He would even, with his jack-knife, cut from a half-decayed peach, or apple, or pear, or apricot, the diseased part, and put them in a basket by themselves, "that nothing might be lost."

Now there was a plan formed by five or six of his neighbors' sons, whereby to make him more generous to others of the *fruitful* bounties of Nature wherewith he had been blessed.

This was an appeal to his vanity of fast learning. One afternoon, while he was in his orchard, picking apples and pears, near the roadside, he saw five or six of his neighbors' boys approaching in the main road. They were apparently wrangling concerning some question then at issue between them.

"Well, let us leave it to Mr. B——," said one; "*he* knows, because he has been a lawyer; he is a learned man, and a man who understands grammar."

"Agreed!" said they all; "we *will* leave it to Mr. B——."

"What is the question in dispute?" asked Mr. B——, as he approached the corner of the fence which led along the road.

"It is this," said the head wag of the party: "Is it proper to say—*would* it be proper to say, to us, for example—we six—would it be proper for *you*, supposing a case, to say to *all* of us, 'Will you take a few apples and pears?' Shouldn't the question, to be grammatical, rather be, 'Will *ye* take some pears, apples, or apricots?' As a grammatical question, how should you put it, Mr. B—— ?"

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"The case," said Mr. B——, "is perfectly simple. '*You*' is individual, '*ye*' includes many; as, for example, Saint Paul: 'Ye *men* and *brethren*,' etc. Oh, yes, it's a plain case. I should, of course, ask your question in *this* way: 'Will ye take some pears, apples, and apricots, gentlemen?' That would be—"

But before he could get another word out, they all replied:

"Certainly, Mr. B——, certainly, and much obliged to you besides:" "I am *very* fond of apples;" "I affect no fruit so much as a good pear;" "*I* go in for apricots—the most delicious of all fruit that grows on a tree!" And each man jumped over the fence and "helped himself," having been *invited* to do so in a courteous and entirely *grammatical* way!

We have been reminded of the foregoing by the following veritable fact, recorded in the annals of a place which it is not necessary to name particularly; but the story is *true:*

"A few nights back a party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if *he* ever offered himself, he would do it in a collected and business-like manner.

"'For instance,' said he, addressing himself to a beautiful lady present, 'I would say:

"'Miss S——, I have been engaged two years in looking for a wife. I am in the receipt of a clear income of two thousand dollars a year from my present business, which is daily on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance I admire you the most. Indeed, to speak plainly, I love you, and would most gladly make you my wife!'

"'You flatter me by your preference,' good-humoredly replied Miss S——, to the surprise of all present.

"'Not at all; I am entirely sincere.'

"'*Then I refer you to my father!*'

"'Bravo!' exclaimed the gentleman.

"'Well, I de-c-l-a-r-e!' exclaimed the ladies, in one united chorus.

"The lady and gentleman were married soon after."

"Wasn't that," asks the narrator, "a modest way of coming to the point, and a lady-like method of taking a man at his word?"

Well, as Charles Lamb would say, "It wasn't any thing else."

As you pass down Broadway, reader, or *any* street in any of our populous sea-coast or inland cities (for Broadway gives fashionable laws to the American world), just see if the following "poem" from laughter-moving PUNCH, concerning "*Ladies' Bonnets*," has not some foundation for its good-natured satire:

POETICAL TRIMMING
FOR LADIES' FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

AIR—"*The Blue Bonnets are over the Border.*"

March, march, change and variety,
Fashion than one month should never be older;
March, march, hang all propriety,
All the girls' bonnets hang over the shoulder!
Never rheumatics dread,
More and more bare the head—
The danger is naught but an old woman's story;
Back with your bonnet then,
Spite of satiric pen,
Fight for the bonnets that hang o'er the shoulder.

Come to the Park, when the young bucks are gazing,
Come where the cold winds from all quarters blow,
Come from hot rooms where coal-fires are blazing,
Come with your faces and heads in a glow.
Natives astounding,
Slow folks confounding,
It makes the profile come out much the bolder;
England shall many a day
Talk of the stupid way
Girls wore their bonnets once over the shoulder.

IT requires some little ingenuity to make a favor *received* appear to be a favor *rendered*. Here is *one* of the modes in which the thing can be accomplished:

"Mrs. Hopkins, my father wants to know if you want him to lend himself to your ax for a little while? He always says he had rather lend than borrow."

ONE "*among*" the greatest bores to be encountered in a great city, like New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, for example, is your *keen barber*, who, with "*speculation* in his eyes," the moment you enter his shop to enjoy a hasty shave, prepares to make a "customer" of you in more shapes than one. It is very rarely that these tonsorial Jeremy Diddlers get "come over" more triumphantly than was the subject of the following sketch—in itself a double satire, in manner and in theme:

ACT FIRST.

SCENE: A METROPOLITAN BARBER'S SHOP.

Dramatis Personæ: OILY, JONES.

OILY. Take a seat, Sir; pray take a seat.

[OILY *puts a chair for* JONES, *who sits. During the following dialogue* OILY *continues cutting* JONES'S *hair.*]

OILY. We have had much wet, Sir.

JONES. Very much.

OILY. And yet October's early days were fine.

JONES. They were.

OILY. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us until the end.

JONES. At *one* time, so did *I*.

OILY. But we have had it *very* wet.

JONES. We *have*.

[*A pause of some minutes.*

OILY. I know not, Sir, who cut your hair last time;
But *this* I say, Sir, it was badly cut.
No doubt 'twas in the country?

JONES. No—in town.

OILY. Indeed! I should have fancied otherwise.

JONES. 'Twas cut in town—and in this very room.

OILY. Amazement! But I now remember well:
We had an awkward new provincial hand,
A fellow from the country: Sir, he did
More damage to my business in a week
Than all my skill can in a year repair.
He must have cut your hair.

JONES (*looking scrutinizingly at his interlocutor*).
No; 'twas *yourself*.

OILY. Myself!—impossible! You must mistake.

JONES. I *don't* mistake: '*twas* you that cut my hair.

[*A long pause, interrupted only by the more frequent clipping of the scissors.*]

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OILY. Your hair is very dry, Sir.
JONES. Ah!—indeed!
OILY. Yes—*very* dry. Our "*Vegetable Extract*" moistens hair.
JONES. I like it dry.
OILY. But, Sir, the hair when dry, turns quickly *gray*.
JONES. That color I prefer.
OILY. But hair, when gray, will rapidly fall off,
And baldness will ensue.
JONES. I would be bald.
OILY. Perhaps you mean to say you'd like a wig:
We've wigs so natural they can't be told
From real hair.
JONES. Deception I detest.
[*Another pause ensues, during which* OILY *blows down* JONES'S *neck, and relieves him from a linen wrapper, in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.*]
OILY. We've brushes, soaps, and scents of every kind.
JONES. I *see* you have. (*Pays a sixpence.*) I think you'll find that right.
OILY. Is there nothing I can show you, Sir.
JONES. No, nothing. Yes—there may be something, too
That you may show me.
OILY. Name it, Sir.
JONES. The door. [*Exit* JONES.
OILY (*To his man*). That's a rare customer, at any rate.
Had I cut him as short as he cut me,
How little hair upon his head would be!
But if kind friends will all our pains requite,
We'll hope for better luck another night.
[*Shop-bell rings, and curtain falls.*

A CORRESPONDENT who formally consulted the London *Family Gazette* about a young lady with a wooden leg, has recently brought the matter to a crisis by marrying her. After a month's experience he says:

"I am happy to say a wooden leg is no bad bargain. I married Jessie about a month ago. She refused to give up the wooden leg for a cork one, as she said she 'detested false appearances.' She is always at home, except when she goes out with myself; she never flirts with other men; she never dances at a party; she only requires one boot and one shoe, and these serve her a long time, as she does not walk much, and yet she is not unpleasant to talk with. She differs very little from other young women.

"The only expense of the wooden leg is the occasional breaking of a strap, which is easily repaired, and the supplying of a little gutta percha for the end of it, to prevent noise in walking. Balancing profit against loss, a lady with a wooden leg is rather profitable, not to speak of benefits. I find in Jessie all that a husband could desire."

There, now, is a true philosopher; and he talks, moreover, like a man who is calculated to make Jessie a tender and non-exacting husband.

THERE are ludicrous climaxes oftentimes in the oratory of the pulpit—oftener in political speeches—but oftenest, perhaps, in the sublime attempts of pettifoggers at the bar. One of these latter, in a small town in Kentucky, pleading the cause of a client who had been accused of stealing a small quantity of cotton yarn, argued against the *probability* of such a transaction—the probability, rather, of their being any *motive* for such an act, in the following forcible and highly grammatical style:

"Gentlemen of the Jury! you have heard the argument, you have listened patiently, and I have seen that your ears was open to conwiction. And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, I ask you, *du* you suppose that in the plentiful State of Kentucky,' where the land are plenty, and the sile am rich, that my client broke into Mr. Bowding's store, and stole *three hanks of cotting yarn?* Gentlemen of the Jury, I 'magine *not!* I s'pose HE DIDN'T!"

And the jury agreed with the eloquent counsel, at least in part; for after they had made a joint-stock company of their wisdom, they brought in this verdict, influenced by some personal dislike:

"*Not guilty*, if he'll leave the State!"

THE man who "does good by stealth, and blushes to find it *fame*," is an exemplar of a *true* man. Franklin, with his noble common sense, has a thought somewhat kindred with this in one of the little couplets that are scattered through the pages of his "*Poor Richard's Almanac*." It is this:

"When befriended, *remember* it;
When *you* befriend, *forget* it."

"He has canceled all gratitude," said one who had accepted an *offered* service from another, "by parading it before mutual friends as an act of affection." Affection! *affectation*, rather! The language of affection, like that of love, is "always shy and silent," as Irving beautifully expresses it. Who does not remember Charles Lamb taking out of his waistcoat-pocket a fifty-pound note, and presenting it to a friend—a worthy, honorable friend—whom he knew to be in need of it, but who would never have asked him for it, saying: "Take this, B——, and *use* it: *I* don't want it, and am continually afraid that I shall *lose* it. It is half worn out *now*. It will be *all* gone soon if I keep it, and I know it will be safe in your hands. *Take* it, B——, and don't give me pain by refusing it!"

OUR readers will not have forgotten "*The Baby*" lines, so quaintly beautiful in our August number, beginning:

"Nae shoon to hide her tiny tae,
Nae stocking on her feet."

They were written by the Rev. J. Eames Rankin, of Potsdam, New York, who now sends us the following, which is full of feeling, and true to nature:

"Oh! tripping through the busy street,
And patt'ring like the rain,
I hear the noise of children's feet,
In morning aprons trim and neat,
And bound for school again.

Such packages of neatness now,
Done up and sent with care!
They loiter onward anyhow,
Then scamper from some vagrant cow,
That turns up unaware.

"I seat me in my study door,
Before the clock strikes nine;
I watch again at half past four,
When all at once they homeward pour
In noisy, straggling line.

"I stray from town on holidays,
To meet the groups so fair,
Returning from their woodland plays
With heads arrayed in comic ways,
And droll, fantastic air.

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"I never see them but my heart
Is full of love for life;
And moisture in my eyes will start,
In spite of a half Stoic art,
And an unmanly strife.

"Angels sow blessings in their eyes,
And kiss their golden hair;
And how would they the lesson prize
If world-worn souls were only wise,
To read what's written there."

VERY different in style is the following, which our correspondent himself is bold enough to call "inspihered lynz."

TO THE MUNE.

"How bewtiful is this ere nite,
How brite the starz du shine,
All nater slepes in trankilniss
But this loan hart of mine.

"Our dog has kwit a-barkin' now
Att fellers passin' bi,
Heze gazin' at the far of mune
With cam and plassid I.

"Wen vuin the, thou pail face thing,
A hanging in the skize,
Upward on wild untramled wing
Mi thauts cuts dust and flize,

"O kud I kwit this klod of kla,
And sore abuv the croud,
Ide baith mi sole in heggstasy
In yonder fleasy cloud.

"How kan the poits hiborn sole
Mix with erth's vulgar cru?
Wud it not rather fli awa
And hyde from mortal vu.

"Ah yes! had I a pare of wings
To go to yonder mune,
I gess ide jest as soon sta thar
From now until nex June.

"And thar a-roving up and down
Thru purty flowrs ide go,
Or listen to the tinklin' rills
Wot frum the mountings flo."

The "poit" pursues the theme for some distance beyond this point, but he has already outstripped his readers as well as himself, and we think it safer to take him down.

THE "Hard Shell Baptists" are a well-known sect in the South and Southwest. They are not related, that we know of, to the Hard Shell Democrats in this State, though their *christen* name is the same. They go dead against all Bible, temperance, and education societies; hate missions to the heathen, and all modern schemes for converting the rest of mankind. Of course they are opposed to learning, and speak as they are suddenly moved. A Georgia correspondent writes to the Drawer, and relates the following of one of their preachers:

"Two of them were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say, 'When Abraham built the ark.'

"The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, '*Abraham warn't thar.*'

"But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interruption, and only took occasion shortly to repeat, still more decidedly, 'I say, when Abraham built the ark.'

"And I say,' cried out the other, '*Abraham warn't thar.*'

"The Hard Shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed, with great indignation, 'I say Abraham was *thar*, or *thar* ABOUTS!'"

To the same Southern correspondent we are indebted for another reading of a passage which has been variously construed. It will be recollected that in our July number we told the story of the preacher who understood the passage, as he *heard* it read, "Now these eight did Milcah bear," to mean, "Now these eight did milk a bear." Our friend says:

"This brought to mind the story of a good old dame who was plying her distaff, and listening devoutly to her daughter reading the Bible at her side. She was reading in the book of Genesis, and being not yet perfect in the art, she would now and then miscall a word. So it chanced that she read, stammeringly, these words: 'Now these eight did Milcah bore—'

"'What, what's that?' said the old lady, 'read that again.'

"The good daughter complied, and, looking more carefully, read, 'did Milcah bear.'

"'Ah, that will do,' said the old mother, 'they might milk a bear, but to milk a boar, my daughter, is impossible.'"

MY friend Richards, says an Eastern correspondent, was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit, he took up another, which was that of making a pledge about once a month that he would never chew another piece. He broke his pledge just as often as he made it. The last time I had seen him he told me he had broken off for good, but now, as I met him, he was taking another chew.

"Why, Richards," says I, "You told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again."

"Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and *left off lying.*"

THE fondness of the Scotch for metaphysics was never more happily hit than by the story Sydney Smith tells of his hearing a young lady at a ball, in the midst of a momentary lull in the music, saying to her gallant, "That may be true, my lord, of love in the *abstract*—" And here the fiddling began again, and he heard no more.

THE kissing stories, of which we have recently given several, seem to beget more. A gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, writes to us that in the beautiful village of Lexington, in the valley of Virginia, a young gent having devoted himself to the special entertainment of a company of pretty girls for a whole evening, demanded payment in kisses, when one of them instantly replied: "Certainly, Sir, present your *bill!*"

IT may not be known to all our readers that in preparing and packing fruit for market the practice of "deaconing," as it is called, is very extensively followed. Indeed, some may never have heard that the practice of topping off a barrel of apples with the best is known by the name of "deaconing," probably from some one holding this office having been distinguished for his frequent adoption of the plan to put a good show on his fruit. A Boston friend writes to us of a farmer down East who sold a barrel of apples to his minister, at the same time reminding him that they were the choicest apples that had been raised in the town. In due time

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the barrel was opened, and found to contain a very inferior quality, whereupon the minister, feeling that he had been imposed upon, made complaint to the farmer, who very coolly made answer: "Why, parson, I rather guess you must have opened the barrel at the wrong end!"

The only change it was known to produce in the farmer's practice was to make him careful afterward to "deacon" both ends.

"JUST a year ago, that is to say, in the November Number of *Harper*, 1854," writes a gentleman whose wishes we are pleased to gratify, "was exhibited what purports to be an inscription from a tombstone in the churchyard of Old Trinity on Broadway. The copy is not correct, and I send you herewith a perfect record, which I made in 1847, from the stone itself, marking the remains of my great-grandsire.

SIDNEY BREES *June* 9. 1767
MADE BY HIMSELF.

Ha, Sidney, Sidney
Lyest thou here
I here lye
Till time is flown
To its Extremity

"This Sidney Breeze was a Welsh gentleman, distantly related to the Watkins Williams Wynn family, the present head of it being a very wealthy baronet of Wales. In political sentiment this Sidney was what was called in his day a Jacobite, that is, an adherent of the Stuart family, and at the time of the rebellion, in 1745, was about mounting his horse to join the Pretender's army, when he heard of his defeat by the royal army, under the Duke of Cumberland. Some years after this event he received from Government the appointment of purser of a man-of-war, and in that capacity continued for a number of years, but disliking the service, he resigned his commission in the navy, and emigrated to the city where his remains now rest. He settled in New York about 1756, married Miss Elizabeth Pinkerman, and opened a large fancy store, the first of the kind ever opened in this city. He was a remarkably handsome man, of great humor, somewhat eccentric, as his epitaph, "made by himself," clearly shows, gave good dinners, sang a good song, and was, in the largest sense, a *bon vivant*. Commodore Breeze, of the United States Navy, and Sidney Breeze, late United States Senator, are his great-grandsons, and so is the distinguished S. F. Breeze Morse, who invented the means by which to

'Speed the soft intercourse of soul with soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.'"

"COLONEL W—— is a fine-looking man," said Jenkins.

"Yes," said Noggins, "I was taken for him, once."

"You! why you are as ugly as a stump fence!"

"I can't help that; I *was* taken for him. I endorsed his note, and was taken for him by the sheriff."

IN the West of England, at a little village church, where they are much more given to paying court to the rich and great than we are in this country, the service was never commenced until the "Squire" had taken his seat. It happened, however, one Sunday this summer, that the rector being absent, a neighboring clergyman, but a stranger to the custom of the place, was doing duty, and the Squire was late. The clergyman rose and commenced the service, reading as usual the selection beginning,

"When the wicked man turneth away—"

"Stop, stop, Sir!" cried out the clerk; "please, stop, Sir, *he's not come yet.*"

The Squire was told of it before he left the church that day, and taking the clergyman home with him to dinner, promised to be more punctual hereafter.

THE making of anagrams has been the pastime of not a few of the profoundest minds. To take one word, and by transposing all the letters to bring out one or more complete words, is an exercise requiring no little ingenuity. Perhaps one of the best is that which finds the phrase, *Honor est a Nilo*, or "Honor is from the Nile," in the name of its hero, Horatio Nelson. Here are a few others:

Astronomers—Moon starers.
Democratical—Comical trade.
Gallantries—All great sin.
Lawyers—Sly wares.
Misanthrope—Spare him not.
Monarch—March on.
Old England—Golden land.
Punishment—Nine thumps.
Presbyterian—Best in prayer.
Penitentiary—Nay I repent it.
Radical reform—Rare mad frolic.
Revolution—To love ruin.
Telegraphs—Great helps.

Some persons have found signs and wonders in these transmogrifications, and have built prophecy on them, but they have a poor basis.

NOTHING is more common than to hear the foreigners in this country boasting of the vastly better and cheaper things they used to have in that blessed land they came from; but the truth comes out very neatly in this conversation we overheard in market the other day:

An Irishman asks a Long Island woman the price of a pair of fowls, and is told,

"A dollar."

"And a dollar is it, my darlint; why, in my country you might buy them for sixpence apiece."

"And why didn't you stay in that blessed cheap country?"

"Och, faith, and there was *no sixpence there*, to be sure!"

LITTLE children are as apt to tell big stories that will not stand close examination as older people are. Witness the little fellow who came running in from the barn, and cried out,

"Oh! ma, I seen a live mouse, I did!"

"You did?" inquires the mother, with a searching look.

"No, ma, I didn't just seen him, but I heard him squeak a little."

Another of the same size got his facts rather mixed up, when he came home and began:

"Oh! pa, I have just seen one of the worsest dog fights as was ever seen or hearn tell of in the world!"

"Well, my boy, how was it?"

"Why, there was one great, big black dog, with white ears and a brass collar, and one little black and green dog, what hadn't no men with him, and as—"

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"Come, come, Simon, don't talk so fast; you get every thing mixed up; stop and get breath a moment."

"Well, I was going to tell you how one dog with the white ears got on one side of the meeting-house, and the other meeting-house with the yellow dog; no, no, I mean, one meeting-house with the yellow, green ears, got on one side of the dog, and the other, he—no, no, the white dog with the yellow ear, he gave a yelp at the meeting-house, and the dog—oh! dad, I give up. I don't believe there was any dog at all!"

Wit is only the foam on the surface of the soul: wisdom is in the depth below. Wit does very well to amuse, to sharpen, to season, but the real strength and substance of life must be found in something else. There is a "time to laugh;" but there are more times to be sober, thoughtful, serious, and he is a fool, not a wit, who is always on a grin. Sydney Smith was the greatest wit of his age, but he was greater in sober earnestness, in the purity of his conversation, the generosity of his nature, in the discharge of his daily duty as a parent and a pastor, than when he set a table in a roar. The public estimate of him is now changed, since his life and letters are published, and the world comes to know that his *wit* was but the *efflorescence* of his character. When that was blown away, the rich fruit remained: clusters of truth, charity, sense, and love.

Apropos to this homily, who would have thought of Sydney Smith's cutting the following *receipt* out of a newspaper, and preserving it for his own assistance:

"*Receipt for making every day happy.*—When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events, for a time."

Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished, for you to say, "I would if I could."

The art of dunning is not reckoned among the fine or polite arts. Indeed, there are no rules on the subject, as each case must be tried by itself, the success of various expedients being very much "as you light upon chaps." At times, a lucky accident brings the money out of a slow debtor, after the manner following: One of our merchants, nervous and irritable, received a letter from a customer in the country begging for more time. Turning to one of his counting-room clerks, he says,

"Write to this man immediately."

"Yes, Sir; what shall I say?"

The merchant was pacing the office, and repeated the order, "Write to him at once."

"Certainly, Sir; what do you wish me to say?"

The merchant was impatient, and broke out,

"Something or nothing, and that very quick."

The clerk waited for no further orders, but consulting his own judgment, wrote and dispatched the letter. By the return of mail came a letter from the delinquent customer, inclosing the money in full of the account. The merchant's eye glistened when he opened it, and hastening to his desk, said to the clerk:

"What sort of a letter did you write to this man? Here is the money in full."

"I wrote just what you told me to, Sir. The letter is copied into the book."

The letter-book was consulted, and there it stood, short and sweet, and right to the point:

"Dear Sir,—Something or nothing, and that very quick. Yours, etc., ——"

And this letter brought the money, when a more elaborate dun would have failed of the happy effect.

As a warning to sanguine authors, the story can not be told too often of the worthy but verdant parson in the North of England, who was greatly elated by the praise bestowed on one of his sermons by the delighted people, and he resolved to print it. Posting to London he sought the excellent Mr. Bowyer, at that time an eminent publisher, who kindly undertook to bring out the pamphlet, and desired to know how many copies should be printed. The clergyman replied "Why, Sir, I have calculated as there are at least 25,000 parishes in England, and each parish will certainly wish one copy, and many of them more, that 35,000 would answer for the first edition."

The arrangement being made he returned home, and with great impatience waited two months, and then wrote to his publisher for a statement of his account. Judge of his astonishment, when he received the account charging him for paper and printing 35,000 copies of a sermon, £785 5*s.* 6*d.*, and giving him credit for 17 copies sold, £1 5*s.* 6*d.*, leaving the poor parson in debt to his publisher £784. This was a sum so far beyond the possibility of his ever paying, that he saw utter ruin staring him in the face, and his own vanity and folly in supposing that every body would want to buy and read a sermon that had pleased the few good-natured people in his own parish. After spending a sleepless night, and another anxious day, he was relieved by receiving with the next mail the following letter from the judicious Mr. Bowyer:

"Reverend Sir—I beg your pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expense, but you need not give yourself uneasiness. I knew better than you could do the extent of the sale of single sermons, and accordingly printed but fifty copies, to which you are heartily welcome in return for the liberty I have taken with you."

That was a very prettily turned speech which Lady Lucan made to Mrs. Sheridan, wife of the great wit, who was at that time all the rage: "You must be a very happy woman, madam, who have the felicity of pleasing the man who pleases all the world."

When *compliments* give so much pleasure, it is strange that good people are so chary of them. Flattery is foolish and wicked, but praise, when deserved, is *due*, and ought to be paid, like any other debt.

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"As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set,
Their want of edge from their offense is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen,
The fame men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind."

So true is this, that even the fame and genius of Madame de Staël can not shield her from censure when she made such a savage reply to a beautiful compliment paid to her and her friend by M. Lalande. He was dining at the banker's, M. Recamier, and was seated at table between Madame Recamier and Madame de Staël. Wishing to say something agreeable to the ladies, the astronomer remarked:

"How happy I am to be thus placed between genius and beauty!"

"Yes, Monsieur," sarcastically replied Madame de Staël, "and without possessing either."

None but a sour-hearted woman could have said that, especially in reply to so handsome a remark.

We have had two or three instances, lately, of gipsies *doing* their dupes out of large sums of money, and we have little or no compassion for a full-grown man who will allow himself to be tricked out of four or five thousand dollars by an old woman who pretends to be able to double it for him in a month while it is kept locked up in a box. But we have heard of a cute trick by one of these wandering women, that is too good to be lost. A number of young ladies were out walking in the country, and met a gipsy woman who offered, for half a dollar apiece, to show them their future husband's faces in a pool of water that was near. In their frolic they agreed to it, and paid her the money, the more readily as she promised to refund it if she did not fulfill her engagement. The girls were led to the water, each anxious to get a sight of her intended, but instead of the form and face they expected, they saw only their own rosy cheeks and laughing eyes below.

"Surely you are mistaken, woman," said one of them, "we see nothing but our own faces in the water."

"Very true, Miss," replied the gipsy, "but will not these be your husband's faces when you are married?"

There was no disputing this, and the girls saw they were neatly taken in, promised each other not to tell of it, and in the course of an hour had laughed over the joke in half a dozen gay circles, where they heard only this remark, "Good enough for you—served you right."

Oh! what an awful time there would be if the law which was promulgated in 1709, in the Old Country, should be revived and enforced in our own blessed land. It was enacted in the words following, namely, to wit, etc.:

"Whereas several idle, gossiping women, make it there business to go from house to house about this island, inventing and spreading false and scandalous reports of the good people thereof, and thereby sow discord and debate among neighbors, and often between men and their wives, to the great grief and trouble of all good and quiet people, and to the utter extinguishing of all friendship, amity, and good neighborhood; for the punishment and suppression whereof, and to the intent that all strife may be ended, charity revived, and friendship continued, we do order, that if any women, from henceforth, shall be convicted of tale-bearing, mischief-making, scolding, or any other notorious vices, they shall be punished by ducking or whipping, or such other punishment as their crimes or transgressions shall deserve, or the governor or council shall think fit."

It is said that as an offset to the woman's rights movement, a secret society has been formed, composed mainly of hen-pecked husbands and their friends, with the purpose in view of reviving this law, and enforcing its penalties. We shall see.

Tennyson's last, his "Maud," has puzzled all the critics. It is proposed to employ some ingenious scholar to translate it, so that the beauties of the Poet Laureate's latest and best may not be altogether lost. But if "Maud" is incomprehensible, there are not a few young people who will understand the following description of a lover's kiss. It is from Tennyson's "Fatima:"

"Last night when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood, that went and came,
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shivered in my narrow frame:
Oh love, Oh fire! *Once he drew,*
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew."

Of all the telegraphic absurdities we have met with none more amusing than that of the man in the South of France, who received a letter from his son in the army before Sebastopol, begging his father to send him a pair of new shoes, and a five franc piece. The old man was very willing to comply with his request, but having no readier means of forwarding the articles than the telegraph which passed within half a mile of his house, he procured the shoes, and hung them on the wire, with the money inside. A laborer returning homeward, seeing the shoes dangling to the wires, took them down, and finding they fitted him, carried them off, leaving his old ones in their place. In the evening the farmer came out to see how the wires had performed their work, and was delighted at the result: "My poor boy," said he, "has not only received the shoes I sent him, but has already returned the old ones."

The *Franklin Register* lately published an address by the Rev. Mr. Abbott, and in its next issue noted the following correction:

"For 'dum swizzle,' please read 'prominence.'"

This was bad enough, but the next week the same paper has the following:

"In an advertisement which appeared in our last paper, for 'Bumbleton's storm-destroying porringers,' read 'Hamilton's worm-destroying lozenges.'"

Faulkner, who edited the *Dublin Journal*, announced in glowing terms the arrival in that city of a distinguished member of the British nobility. On the next day his paper contained the following very Hibernian correction:

"For 'Her Grace the Duke,' in yesterday's journal, read 'His Grace the Duchess.'"

He improved the matter quite as much as the good clergyman in England did who, without book, was praying, and said: "O Lord, bless all classes of people, from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dunghill—we mean, from the king on the dunghill to the beggar on the throne."

It is sometimes better, when a man has made a blunder, to let it go. Attempting to set it right

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often makes it worse, and certainly calls the attention of many to it who would have taken no notice of it if the speaker had gone along as if nothing had happened. Some years ago the Hon. Hiram Runnels, of Wyoming, Pennsylvania, had quite a reputation as a pettifogger. His knowledge of books was very small, and his main reliance was upon his own tact and shrewdness, which rarely failed him, and lasts to this day. On one occasion he was pitted against a smart, well-dressed limb of the law from the city, who made fun of a paper which Runnels had submitted to the court. "All law papers," said the learned counselor, "ought to be written in the English language, but I submit to the court that there are no words in the language spelled as these in the document now before us. I insist that it ought to be excluded." Runnels replied: "The learned counsel on the other side finds fault with my spellin', as though the merits of the case depended on sich outside matters. I'm agin luggin' in any sich forin' affairs, but I will say that a man must be a great fool *who can't spell a word more than one way.*"

THE author of the following lines sends them to the Drawer for *preservation*. They are too good to *keep*, and so we print them:

THE PARSON GOING TO MILL.

The parson sat in his house one day,
While wintry storm did rage;
High rapt, he drank in lofty thought
From Hooker's classic page.
But as he sat, and holy breath
Into his breast did steal,
His sweet wife oped the door, and said,
"My dear, we have no meal."

With a deep groan and sadden'd brow
He laid aside his book,
And, in despair, upon the hearth
With troubled air did look:
"My people think that I must break
To them the bread of heaven,
But they'll not give me bread enough
Three whole days out of seven.

"But hunger is a serious thing,
And it is sad to hear
Sweet children's mournful cry for bread
Loud ringing in your ear."
So straight he mounted his old horse,
With meek and humble will,
And on his meal-bag, patched and coarse,
He journeyed to the mill.

The miller bowed to him, and said,
"Sir, by your church steeple,
I vow I give you praise for this,
But none to your church people."
The parson mounted his old horse—
He had no time to lag—
And rode, like hero, to his home
Right on his old meal-bag.

But as he rode, he overtook
A proud and rich layman,
Who with a close, astonish'd gaze
The parson's bag did scan.
"My reverend Sir, the truth to tell,
It makes me feel quite wroth,
To see you compromise this way
The honor of your cloth.

"Why told you not, my reverend friend,
Your meal was running low?
What will the neighbors think of *us*,
If to the mill *you* go?"
"My wealthy friend," the parson said,
"You must not reason so;
For be assured, as settled thing,
My meal is always low.

"If my dear people wish to know
How to promote my bliss,
I'll simply say, a bag of meal
Will *never come amiss.*
Just keep the store-room well supplied,
And I will keep right still;
But if the meal runs out again,
I *must* go to the mill."

MORAL.

Laymen! it needs no miracle,
No hard, laborious toil,
To make the parson's meal-bag like
The widow's cruse of oil.
Pour forth into his wife's store-room
Your gifts right plentiful;
The miracle is simply this—
To keep it always full!

A NEW reading has been found for the oft-quoted and truthful saying, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." A miserable friend of ours, who finds that every thing goes wrong, and nothing turns up to suit him, says that in his copy of the bard of Avon it reads: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough—hew them how we will."

WE have frequently copied the popular songs of Scotland for the delicate humor and quaint but admirable strokes of nature they furnish. Here is one by William Motherwell, which may be read two or three times before all its beauties will fairly reach the reader who is not familiar with the Scotch dialect:

He courted me in parlor and he courted me in ha',
He courted me by Bothwell's banks, amang the flowers sae sma',
He courted me with pearlins, wi' ribbons and wi' rings,
He courted me wi' laces, and wi' mony mair braw things:
But, oh, he courted best o' a' wi' his black blythesome ee,
Whilk wi' a gleam o' witcherie cuist glamour over me.

We hied thegither to the fair; I rode ahint my joe,
I fand his heart leap up and doun, while mine beat faint and low;
He turned his rosy cheek about, and then, ere I could trow,
The widdifu' o' wickedness took arles o' my mou!
Syne, when I feigned to be sair fleyed, sae pawkily as he
Banned the auld mair for missing fit, and thrawing him ajee.

And aye he waled the loanings lang, till we drew near the town,
When I could hear the kimmers say, "There rides a homely loon!"
I turned wi' pride and keeked at him, but no as to be seen,
And thought how dowie I wad feel, gin he made love to Jean!
But soon the manly chiel, aff-hand, thus frankly said to me:
"Meg, either tak me to yoursel, or set me fairly free!"

To Glasgow Green I linked wi' him, to see the ferlies there,
He birled his penny wi' the best—what noble could do mair?
But ere ae fit he'd tak me hame, he cries: "Meg, tell me noo,
Gin ye will hae me; there's my lufe, I'll aye be leal and true."
On sick an honest, loving heart, how could I draw a bar,
What could I do but tak Rob's hand, for better or for waur?

"WELL, Johnny, what kind of cake do you like?"

"Why, I like sponge cake, and pound cake, and plum cake, and any kind of cake but *stomach-ache* —that I don't like at all, I don't."

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Mr. Slim's Final Piscatorial Experience.



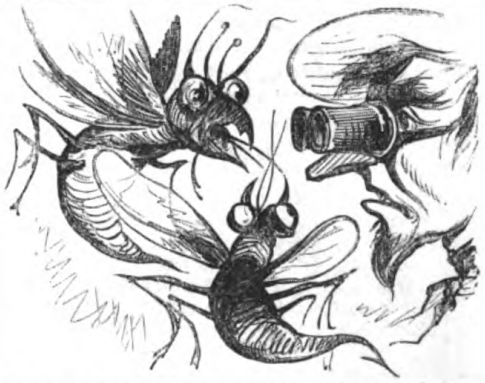
He tries a "Fly" and a little of the "Original."



A Fly tries him, much to his annoyance.



He protects his eyes by the New Patent Goggles.



Appearance of Flies as seen through the Goggles.



Terrific Combat between Mr. Slim and the Flies.



Exhausted by his exertions, Mr. Slim faints.



Revives, and studies the effect of the Goggles. Flies still troublesome.



Flies defeated. View of Mr. Slim's Face after the Action.

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Mr. Slim tries the Brook again. Flies resume Hostilities.



Flies receive Reinforcements. Second View of Mr. Slim's Face.



Flies gain the advantage. Third View of Mr. Slim's Face.



Mr. Slim defeated. Leaves the field and starts for Home.



Day light scarce. Didn't see that Log.



Another invisible Obstacle. Mr. Slim in a bad way.



Meets small Boy. Boy is astonished at Mr. Slim's appearance.

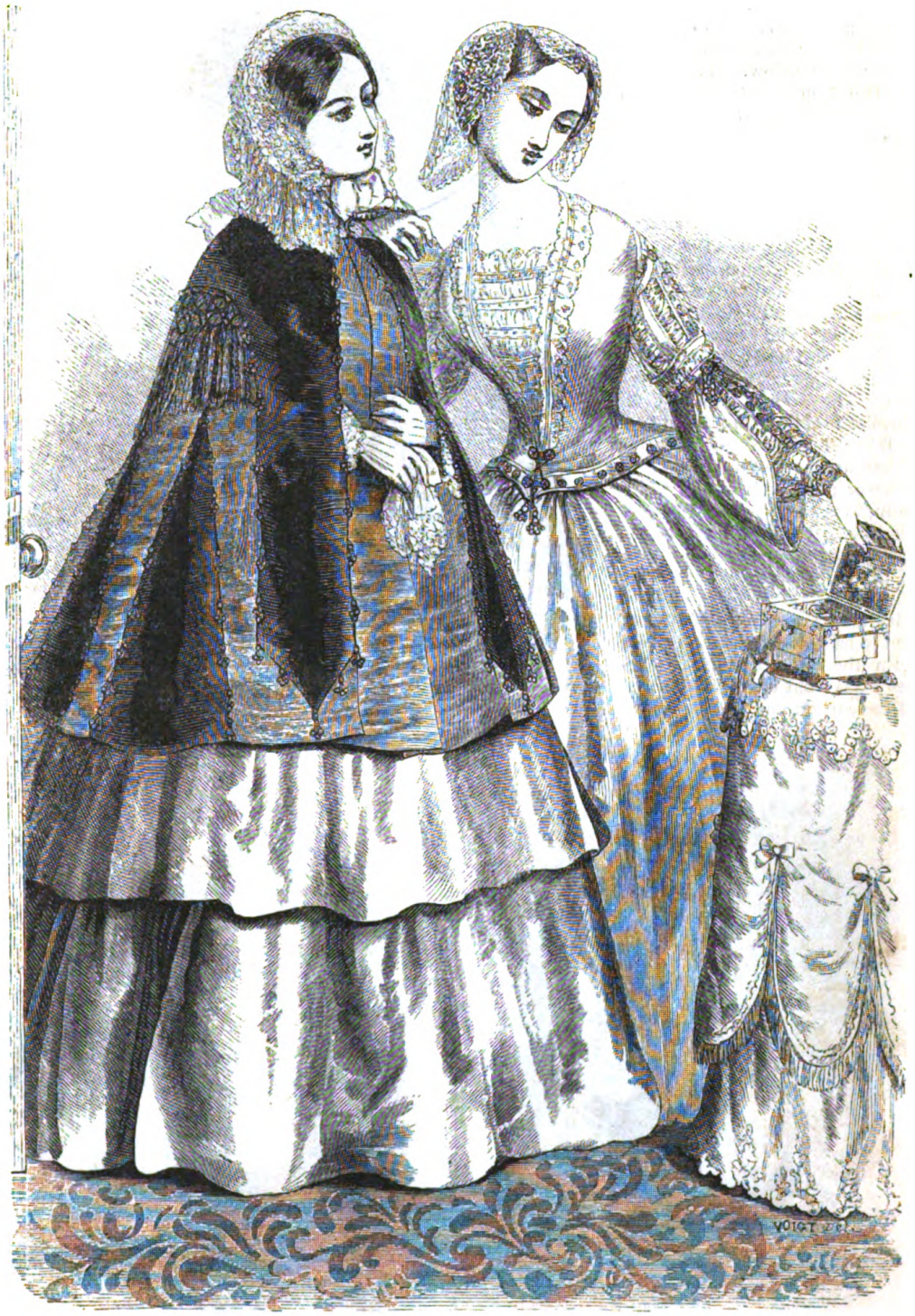


Engages Boy to conduct him out of the Woods. Vows never to go Fishing again.

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Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Promenade Dress and Dinner Costume.

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THE CLOAK represented on the previous page is drawn from one composed of purple *moire antique* and black velvet, though the effect is not inferior when the materials are black satin and velvet. The ornaments are of guipure lace and fringes, to which is added a novelty in the way of black balls and tassels bordering the velvet portions. A back view of this garment is given opposite. The BONNET is illustrated on a larger scale below. The DRESS has two deep *volants*, and is high and closed to the throat. — The DINNER or EVENING DRESS (Figure 2) requires little description. The sleeves are worthy of particular notice. The upper portion is arranged in alternate shirred and plain bands of taffeta. A *bouillonnée* of the same, divided by a plain band, ornaments the lower portion, terminating in a point at the elbow. The corsage is confined by frogs and tasseled cords. The trimming is moss velvet ribbon. The coif is of lace, and the chemisette of English embroidery.

BONNETS.—The two which we represent are respectively of white moss or plush velvet, and white satin, with blonde and feather ornaments. Figure 4 has a soft, or cap crown; the strings and ribbon of taffeta, bordered with a wide edge of velvet; a *snow* of lace, with *nœuds* and bows of ribbon, and dark-colored velvet flowers form the face trimmings. Figure 5 has a flat crown, with a bow at the curtain and floating ends.

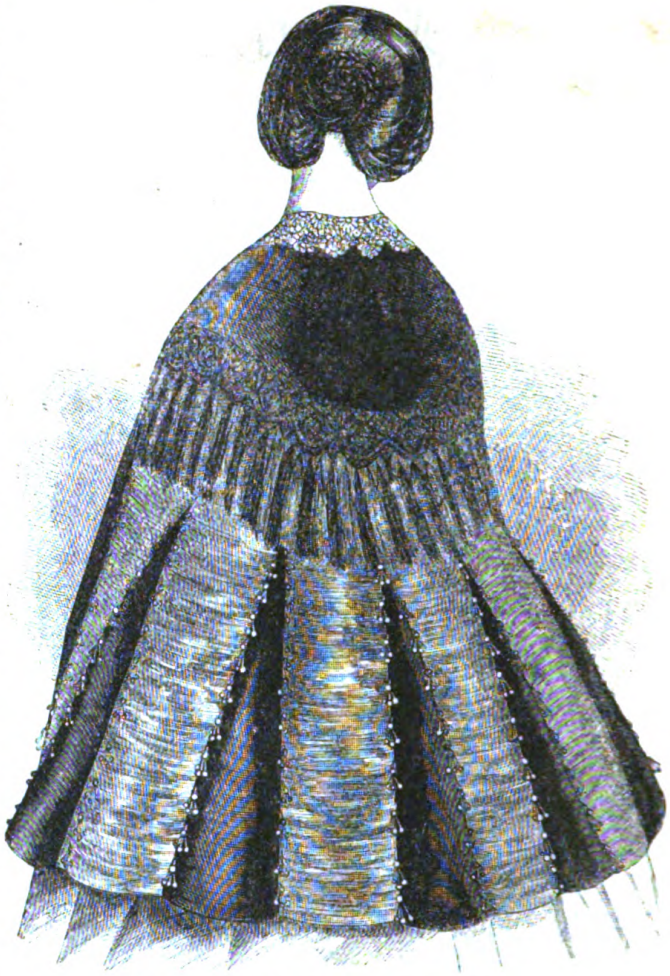


FIGURE 3.—MANTILLA.—BACK VIEW.



FIGURE 4.—BONNET.



FIGURE 5.—BONNET.

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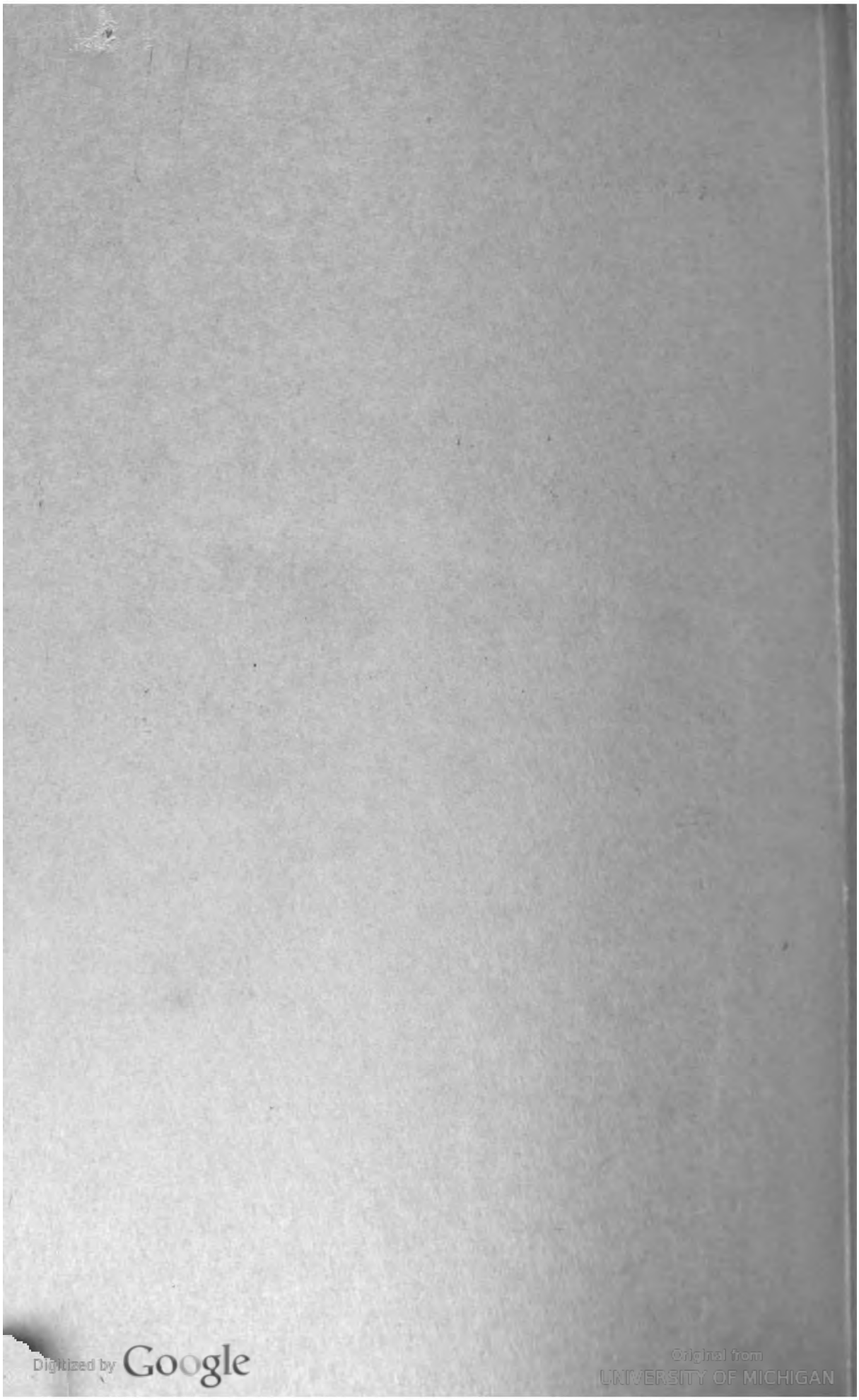
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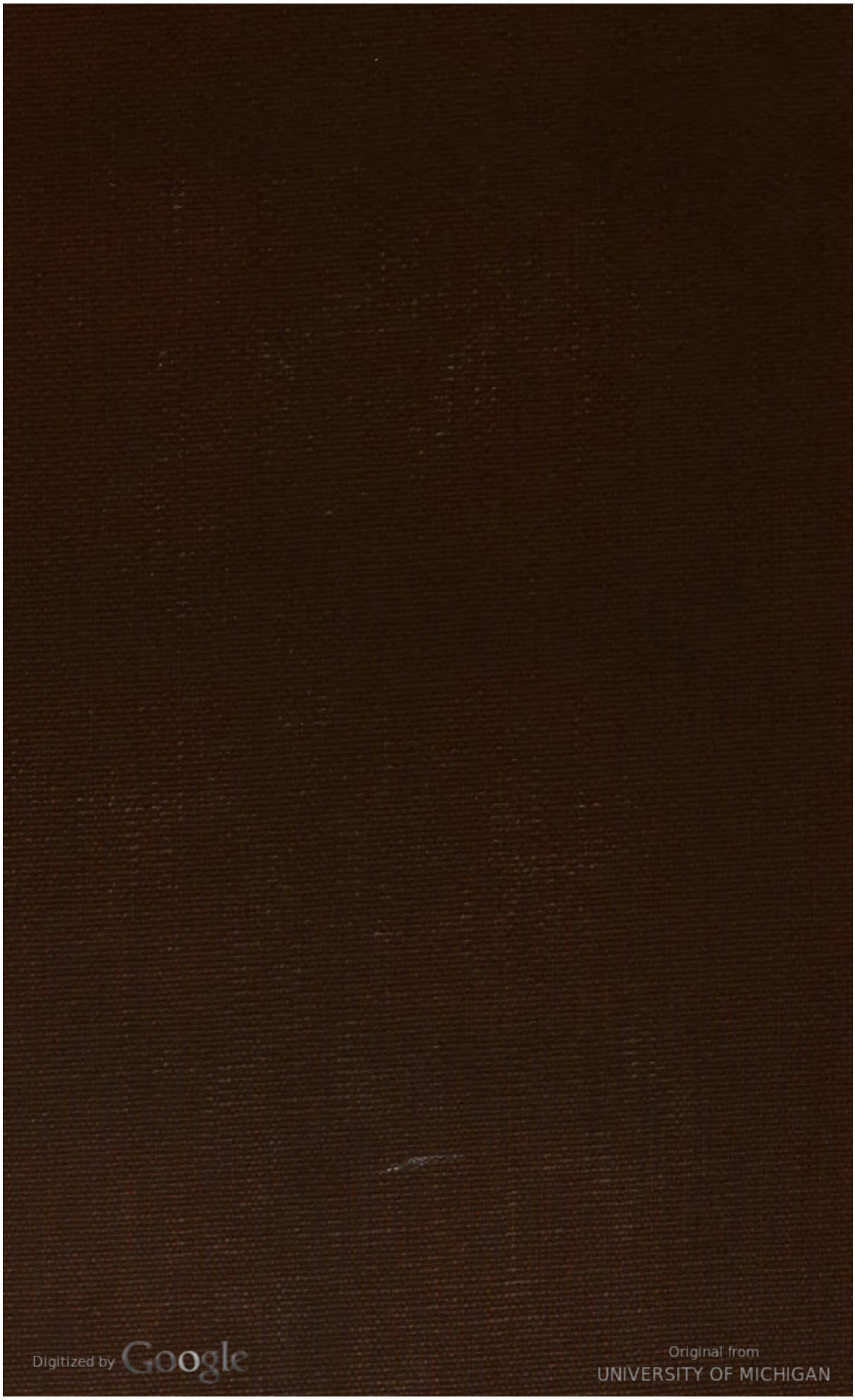
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